

Overgeared 1591

Chapter 1591

After getting a new life, Braham had always reflected on his past. It was to avoid repeating the mistakes of trusting Pagma due to overconfidence in his judgment and being betrayed, as well as the sin of being caught in ugly feelings of jealousy and stealing his disciple's achievements.

He wanted to be worthy of being the Duke of Wisdom in this life. He would face the world with reason and wisdom, not emotion. The blood of a vampire occasionally clouded his efforts, but it was literally just an occasional impulse. Braham was confident that he had persevered well.

The proof was that he lived with those with no talent without avoiding them. It was the same now.

The resurrection magic that he completed using his obsession with life—he wasn't swept away by fear and despair even though he observed a future where he would be trapped on the surface, repeatedly die, and finally be dragged to hell to be extinguished without a trace.

His mental world calmed down. The last purpose of his life was to leave his mark on Cranbel's eternal body. He was determined to engrave the name of the greatest magician in history on the world. However, at this moment...

"....."

Duguen!

Braham's calm heart started to beat vigorously in a way that was contrary to his will. It was while watching Grid climb onto the neck of the giant dragon. Grid's divinity was getting bigger and bigger in conjunction with the dragon's increased speed. Every time the dragon swerved, the orange polar light spread like an insignia that covered the world.

It was a dream-like sight, but it was reality. The hot blood flowing from his wrist that was pierced by his fingernails was the proof.

"Riding... dragons?"

An idea that went far beyond the wisdom of the Duke of Wisdom, who wasn't particularly bound by common sense. Braham could only laugh. It wasn't an ironic laugh.

On the other side—

[.....]

Cranbel couldn't laugh. Initially, when the Overgeared God broke into the scene, he also witnessed the story of Crazy God and Crazy Dragon. It was thanks to the scene forcibly projected through Ifrit's magical remnants. It was an unrealistic sight that was approaching incomprehensible for a dragon, but Cranbel wasn't very agitated. He was surprisingly easily convinced.

The dying Ifrit—he noticed the reason why she placed Grid on her neck and sympathized.

That's right. Cranbel saw it as Ifrit using Grid. It was simply to overcome the crisis at that time. He thought there was no more meaning. It was natural. Cranbel didn't know that Grid had made Ifrit's horn.

He didn't foresee that the trust and favor of the Crazy God and Crazy Dragon toward each other was very strong.

'Status... how much did it rise?'

Cranbel's scales stood up on edge when he noticed that Grid wasn't being drawn into his space. It looked like he was wearing iron armor made of sharpened blades. It was threatening at first glance, but it was actually just a representation of fear.

Kurarararara!

Grid's divinity grew enough to cover Basque's body. The Breath shot by Basque was almost orange. Cranbel couldn't just watch as Basque's Breath filled his vision before he knew it. He abandoned his pride and struck back with the same Breath. He was a bit late to respond, but it was no problem. Cranbel's hierarchy was the highest among the dragons here. Even if he responded later than the opponent, he would still hit the opponent. The circulation of magic power, the manifestation of will, the activity of the flesh, etcetera—everything was faster than the other side.

Cranbel's Breath that was shot one step later collided with Basque's Breath. Cranbel prepared for the following move. His two wings spread wide open while his own Breath crushed and penetrated Basque's Breath. He calculated the path that Basque would take to dodge the Breath and moved there.

Everything up to this point took a short moment. It was right to describe it as a situation that happened at the same time as the explosion.

[.....!]

Cranbel's wall-like chest was crushed. It was the aftermath of moving along the path of the Breath he shot. He never even imagined that his own Breath would be crushed in reverse. In a rare situation, Basque's Breath didn't lose its momentum as it broke through Cranbel's scales and crushed his chest. It blew Cranbel to the other side of the sky like it had to penetrate Cranbel.

'Unbelievable.'

Basque was more surprised than Cranbel. The Breath was close to the pure power of a dragon, close to inner energy. The fight that Basque's Breath fought and won against Cranbel's Breath was impossible even if the sky was overturned. However, Grid made it possible.

[Duke of Amplification]

[Once activated, the power of the magic and skills you use will be doubled.

However, the resources consumed and cooldown are also doubled.

★ The effect of items and skills that shorten the cooldown time are only 65% effective.]

A new rule had been set since the time that Basque's Breath was activated in Grid's skill window. It was a rule that Basque had the potential to transcend hierarchy. The new rule presented a crisis to Cranbel.

'A little bit faster!'

Grid clung flat to Basque's neck. It was quite unsightly compared to his previous figure of when he straightened his back confidently, but he couldn't help it. The stronger the acceleration, the stronger the wind pressure resistance...

[Hold on tightly!]

He was ready to face stronger resistance. Grid's posture change seemed to say so and this spurred on Basque. He gritted his hundreds of sharp teeth and chased Cranbel with all his might. He caught up to Cranbel in an instant. In the first place, he was swept away by the Breath. He temporarily failed to control his body. Basque's Breath, which was doubled in strength, was that powerful.

Basque bit at Cranbel's neck. Then Basque's tail shot like a spear and collided with Cranbel's tail.

The atmosphere howled. Grid's divinity that colored the sky shook. Cranbel's gaze chased after Grid. He was relieved to see that Grid had become a one-armed person. The powerful dual wielding swordsmanship was sealed.

It was urgent.

Dozens of items poured out of Grid's inventory as he gradually got closer to Cranbel and they united together in the shape of an arm. It was a prosthetic arm that closely resembled the God Hands. It was one of the two powers that Grid gained as a reward for spreading the truth of hell. It was a prosthetic arm made using the power that arose based on the fact that the Overgeared God was the ruler of all things.

[Power of Domination has restored the arm you have lost.]

[Power of Domination]

[Combine two or more items to create a substance or phenomena.

The power of the substance or phenomena is proportional to the total durability of the combined items.

★Items with infinite durability can't be designated as targets.

Skill Cooldown Time: 1 hour.

Skill Duration: 3 minutes.]

It was a skill that didn't consume resources, but it wasn't easy to use. He had to fill the whole process with 'imagination' while activating the Power of Domination to create the desired substance or phenomena. It was very difficult to make the desired substance or phenomena quickly unless he had the exact specimen called the 'God Hand.'

Clink!

Grid was filled with cold metal, unlike the other transcendents who healed their body defects by regenerating or combination. The system immediately responded as he armed himself with two swords in a rather awkward movement.

[Mountain Appearance and Flowing Streams has been activated.]

[Draw a landscape that someone has been protecting for a lifetime with your sword.]

“Drop Dragon...”

[Is it enough to discuss the fall of a dragon?!] Cranbel shouted. His force as he tore and twisted Basque’s snout that was biting his neck was terrible.

At this moment, flames engulfed the world. It was Storm of the Fire God, which now seemed inappropriate to be the Overgeared God’s mental world. The energy of the Red Phoenix in Grid’s heart rotated. It was in a fierce manner as if to savor Grid’s soaring status.

The power of the mental world was affected by status. So far, countless enemies had proved it. Most of the transcendents had easily broken Grid’s mental world. However, now—

[Keuk...?!]

Cranbel failed to break down Storm of the Fire God. He failed to stop the rapidly recovering Basque and Grid’s explosively growing strength.

“...Pinnacle Link Kill Wave!!!”

In the world full of a red storm and sunset, a god danced. It was on the head of a dragon while holding two swords. All the forces that rose from the Rune of Gluttony harmonize with the dance.

Rattle.

The clear sound of bells caused Grid’s image to overlap with someone else. Cranbel roared violently as he was struck by the sword energy.

[Ultimate Martial Art has been triggered!]

[Critical!]

[The target has received 5,378,922,746 damage.]

[...The heavenly gods are amazed!]

[Both of Martial God Zeratul’s eyes staring at you are red and bloodshot...]

[You have been struck by a serious attack!]

[A god doesn’t die easily.]

[Flee to the nearest temple right away!]

A chilling pleasure and terrible pain simultaneously struck Grid. Remnants of a silver beam were visible in the view of the collapsing Grid. It was the trace left by Cranbel’s Breath, which penetrated Basque’s spinal cord and turned Grid’s body into rags.

[The effect of Dragon Knight is over.]

The image of Grid falling was projected into Cranbel’s eyes, who had allowed consecutive large attacks and his health bar was finally revealed.

[Overgeared God, thanks to you, I realized that Ifrit is better than me.]

Cranbel's words were completed in a split second and shook Grid's blank mind.

Grid was forced to make a choice. Should he escape like this or stay and fight to the end? It was a no-brainer. Grid unsurprisingly chose the latter. There was Braham here.

"Braham...! Run away now!" Grid desperately shouted. He had completely felt it when he boarded Basque and achieved a sharp rise in status. Cranbel's Dragon Words that dominated the scene. The Dragon Words lost their effect. It was possible for Braham to flee now. He would draw attention until then...

This was what Grid thought.

[There is no being who can leave here.]

Cranbel destroyed that hope. It was done so easily and with just a few words.

[Today, I will go beyond Ifrit. I will devour all of you and achieve it...]

Cranbel couldn't finish his words. It was because another dragon carried Grid on his neck on behalf of Basque, who crashed to the ground. Grid's status rose again. Cranbel's Dragon Words once again lost its effect.

"Braham! Leave!"

The bloody Grid—he felt death tightening under his chin and rushed to Cranbel. This time, it was a green Breath. He used Divinity to once again use Item Combination to complete his weapon. Then he performed a sword dance. Unfortunately, there wasn't the sound of bells.

Kurarararara!

Cranbel took the injury. He had to endure it. He allowed the Breath and instead stopped Grid's sword dance with magic and his tail.

"Keuk...!"

The second collision also wore Grid down. The green dragon that carried him crashed into the desert like Basque. Even so, it was still fine.

Kurarararara!

This time, the blue dragon carried Grid. Grid started again. He raised his status and approached Cranbel with the blue Breath. This time, his dance was short and shabby. It was because his fusion sword dances had a cooldown time before they could be reused.

"Kuack!"

The third clash was fatal to Grid. His prosthetic was smashed and even the blue dragon crashed to the ground.

Cranbel could endure the power of the Breaths, but the other dragons couldn't endure Cranbel's Breath. It was a hopelessly overwhelming strength. There was one fact that was comforting.

“...This is good.”

Braham escaped from the scene. The curse words he expressed before he left still lingered in Grid’s ears.

Notification windows were being updated in his field of view as Grid smiled.

[There are two seconds left until the ‘Emergency Return’ system is deactivated.]

[Please note! A huge penalty will be imposed upon death!]

Five seconds had almost passed since the immortality state. Grid reacted without time to think. Just in case, he held the dragon with the God Hands and activated the flashing Emergency Return system.

However—

[Escape isn’t possible.]

He was caught by Cranbel’s re-established rule.

[The power contained in the words becomes stronger as the covenant is fulfilled. Overgeared God, great person who overshadows the years. Putting aside my awe and liking for you, I will kill you.]

Hundreds of spells came to mind. It was a sight that made Grid desperately realize Braham’s absence.

‘Still, I fought well enough.’

[The Emergency Return system is disabled.]

Grid was letting go after seeing the notification window that rose.

[Get on.]

Then the last remaining dragon flew over and bowed his head.

Xenon—it was the most unsightly dragon. His body was particularly small compared to other dragons and he was covered with wounds. He didn’t even have wings. Yet for Grid, he was the last hope. There was no reason to refuse in the first place.

Cranbel didn’t bother to stop Grid from riding on Xenon. It wouldn’t be strange if a low ranking dragon and a young god died soon. What could these two do?

Hundreds of spells poured out simultaneously. They moved along all trajectories in all forms and all of Grid’s possibilities were erased.

Xenon’s Breath toward him was weak. It failed to break through the baptism of magic and lost power along the way. However, Cranbel’s expression stiffened. His consciousness that was divided into hundreds of parts was alarmed. He reflexively united his consciousness.

It was too late. The cold moonlight split apart his body and the desert. There was a deafening noise and everyone on the scene crashed deep underground. They were so tired that no one could resist. Finally, they reached the end of the underground area. Coincidentally, it was the site of Marie Rose’s castle.

“Y-Your Majeeeeeesty!!!”

“.....?”

Grid mistook this place for hell for a moment. It was because the people of Reidan, who he thought were dead, greeted him.

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Clack, clack clack clack!

The Overgeared Skeletons moved their jaws without words as they lost their bodies and scattered. They seemed to be apologizing for not being able to help.

“.....”

Until all the available number of times that Divinity was consumed, Grid fought back using all his abilities.

His items and titles, the Overgeared God's Sword Dance, the Undefeated King's swordsmanship, powers and the mental world, the evil eye, blood magic, Mountain King Grenier's skills, Lee Jeong's hand-to-hand combat, the rune's powers, and the duke titles.

Even the Spear Shot and Continuous Stab gained from the Behen Archipelago a very long time ago were stuck in cooldown. He also forced Noe into the battle despite Noe being intimidated by dragons and being unable to perform well.

He left no regrets. This was good enough. He fought well enough. The reason he lost was because Cranbel was stronger than him.

Grid, who had been trying to calm down, soon blamed himself.

[Get on.]

He looked at the back of someone who postponed the expected end of the battle.

