

Overgeared 1601

Chapter 1601

There might be many similarities, but it was rare for it to be identical. Just as even the snowflakes had different patterns, the scales of the dragons that Grid remembered were different in pattern. It was just like Xenon's scales in his hand right now.

[Dragon's Scale]

[Rating: Myth

The scales of the gray dragon Xenon.

Xenon himself is sincere to Overgeared God Grid and the scale is not damaged at all.

It is the only complete dragon scale that exists in the world.

Minimum smelting requirement: Possess a legendary rated production skill.

Conditions for smelting: Legendary rated production skill at the master level.]

It was before leaving Reidan. Grid received a total of three scales from Xenon. Each one of them were larger than Grid's body, and their patterns were slightly different. Even with Grid's insight, he only noticed it when he observed closely. The angled direction varied by about one degree, the texture of the root part resembling petals was different, there was a color difference that was at a level that was hard to tell, etc. It was a difference that couldn't be overlooked if he wanted to fully implement the dragon's armaments.

A dragon's armaments—in other words, Grid wanted to fully reproduce the pattern of the scales on their bodies. In particular, Ifrit and Cranbel's armaments. There was an obligation to clearly recall the pattern of the scales of the two dragons, how they connected and how they functioned.

“.....”

Of course, there were limitations to memory alone. Grid repeatedly played videos of the two dragons dozens of hundreds of times. It was as he smelted Xenon's scales and recreated them into hundreds of small scales. He closely watched, studied, and recorded how to make the pattern of each scale.

'I have to approach it with the sense of assembling.'

It took a lot of work to produce the scale armor. It was made by cutting iron plates and sewing them on leather cloth like scales. Meanwhile, the dragon armor set that Grid would create demanded more care and effort. Grid had no intention of adding leather. There was a fear that the leather of other beasts or monsters would be detrimental to the dragon scales. He didn't need leather. The scales themselves had a structure that absorbed shock. He would craft the armor only by binding the scales.

Grid concentrated solely on it in order to perform the high level work he had never tried before. By referring to the appearance of Ifrit and Cranbel, the blank blueprint was slowly filled. He also devised tools and environments in order to actually implement the hundreds of scales recorded on the blueprint.

Time passed by like a flash. The scales hadn't even been smelted, but a fortnight had passed.

It was right after another major battle. The sound of handwriting echoed in the silent battlefield. It was the sound made by the Overgeared members.

The hell expedition members watched in a somewhat absurd manner. The habit of taking notes after each battle was strange no matter how they looked at it.

'What are they doing?'

They had a very strong desire to peek, but no one did it hastily. They knew it was rude. They were also busy reviewing the battle. For rankers, who couldn't settle for the present and dreamt of a higher realm, reviewing was the most important procedure. As they entered a deeper hell, they organized information about new monsters and checked themselves as they fought. They studied so they could do better next time.

The writings of the Overgeared members were along the same lines. The reason they took notes was because there was more information to record than others. Their records would greatly affect the functionality of the new items to be commissioned from Grid.

That's right. Their records were the cradle of information that would later be delivered to Grid. It was looking back on their own shortcomings and a request for item production at the same time. It was beneficial for both the Overgeared members and Grid.

Grid gained endless information thanks to his colleagues and the items created based on that information would further develop the Overgeared members.

-This week's style.

After logging out, Shin Youngwoo entered the dressing room and changed into sportswear. Sportswear and outdoor clothes to wear from Monday to Sunday were placed beside each other on one side of the closet. As always, his sister Sehee had prepared it.

'Am I that bad at dressing?'

Shin Youngwoo had a serious question as he looked at the note left by Sehee. No matter how much he thought about it, Sehee seemed to be overdoing it. In fact, he wasn't bad at dressing. Sehee had been helping him for several years and he had done a few photo shoots. He would be stupid if he still didn't have a fashion sense.

The problem was that he didn't differentiate between brands. He blindly preferred cheap brands, so there were times when his coordinated clothes didn't suit his age group or social status.

It wasn't like this from the beginning. Shin Youngwoo bought a car before buying a house. He didn't know about smart spending. Until just a few years ago, he had luxuries that were far from frugality. However, it wasn't an innate instinct. He didn't have money, so he couldn't eat what he wanted to eat and he couldn't buy what he wanted to buy. He had regrets because he went through such hard times.

Now Youngwoo had relieved this. He had eaten what he wanted to eat and bought all the things he wanted to buy. He also built a magnificent house. Money just piled up in his account. He no longer felt the need for luxury.

Was it a type of regression instinct? There was a rebound and Youngwoo became frugal again. He never spared money when buying necessary things or eating food he wanted to eat, but he wasn't particularly obsessed with consumables such as clothes and cars. Well, this didn't mean he would refuse the clothes his younger sister bought him.