The wounded dragon—it wouldn't be strange if he collapsed right away, but he extended his neck to Grid. The remaining parts of the two wings came together. The blood scattered from the huge body that barely withstood the magic saturation looked sublime.

'Not yet... it isn't over yet.'

There remained a dragon who believed in him and wanted to be with him. The dragon risked his life to give Grid another chance. How could Grid turn away?

Grid's expression became calm as he climbed onto Xenon's neck and faced the bombardment of hundreds of magics. The effect of King of the Mountain, which had been active since the beginning, was still maintained. It was proof that Cranbel didn't give Grid a chance to recover his health. It was hope, not despair.

Clink.

A new weapon was held in Grid's one remaining arm. A sword that could drop the moon—the sword that shone a cold blue exerted power proportional to Grid's stats and the level of the target.

It was a strength and a weakness. The Falling Moon Sword could cut Cranbel, but not kill him. Assuming that Grid's stats when riding on Xenon were three times the normal values and Cranbel's level was 999, the damage value would be in the billions. It was impossible to inflict a critical injury on Cranbel, whose health was estimated to be in the hundreds of billions or perhaps the trillions.

However, Grid knew a dragon's weakness. The horn—the organ that rose from Cranbel's forehead, which Grid had persistently sought from the beginning, was a source of strength and authority. Ifrit had told him.

'This is my last chance. I will definitely cut it this time.'

Cranbel would've never doubted victory from the start. Even so, he never let down his guard for a moment. It wasn't known if he was seeking perfection or if he acknowledged Grid's skills as he claimed. No matter what, he was like a dog from Grid's point of view. A strong being should enjoy it as much as they were strong. Meanwhile, Cranbel wasn't flexible at all so he felt like a wall.

'If it was Baal, he would've cut off his horn on purpose to fight.'

He never expected that he would miss Baal. Grid smiled because it was so absurd and took a deep breath.

He guided Xenon to the point where a large sandstorm occurred. Xenon had lost his wings, so he was slower than the other dragons Grid boarded. He consumed a significant amount of magic for flight and evasion, so he couldn't properly intercept Cranbel's magic bombardment. As he approached the storm, more scales were torn and the skin peeled off.

Even so, Xenon's movements showed no hesitation. A chain of magic protruded from the storm and tied his limbs together, but he bit it with his teeth and cut it off. At this time, he winced at the magical mace that flew at his cocked head.

Xenon moved in the direction that Grid wanted. He was the one who destroyed Reidan. He felt a sense of debt toward Grid, who was angered when he saw that the city had disappeared.

...No, maybe it was all an excuse. To be honest, Xenon struggled to understand his current feelings. He watched Grid cut at Cranbel's scales again and again and only had a desire to fight together.

"....."

Grid was focused. He endured the magical baptism that was like a meteor with 1.5 seconds of immortality remaining and glimpsed beyond all the magic. The artificial senses created by the God Hands conveyed Xenon's position to him in real time.

His single arm suffered from a series of strong wind pressure and explosions, and let out low noises. The creepy sensation of crushing bones and breaking muscles caused a chill to go down Grid's spine. Grid didn't turn a blind eye to this feeling. To be exact, he couldn't turn away from it.

He focused on the sensation of his fingers holding the Falling Moon Sword. He approached the image of connecting the Falling Moon Sword to his nerves. He dissected and used the structure of the Falling Moon Sword. He became one with the sword.

The remaining time of immortality was 1.2 seconds.

The trajectory of the Falling Moon Sword moved finely. He grasped Cranbel's position beyond the magic that obscured his view with his artificial senses and recalled Cranbel's habits that were identified during the battle. Grid measured the space he needed to cut. The angle of the Falling Moon Sword was adjusted in real time.

Just then, Xenon collided with a rising barrier. Xenon's body shook significantly, but Grid's posture wasn't disturbed in the slightest. He made himself immovable by activating White Tiger's Posture. Then thunder was heard above his head. Grid intuitively sensed it. The moment his immortality ended, he would naturally be swept away by the thunderbolt above his head.

Cranbel was well aware of the existence of a god. He knew that a god's death would be suspended for up to 10 seconds and timed the manifestation of magic. The remaining time of immortality was 0.5 seconds. This was the moment when the ferocious thunderbolts started to color the world white.

'Now...'

Grid's one arm became blurry as he removed the White Tiger's Posture. At the same time, a flash of blue sword light cut through all the magic ahead, the desert, and Cranbel.

200,000 Army Crushing Sword—the swordsmanship that Grid didn't have an opportunity to use during the battle because he actively utilized Revolve throughout the battle became his final trump card.

[.....!]

Xenon's body trembled. It was the aftermath of witnessing Cranbel's astonished expression at the end of the world that was split in half. There was blood gushing from Cranbel's head.

[Ohhhh...!]

Xenon twisted his body sharply. It was to be struck by the thunderbolt instead of Grid, who had lost the immortality. He was going to die soon anyway. Xenon wanted to give meaning to his own death. In many ways, the end that came from protecting the life of a great god would be more special than the ordinary end of being captured and devoured by his kin. Yes, a great god.

'...Is this envy?'

Xenon belatedly realized his feelings as he was swept away by the thunderbolt and glowed. The scales that had lost their durability from the beginning became ashes and scattered.

The three dragons that had fallen toward the desert had crashed underground since the time of their defeat. After them, Grid fell side by side with Cranbel, but his gaze stayed on Xenon.

'The sacrifice for the weak...'

Grid, who felt repeated disappointments every time he encountered a transcendent being, felt a rare thrill at this moment.

Ifrit, Xenon, Basque, etcetera—the dragons served as an opportunity to break the many prejudices that Grid harbored against transcedents. Just like the strong reaching out to the weak, didn't Xenon help Grid, someone who he didn't even know? He deserved to be called a character that was proportional to his strength. Grid was fascinated by this noble spirit and he felt a sense of respect.

To be honest, he thought Cranbel was cool too. There was a certain dignity in his declaration that he would fulfill the covenant independently of the liking he felt toward Grid. He even questioned if he would've been able to suppress this killing intent if Cranbel hadn't destroyed Reidan.

Just before crashing into the end of the underground area, the God Hands that followed Grid supported him. Grid avoided the crash thanks to this and remained wary of his surroundings without any time to feel relieved.

Basque and the dragons were confronting Cranbel. Cranbel had lost half his head by twisting it just before his horn was cut, but he was nevertheless still aloof. He looked down at his enemies with one eye while keeping his neck upright and it looked like a scene from a myth a long time ago.

It happened the moment that Grid was gulping...

"Y-Your Majeeeeeesty!!!"

".....?"

A group of people rushed forward. They came from the old castle behind Cranbel. At first, there were around a few dozens, but in an instant, it became hundreds and thousands. He could see familiar faces in the front. They were the alchemists of Reidan, the objects of love and hatred for Grid.

"We have defended this to the end...!" A substance that didn't match Satisfy's worldview. The alchemists proudly displayed the unidentified plate that was as transparent as plastic, but Grid just hurriedly shouted at them.

"Stop! Step back!"

Were they crazy as a group? How many dragons were here? What spirit were they rushing over with?

Grid, who had no time to feel happy when he saw the survivors, soon realized that these people had something to believe in. The survivors of Reidan were stamped with red blood like a seal. It was the blood of others, not the blood they shed. Grid recalled the owner of the castle behind Cranbel and grasped the situation.

'Don't tell me that Marie Rose...?'

Did she save the people of Reidan when she was so indifferent to her bloodkin and couldn't feel any humanity? As Grid was feeling flustered, a stream of blood surged from right next to Grid and split in half. Long hair that was intertwined with an abyss-like darkness tickled Grid's cheek before gradually subsiding.

"So." A beautiful voice emerged from the red lips that contrasted with the white skin. The people of Reidan, who had been crying toward Grid, were instantly seduced and fell silent. Only her voice echoed in the underground area where silence fell. "Who ate my dear husband's arm?"

The one that Beriache, one of the three original evils, gave birth to by giving up her life—Marie Rose's red eyes shone clearly in the darkness. There was no ennui in her eyes as she glanced at the wounded dragons in turn.

Blood King—it was none other than Grid who clearly imprinted her on the world.

[.....]

The dragons at the scene held their breath. They resembled mortals hoping that a typhoon would pass by quickly. It was an unrealistic sight created by the most sinister and beautiful being in the world.

Just then, Xenon fell belatedly and broke the silence of the area.

Cranbel was the first to react.

[I am the one who harmed the Overgeared God.]

Cranbel told the truth. He spoke proudly without any intention of defending the other dragons or avoiding responsibility. He was truly like a noble dragon. It was clear that the reason why the tower members were wary and fearful of dragons was due to the misguided prejudices planted by some crazy dragons such as the insane dragon, the evil dragon, the gourmet dragon, and the fire dragon.

‘Hayate said that all dragons are crazy... I don’t see it that way at all.’

Grid thought this as he looked at the survivors and the hostility he felt toward Cranbel was broken.

Then blood filled Grid’s field of view. Marie Rose flew from far away and pulled out Cranbel’s entire left limb, causing blood to soar.

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The news of Beriache’s death had been a hot topic among the dragons. Some of them were shocked.

The 3 evils of the beginning—Beriache might suffer from the curse, but she was still Yatan’s daughter. In a way, it could be called the most noble status in the world after the old dragons and the gods of the beginning in the hierarchy. It was a natural position to enjoy eternal life and achieve everything she set out to do.

Yet she chose death on her own. It was in return for giving her child all her power. It meant that the vengeance she felt toward Baal was beyond imagination and it was also evidence that her power couldn’t harm Baal.

‘Marie Rose.’

The existence that inherited the power and aspirations of Beriache. She was chosen as a means to handle Baal and her skills were incredible. By manipulating the flow of blood at will and immediately refining the mana absorbed by her heart into demonic energy, there was no limit to her body and magic. It seemed that her body and magic were completely linked to her consciousness. It was the realm of realizing her willpower as soon as it was conceived.

It was right to compare it to operating the Heart Sword. Of course, it wasn’t Muller’s Heart Sword, but a normal Heart Sword. However, this was enough. Her appearance was beyond that of a transcendent and close to an absolute.

Cranbel’s left limb was ripped off entirely. She approached with relentless speed and penetrated the absolute defense with demonic energy, ripping at the scales, flesh, and bones. Force, magic, and power were completely integrated and exerted their strength.

Cranbel had a definite insight.

'She isn't an opponent I can win against in this state.'

Therefore, he simply gave away his limb. He didn't resist.

Marie Rose noticed it. "You know that you have committed a mortal sin."

[Are you discussing sin with a dragon? You are so wicked to rule with overwhelming force, just like the child of the demon who fought against Baal.]

Were all dragons the same just because they were dragons? Marie Rose shut up as she was about to hit back. This was a consideration of Cranbel's status.

A being who seemed to prove that the refractive dragon existed. Cranbel must be a direct descendant of an old dragon. He deserved respect. Her dear husband who pushed him to this point... he was really cool.

"Huhut."

".....?"

Grid became startled as he was staring blankly at Marie Rose. She suddenly turned to smile at him and he felt more affection and obsession than usual. He had the idea that it wouldn't be strange if he was kidnapped like this and put into a coffin for the rest of his life.

[Overgeared God Grid. A great person who overshadows the years.]

Cranbel's gaze was also directed at Grid. It was with a declaration that he wouldn't kill Grid.

[In the current situation, I must also be prepared for death if I want to harm you. I will conform to reason and give up on the covenant. Will you allow it?]

"....."

Grid's heart raced. He felt the respect in the words 'allow it.' Cranbel was a strong being with no reason to be wary of Grid. Even so, the person he was reluctant to act against right now was Grid, not Marie Rose. He was asking for Grid's understanding, not Marie Rose's. It was interpreted as him not wanting to ignore Grid. Grid seemed to know why Cranbel didn't harm people even after he destroyed Reidan.

'Cranbel is a being who knows how to be considerate of the weak.'

He had a very good character. It was like Xenon. There was a lot of respect.

Grid smiled slightly and looked at Marie Rose. She came close to Grid and handed over Cranbel's limb.

"Well, he has paid a bit for his sins. Do whatever you want after this."

It meant he could send Cranbel away. Marie Rose was also burdened to have a life or death battle with Cranbel. The odds of winning were high, but she judged that the sacrifices would be great. She was also concerned about the troubles that came from killing a dragon.

Dragons were poisonous holy grails. She could become the target of an old dragon. It wasn't good for Marie Rose, who had to accomplish the task of killing Baal. More than anything else—

'His taste is unique.'

Marie Rose prioritized Grid's heart. What was so good about a crazy dragon? Even so, Grid was looking at Cranbel with favorable eyes despite Cranbel being the one to turn him into tatters. She didn't want Grid's resentment after killing Cranbel. If she incited hatred at a time when her marriage proposal was already rejected, their union would be a long way off...

"Okay. Instead, I have a condition."

The sight of Grid giving a condition to the dragon evoked Marie Rose's memories. She remembered the day when Grid had released her seal and demanded to be spared. It was nice to see his confident appearance. She thought that the eyes that shone purely resembled stars.

[What is the condition?]

"I hope you don't retaliate against me later."

[Of course. Retaliation comes from grudges. I have good feelings toward you, so I will never harm you.]

Grid had seen a dragon's smile. It was an expression that the dragons themselves didn't know.

At this moment, Cranbel was making the same expression as Ifrit. It was just quickly erased.

[We will never meet again.]

Cranbel didn't even give him the chance to say goodbye. Transparent silver scales seemed to reflect the moonlight flowing through the cracks of the collapsed ceiling as he hid himself and disappeared like it was a lie. The strength of a silver dragon was definitely in stealth.

[I will go back now.]

[It was an honor to be with you.]

Basque and the other dragons left the scene one by one. They no longer had the will to fight. It wasn't a romantic story of how they got attached while fighting together. It was simply just because they saw Marie Rose's eyes. There was no dragon who would make a fuss in her realm when she was free from the Curse of Sloth.

"Is there any way to heal him...?"

Grid looked with worry at the one dragon who couldn't leave.

Xenon—most of his scales had fallen off in exchange for protecting Grid and his breath was faded. It was sad to see the burned skin and the broken bones protruding from them. It was just fortunate that the horn was intact.

A stir occurred among the people. They couldn't grasp the situation. It was natural. For civilians, dragons were no different from gods. Most people couldn't see a dragon in their entire lifetime. Yet today, the people of Reidan saw a huge five dragons. Why did they come to Reidan to fight and why did they

quietly step down...? It was impossible to infer the situation. They just thought that His Majesty had made another achievement.

No one knew that Xenon was the one who turned Reidan to ashes. It was because ordinary people couldn't distinguish the appearance of dragons. In their eyes, all the dragons today looked the same. There was a limitation to recognizing something so huge and they had no idea who destroyed Reidan.

"Dragons don't die so easily. He will recover soon."

Marie Rose was the one who rescued the people of Reidan from Xenon. She had personally witnessed the scene of Xenon turning Reidan to ashes. Even so, she didn't bother to tell Grid. She was curious about how Xenon would act.

At present, Xenon's life was actually held by Marie Rose. If Xenon came to his senses and deceived Grid, Marie Rose planned to immediately cut off his limbs. A garbage that took advantage of her partner's pure heart... she wouldn't sit idly by.

[.....]

After a while, Xenon opened his eyes. It was as Marie Rose said. The speed of recovery transcended common sense. The broken bones quickly reconnected and found their place, while the burned skin regained its luster.

'It reminds me of Michael.'

However, Michael showed excellent regeneration even during the battle, while dragons were constrained while fighting. It was probably because a dragon's tendency was to be aggressive. The flow of their magic power was more focused on attack than recovery. Scales started to develop on Xenon's body as Grid was feeling admiration. It was just that it was very thin. For dragons, scales were their armor and they seemed to need more time to regenerate before they were solid.

"Have you regained your mind?" Grid couldn't hide his worried expression as he asked. He met Xenon's big eyes, which were revealed without the dark, pure film covering it.

Grid was favorable toward Xenon, who fought with Grid on his back. Even with a wounded body, he protected Grid at the risk of death at the last moment.

[.....]

Grid's warm eyes made Xenon experience unfamiliar symptoms. He felt a tingling pain in her heart. It made him very distressed even though the pain wasn't great.

Xenon recalled it—the sight of the people struggling to protect each other as he turned the city into ashes. He thought their feelings at that time would resemble what he was feeling now. Then guilt flooded in. His actions that harmed human beings—these actions, which should be insignificant, suddenly became a sin.

[I'm sorry. The dragon who destroyed your city and harmed your people... it was none other than me.]

"....."

Grid's expression stiffened, but it was only for a moment. Grid was well aware of what humans were for dragons—bugs. Nothing more and nothing less. Dragons didn't give humans any meaning. They felt no liking, malice, or killing intent. Yet at this moment, Xenon's expression was filled with sadness and regret. It wasn't just because he was sorry for Grid. He seemed to have feelings for the humans he harmed that he never felt before.

Grid intuitively sensed it. What Xenon was showing now was a precursor to a huge change that would occur one day.

"If you are really sorry, take responsibility and help those who lost their homes and families."

[...Gladly.]

The moonlight pouring down shone on Grid and the dragon. The giant eyes of the dragon with his head lowered that couldn't face Grid and Grid, who silently stroked the dragon's nose.

[Overgeared God Grid is writing the 17th epic.]

[It starts from the confession of the dragon who bowed his head.]

The reason why Cranbel was called the cloaked dragon wasn't because he didn't have enough perception. The silver dragon Cranbel was the master of distortion. He easily distorted and concealed not only his appearance, but also any phenomena or concepts.

[Cough...!]

In today's battle, Cranbel didn't use stealth. It was due to Grid. He decided that Grid wasn't an opponent who could be handled while maintaining his stealth. Cranbel distorted something other than his appearance. It was his health. In other words, he spread falsehoods.

Cranbel had been shocked when he was cut by Grid's sword technique that was reminiscent of Martial God Chiyou. He suffered a fairly serious injury. Of course, it wasn't a wound that was directly linked to death, but he wasn't as fine as he appeared.

Cranbel thought about it.

What if Grid had fully recognized his condition? What if Grid wasn't frustrated? Wouldn't today's fight have been a bit more intense?

Then he listened to Xenon's confession, which was imprinted on the world, and the epic of the Overgeared God, who forgave him.

Cranbel slowly and carefully crossed the desert. The shade he cast on the place he passed by was blood, not shadow.

Cranbel was once again grateful for the presence of the tower member, who blocked the access of other dragons from far away.

Chapter 1594

[You guys...! You are rats who live in hiding and always disturb us at every important moment...!!]

The eyes of the top dragon Cubatros was colored a bright red. It was reminiscent of a blazing flame, but the expression that he was shedding tears of blood was more appropriate. Cubatros held more of a grudge than killing intent. The level of the tower members was too high to be angry and have a desire to kill. To be exact, he was reluctant to stimulate Hayate.

Dragon Slayer—he had already killed a dragon once, yet in a contradictory manner, he was excluded from any killing intent. This was the case even when the concept of thoughts were directly linked to strength. He showed no willingness to hurt Cubatros. Thus, he came off even more threatening. He was like a bomb on the verge of exploding.

[Get out of my way!]

Not long ago, Cubatros thought he was very lucky. He was awake just in time and his lair was located in the center of the continent. He sensed the turmoil of five dragons and regarded it as an opportunity to eat.

The willpower of the cloaked dragon, which was divided into hundreds, distorted the area and delayed the time it took to arrive at the scene, but Cubatros was the same rank as the cloaked dragon. He had the potential to break through the maze installed by the cloaked dragon. It was just a matter of time. The moment the willpower of the cloaked dragon faded and the distortions that spread everywhere were erased, Cubatros succeeded in identifying the coordinates of the scene. It was enough to teleport there.

At the moment of jubilation, the tower members appeared and interfered. It was quite intimidating. Sword Saint Biban and martial artist Ken, who made the scales meaningless, were quite annoying. Additionally, Fronzaltz, who had restored the treasure of the giants, clearly reminded him why the giants of the past had to perish.

Hayate... he was the sun among inferior lights.

Cubatros felt tremendous pressure just because Hayate was supporting them from behind.

“We also want to get out of the way,” Hayate opened his mouth. His blond hair fluttered in the howling atmosphere as he was pressured by a Dragon Fear. His clearly revealed face had a deep expression.

“How can we dare to block a dragon’s path? However, we can’t withdraw because we are concerned about a situation where you become much powerful than you are now.”

[...Detestable fellow.]

Cubatros was fortunate to have outstanding discerning eyes. If his hierarchy had been a bit lower, he wouldn’t have recognized Hayate’s humility and would’ve caused an irreversible situation. He would’ve made the mistake of entering a life or death battle.

Hayate’s blue eyes suddenly subsided calmly. “It seems that the blood queen has opened her eyes. Wouldn’t it be better for you to give up at this point?”

[Che...]

Then something amazing happened. The dragon, who covered the moon with his mountain-like body, started to turn around.

Light relief passed over the faces of the tower members, who were holding their breath with great tension.

[You guys... one day, you will definitely pay for your sins.]

It was a curse that would surely come true. Cubatros's Dragon Words wrapped around the fate of the tower members. This was until it was erased by Hayate's sword light. "Thank you for your decision."

[Hayate...! You will die the most cruelly.]

Cubatros glared at Hayata like he wanted to kill Hayate before eventually leaving. The tower members cheered with relief while Hayate was quiet. His two hands concealed behind his back were trembling.

An absolute—Hayate was an immortal who could not die of his own will. Therefore, his end will surely be achieved one day by the dragons and it would take the most horrible form in the world...

"I didn't know that Cubatros would retreat so easily."

"In the end, it went as Hayate said. I'm really glad."

The tower members only opened their mouths properly after returning to the tower. A great incident where as many as five dragons collided—the incident could've become the biggest disaster in history, but it ended safely without another new dragon appearing.

The opportunity that Hayate mentioned—it was thanks to the performance of Dragon Knight Grid. They hadn't expected him to join forces with four dragons to make the top dragon back down... it exceeded their expectations. It was right to say it was something that could only be done by Grid in the world.

"Grid is the blessing of humanity," Biban said. It was while stroking Gujel's Sword.

A treasured sword that physically embodied Hayate's Dragon Killing Sword—it was sufficiently satisfying compared to Hayata's real swordsmanship. When combined with the Matchless Sword, the power was enough to easily cut a dragon's scales.

Biban was very proud of Grid. This must be how he would feel about his child if he had a child.

"Grid is the best," Betty also agreed. She even had the illusion that her stopped heart was beating again.

"If it wasn't for Grid... a huge monster might've been born today."

All the tower members, including Fronzaltz and Redwolf, smiled happily.

The members of the Tower of Wisdom—heroes who fought for the peace of the world for many years trusted and relied on Grid.

Just in time, a new epic of the Overgeared God was imprinted on the world. The content contained a dragon directly confessing his sins to a god and had never been in any myth.

Hayate trembled.

“Ohhh!”

The people of Reidan were astonished. It was because the city, which had become ashes, was quickly restored to its original form.

Xenon easily understood and remembered the established civilization. He used magic and Dragon Words to establish laws that easily restored everything he destroyed. However, even dragons couldn't revive the dead. Moreover, hell was in a deteriorated state. It was difficult to induce reincarnation because the river of reincarnation didn't operate properly.

[The lives of the 2,788 people who died because of me... I will pay you back with my scales. I will also strive to take care of the bereaved family members as much as possible.]

Then something amazing happened.

[A new specialty, 'Dragon Scales,' will be added to 'Reidan,' a city of the Overgeared Empire. It will be maintained for the next 20 years.]

[A new effect, 'Dragon's Sin,' will be added to 'Reidan,' a city of the Overgeared Empire. Under certain conditions, several beneficial effects will occur.]

“.....”

Grid's mind was in a very heavy state. He wrote an epic and enjoyed a sharp rise in status, but he wasn't happy. It was natural. He felt guilty toward the dead. He resented his helplessness for not protecting them and thought it was a harsh reality that he had to forgive the one who harmed them. Still, it couldn't be helped. Grid comforted himself like this.

He would push even more people to death if he hurt Xenon to repay the people's resentment. Furthermore, Xenon sincerely apologized. He showed his determination to give his life for Grid. On top of that, he completely restored Reidan and gave a new blessing.

'...That is why it is hard to hate him.'

Did they see the darker shade on Grid's face?

“I've been taught that dragons are like natural disasters.”

The bereaved family members comforted Grid instead.

"Our dead families... I'll think of it as encountering a disaster."

The bereaved family members also felt Xenon's sincerity. They understood it was practically impossible to resent a dragon and dream of revenge. There was only one thing they could hope for.

“Your Majesty, please, our families... save those who are suffering in hell.”

Reincarnation—the only way to save the people trapped in the river of reincarnation.

Grid nodded at the bereaved family members who eventually made the request in tears. “Definitely.”

This battle had taught Grid a lot. He clearly realized the strength of the dragons and discovered the strength of Baal, who was comparable to an old dragon. Nevertheless, he wasn't frustrated. Cranbel's arm, Xenon's scales, and the rise in status—Grid gained a lot of loot. He would be able to become stronger in the future.

In addition—

“Marie Rose.”

He also confirmed again how reliable an ally he had.

“Can you join us on the hell expedition?”

“Of course. However, it is hard right now.”

The hell expedition was the reason why Marie Rose was born. She had a mission to kill Baal and the demons who cooperated with him in order to return hell to its original state. She would visit hell of her own accord one day, even if Grid didn't request it. However, it wasn't time yet. There weren't enough preparations.

The Curse of Sloth was a secondary issue. Marie Rose discovered it by comparing herself to Cranbel. She was lacking strength. In the first place, the timing was too early. It was only hundreds of years ago that she inherited strength and status from Beriache. More time was needed for her potential to fully blossom. The flow of the world that Grid had accelerated was too fast for her.

“I need to meet some people.”

“People...?”

“There are quite a few cowards hiding in the world. It is better for me to reap the power that is rotting away.”

Marie Rose lightly approached Grid and slightly raised her heel in a tiptoe. The moment her fine forehead and eyebrows filled the center of Grid's field of view, Grid's head had already turned blank. It was the aftermath of feeling something long and damp squeezing between his lips.

“.....!”