"Good morning!"

"Good morning."

At the entrance of the walkway...

Youngwoo and Jishuka arrived at almost the same time and greeted each other brightly. Recently, the two of them had been exercising together every morning. It was because Youngwoo requested it. Spending time with Youngwoo for any reason was what Jishuka desired most, but she knew to respect the person she loved. Jishuka secretly pursued Youngwoo and she took pleasure in hiding and watching as he exercised alone. She never infringed on his personal time by suggesting that they exercise together.

"How was it yesterday?"

"Amoract's mimicry came within a week."

"Again? You didn't use the Origin True Energy again, did you?"

"No. After that, Bunsdel and Teruchan always acted together."

"Is it possible to organize it with the kings of the different species?"

"Yes, Amoract's mimicry is definitely different from Baal's clone. It can be used without restrictions but it is relatively weak."

"Without restrictions..."

Youngwoo and Jishuka's athletic abilities were different. The speed at which they ran lightly without a break in their breathing exceeded the full speed of ordinary people. However, they talked without a break. The reason Youngwoo suggested working out together with Jishuka wasn't just to enjoy a date. It was to understand each other's situation by exchanging new information every day. Communication was important.

"The seats are full."

Jiwol-gu. It was the 26th sub-administrative district of Seoul that was newly created due to the influence of Shin Youngwoo. The neighborhood where Youngwoo lived was given the ridiculous name of 'Overgeared-dong' and it had the largest population in Jiwol-gu.

The walkway was a bit crowded in the early morning and the training area with several exercise equipment was already full of people.

“Oh my, the two of you? Use this. I’m okay.” The aunts who spotted the young couple made a fuss and gave up their seats. They had very pleased expressions on their faces. It was an attitude toward a young couple.

“Aish~ finish your workout. I’ll just accept your heart.” Jishuka perfectly communicated with people without an interpreter. There wasn’t much difference from Koreans in terms of the exclamations used.

‘There is a reason why my parents like her.’

Youngwoo looked happily at Jishuka, who was smiling and talking with the aunts. Jishuka’s bright and friendly nature always made him feel good. He felt like he was taking vitamins and nutrients just by looking at it so the longer he saw it, the healthier his mind and body seemed to be.

“Grid?”

“Huh?”

“Can I borrow your body for a little bit?”

Youngwoo was smiling widely when he came to his senses. He was puzzled by Jishuka’s sudden blush and nervous attitude.

“Of course...?”

Youngwoo answered the question and thought it was a good thing that he allowed it. It was because Jishuka was happy to hear the answer and looked very pretty. The way she slightly lowered his eyes and smiled widely was reminiscent of a puppy. He thought it would look good if she lay down and extended her belly with this face. Most people around the world used the words ‘cool’ or ‘sexy’ for Jishuka, but Youngwoo saw that she had a cute charm. It was a charm that only Youngwoo knew about.

“T-Then I’ll borrow it for a second...?”

“.....”

Youngwoo took a deep breath. It was because Jishuka took off her shoes, stretched out her leg and placed her heel on Youngwoo’s shoulder. She was very flexible. Her legs were also long...

As Youngwoo admired an ambiguous part, Jishuka’s face turned red like an apple. She couldn’t make eye contact with Youngwoo as she leaned her upper body forward. The hearts of the two people touched. They heard each other’s bursting heartbeats from up close.

“Stretching... we can’t skip it...”

“R-Right...”

Youngwoo thought of himself as a tree. A tree that helped Jishuka’s movements. He gave strength to his core and held it tightly. Nevertheless, his trembling voice was something he couldn’t help.

“You too... do you want to use my body...?”

“.....”

His ears and heart were itchy.

These days, Youngwoo was happy every morning.

Kaang, kaang, kaang...

The sound of a hammer hitting metal echoed through the tower. It was nice to hear because it was clear and regular. The tower members recalled their ordinary human days. It reminded them of the sound of the wind chimes attached to the eaves of their homes.

“Now it seems like a place where people live.”

The tower members stayed in their rooms unless there was a special event. It was because their tendencies toward truthseeking meant they considered their own time important. The tower was too huge for nine people and it was always silent.

However, this changed since Grid started to stay here. The Overgeared Skeleton secretly helped Biban clean, Randy tried to watch and learn from the tower members, while Filewolf and Noe acted frivolously. Their presence alone made the tower feel bustling. The sound of Grid working, which had already been going on for a month, added to the vitality.

All the tower members welcomed this atmosphere. Loneliness had grown in them without even knowing it. They had endured the years with their commitment to protect world peace, but unfortunately, they weren't able to take care of their own happiness.

“.....!”

The contemplative tower members suddenly opened their eyes in a wide manner. The dragon radar was beeping with a warning.

“Isn't this unbelievable?”

The location at which the dragon emerged was inside the Tower of Wisdom. It was an unbelievable situation.

The tower members were busy moving. They immediately prepared for battle and gathered in one place. It was clear that the radar was broken. This could never happen...

In the midst of the tower members brainwashing themselves, the radar gradually analyzed the dragon's position accurately. It was the room where Grid was staying.

Chapter 1602

Jeddah, Saudi Arabia.

“It is an offline meeting about Satisfy... I guess it will match the nasty hobby of a rich man riding a private plane.”

A man sitting with his back to the window where skyscrapers were visible. The man who acted under the ID of 'Knight' in Satisfy wasn't in a good mood. Ever since the release of Satisfy, human convenience had reached its peak. The restriction of 'space,' a mandatory requirement for meeting, had disappeared. Someone in the Middle East and someone on the Korean Peninsula could meet within seconds.

It was a phenomenon realized by Satisfy.

Yet they were sitting down to have a meeting in reality. It was taking away valuable time. Of course, it was an interpretation based on the difference in inclinations. There was no need to express displeasure. However, Knight expressed it blatantly. It was preliminary work to raise his price.

Lauel—the second-in-command of the Overgeared Guild and the prime minister of the great empire. He was high in the hierarchy of all people. He could achieve something as soon as he had the desire.

It was not an exaggeration. In a modern society that perceived Satisfy as a second world and another reality, the influence of Lauel, who controlled Satisfy, was beyond imagination. However, it was a great responsibility. He was famous for his busy schedule on behalf of Grid, who was indifferent to internal affairs. He was arguably the busiest man in the world. The president of the United States even joked that he would use Lauel as a role model.

Such a bigshot asked for an offline meeting. He flew all the way to the remote Middle East to meet Knight. It couldn't be an ordinary day.

'It is the 71st day since Kraugel's whereabouts have been unknown and the 46th day since Grid's whereabouts are bizarre.'

Was it a request related to them?

Knight's mind was spinning busily.

Lauel smiled brightly. The keffiyeh worn on his head, as if to make him feel like a tourist, suited him quite well. It was simply because his original appearance looked so good. He would look good no matter what he wore. "Knight, I wanted to meet and chat with you in person. Thank you again for taking time out of your busy schedule."

"To be honest, it is scary to see you chase me to a distant resort. Are you trying to threaten me to be prepared if the contents of your request are leaked?"

Knight's nationality was Russian. It hadn't been long since he arrived here. His fearful attitude toward Lauel, who followed him as if he had been waiting, was quite plausible. Of course, he wasn't actually afraid. How urgent did it have to be to follow him all the way here? Knight was rather happy as he guessed how valuable Lauel's request would be.

"Would I have risked a long flight just to entrust Knight with a request?"

"...It isn't a request?"

A chill went down Knight's spine. At this moment, he was genuinely intimidated. It wasn't acting.

'Did I ever do something wrong to the Overgeared Guild?'

There was no such thing. He always thoroughly researched it every time he received a request. Would the result of the quest cause losses to the Overgeared Guild and Overgeared Empire? It was a survival strategy. There was no reason for retaliation...

...No, was it really this?

'I might've made Grid uncomfortable without even knowing.'

For a split second, all types of misconceptions crossed Knight's mind. His eyes became dazed and shook. He was fortunate to be wearing thick sunglasses.

Lauel reached out to him, who was unable to speak hastily. The attitude was very polite. "To be honest, I want to welcome you as a colleague. Knight, please join us."

"....."

The reason why the busiest man in the world crossed the sky by himself was revealed. A death god who consumed the target's 'soul gauge' to deal a definite death—Knight was worth Lauel moving personally.

Lauel's long persuasion began.

A fortnight for the concept and design of the work and a month for the production of the work. Grid spent more than 45 days in the tower. In the meantime, he stopped all external activities and disappeared from public view.

The empire was safe even in Grid's absence. The remnants of the religions, including the Rebecca Church, refused to follow the Overgeared God and devised all types of schemes, but the security of the empire remained unshakable. The knights led by Mercedes thoroughly cracked down on the soldiers.

There were many negative rumors about Grid going missing after receiving divine punishment, but few people were agitated. Duke Grenhal and Duke Steim led the unity of the nobles and held the center well. Of course, they couldn't control all the nobles. There were many nobles who acted as if they were trying to secure a share. They were properly stopped by the inspectors.

Lauel and Basara led politics and the economy correctly, while the powerful boss monsters that regularly appeared in certain areas were neatly handled by Grid's apostles. The evil demons of hell had no time to turn their gazes to the surface due to dealing with the expedition led by Yura and Jishuka.