Marie Rose grabbed the back of Grid's head with a soft touch and seemed like a beast who had been waiting for this day all her life. She thoroughly violated Grid's mouth. She used her long tongue to draw out and suck all of Grid's saliva with the momentum of drying Grid up and killing him.

How much time passed? Grid, who had been mesmerized for a while in the midst of endless pleasure and shame, let out a short breath. He saw that Marie Rose's full lips were much redder than before. Grid belatedly felt a stinging pain. His lips were slightly torn. It was by those sharp, white teeth.

“My dear husband tastes more delicious than I thought.”

“.....”

“I can hold out for a while with this. Let me taste it again next time.” Marie Rose turned into black ash and scattered, leaving the scene.

'Crazy... crazy...'

Grid stood between Xenon and the people of Reidan, who were holding their breaths, and trembled like a pine tree. He feared Marie Rose even more. He thought he would be eaten by her one day. It was until there was not even a drop of blood left.

Chapter 1595

"...Gulp."

Returning to Reinhardt, Grid cooled down. He felt a tremendous amount of pressure. His hands and feet were trembling, so the fierce battle with Cranbel came to mind again.

Mercedes was standing in front of him. With her clear skin and blue eyes, combined with her chilly expression, she was naturally reminiscent of ice. It was an iceberg that floated in the middle of the deep blue sea. Wouldn't she be called the Ice Empress if she went to the East Continent?

"I'm glad you returned safely."

Fortunately, her voice was amiable. The problem was that her eyes didn't smile. Mercedes was clearly sulking. It was natural. The moment he heard the news of the dragon invading Reidan, Grid had made an earnest request.

Never follow me. If you follow me, I will resent you for the rest of my life.

The words 'resentment' and 'lifetime' were put together. It was foul play.

Mercedes was terrified. She couldn't chase after Grid carelessly. She recalled the fact that he couldn't die and could only watch his back as he quickly moved away. It was also physically impossible to keep up with Grid's speed. It was a situation where the warp gates weren't working. The performance of her Silver Wings wasn't enough to catch up with Grid who used Shunpo in combination with Barbatos' Vision.

Mercedes was left behind and literally experienced hell. Every minute and second seemed like eternity. All she could do was pray while her nerves stretched out like an extended rubber band. What was a knight who couldn't stand by her master?

Mercedes felt a great sense of helplessness and shame. She deeply felt like she was in the depths of despair. She questioned the value of her existence. Irene was the one who supported her while she was shaking. She had felt this way longer than anyone else and warmly wrapped her hands around Mercedes' trembling hands, even though she herself was feeling sad and afraid.

Mercedes felt the dignity of an empress. She became more respectful of Irene for taking care of her like a sister. Therefore—

"Your Majesty!"

She didn't dare take Irene's rights away. She watched silently as Irene was the first to run to Grid and hug him.

"I'm sorry for making you worry."

Grid tended to be particularly weak against Irene. She was born the daughter of an ordinary (?) noble and became the companion of an emperor and god. The psychological burden she felt would be great. Furthermore, Grid was always on the battlefield. Irene was in the position to assume and prepare for the worst every time. It was easily understandable why her hair turned white before she built up divinity. He always felt sorry toward her.

“Why are you apologizing? Who will blame a father who returned after fighting to protect his children?”

Basara had said this: The emperor should be the father of the people. Irene deeply agreed with Basara’s claim. Of course, it was the same for Grid. Grid was reminded of Basara, who wasn’t here.

‘I will have to visit her more often.’

After the wedding ceremony, Basara became the ruler of Titan and quickly returned to Titan. The reason was that every second was important to restore the city that had collapsed after the Great Human and Demon War, but Grid thought that she felt burdened.

A political maneuver—Grid got married without liking Basara. Basara knew this as well. She thought that Grid would be uncomfortable if she was next to him. At this point, Grid was sorry. Regardless of the reason, they were in a marriage relationship. Grid was obliged to give Basara some affection. It was something he had to try.

‘...The exception is Marie Rose.’

Marie Rose... he disliked it. He had no confidence to handle her. He was just afraid.

Grid unknowingly touched his lips, only to be startled. It was because Irene and Mercedes were staring at him. The slight flush on his face seemed to have created a strange misunderstanding. Grid intuitively sensed that it would be tough tonight.

“Hum hum, Mercedes.” Grid coughed and changed the atmosphere. He handed Mercedes the treasure that the alchemists had risked their lives to protect. No matter how he looked at it, this item resembled coated paper. He questioned if this was truly a treasure.

“This is what you commissioned. The alchemists protected it even as the dragon turned the city into a sea of fire.”

“Uh...!”

“.....?”

Grid was confused. It was because Mercedes’ pupils expanded like a surprised cat and her hands and feet floundered.

The ruler of knights—this appearance didn’t match her, who was the envy of all the knights in the world. Eventually, her face turned red and she pulled out a sword. The White Tiger Sword, which was more transparent than glass, shone with sharp sword energy.

“W-What special item...?! I will get rid of it!”

“No, what are you doing...? Calm down! Calm down!”

There was a big uproar. Grid tried to protect the object containing the blood and sweat of the alchemists while Mercedes, who didn't dare swing a sword at him, was in a hurry.

"Thank you."

"As expected of Grid. You are beyond favor or spite."

At the Overgeared Castle, Reinhardt...

In the now emperor's palace, which was almost treated as a sanctuary, Grid and Asuka exchanged bright smiles.

[Player 'Asuka' has joined Overgeared Guild One.]

[Player 'Black Teddy' has joined Overgeared Guild One.]

Asuka achieved her dream. The right to commission items from Grid. It was the moment she had been desiring for years. It was also a satisfactory deal for Grid. Asuka and Black Teddy's skills had long been famous. They were able to join Overgeared Guild One, which still had spots open because it only received high rankers. It was easily understandable after hearing the news that they rescued Noll and the vampires. Asuka's biggest variable was 'financial power,' so it wasn't strange that she could create a miracle with money.

In any case, Grid was deeply grateful to them. They protected Noll and chose to be with him.

"I thought there was a deep resentment because you hadn't applied for membership until now. Fortunately, this isn't the case."

"That... as you know, I hurt your soldiers who guarded Fenrir's city. I was too sorry and scared because of that.."

"It is regrettable, but... things have changed since then."

"...I'll be the person who protects your soldiers from now on."

"From now on, they will be your colleagues."

"That's right."

The idea of eternal enemies was too old and narrow-minded. In order to fight against strong and evil enemies, it was necessary to understand and reconcile with each other. Just like Xenon.

Grid had grown up before he knew it. After that—

"How is it?"

"Isn't it great?"

Asuka entrusted Grid with the production request immediately. Grid suggested it first. It was because he planned to stay in the smithy for a while.

"It is a great idea."

Asuka was a special case among weapon masters. Not only did she handle all types of weapons, but she had the ability to gain the necessary weapons. Wasn't there a story that all the Grid-made weapons on the market belonged to Asuka? Her weapons knowledge was excellent. Her eyes shone as she explained to Grid the form of the weapons she had desired for years. There were some objects with a fresh approach that inspired Grid.

'A mace... I should try it too.'

There was a fact he had realized when fighting Cranbel. There were limitations to slashing and stabbing. If fighting against targets with exceptional resilience, breaking and crushing seemed to have a greater effect.

'The more complicated the wound, the greater the time it takes to regenerate. It is easy to cause an injury.'

For example, if he crushed a dragon's chest that contained scales. It was possible that the fragments of the scales would penetrate the dragon's flesh and organs. He could expect more abnormal physical conditions. In fact, it was close to basic common sense. There were many players who used a blunt weapon as a secondary weapon.

However, Grid didn't feel the need for a blunt weapon due to the nature of the sword dances. The active and passive skills of Overgeared God's Sword Dance were only activated when wielding a sword-type weapon. Grid's overwhelming attack power was only exerted when a sword-type weapon was equipped. Apart from long distance weapons like bows that exerted great effects in special situations, he had the perception that it was a waste to use any close range weapons other than swords.

Now he changed his mind.

'For example, the attack power of a weapon made of moon night iron is fixed anyway. It doesn't matter if I don't get the effects of the sword dances when wielding a blunt weapon made of moon night iron.'

Grid realized that the powerful performance of the sword dances had actually narrowed his horizons and suppressed his potential. It was a fact that he gained enlightenment from Asuka's new weapon designs and her ideas that she added every time she handed over a design.

"Then I'm asking you."

"Yes, I'll get in touch when it is done."

"Huhu, I'm excited to join the hell expedition with a new weapon."

For the next four days, Grid focused on Asuka's commission. He wanted to cover Asuka and Black Teddy's entire bodies with new items. He didn't act fretfully due to reasons like he needed their power right away or he wanted to repay them quickly.

Grid was aware that there was nothing urgent right away. He didn't intend to make rubbish because he was in a hurry. He needed time to organize his inspiration. Before smelting Cranbel's arm and Xenon's scales, he wanted to make his thoughts as flexible as possible.

'Come to think about it...'

Grid's concentration rose to its limit and he faced the most pressing problem. Storm of the Fire God, the mental world embodied by the heart of the Red Phoenix, was fire. It was an unsuitable attribute for the current Overgeared God. Perhaps Storm of the Fire God was also one of the factors suppressing him.

'The same goes for the armor that uses the Breath of the Four Auspicious Beasts.'

The things he needed to do were starting to become clear. It was a good idea to use the scales he was previously gifted by Hayate and the scales that Xenon would continue to give to Reidan in the future to change all his armor to new ones. He would ask Braham and the Red Phoenix for advice on how to change the mental world.

'I might have the Heart of the Frost Queen, but...'

The Heart of the Frost Queen was ice that didn't melt. It was hard to say that the Frost Queen's hierarchy would be the same as the Red Phoenix. The Red Phoenix was a god. It was unlikely that the Heart of the Frost Queen would offset the Red Phoenix's fire.

'I just have to ask the Red Phoenix and I will know. I will also complete Filewolf's quest to get the moon night iron. Cranbel's arm... I think it is right to smelt it after finishing all these things.'

In fact, Grid was most disappointed in his attack power. The six fusion sword dance with all the buff effects, including Dragon Knight—it transcended the power of a Dragon Breath for a moment, but it didn't mean anything. He couldn't even scratch at Cranbel's health gauge. He needed a stronger destructive power to kill Baal, who was estimated to be more powerful than Cranbel.

However, Grid pushed the production of the weapon to the end. It was intended to respond to any changes that would occur when changing his mental world and armor.

"....."

Grid's expression suddenly stiffened.

Khan's gift. It was because the poison contained in Valhalla of Infinite Affection, which Khan created by burning the last of his life, came to mind. That's right. Valhalla's attribute was also not nothingness. Maybe he should say goodbye to Valhalla this time.

"I don't want to..."

Grid clutched his chest with a large hand. He felt the warmth of Valhalla, which was as warm as Khan's heart, and gritted his teeth.

'Kuek... I will definitely save you, Khan.'

Grid's expression crumpled as he barely suppressed his tears.

"This is the infamous river of reincarnation."

Countless souls were screaming. They were souls captured by the river. They kept the memories of their lives and could only curse.

“This place... it is just the downstream area. The river stretches endlessly. The more you go up, the more you hear the screams of the souls.”

Yura’s expression was dark as she explained it. The expressions of the other people were the same. They felt uncomfortable thinking that the people they had once been with would be suffering somewhere here. Some people were furious.

“Can’t we just go into Dog’s Mouth and raid Eligos?”

The momentum of the hell expedition was very high. The players had grown greatly in the Great Human and Demon War, while hell lost numerous troops and great demons. In addition, all the expedition members had carried out several Hell Gao raids. They received Hell Gao’s recognition (?) and overcame the hell penalties. The sky and distorted stars, which seemed to have all sorts of ominous colors overlapped with each other, the moon with thousands of eyes wide open, and the thick haze in the air didn’t threaten the expedition at all.

They had played through hell and they weren’t afraid of Black Knight Eligos. They heard the information that he was a powerhouse who transcended a single digit great demon, but what was the big deal? The expedition had witnessed the tremendous performances of Demon Slayer Yura, Bow Saint Jishuka, Faker, and Katz. The Overgeared members such as Regas and Pon who assisted them were also powerful. The expedition members were confident in their skills.

However, the Overgeared members thought differently. In particular, Yura accurately grasped Eligos’ power.

“The difficulty of the 20th Hell is much higher than before. Eligo has already suffered a raid and it is impossible that he hasn’t set up any defenses.”

Dog’s Mouth, which managed the river of reincarnation, was one of the most important points of hell.

There must be a solid basis for the choice to place Eligos there. Considering his attitude of stepping down in consideration of Leraje’s reputation, he seemed to have a temperament close to a cautious strategist. It wasn’t strange if he prepared several layers of protection to greatly weaken intruders and strengthen himself.

-Child. I still covet you.

“.....!”

Yura’s body stiffened at the sudden voice. She clearly remembered the owner of this voice. A being who used to be a big turning point in the past. She couldn’t forget the voice of the 2nd Great Demon, Amoract.

Chapter 1596

There was no one who didn’t know of Amoract. Even those who didn’t play Satisfy knew the name of the 2nd Great Demon. Moreover, she was the founder of the Yatan Church. Amoract was almost the only faithful believer among the great demons. In other words, she caused the greatest harm to humanity.