Thanks to this, Grid could concentrate fully. He smelted Xenon's three scales into a total of 678 small scales. Then they were reborn as two pieces of armor. Nothing could disturb Grid.

[Overgeared God Grid has created a dragon's body.]

It was a world message that could be misunderstood by anyone looking at it. It felt like the world was turned upside down.

A dragon's body—there was a reasonable reason why the system judged the armor made by Grid in this way.

[Fire Dragon Ifrit's Arms]

[Rating: Myth (Transcendent)]

A set item.

Durability: 12,800/12,800 Defense: 1,895

- * Strength increased by 300.
- * Skill damage will increase by 20%.
- ★ Grip strength is greatly increased.
- ★ Absolute hit rate is increased.
- ★ The maximum attack speed is reached.
- ★ If fighting a great demon, archangel, god, or dragon, a portion of the durability is replaced by attack power.
- ★ The chance of an arm injury is reduced by 80%.
- ★ There is a 10% chance to trigger 'Absolute Defense' when hit.
- ★ There is a 30% chance to trigger 'Dragon Fear' when attacking.
- ★ The skill 'Small Breath' is created.
- ★ Magic power circulation will occur every time an arm is hit. Every five cycles of magic power circulation will reset the cooldown time for Small Breath.
- ★ The weapon attack power is increased by 20% when armed with a dragon weapon.

These are the arms of Fire Dragon Ifrit, which was realized by Overgeared God Grid after smelting Xenon's scales.

Gauntlets made from weaving a total of 286 small scales, they give the wearer the power of a dragon.

★ Dragon Armor Set Effect

Every time additional armor made of dragon scales is equipped, the probability of Absolute Defense will increase significantly.

Wearing Conditions: Grid, Dragon Slayer, Dragon Knight.

Weight: 150]

[Cloaked Dragon Cranbel's Pelvis]

[Rating: Myth (Transcendent)

A set item.

Durability: 19,370/19,370 Defense: 2,640

- * The stamina stat is increased by 300.
- * Skill defense is increased by 20%.
- ★ Complete immunity to restraint type skills. This includes physical restraints.

- ★ If fighting a great demon, archangel, god, or dragon, a portion of the durability is replaced by defense.
- ★ The chance of a lower body injury is reduced by 95%.
- ★ There is a 20% chance to activate 'Stealth' when the lower body is hit.
- ★ There is a 10% chance to trigger 'Absolute Defense' when hit.
- ★ There is a 30% chance to trigger 'Dragon Rage' when attacking.
- ★ The skill 'Tunnel' is created.

This is the pelvis of Cloaked Dragon Cranbel, which was realized by Overgeared God Grid after smelting Xenon's scales.

A gaiter made from weaving a total of 392 small scales, it gives the wearer the power of a dragon.

★ Dragon Armor Set Effect

Every time additional armor made of dragon scales is equipped, the probability of Absolute Defense will increase significantly.

Wearing Conditions: Grid, Dragon Slayer, Dragon Knight.

Weight: 850]

Grid was heavily inspired by Ifrit and Cranbel, and recreated entire parts of their bodies. Of course, it was a size that suited his own body. Yet as far as the form and structure were concerned, it closely resembled the two dragons' bodies he saw and experienced firsthand. To be precise, it was the armaments that surrounded a dragon's body.

In other words, the pattern and structure of the scales were reproduced intact. The results were beyond expectations.

[Fire Dragon Ifrit's Arms is equipped.]

Gauntlets that covered him from hand to shoulder. It was usually gray due to Xenon's scale, but it turned a colorful red when the skill was activated.

[Cloaked Dragon Cranbel's Pelvis is equipped.]

Gaiters that covered him from pelvis to the calves. It was also gray and boasted a gorgeous appearance like Ifrit's arms. It was only when the skill was activated that it refracted light and shone transparently.

...Being transparent didn't mean exposing the flesh. It was just a type of signal that generated all types of defense and resistance effects. In the first place, Grid always wore Beriache's Underclothing. There was no need to worry about exposing himself even if he took off all his armor.

In any case, Grid interpreted that Cranbel was better between Ifrit and Cranbel, at least when it came to survival. This was why the Cranbel style was envisioned as gaiters, which had the highest defense after armor.

He suffered a lot. He made 678 scales of different patterns and bound them together. Grid's concentration and patience were consumed at an all time high. He didn't even get help from the God Hands. The God Hands had inherited some of Grid's blacksmithing skills, but they failed to skillfully smelt the dragon scales. They couldn't complete the task of making the scales into 678 different patterns.

Grid worked with a feeling of complete isolation. He thought about whether Pagma of the past would've felt like this.

[Two pieces of the dragon armor set have been equipped and defense is increased by an additional 400.]

[The effect of equipping two pieces of the dragon armor set has increased the probability of Absolute Defense by 20%.]