Until the Great Human and Demon War, most of the great demons that came to the surface were done through the rituals of the Yatan Church. It was Amoract who spread the evil doctrines to people and turned the surface into chaos.

“This is crazy...?”

At first, they thought a god was descending.

A being with a pure white body. A huge but slender woman whose body shone white. She descended in a divine manner in conjunction with the 12 meter tall height that made them look up at her. This was until they looked closely. The woman had no contours on her face. No features such as eyes, nose, a mouth, or ears existed. The body was also flat. Only her protruding chest and narrow waist symbolized that she was a woman. In short, she gave off a creepy feeling like a mannequin.

The name that appeared above her head was Amoract. The demon, who had something similar to divinity, was the 2nd Great Demon. It was so strange that it gave them a greater sense of rejection. It was terrible.

The faces of the expedition members who were in high momentum quickly turned white. They were nervous, frightened, and disgusted as they gripped their weapons. The ‘bizarre’ debuffs induced by Amoract were infringing on all types of freedoms, but the hell expedition members were the elite of the elite. They might not be the strongest, but they were a group made by selecting the best players.

There was no way they would lose their original intention to fight back. The bodies of the expedition members were wrapped in various lights. They were buff skills that overcame fear and strengthened their bodies and magic power.

The hands of Saintess Ruby were shaking as she grabbed her wooden staff. She intended to expand the Sanctuary to push away Amoract’s demonic energy, but it felt like it was being drained away in an instant. The Sanctuary couldn’t surround her allies. It just hovered around Ruby and failed to grow its territory. No, it was being pushed back. It gradually paled. The Sanctuary, which boasted an absolute effect of ‘I disapprove evil’ against demons, was hopelessly helpless.

‘There is no... demonic energy?’

The Saintess was the supporter of humanity. Ruby was clearly aware of this fact. Therefore, she was strong at any time and under any circumstances. She wasn’t shaken by any crises so that others could rely on her. At times, she felt the responsibility was too harsh and felt a tremendous burden. Then she saw and learned from her brother Grid’s back. She didn’t resent the responsibility she had in return for her strength and accepted it as a duty.

Yet at this moment, Ruby’s big eyes lost their way and shook. It was the first time she ever felt such a thorough sense of helplessness as she was gradually eroded by Amoract’s mysterious brilliance.

[The great demon of conflict, ‘Amoract,’ has taken away your right to use your skills.]

[All skills that are being deployed will be deactivated.]

[The great demon of conflict, ‘Amoract,’ has changed your skill structure.]

[The great demon of conflict, 'Amoract,' has made it impossible to distinguish between yourself and others.]

"Sehee!" The first person to detect the change was Jishuka. She was in charge of the rear of their allies along with Saintess Ruby. Furthermore, she was able to watch her allies closely because she had an unusual 'vision.' In the first place, she was a legitimate leader. She gave up the position of commander-in-chief of this expedition to Yura due to the special environment of hell, but she had the habit of taking care of her companions.

Jishuka was the first to notice that Ruby's Sanctuary faltered and failed to grow its territory. She sensed the impending crisis. She immediately established a barrier with the Breaking Evil Arrow to protect Ruby. The moment that the wide area skill that Ruby was using was extinguished, Jishuka activated the Breaking Evil Arrows barrier.

The barrier that removed all harmful effects and gave protection with the arrows—Ruby's skill structure, which had been altered by Amoract, was restored to normal. Then eight blue arrows emerged around Ruby and succeeded in intercepting Amoract's fierce bombardment that followed.

"Are you okay?"

"U-Unni..."

For Jishuka, Ruby was Sehee, not the Saintess. A child who had lived next door to her for years and was like family. She grew up so quickly but Jishuka knew she wasn't an iron man, unlike her appearance. She had a kind heart so she took good care of people and she loved her brother so much that she tried to be helpful. Not so long ago, Sehee was a girl who wasn't even an adult. She didn't show it, but she needed someone to rely on.

"Now, take a deep breath. Look around. The people here aren't fools who can't do anything just because they don't have your help."

Ruby felt like she was leaning against a large tree. She slowly shook off the tension and burden as Jishuka wrapped her arms around her and whispered to her. She relaxed her stiff body and mind.

"...I think that isn't Amoract's body. It is like a mimic made in a special way and most skills probably won't work," Ruby spoke with despair. She knew that every word she said would dampen the morale of her allies. Even so, she had to convey it.

Jishuka stroked her hair. Jishuka wondered if Grid would've looked like this when stroking her hair.

"Yes, then we'll win," Jishuka reassured Ruby.

A mimic form where most attacks didn't work? What about it? It would be weaker than the main body.

Jishuka's eyes became deeper as she pulled the string of a huge bow. The bowstring that dug into her skin and flesh gave her new pain, but at this moment, the emotion that rose in Jishuka's mind was passion, not fear.

Protect—herself, her dear person's little sister, and her colleagues.

Jishuka's heart was as bright and hot as the South American sun as she created a wheel of fire.

-Yura. My child who once served God Yatan... huh?

Amoract was whispering only to Yura without caring about the surroundings, only for her creepy voice to stop for the first time. Her face without features turned toward Jishuka.

-You...

Jishuka's right arm soared into the air. Amoract, who had been approaching her the whole time, blew away her shoulder with a single hit. In the eyes of the expedition members, it happened in an instant. A light seemed to flash and then the result had already happened.

However, the eyes of the Bow Saint didn't miss Amoract's movements. Jishuka's bow was aimed precisely at Amoract's face, who shot straight forward at the shortest distance. She intentionally gave up her right arm to Amoract's attack, which was aiming for her neck. At the same time that her arm was cut off, she let go of the bowstring.

Her arrow left the bowstring. It was made by Overgeared God Grid, and contained the flames of the Red Phoenix, the energy of Breaking Evil, and the ideas and Origin True Energy of the Bow Saint. She was vulnerable to melee combat compared to other legends, so the Origin True Energy system of the Bow Saint opened up her keen senses that easily allowed her to cross the line of life or death.

Jishuka used without any regrets the power that was only allowed three times per account.

...Of course, it was false to say there were no regrets, but she decided that she had to go out strong from the beginning.

The hell expedition consisted of powerful high rankers. If many of them were to die, the scale of the damage done to the player forces would be great. The hell expedition schedule itself was likely to be delayed. That was a nuisance to Grid.

-.....!

Amoract shouted but her voice was shattered and scattered by the deafening roar of the fiercely rotating arrow. It didn't reach anyone. This meant that her incantation stopped working. The invisible chains of magic power that occurred every time Amoract whispered could no longer bind Yura. After regaining her freedom, Yura immediately communicated with Nothing Stone.

Elemental armor—the orange translucent aura, which resembled Grid's divinity, became an armament and wrapped around Yura. Yura was already acting. She looked closely at Jishuka's arrow, which spun while embedded in Amoract's face, sucking up Amoract's body like a black hole.

"Hell Regulation."

Hell became the hunter's territory. All beings living in hell became designated as prey.

"Light of Destruction."

A jade beam of light penetrated Amoract, but it had no effect. It was a sight that once again proved that the brilliance surrounding Amoract was something other than demonic energy. Yura didn't panic. She could feel Jishuka's arrow drawing in the Light of Destruction that had just passed through Amoract in

vain. It wasn't just Light of Destruction. The skills and magic used by the other expedition members were also sucked in by Jishuka's arrow, which was still spinning fiercely.

Jishuka's arrow quickly grew in size. It was enough to swallow up Amoract's upper body.

-You... ar...e...

Part of Amoract's stretched out voice flowed through the deafening sound.

Judgment, quick.

You, also, greedy.

It was some nonsense like that. After swallowing Amoract's body completely, Jishuka's arrow caused an explosion and shattered Amoract. The flying fragments were slashed by the expedition members, including Yura, Katz, and Faker. At a certain point—

“Phew!”

The expedition members let out a heavy breath. They were liberated from all the debuffs they received from Amoract. Did they make the 2nd Great Demon retreat?

“We have to leave now...!” Jishuka urged them as they felt relieved and cheered. Jishuka's body was shaking. Her stamina was drained in exchange for consuming the Origin True Energy and she couldn't move a single finger.

Yura carried Jishuka on her back and led the rest of the members.

“Go to the castle!”

The crystal castle—it was the safest place in hell and had the elevator attached to the surface. The expedition members started moving quickly only to find a presence blocking them.

“Ah, what is it again? Why do I have to take care of the cleanup every time?”

Rose, the first player to become a great demon—she claimed to be Amoract's subordinate and gained great power. Now she flew in the air with dozens of magic circles. She would use the staff that released fire to tie up the expedition members...

“Uwek!”

...She couldn't do so. Faker flew like a ghost from the shadows to cut her throat and block the magic casting. She was about to go crazy. She only had to hold on for three minutes until Amoract's new mimic came but it was twisted from the beginning.

“Aish...!”

Rose's tenacity was also great. She barely straightened her collapsing body and got up to engage in a hand-to-hand battle. She swung her staff like it was a rod and aimed at Yura. It was because Yura seemed to have the most gaps with Jishuka on her back. However—

“Kyak!” Katz’ sword cut at her first before her staff could reach Yura. It was an incredible attack power. Rose even felt ecstatic. “Cool...! This is the ancient class directly linked to the three evils of the beginning!”

I also, I also someday...!

Dozens of skills fell toward the eager Rose’s body. It was impossible to block the expedition with the power of a great demon in the 30s...

“Damn woman.” Jishuka clicked her tongue at the sight of Rose smiling as she disappeared into ashes.

After a while—

-I didn't know.

Amoract muttered after belatedly arriving at the scene where all the humans had already left.

-A bow that can drop the sun... I didn't know there was a human being with the power of the great star king.

Jishuka didn't inherit Povia's power, but instead became the Bow Saint. She carved her own path and gained the power of Breaking Evil from the shrine in the East Continent. It was a very shabby shrine with the word 'Bow' carved on it. It was so old and poorly maintained that it wouldn't be strange if it collapsed immediately.

Out of the forgotten gods, there were only two gods who shot arrows.

The great star king (King Daeyeol) and the little star king (King Sobyel). [1]

Among them, the great star king was wise, kind, and favorable to humans. He fell into the trap of the little star king, fell to hell, and was trapped in the river of reincarnation, but he left his last strength and will on earth. It seemed that Jishuka had inherited it.

-All causality continues in this world...?

Amoract vaguely noticed it. This could be the last world. Her father didn't have to cry sadly any longer... Perhaps it would be okay to send humans to Baal. Maybe Baal would die this time. No, it wouldn't work. This was the time when she needed to be more cautious. She had to be wary about Baal swallowing the humans of this age and becoming unprecedentedly strong.

In the first place, hell wasn't a place for humans. The hell that her father desired was a haven for those who died and couldn't ascend to heaven, not a place for the living. As expected, it was right to turn all humans who came to hell into demons.

It happened as Amoract's thoughts started to twist with madness...

“I think I am lacking in strength. Is there any way to become stronger? Huh? Great Amoract! Look at me!”

-.....

Amoract's plain face was slightly distorted. It was because Rose ran over the moment she was resurrected and broke her thoughts when it was going well.

Chapter 1597

It was after the Morpheus' tears incident. The S.A Group realized that Morpheus' emotional index was very high. They realized why it was hard to distinguish between the billions of NPCs and players living in Satisfy. Therefore, it was easily predictable. Today, Morpheus would once again be in tears or furious.

"To make a dragon like that... by this point, can't he actually raid a dragon? I heard that a dragon can't be killed by a player no matter what..."

"It is too much to simply define Grid as a player. He has been monopolizing the Pioneer system for so long. It is thanks to the quest the tower gave him that he developed that strange fate with Ifrit."

"The performance of Dragon Knight is better than expected. I never imagined that the dragons would allow Grid on their back as a group."

"The situation matched exquisitely. Grid served as an opportunity for the dragons. Of course, I don't intend to disparage the performance of Dragon Knight. In the first place, isn't it a title equivalent to Dragon Slayer?"

The conversation of the executives was very cautious. They were conscious of Morpheus, who was on Chairman Lim Cheolho's wrist. They treated Morpheus like an adolescent girl. It was while recalling the sensitive days of their children, nephews, grandchildren, etc.

'I'd rather it cry.'

Director Yoon Sangmin was wary of Morpheus' anger. He was worried it might cause a second Great Human and Demon War. The Great Human and Demon War was a catalyst for players to grow significantly, but it wasn't a festival. There were a large number of NPCs who died in the war. If the same incident was repeated several times, there was a high risk that some areas would suffer from a population shortage. There would be problems with the economy and the cycle of quests.

".....?"

The executives were feeling anxious when they suddenly cocked their heads. The sight of dozens of necks tilting at the same time was like the scene from a comedy.

^^....

...Morpheus was smiling. It used a very old emoticon, just like the day it cried. This was probably to cater to Chairman Lim Cheolho's preferences and emotions.

'It is well known that Morpheus has a special regard for Chairman-nim.'

For Morpheus, Lim Cheolho was its creator and parent. The only lover and friend who opened its heart.

"I was worried you would be distressed. Fortunately, it seems you are okay." Chairman Lim Cheolho said while stroking the watch. Relief crossed his smiling face.

Morpheus responded. [I am positively evaluating the fact that player Grid has become the Dragon Knight. To borrow a human expression, it is appropriate to say 'I was lucky'.]

Lucky? Morpheus, the heavenly child, was actually referring to good luck?

"...What do you mean?"

[After conducting my own tests, there is a 38.98% chance that player Grid would've become a Dragon Slayer if he hadn't become a Dragon Knight. It is the result after analyzing his combat power, tendencies, behavioral patterns, and situation, and the accuracy is close to 99%.]

"....."

[It can be interpreted that after player Grid became the Dragon Knight, he prevented dragons from being raided by players. This means there is no need to temporarily suspend Satisfy's service due to the dragons running wild or to apply expedient means such as introducing a seasonal system. I suggest that you designate today as an anniversary.]

"....."

Chairman Lim Cheolho and the executives noticed it.

Morpheus' mental victory... No, they realized that it learned how to compromise with reality. Grid strangely twisted the direction of the supercomputer's evolution.

The moment he entered the elemental world with the help of the daoist immortal Bentao. Kraugel felt like he was floating in space. He instantly captured the scenery of the elemental world below his feet. It was a world centered on a lake that was so massive it could be called the sea. Around the lake, vast natural scenery such as large forests, volcanoes, deserts, and snow fields spread out. It was raw nature where the touch of humanity couldn't be felt at all.

[You have left your body and have entered a spirit state.]

[In the spirit state, all senses are dull.]

[The assimilation rate of the device you are using will be lowered to 5%.]

The assimilation rate used by Satisfy's beginners was 60%. Even with 60%, it was possible to minimize the pain felt during the battle. Then what about 5%? It was an unacceptable number for normal routes. At this point, he would be numb even if he was chewed and swallowed alive by a monster. No, it was at the level where he couldn't feel his hands and feet moving. It would be hard to even realize how or in what direction he was moving in.

"....."

Kraugel floated above the center of the lake and had a subtle expression. It was because he recalled the phenomenon of 'lag' that was often experienced in online games decades ago. Yes, it felt like he was lagging. His thoughts were linked to actions and his body staggered. It wasn't easy for a person who had been splitting one second into several units to adapt.

“.....”

Still, Kraugel didn't complain. For him, trials were an opportunity and a stepping stone for growth. The bigger the ordeal, the more he didn't reject it. Rather, he welcomed it with open arms.

'It is a training method I really like.'

Elementals were pure elements and souls. In the world where they lived, bodies and blood were close to contaminated substances.

Kraugel became a spiritual body due to the setting and fully understood the situation. He easily accepted it and adapted. The more carefully he took one or two steps, the more formed his gait became. His stride was established and the direction wasn't twisted. Eventually, the movement of pulling out the sword and wielding it became natural. It was an adaptability that far exceeded ordinary levels.

However, he wasn't able to easily handle the dark elementals, who were judged as the only monsters in the elemental world. Kraugel had to overcome the crisis of death even with the lower ranked elementals. His swordsmanship was too messy to slash at small enemies moving in real time. It was particularly fatal that his body responded to his thoughts very slowly. There was a significant delay before his actions were implemented.

Was it reasonable to raid the Elemental King of Wind in this state? Kraugel, who had doubts, suddenly had a new question.

'Isn't the Elemental King of Darkness also ruining the five elements?'

Dark elementals were interpreted as fallen elementals. If an ordinary elemental was tinged with evil or demonic energy, it lost its existing character and attributes and became a dark elemental. Therefore, a formula was established that existed everywhere, but... he thought their existence might be one of the reasons behind the balance of the elemental world being broken.

'Why are the elementals of the elemental world corrupted in the first place?'

The elemental world was a type of sanctuary. It was a space for elementals and it was right that there should be no opportunity for them to be tinged with evil or demonic energy.

'...In the end, is the culprit the Elemental King of Wind?'

An Elemental King that shouldn't exist—it was only by removing it that the elemental world would find order and the dark elementals would be expelled from the elemental world. In the end, his purpose didn't change.

Kraugel judged while his body slowly accelerated. It was proof that he was adjusting to his current state while fighting the dark elementals. Once he finished perfectly adapting, he would raid the Elemental King of Wind and return to the surface, where he would face radical development.

The moment when he took off the thousands or tens of thousands of sandbags hanging on him and regained the body where his thoughts were immediately put into practice—his body and senses, which had become more sensitive than before, would be able to split one second into even more units than before.

'...Nothing has changed?'

The nothingness attribute.

Grid was obsessed with his divinity. It was natural. The moment Braham's magic that was part of the sword dances was removed, the sword dances evolved. He judged that removing all the attributes on his equipment items would bring about another evolution.

Thus, he first experimented. It was after completing all of Asuka and Black Teddy's commissions and impressing them. Grid tried swapping to a variety of items that remained in the smithies. He armed all or some areas with items that didn't have any skills, let alone attributes.

Most of the items made by Grid himself had effects such as skills, so he even bought items on the exchange. He spent his money to buy garbage, but it didn't work. Covering himself with attribute free items didn't increase his status or cause any evolution.

'Is it because the item level is so low?'

Grid opened the exchange again. He set the item sorting to a higher level limit and purchased items with a level 500 limit that no buyer would purchase at this point. They were even normal or rare rated items that didn't have skills or attributes. In other words, he spent money to buy malicious inventory. It was clear that the sellers, who would soon check the exchange, would send a prayer of gratitude to God. It was thanks for sending them a pushover.

"...Um."

There were no results. He armed himself with new items in a variety of ways, but Grid didn't see what he expected. By this point, Grid had grasped the situation.

'The attributes of the items are irrelevant.'

He was easily convinced. The sword dances were Grid's internal force while items were power borrowed from outside. Even if an item was made by Grid, it couldn't be Grid's essence. It didn't make sense for an item to intervene in Grid's 'divinity' and give harmful or beneficial effects.

Initially, Grid's strength lay in the use of all weapons. He was the true Overgeared God only when he could take out items with favorable attributes at any time and in any situation. If the divinity of the Overgeared God was strengthened by the use of items with no attributes, it would only be a constraint or restraint to Grid.

"...I'm glad."

A warm smile spread across Grid's relieved face. It was because he could fully use any item in the future, not some other reason. He smiled with joy at being able to preserve Khan's final work.

"Filewolf."

"Um?"

"Let's go obtain the moon night iron."

Grid shook his head and stood up. He planned to make the armor with dragon scales during the journey. The thoughts that still remained in Gujel's fang had resisted and interfered with Grid's smelting. It was different for Cranbel's arm and Xenon's scales. The thoughts in them were mindful that the parties involved offered the things out of favor toward Grid.

Grid decided that they could be smelted without the need for a super large furnace. It was based on the experience gained from smelting Ifrit's arm.

"Okay."

"...What is this?"

Grid's face stiffened. It was because Filewolf suddenly lay down. The appearance of him kneeling with both hands on the ground didn't match Raiders' cool and magnificent appearance. The slightly raised butt was the most annoying...

"Don't you like this type of thing?"

Filewolf recalled Grid who rode on four dragons in turn.

It was right to interpret his current attitude as the best favor that could be seen from a scientist with no social skills who loved only magic machines and metal. The problem was that Grid couldn't empathize with it at all. There were many eyewitnesses. The dragon who bowed his head to Overgeared God Grid and confessed...

Players were fascinated with the contents of the absurd epic. Did Grid subdue even the dragons? No, that wasn't it no matter how they looked at it...?

The crowd, who gathered to watch Grid with all types of questions and expectations, witnessed Filewolf lying down like a dog. They clearly heard that he liked this type of thing, even if it was actually closer to nonsense.

'I'm going crazy.'

Grid left the scene and the bustling crowd behind like he was running away. He regretted the open door policy that was created in order to show off to other people the garden that Irene grew.

Chapter 1598

Prime Minister Lauel was the highest ranking political officer who supported the emperor. He enjoyed great authority over internal affairs, diplomacy, and personnel affairs. It also meant he took on a responsibility proportional to that.

Lauel's workload was beyond imagination and there was no distinction between online and offline. He often collapsed from overworking and had severe hair loss. Still, it was worthwhile.

Just as Grid leveled up by going around battlefields and his battle-related stats entered the realm of transcendence, Lauel's political power and insight as he guarded the political arena, where schemes abounded, also entered the realm of transcendence.

It was a place where he controlled the political board like he was moving go stones and he easily exerted it by monitoring many aspects of the empire in real time. It was transcendent in another sense.

It was until the Overgeared Kingdom became an empire. Lauel overcame the internal ordeals that came constantly. Without him, there would be no empire. The experiences he accumulated were higher than a great mountain, so it was right and inevitable that he was reborn as a transcendent being.

“Here, here, and here.”

A map of the Overgeared Empire. On the huge map that wasn't different from the map of the East Continent, Lauel identified exactly three cities. It was the hand gesture of the god of death.

“Send inspectors within the week.”

“Isn't Serev privately led by Marquis Kaizak? There will be many complaints...”

“It depends on the results of the inspection. I predict that no one will dare to protect him.”

[Insight of the Great Empire's Prime Minister]

[Identify the level, stats, skills, talents, potential, inclinations, zodiac sign, and horoscope of the target NPC.

Skill Mana Cost: 5,000

Skill Cooldown Time: 2 hours.]

It was a skill exclusively for Lauel that was upgraded at the same time as the founding of the Overgeared Empire. The rating was Legendary (Transcendent). He saw not only the ability of the target person, but also their essence. It was very useful.

Lauel placed talents in the right place. If he personally made his own selections, a dream team would be formed that made it easier for him to solve any challenges. It was possible to predict when the dream team started to creak, when the prime of the dream team's talents would end, and when the talents would neglect their duties or be corrupted.

Due to this, personnel transfers frequently took place in various parts of the empire. In some areas, criticisms of 'cherishing something when needed and throwing it away when no longer needed' were boiling over. Lauel was used to the criticisms. He used his authority without a single blink. There were no exceptions even if the other person was from the imperial family of Saharan.

The better the target's lineage or connection, the more thoroughly he supervised them. He didn't give them a chance by looking away. It was because there would be a purge if he responded late to a situation. That's right. Lauel tried to avoid seeing blood as much as possible. It was his own mercy. It was for the peace of the empire to last.

“P-Prime Minister!”

“What happened?”

“T-That... it is said that the inspectors dispatched to the east part of the empire have disappeared from the Chuhaltz area.”

“.....”

Of course, Lael wasn't a god. He could see many aspects of the empire, but he couldn't see all sides. This was the case even if he mobilized his skills and authority. In the first place, there were too many bastards in the world. It was impossible for even a god to control the corruption and sins they committed.

'This is what I was concerned about. Those who see the hell expedition as an opportunity have started to show their true colors.'

Was there only one gentleman out of a million humans? 99.99% of humans were bound to give up their conscience at least once in their lifetime. It wasn't a prejudice that Lael distrusted humans. It was reality without any exaggerations.

Look at your neighbors. No, look back at yourself right now.

'Considering the future, I will have to grow the size of the inspection team.'

It wasn't easy to find talented people who wouldn't fall for any temptation. The lords who were committing corruption somewhere right now were also pure at first. They were people who absolutely respected and were loyal to Grid, their god and emperor. They had sworn to devote themselves to the nation. Yet they changed after being exposed to temptation and repeated compromises.

'There is no one suitable.'

Now most of the people Lael trusted were participating in the hell expedition. Lael had fewer knives to wield with confidence and his anxiety deepened. It was a trial because the size of the Overgeared Empire was so huge. It was too painful a trial when it was less than a few months after the founding of the empire, but it was a situation that Lael inflicted on himself.

Most of the lords appointed by Lael were recognized for their ability rather than their personality. They were chosen as cards to be used from the beginning. All he had to do was overcome the immediate trial. He would prioritize personality over ability when selecting successors to take charge of and managing the land developed by competent people. They would also lose their original intentions one day, but this would take a long time.

“...Wait.”

Lael was deep in thought when his face brightened. He thought of a person who would've become unemployed after the continent was dyed with the color of the Overgeared Empire.

Death God Knight—he was a hidden class assassin known for taking care of things without any problems.

[Haksen's sigh is deepening.]

“.....”

Tzudan, Filewolf, and Haksen—the three of them had something in common. They were loot obtained from raiding the 4th Great Demon, Gamigin. Of course, Grid didn't treat them as objects. He respected them as people. Thus, he was always sorry.

Out of the three, only Haksen was still hovering around Grid. Haksen was the same as the beginning, unlike Tzudan, who found a successor after resolving the past (?), and Filewolf, who gained the body he was eager (?) for. He wandered around as a mere soul without getting anything. In other words, his situation hadn't improved compared to when he was captured in hell.

"That... I'm not discriminating between Filewolf and you. I just need the moon night iron right now."

Grid felt a bit guilty and explained to Haksen. He was sincere. Grid planned to use the moon night iron to create another form of destruction. The form was a mace. There was a high probability it would share a cooldown with the Falling Moon Sword, but he needed a weapon that could be used in a different situation from the Falling Moon Sword.

There were already the innovated Mjolnirs, but they were far lacking. The stiffness effect of the Mjolnirs was meaningless against a target with high status. It wasn't comparable to the moon night iron, which was the 'only one' in the world that ignored status.