[Absolute Defense]

[Passive

The power of an absolute species.

There is a high probability of being completely immune to attacks from targets with a lower status than yourself and damage resistance will temporarily increase if the immunity fails.

Resource Consumption: None.

Cooldown Time: None.]

[Dragon Fear]

[The power of an absolute species.

There is a high probability that targets with a lower status than yourself will lose the will to resist. Targets that lose their will to resist will have their defense and magic resistance significantly reduced and their weaknesses will be exposed.

Resource Consumption: None.

Cooldown Time: 1 minute.]

[Small Breath]

[Magic power is fired.

It causes fixed damage proportional to 20 times the user's intelligence. The higher the user's status, the higher the damage. The absolute hit rate correction is obtained due to the high speed.

Resource Consumption: 10,500 mana.

Cooldown Time: 30 minutes.]

[Dragon Rage]

[Passive

The power of an absolute species.

During the duration, all attacks (including skills) of the user will stack two times. The same effect can be stacked.

Duration: 10 seconds.

Resource Consumption: 1,000 mana per second.

Cooldown Time: 2 minutes.]

[Tunnel]

[Break through the ground and dig underground.

At this time, you will be fully immune to all types of attacks and can detect the location of enemies on the ground. Once activated again, you will appear at the rear of the designated target.

Duration: 5 seconds.

Resource Consumption: 5,000 mana when activated. 3,000 mana per second.

Cooldown Time: 10 minutes.]

The gauntlets and gaiters moved like waves in sync with Grid's movements. Each of the 678 scales seemed to be living and breathing. It took more than 30 minutes to make each of these small scales. From the first design phase, it really felt like he was dying for 46 days, but it felt incredibly rewarding once he finished.

Grid smiled widely.

Snap!

Then the door was opened without any knocks. The tower members rushed in while armed with weapons.

"....."

"....."

The eyes of the tower members gradually widened as they looked at Grid. There were a number of people who couldn't close their mouths. The dragon radar in their hand was still flashing loudly. Grid was designated as the target.

"Which son of a b*tch dares to use Polymorph to turn into Grid...?! Is Grid in your stomach?!!" Sword Saint Biban yelled with a red face, but he was immediately restrained by the other tower members.

Chapter 1603

The first Baal's Contractor said that Baal's saliva turned him into a demon. He added that if Baal's Contractor was truly evil, the worst villain would be born. The half-draconians, who had long demonstrated their combat power, were also born from a single drop of blood. It was believed that the blood shed by Evil Dragon Bunhelier accidentally fell into a well and mutated ordinary humans.

The half-draconians, who made up and believed in a plausible legend, would deny it, but this was the reality. The influence of transcendent beings greatly deviated from the common sense of the public. When the average person saw it, it easily caused huge waves of unusual objects or actions.

‘These are the scales of a dragon.’

Dragon scales weren’t ordinary. Rather, it was the hardest part of a dragon’s body. This was actually a proven fact. Therefore, it became one of the greatest symbols of the dragons.

The armor of an absolute species. Dragon scales weren’t only the best material in the world, but they also had a great and powerful symbolic meaning. A dragon’s heart and horn was next.

‘It was no wonder why the radar had an error.’

An object created by the wise giant Filewolf after many years of research—the radar that precisely analyzed magic power and signs to identify dragons, it was equalling Grid to a dragon. It was a natural thing. Grid perfectly reproduced and armed himself with the armor of the absolute species.

The gray gauntlets and gaiters emitted a soft light and seemed to be alive and breathing. Hundreds of small scales wriggled, repeatedly exhaling and absorbing. It added vitality beyond the level of following, so there were no inconveniences in Grid’s movements. It wasn’t a magical function, but instead something in the realm of technique. Grid’s technique completely pulled out the performance of the scales.

“Congratulations. Now that you have fully reproduced the self-defense of the absolutes, you will be twice as safe.”

In the midst of the tower members’ admiration and astonishment, Hayate felt relieved. The gentle smile on his aristocratic face matched well like ceremonial clothes.

Dragon Slayer Hayate—he was the only absolute among humans and his life was swayed by the dragons. The dragons’ will prevented him from dying and he was destined to be killed by the dragons one day. It was inevitable because the dragons couldn’t be annihilated.

Hayata’s death must come in the most horrific form in the world. It was a truth that only he knew.

“I’m glad. It is really fortunate.”

Hayate always liked Grid. It was because the fate of the human god was similar to his own. He felt pity for Grid, who would one day be erased by the heavenly gods. It was even though he knew his great strength. It was simply futile to stand up against the steadily multiplying angels and gods.