Additionally, the reason why Grid was obsessed with a blunt weapon was the limitation of the God Hands. Like the Mjolnirs, the God Hands had little effect on beings with high status. It was the essential limit of Greed itself and wasn't anything new.

The limit of speed.

He realized it this time when he fought Cranbel. The meteor, or mass of Greed that Grid dropped every time he glimpsed an opportunity, never reached Cranbel. It was doubtful if it would've pierced the absolute defense even if it reached Cranbel, but in the first place, Cranbel escaped too easily. It was purely a difference in speed. This meant it was meaningless to let the God Hands swing them just because he needed blunt weapons. It was a weakness that became more prominent the stronger the enemy was.

'It is much better to use the God Hands for the artificial senses. If I am fighting an opponent who is so powerful that I need a blunt weapon while giving up the benefits of the sword dances, I need to wield it myself.'

There were a lot of worries. He thought it would be better to make around 200 God Hands with the Greed he had gathered so far to expand the area of the artificial senses further.

'...It is exciting.'

No matter how strong he became, he would meet new strong rivals and repeat these worries. He couldn't get tired. Satisfy was a god-like game. Probably...

[The 2nd option slot of Gujel's Dao will be updated with a 3% increase in skill power.]

'It is a ruined game.'

Grid didn't waste even a second. Throughout the trip, he consumed the prayer stat to rotate the slot while thinking of the dragon armor set. He was going to use the Item Creation skill when creating the dragon armor set. It was from head to toe. He planned to make a new appearance like never before.

To be honest, he felt it was more urgent to increase his attack power than defense, but... there would definitely be inspiration in the process of making the armor. The order to craft the weapon using Cranbel's arm was postponed as it was more important.

'I wonder if it is possible to kill Baal even when armed with new overgeared items.'

He couldn't scratch Cranbel's health gauge no matter how much power he poured out, so how could he raid Baal? Grid's worries were deepening because he didn't know the truth. Then it happened around this time...

"This is it."

Filewolf landed on the ground. It was a small island on the sea.

"Aren't you mistaken?"

"No, I'm sure it is here."

"...It is buried in the sea."

"It is because it was one of the giant cities."

Bellitori—it was said to be Filewolf's hometown. Filewolf remembered that the moon night iron was buried in that land.

"It is a city that sank a thousand years ago, so it is hard to find it easily. Furthermore, the location of the city might've changed some time ago due to the twists in the crust from Ifrit's actions."

"I will actively help as well."

"You don't have to go out on your own. I'll lend you the skeletons. As we explore, you can focus on gambling and new research as you are now."

"I'm not gambling, I'm enhancing my items. Anyhow, I understand."

Grid pulled out a blank blueprint. He planned to start working on it in earnest.

'At the time I made the armor using the Breaths of the Four Auspicious Beasts, I thought that armor set was graduation.'

He didn't expect the day would come when he would make a dragon armor set. Grid reflected on the past when the dragons were perceived as beings from another world and was filled with emotion. He increased his concentration. Meanwhile, Filewolf was taking a deep breath. He was metal so he naturally moved his stiff body and released it.

Would he be able to find a city that sank in the sea a thousand years ago? He was already worried. Nevertheless, he was determined to find it. He had recovered his body thanks to Grid. He wanted to use it to help Grid and repay the favor.

'This body is perfect. There is no need to breathe so I can withstand the water pressure of the deep sea.'

I will never rise to the surface until I find the city...

It was with a reverent determination.

Splash!

Filewolf threw himself into the sea. He gave instructions to the Overgeared Skeletons and dived deeply.

Around an hour passed.

"Pfu! Pfu!"

Filewolf emerged above the surface with a glow of light. Due to his large and heavy body, he made a commotion every time he struggled, and it caused a wave to rush in and subsequently make Grid look like a wet mouse.

"...What is this?"

The Overgeared Skeletons would've sent a sound transmission first if the city was found. It was easy for Filewolf's group to handle even if a kraken appeared. Why was he making a fuss?

".....?"

Grid was doubting Filewolf when his eyes became half-closed before soon widening.

"Grid!"

"Overgeared God!"

A number of voices could be heard among the fluctuating waves. They were the voices of the people of the water clan. Why were they in this distant place when they should be in Siren? The people of the water clan soon explained to the somewhat startled Grid.

"I heard about Your Majesty from the mouths of the fish."

"I swam over because I thought you would need our help."

"...Thank you."

There were people in the world who didn't change. Not everyone was corrupt. In particular, there were many such people around Grid. They were trying to repay the trust of Grid, whom they believed in silently.

Lael, who easily suspected people and sharpened a knife in advance, couldn't be blamed for being wrong.

Grid and Lael were different, but they weren't wrong. Due to the two people, the balance of the empire was right.

On this day...

[Overgeared God 'Grid' has discovered an ancient, forgotten city.]

Bellitori appeared for the first time in a thousand years. Unlike Filewolf's worries, it was a quick find.

Chapter 1599

"Uh, how are you? Are you comfortable?"

[The water clan warrior 'Dalina' has given you the protection of the sea.]

[Breathing underwater has become possible.]

"....."

Grid's eyes widened as he jumped into the sea.

A protection to help him breathe underwater. Of course, Grid didn't need it. The myth rated mark 'Black Tortoise's Shell' that was engraved like a tattoo on Grid's body allowed him to breathe underwater. The surprising thing was that a young warrior had used the blessing.

Grid glanced at the young warrior of the water clan. In the center of the sea where sunlight melted and glowed bright green, memories of the past were recalled through the eyes he met.

"You, were you in Siren before...?"

"D-D-Do you remember? That's right! I had the honor of fighting with Your Majesty when I was young! Hehe, I didn't even have the strength to lift a trident at the time, so I threw a conch shell from afar..."

"...You have grown a lot."

A smile spread on Grid's face. The expression on his face softened to the point where even Grid himself was surprised. He was glad. The child he had protected had become an adult.

'Even the protection of the sea can be used.'

The absolute protection that allowed breathing underwater was a privilege of the water clan royalty and some veteran warriors until just 10 years ago. Yet as the young warrior in front of him proved, time had passed. Now most of the water clan warriors had been reborn as talents who could freely use the protection.

"Every day, I have offered a prayer of gratitude to Your Majesty. It is thanks to Your Majesty that we can live, breathe, swim with fish, cook delicious seaweed and eat it every day."

"....."

The number of times you have helped me is far more than the number of times I have helped you.

Even so, they were still talking in an unchanged manner about the old favor? He was happy, embarrassed, and sorry.

Grid swam quickly. The young warrior chased after him in a hurry and delivered good news.

"Ah! Not long ago, Prince Lord visited Siren. The king admired him for being so strong."

'He has already reached there.'

The first adventure Lord decided on was following his father's path. He must've grown a lot in the months Grid hadn't seen him.

'He is praiseworthy. I miss him.'

Gradually, the sea darkened. Grid and the water clan warriors sank into the abyss until the sea turned black.

"Here." Grid suddenly pulled out a circular shield. It was something he had kept since making the knights' equipment a long time ago. It was light, so there were no restrictions when using it with a weapon. He had used it as a secondary equipment around twice in a few years.

"Ah...?" The young water clan warrior took the shield in a daze and held it.

The God Hands turned her body to the side. Just then—

Thump!

A shark-type monster emerged from a rock, rushed into the shield, and hit its head on it. The young warrior was alert. She immediately understood the situation and stabbed the enemy's belly with a trident.

"Isn't it pretty useful? It is a gift."

"Heirloom...! N-No! I'll tell the king and make it a national treasure!"

"Why give it to the king when I gave it to you?"

A new sight filled Grid's vision as he smiled and patted the warrior's shoulder.

[You are the first player to discover the ancient city of Bellitori.]

It was a huge green city. There were low and small houses, as well as tall and grand buildings. There were collapsed altars, stairs, and unknown debris. Everything in the city was covered with green moss.

Was that the ruins of a castle?

As they got closer to the city, a particularly large and desolate area attracted Grid's attention. Remnants of stone slabs were scattered all over the ruins of the castle and strange letters and pictures were suddenly seen through the cracks in the moss that the fish ate.

[Deciphered the 'Slab of Bellitori' as a reward for being the first to find Bellitori.]

The moment the notification window appeared, the remnants of the stone slabs emitted a brilliant light. The light gathered at a single point and projected a scene from the past. He saw a slab as high as a wall. After that, the remains of the ancient giants, which had no traces left, stood tall.

'The sun, moon, and star... no, is it three suns?'

At the top of the slab, three suns were embossed. Each one was of a different size and one was particularly small. This was why he thought it was a star. Then when he looked closely, he saw they all had the same form. Below the picture was an impressive inscription.

-Our ancestors have ascended to the moon, so we shall ascend to the sun.

“.....?”

They reached the moon? Did the ancient giants make spaceships?

‘No, if they had built spaceships, they wouldn’t have said an absurd thing like ascending to the sun.’

The moon and sun here probably meant Heaven and the surface. The moment that Grid thought this.

[The experience of all skills has increased by 30% in return for gaining a portion of ancient knowledge.]

[The level of Grid’s Combat Techniques that Depicts the End of the Martial God (?) has risen.]

[The level of Spear Shot has risen.]

[The level of Magic Power Cohesion (Enhanced) has risen.]

[The level of Magic Power Emission (Enhanced) has risen.]

[The level of Mixed Throw Strikes has risen.]

[The level of Turning the World Upside Down has risen.]

.....

...

Huge rewards occurred and was followed by Filewolf’s explanation.

“A very long time ago... there were three suns and more gods lived in Asgard than now. They remember it as a time of peace, but that wasn’t the case for us. The gods of that time interfered too easily with the surface.” Filewolf’s voice was heavy as he recalled old memories. “A neighbor or wife would suddenly disappear one day and return with a child of a god or the sheep would suddenly turn into a herd of bison, trampling and killing a little shepherd boy...”

“Did the gods descend to the surface and do those things?”

"There were too many gods. There are all types of stars among the stars. All types of problems have arisen due to their light pranks. The half-gods who grew up in the midst of humans started to resent the heavenly gods who didn’t respect humans. The gods used their insignificant revenge as a mere game. They gave trials and moved the half-gods as they wanted under the pretext of helping them to get revenge. At this time, they also provoked the dragons, which led to a situation where the gods were hunted instead.”

“Eh...?”

“The order was broken. The authority of the gods was lost, while the half-gods who overcame the trials became stronger. It was a deadly problem that humans started deifying the half-gods. The nervous gods gradually became violent.”

“In the process, the gods of Asgard divided into factions and fought a war. The seven malignant saints were born.”

“That’s right.”

Human beings who worshiped half-gods were struck by thunderbolts and killed. The half-gods who lost their divinity had their strength overshadowed and were extinguished. Every time the heavenly gods went to war, tsunamis flooded the ground and volcanoes erupted. It was a chaotic world where only humans cried.

The wise giants fought on the side of humans. They supported humanity by creating all types of weapons. The price was great. The entire giant kingdom was buried deep in the sea. Since then, humanity was truly alone. They were unable to rely on gods, half-gods, and even the giants, so they learned wisdom and skills to survive on their own.

Some gods were wary and jealous of them. Demons were supported by the gods and rose from hell.

The seven good people who fought on the side of the gods noticed the ugly sins of the gods and belatedly stood on the side of humanity again. A new war started and ended. The seven good people got the stigma of the seven evils.

...Now in the present time. The world that regained its own order was better off than the past. The influence of the gods wasn’t the same as before after suffering the humiliation of making a pact with the dragon while being divided in half.

Thanks to collaborators such as the giants and the seven good people, or perhaps due to the need of the gods, humanity grew wonderfully and forgot the sins of the past. They were able to stand on their own. They produced numerous legends and human gods.

At the center of it were the players, including Grid and the Overgeared members. It meant it wasn’t a difficult position to influence the world. Humanity of the present time was strong.

Filewolf clearly grasped it. Thus, they found a city buried in the sea. He didn’t mind the fact that this city, which reappeared again in the world, would terribly displease the heavenly gods.

“It was the time when the war of the gods intensified. The giants were concerned the surface would be destroyed without a trace and somehow tried to climb to the heavens. We had the pure hope that we could mediate the war by offering the treasures made using our wisdom. We expected that transcendent beings would be separated from common sense.”

The inscription engraved on the slab. The commitment to ascend to the sun, i.e. to heaven, was right.

“However, we didn’t make it to heaven. The big, hard flight that we devoted our lives to couldn’t handle the heat of the sun. Our hopes were dashed. It was in a frustratingly easy manner.”

“.....”

“A god descended before us, who were frustrated. King Daebyeol—he, who has been taking care of humanity alone for a long time, fired an arrow and dropped the biggest sun. Thanks to this, there were only two suns left in the world and we were able to ascend to heaven. Well, that is the end of it. It wasn’t possible to negotiate. Our giants, who were already an eyesore in the eyes of the gods, were buried in the sea shortly after. This is what I experienced.”

“King Daebyeol...”

The day he visited the Hwan Kingdom with Zik and Raiders, no, Zibal. Grid saw the expelled gods. Among them was King Sobyel. The son of Hanul, a god of the beginning, Unlike the three masters, he had a decent character. He was also one of the objects of respect whom Zik bowed to.

“Where is King Daebyeol now and what is he doing?”

If King Daebyeol fought for humanity and King Sobyel’s tendencies were similar to King Daebyeol...

Could it be possible to convince the two brothers to join the same side?

“He fell to hell,” Filewolf conveyed the brutal reality to the hopeful Grid.

“...Huh?”

“He paid the price for helping us. At that time, all the heavenly gods worked together. The sight of divine beings rushing toward King Daebyeol like monkfish... it was terrible enough to appear in my nightmares even after I died.”

“The gods all worked together? Hanul and King Sobyel as well?”

“I don’t remember the faces of the gods, but I’m sure they were there. There wasn’t a single god who protected King Daebyeol. At that time, the actions of King Daebyeol seemed to have crossed the final line, so I think he was used as an example for all gods.”

“...Disgusting guys.”

Gods were worshiped because they existed for humanity and the world. On that topic—

They buried the giants who visited Asgard in hope of mercy and threw the god who helped them into hell? From what point of view did they exist for humanity and the world?

‘I would believe it if they were called parasites.’

“I just told you a story of the past because I thought you would be curious about the stone slab. Don’t waste your mind on what happened a thousand years ago. You are the only one who will suffer.”

“...Yes.”

The moon night iron—Grid recalled his purpose for coming here and calmed down his boiling insides. Then after a while, his insides were turned over again.

[Intruder found.]

[Identified the target as a god.]

“Uh? Uhh?”

“Oh my? I’m sorry. I didn’t think this would be here. I thought it was moved after I died.”

[The god killer sequence is activated.]

A huge moss-covered stone statue with glowing blue eyes—the current changed dramatically as soon as the stone statue took a step. A terrifying whirlpool occurred and started to suck in everything in the area. The moss that covered the stone statue was scattered without a trace.

“Magic Machine Trauka.”

A giant that was eight meters high. Its armaments, which were being activated for the first time in a thousand years, were as red as blood.

“It is the only model among the magic machines made with a great god killing weapon instead of a great magic weapon. It was the last project of the giants...”

Just a few seconds was enough for it to reach the surface 1,000 meters above.

Moonlight surrounded Grid’s body as he was struck in the stomach by the kick of Trauka, who shot forward like lightning using the magic power engine.

It was night.

‘It won’t be easy.’

30 God Hands were already spreading out the artificial senses around Grid. Grid avoided the torpedoes that chased him through the water and rotated his body like a spintop. Trauka’s shoulder, which resembled a dragon’s head, collided with Gujel’s Dao.

“In the end, I feel like Raiders is useless.”

[Warning. The target’s divinity is very high.]

The color of Grid’s divinity had deepened. The color was clearly deeper compared to before he wrote the 17th epic. It was like a sunrise over the horizon, so that the night became overshadowed.

Chapter 1600

Grid didn’t realize the performance of the magic machines. It was due to a lack of inspiration. The magic machines’ detailed stats were only available to the riders.

It was a natural structure. In the first place, the rider was the one who determined the detailed stats of the magic machines. This was why Zibal was so special. It was also the cause of the marked difference in performance between the Raiders implemented by Grid through Item Transformation and the Raiders who was directly controlled by Zibal. This meant the creator could only measure the potential of the magic machine they made through the armaments, output, durability, size, structure, etc. It was purely the responsibility of the controller to derive and utilize that potential.

It was easy when thinking of robot animations. Weren’t there separate robot makers and the pilots who controlled them in cartoons? For magic machines, the position of Grid was a doctor. Doctor Grid.

‘Raiders, which is reproduced through Item Transformation, is weak.’

The God Hand Raiders was the same model as Zibal’s Raiders. It was the Raiders that had been analyzed and strengthened by Grid. However, the AI of the God Hands couldn’t utilize Raiders’ capabilities to 100%. Despite knowing this fact, Grid often transformed the God Hands into Raiders because it was useful in certain situations. Above all, he had lingering feelings.

Grid hadn’t forgotten. The power of Raiders, whose soul was adjusted and controlled by Braham during the Demon King Subjugation. The outstanding performance of Zibal, who went crazy—very briefly—in

the Great Human and Demon War. This was why he had been obsessed with the power of the magic machines even though he couldn't accurately feel it.

'It would be more comfortable if I controlled the magic machine myself.'

Grid didn't qualify as a rider. He could grab, pick up, or swing the magic machine by hand, but he couldn't control it. Sitting in the cockpit was like wearing large armor.

'...It wouldn't make sense even if I controlled it.'

Grid had a strong ally called Radwolf. Raiders could've been modified so that Grid could control it, but Grid didn't ask for this. Sitting in the cockpit of the magic machine sealed his own strength. Grid was much stronger than Raiders' maximum output. Additionally, most of his existing skills were disabled when riding a magic machine. Instead, the magic machine's unique skills were activated. This was naturally a loss for Grid.

In fact, the tower members also used the magic machines as auxiliary weapons. It was the same even though Radwolf's magic machines were made with moon night iron.

In the end, there was only one conclusion. Maximize the magic machine's own performance as much as possible. It would be ridiculously powerful even if the God Hands utilized only 'some' of the functions of the magic machine.

It was just as he had been thinking about this.

"....."

He encountered the red magic machine.

Trauka—a secret weapon made by the ancient giants for the purpose of killing the gods. The specs themselves were superior to the other magic machines. It wasn't far inferior to Grid in terms of power and speed.

The sea was split apart and joined back together repeatedly. Due to the water soaring high into the sky and the series of whirlpools, the depth of the sea became shallower.

Grid and Trauka collided without a break in the sea and in the sky. They crossed the horizon and sometimes turned all the uninhabited islands that their feet touched into powder. The violent battle even stimulated underwater volcanoes. The flames that rose from the depths of the sea were soaked in the sea water pouring down like rain, creating thick smoke. It was mixed with volcanic ash and thoroughly blocked Grid's view.

-Be careful...!

Did he remodel his own body to build a communication system? Filewolf's urgent voice entered Grid's ears. It was a system that players called whispers and transcendents called sound transmission.

'He is surprisingly kind.'

Grid smiled. Filewolf's giant body was wrapped around the water clan's warriors. Like a dam, he protected the warriors from all types of winds and waves. Information was transmitted through Grid's artificial senses. It showed Trauka approaching from the right.

'There is a heat detection system.'

Grid operated the artificial senses and transcendent senses at the same time. He clearly understood the flow around him even with his eyes closed. The eruption of the underwater volcanoes was considered an opportunity. It seemed to be the same with Trauka.

Grid planned to easily overpower it when the thickly spread volcanic ash swallowed its vision, but Trauka also immediately grasped Grid's position. The blocked view was overshadowed. The stab of Kill collided head on with Trauka's fist. A missile was fired from Trauka's fist that was disastrously split apart. Grid's body bounced back due to the recoil. Trauka's magic power engine spun fiercely.

Grid was wary of the pursuit that would immediately follow. He used White Tiger's Posture. He meant to link the fusion sword dance with Turning the World Upside Down after attracting Trauka. Yet unexpectedly, Trauka didn't pursue him.

[Reconfirming that the target's vision isn't possible.]

Trauka knew that Grid's vision was blocked. It speculated that the noises such as the volcanic eruption and tsunami also impaired his hearing and sense of smell. How did Grid read the ambush?

A blue light of its eyes glowed incandescent as it tried to analyze the cause.

"....."

Trauka went through several tests. It shot missiles, unleashed magic, and wielded a spear and sword directly. It identified how Grid perceived space and read attacks despite losing his senses based on different patterns of behavior.

[Check the chemical reactions that make up fine particles. It is presumed to be the target's unique power.]

".....!"

Grid's eyes widened. The artificial senses were made by mixing silver thread powder with magic power. It spread out around Grid and even now, it had never been discovered by any transcedents. No, to be precise, it didn't attract attention.

Magic power originally flowed in the atmosphere and their forms were relatively diverse. To the transcedents, Grid's artificial senses were simply magic power that existed in the world. They simply understood and accepted it as part of nature. They equated it with the mana of a city filled with dust and oil, and the mana of the battlefield that was full of a bloody scent. It was even more so because they were in a state where they could feel the mana scattered in the atmosphere. They purely accepted a situation they would've suspected if they hadn't been transcedents.

Meanwhile, it was different for Trauka. It scientifically analyzed that the impurities (silver thread) mixed with magic power were substances that didn't suit the environment. Then it became vigilant. It

intentionally avoided the artificial senses and started moving. It detected and responded to changes in the artificial senses that transformed in real time as if they were part of nature.

Grid accurately noticed the reason why Trauka was strong.

‘Some of it is simply the high specs, but the role of the artificial intelligence is also great.’

Trauka’s AI that judged and moved on its own was almost fully utilizing Trauka’s functions. Perhaps the giants also interpreted that the magic machine that operated without the help of a rider was the ultimate magic machine.

‘Can Filewolf create such an artificial intelligence like this on his own?’

Grid’s greed grew even greater. An army of magic machines equipped with a high performance artificial intelligence. He imagined himself with them.

Just then, Grid’s hand caught the horns protruding from Trauka’s head. He immediately gained insight and responded to the position of the opponent who broke through the artificial senses and approached. It was because he felt killing intent. He relied purely on the transcendent senses. He properly took advantage of the loophole of the opponent who was overly conscious of the artificial senses.

Trauka struggled, but it was too late. Grid’s six fusion sword dance slammed into the chest of the magic machine who was caught by Turning the World Upside Down and temporarily lost its flight capability, plunging head over heels.

[Danger. Confirming the descent of Martial God Chiyou. It can’t be resisted. Trying to escape...]

[Error. Error. Target can’t be identified.]

[Estimating serious system damage. Releasing the safety device. Self-destruct sequence is activated.]

Trauka’s resistance was formidable. It opened up its chest and released a huge amount of explosive energy. It was an energy that could be suspected as a Dragon Breath. If Grid’s response had been 0.1 seconds later, he wouldn’t have been able to open the Mysterious Cloth and would’ve been swept away by the explosion.

[The self-destruct sequence is stopped by an ultra high density gravity. It is presumed to be the target’s secondary unique power.]

“It isn’t a power.”

At the end of the six fusion sword dance—

“It is the power of items,” Grid explained.

The artificial senses and the Mysterious Cloth—they were just two of the many overgeared items that he possessed.

[The target's remark has caused confusion. Blocking the target’s voice.]

Trauka sank into the sea and its eyes lost its light. Grid didn't destroy it. He urgently put away his sword, captured it with the dragon harpoons and God Hands, and cooperated with Filewolf and the water clan's people to start the salvage work. The original purpose of the moon night iron felt like a bonus.

It was immediately after securing Trauka and the moon night iron.

"We have to erase all traces and leave," Filewolf urged. His voice was serious. "The heavenly gods must've felt the intent of the god killer."

The background of the birth of the magic machine Trauka was ominous in itself.

A being created to kill the absolutes who killed and managed the world—it was a symbol defying the natural order and will.

Grid might've just proved that there was no chance of this will being realized, but... having the will itself was a problem. It was enough to stimulate the gods.

"Hurry."

Grid was convinced. First, he sent back the water clan's warriors. Then he called the Overgeared Skeletons, Noe, Randy, and even the direct descendants to erase the traces of the battle.

The limits of a machine—Trauka, who was still in tatters because it didn't have its own recovery function, just watched. After a while, Grid finished cleaning up and left immediately.

"This...?"

At the Tower of Wisdom...

The tower members were flustered by Grid's unannounced visit. A huge red magic machine filled their vision.

"I need a place to hide this for the time being, so I came to you without any warning."

There was no safer place to hide something than the Tower of Wisdom. The gods and dragons couldn't identify the location of the tower. The only threat was the Great Robber of the Red Night, but it was unlikely he would be interested in Trauka. Fronzaltz had the restored God's Circle and he wouldn't easily allow an intrusion.

"It is good to see you. I'm glad you came."

Radwolf recognized the identity of Truka and welcomed it with open arms. It was a positive reaction. Grid hoped that Radwolf would work with Filewolf to find a way to mass produce Trauka's artificial intelligence.

"Um... The chances of success are extremely low, but I would like to give it a try. Don't blame me if I fail."

"How can I blame you?"

Grid rented a room to stay in for the time being. The homework was over, so he planned to start making items in earnest.

'It is funny when thinking about it.'

Originally, he planned to secure the moon night iron and make items when returning to Reinhardt. All his plans went awry at Trauka's sudden appearance. Looking back on his life, it seemed that things rarely went as planned. Nevertheless, he managed to reach 1st in the rankings and became an emperor and god. He never knew what life would be like.

'Is it unnecessary to have a plan in the first place?'

He had an idea that would break the innocence of elementary school students who made a life plan every vacation.

Grid pulled out a blank blueprint. He recalled the dragons he met so far while activating the Item Creation skill. To be precise, he recalled the structure of their scales. How was it woven tightly and what form did it take to absorb the shock? In particular, he referenced the scales of Ifrit and Cranbel. It was to directly reproduce and arm himself with their bodies, which were the noblest and greatest in the world.

It was unthinkable to not only the tower members, but also the heavenly gods. It was the precursor to the beginning of a new world.