Grid would be thoroughly isolated if even the dragons had a grudge against him. It was beyond the level of annihilation. He would lose everything he had achieved and shed tears of blood. This was why Hayate had been working hard for Grid. Every time the dragons’ gaze tried to turn to Grid, Hayate revealed his presence. He focused all their attention on himself, not Grid. It was while barely suppressing his fear. It was close to compassion.

Hayate’s favor toward Grid was due to respect and expectations, but sympathy and a sense of similarity played a role in his sacrifice. Now things had changed. Grid went beyond interacting with dragons and

gained some of the dragons' powers. There would be no dragon who dared to antagonize him unless it was an old dragon.

Of course, this didn't mean that Grid could take dragons lightly, but at least one concern was relieved. It was right to see it as a small hope in a fate that had no dreams or hope. It was an interpretation from Hayate's point of view. Hayate knew that Grid was different from him. It had been a long time since he became a coward after being crushed by the pressure of the dragons for all these years.

"Hayate."

Hayate, who was lost in thought, suddenly came to his senses. There was no change in his expression. Hayate had been smiling from the moment of relief when he saw Grid's changed fate to now. The gaze facing Grid had only honest liking.

Grid wrapped his hands around both of Hayate's hands. "I will make dragon armor for you in the near future. Please accept it even if you're not satisfied."

Sword Saint Biban could use all types of sword weapons without restrictions. No, he handled them even more strongly. It was even the case with dragon weapons. The Gujel's Sword he wielded could cut even the scales of a top dragon. Meanwhile, Hayate was a Dragon Slayer. He could handle anything made with a dragon's body part more powerfully.

The 'Dragon Slayer' in the conditions of use for the gauntlets and gaiters created by Grid indirectly proved it. Additionally, Grid was in a position to steadily secure Xenon's scales in the future. It was natural to have the desire to arm Hayate, his strongest ally, with a dragon armor set.

'Xenon said he would pay the scales once a month...'

Xenon had vowed to steadily provide scales for the next 20 years. There were plenty of resources left to create a dragon armor set for Hayate and Mercedes, and develop mass produced dragon armor for his other colleagues to use.

'No... Maybe he will only give one scale every month?'

He was already worried about what the system would do while using balance as an excuse. Getting only one scale every month wouldn't cause much disruption to his plan, but he didn't like the delay.

'...Well, it is fine. If I am in a hurry, I can just ask him to pull it.'

Based on Xenon's personality, Grid didn't think he would refuse.

".....?" Grid became startled as he was busy thinking. It was because Hayate's eyes facing him were trembling. The blue eyes as clear as glass shook. Grid had never seen him so agitated.

"Thank you." It happened the moment Hayate opened his mouth...

[Overgeared God Grid is writing the 18th epic.]

[It comes from a tower whose name is unknown.]

"You have given me courage."

[There was a human being who beheaded a sick dragon and was covered in its blood.]

[He was a lonely and pitiful person.]

[The man who became the only Absolute in human history was already alone.]

[His eternal life was nothing more than a cruel curse.]

“I will cherish your kindness and live.”

[The Absolute assumed responsibility. He built a tower that no one knew about and defended humanity. For countless long years, he lived for people who didn't even know his name. He built up fear without showing it. The height of his fear quickly overtook the height of the tower. He was crushed by despair. He forgot who to blame and endured the roar of the dragons. Anger, hatred, killing intent, darkness, darkness, and darkness. His vision and mind gradually darkened. He fell into an endless abyss.]

“Hayate...?”

Hayate was a noble person. He fought for the world and humanity, and his back was always upright. Even the same tower members didn't know the pain he felt. They only vaguely estimated it. They never imagined that the pain would be so great that it crushed his shoulders. Even Fronzaltz and Radwolf, who had been with him for a thousand years, didn't notice that Hayate was barely holding on.

It was originally a secret that would be buried forever. Yet at this moment, Grid revealed the secret.

Grid's expression became cautious. He was worried that Hayate would be ashamed. However, Hayate was still smiling.

[A new god established by humanity—Overgeared God Grid reached out to the dark abyss.]

[The hands that made hundreds of thousands of weapons were firm and strong. They easily bore the weight of the fear crushing the Absolute, so he grabbed the Absolute and pulled him out of the abyss.]

“I am no longer afraid thanks to you.”

Hayate's smile brightened. It was a pure smile that overshadowed the years he endured. Was he originally a person who smiled like that? The hearts of the tower members were touched when they saw Hayate, who had regained his true smile. Biban was shedding tears like chicken poop...

[The Absolute realized it.]

[I am also just one human being.]

[I want to rely on the lantern if possible.]

[He said this as he held the hand of the god who had become a lantern.]

“From now on, I won't hesitate to kill the dragons. I will fulfill my duty with anticipation rather than fearing the future that hasn't come. I will remember that the strength I acquired is a blessing, not a curse.”

.....

...

[Overgeared God Grid has completed the 18th page of the epic.]

[The dragon killer—Dragon Slayer ‘Hayate’ has appeared in the world.]

[The secret stories of the dragons that had been buried all over the continent will start to appear.]

This was the world message.

[Your status has risen further as a reward for completing the epic.]

From here on out, it was the contents of the notification windows that were only visible for Grid.

[The reward for completing the epic has given you maximum affinity with all the tower members.]

[The reward for completing the epic has given you a bond with Hayate.]

[The sword energy of Dragon Slayer Hayate is covered with the killing intent he has been suppressing.]

[Humanity’s only Absolute has gained his full skills.]

[In the future, the Tower of Wisdom will more actively intervene with the peace of the world. They will no longer turn away from people’s unjust deaths.]

[The hidden piece ‘Hidden Role of the Pioneer’ has been completed.]

[The status of ‘Tenth Tower Member’ has been acquired as a reward for the hidden piece.]

[The qualification of Pioneer has become meaningless with the acquisition of the tower member status. Transferring the Pioneer qualification to the next suitable person.]

[Player ‘Kraugel’ has become the new Pioneer.]

“.....”

Grid simply said he would make an item. He really said only a few words. So what was this...?

Grid had a bewildered expression on his face, but he soon smiled. He was endlessly proud when he saw Hayate, who had relieved the burden of his heart, and the tower members who were happy to see it. Grid’s heart was filled with joy. Maybe he had been fighting for these moments.

He had such a thought.

[A dragon slayer existed from the beginning?]

[Dragon Slayer Hayate is a hot topic... what is the Absolute?]

[What is the tower’s identity?]

[Relics and documents related to the dragons are being excavated all over the world. There are so many clues to know about ancient culture... attention is focusing on whether the ‘Ancient Episodes’ will open, starting with the city of the giants found by Grid.]

Breaking news poured in. Just one of the news would've made headlines for a few days. People's minds were confused. They felt like they had adapted a bit, so it was absurd to see the world that opened up again. They wondered if Grid, who was always at the center of the opening, was the same person as them.

-In fact, isn't Grid the god of the game?

↳ The real God Grid??

↳ Peak Sword's foresight is crazy...

↳ I think Peak Sword should retire and become a shaman. Tremble.

Suddenly, the stock price of Peak Sword increased. It was purely because he created the nickname 'God Grid.' It was a social phenomenon that was half a joke. However, some people were serious.

The Korean Patriotic Association was flooded with inquiries about lottery numbers, so Peak Sword had to suspend the operation of the customer service center for the time being...

Chapter 1604

One day, a wounded dragon crashed into the middle of a city. It was purely coincidental. The city was just located at the wrong place at the wrong time. The dragon struggled in pain. Every time he screamed, the windows of the city were smashed. The same was true of the stained glass of the temple.

Goddess Rebecca, who was portrayed on the stained glass, was praying for humans, but it was meaningless. The goddess' prayer didn't protect humans from the disaster that had come.

The young Hayate was stunned. He just stared blankly as his neighbors were swept away by a gust of wind every time the dragon's torn wings fluttered, his friends were crushed to death every time the dragon's bloody tail swung, and his family burned in the flames mixed into the dragon's screams.

This was until he saw his lover bursting like a balloon under the feet of the dragon who raised himself using the half-broken castle as a stepping stone. It was only after really losing everything that he realized this was reality, not a nightmare.

His stopped thoughts started to run explosively. The thoughts that extended to all areas were out of control. He had to endure the pain that cut through his brain. He held his sword with trembling hands.

After jumping over the corpses of his family and friends and the bloodstains left by his lover, he grabbed the dragon's broken horn and leapt, aiming his sword at the cracks in the scales. He continued to aim tenaciously at the neck of the roaring dragon until it subsided.

The feelings of anger, killing intent, and fear stimulated his talent. The help of his extended thinking allowed him to grasp the destructive sword energy and integrated it with his will. Finally, he cut off the dragon's head. He was covered in blood when he came to his senses. It was blood that had been flowing for thousands of years.

Hayate never forgot the single moment he met the dragon's empty pupils through his red covered vision.

You are engraved on 'us.' Like me, you will have a harsh end.

Hayate frantically ran away from the huge giant eyes that seemed to be saying this. The Dragon Slayer was a being who grew out of such despair and fear.

From that day to today, Hayate never shook off his fear. Every day, he trembled in fear. The dragon's power was too destructive to forget the horror of that day. Nevertheless, his reason for fighting was simple. He hoped that no one else would go through the same despair he did. He endured the killing intent and intimidation of all dragons in the world without expressing his fear.

"I stumbled upon a dragon who was wounded in a power struggle. I was terrified by his pressure. I struggled desperately to survive and finally cut his throat."

He was simply lucky. On the first day he met Grid, Hayate used this simple phrase to explain to Grid how he became a Dragon Slayer. He didn't mention the details. He would rather ignore it. The fear he had in his heart from the beginning—he was afraid that he would reveal the feelings that grew day by day.

Now he had completely shaken off his fear. Therefore, he could calmly talk about the disaster of that day.

"....."

The changes that took place inside Hayate were clearly revealed to Grid. He was glad that his little promise gave courage to this great man. It was an honor. It happened at a time when he was deeply emotional...

"Look here, Junior."

Biban wiped away his tears and interjected. The traces of his runny nose were clearly visible. As a Sword Saint who cut at targets with his willpower alone, he seemed to express his emotions in a manner that was stronger than others.

'No, this is too positive an interpretation.'

They were both Sword Saints, but why were they so different? Grid was naturally reminded of Kraugel. He clicked his tongue as he recalled the completely different personalities of Biban and Kraugel.

"Now that we have a 10th Seat, there will be many days when you are staying at the tower, right? I would like to show you around."

The Tower of Wisdom had recently moved. Grid had already been here for 46 days, but he stayed in his room. He didn't look around. In the first place, his purpose wasn't tourism, so he focused only on work.

"Um... It's fine. I'll come back often, but I think I will just stay in my room anyway."

Just because he was a member of the tower didn't mean he took on their duties. Grid, who was armed with the dragon armor set, clearly transcended all the tower members except for Hayate. He had too much power to take on the odd jobs of the tower members. This was why they couldn't hold him as the Pioneer.

The reason Hayate gave him the position of tower member was so Grid could give up the responsibility of the Pioneer while enjoying more benefits. There was no need to understand the structure of the tower in detail because he wouldn't have a big role to play in it.

However, Biban had other thoughts. "But.. sometimes, the cleaning... no, you have to clean up. Wouldn't it be better to familiarize yourself with the structure in preparation for that time?"

"Why me...?"

"Aren't you the youngest?"

"Biban, have you forgotten why you are cleaning? Or did you distort your memory on your own? The reason you are in charge of cleaning isn't because you are the youngest, but because you committed a crime."

"What did I do that was so wrong? Honestly, isn't it too harsh to consider it a mere punishment? Additionally, I am talking to a junior. Jessica, don't interrupt. I also have the face of a senior. Isn't that right, 10th Seat, Grid?"

"Your pronunciation... please be more gentle..."

"Um? Huh? Now you are finding fault with everything? Aren't you being too much just because we are in the same organization? I might look like this, but I am 400 years older than you."

"I apologize for this, Grid. There aren't many cases where this man is sane. Don't worry about it."

"Still, he is cooler than anyone else when holding the sword."

"Haha, of course. I am the Sword Saint. As expected, Grid. Your character is really righteous. You are a person who will never forget your original intentions. No, wait... I'm not sane when I'm not holding a sword? What...? Don't tell me..."

"....."

Grid sneaked back while Biban muttered. Grid really liked and respected Biban, but that didn't mean he accepted all of Biban's personality. It was appropriate to say that Biban was a person who was good to see sometimes, but not every day.

'Kraugel is amazing.'

During the time when the other tower members were holding back Biban, Grid returned to his room and smiled as he recalled Kraugel, who was identified as the next Pioneer. Not only did Kraugel become a Sword Saint and had his level reset, but he also studied under Kirinus for at least a year. He even obsessed over Mir for months and suffered several deaths. Yet his level was the second highest?

Of course, it was the aftermath of Chris' level being reset recently. There was also the effect of stagnant growth for a while as the top powers of the Overgeared Guild were active in hell along with high level NPCs like the kings of the different species. He heard that Amoract was constantly harassing them.

In the first place, Kraugel was the pinnacle of talent. Even the members of the Overgeared Guild had longed for it. Yura, Jishuka, Regas, Pon, and even the proud Chris had said more than once that 'Kraugel

can never be overcome.' Hao even chose to go under Kraugel. He didn't see Kraugel as a competitor, just like Kraugel didn't see Grid as a competitor.

However, Grid thought that the next highest level player after Chris would naturally be Yura. It was because Yura's growth potential after she took over the entire hunting ground called hell was good enough to be compared to Grid for a while. Considering that the growth had been slowed in recent months and Kraugel's past moves, it was somewhat unconvincing that Yura's level was lower.

'No, it isn't something that I can hastily judge.'

In terms of talent, it was true that Kraugel was unique. Furthermore, Kraugel had the most titles and hidden pieces after Grid. Above all, he was the Sword Saint. There were no enemies that couldn't be cut, so he was less likely to be harmed while hunting. He must've created enough wide area skills.

He had been staying in the elemental world for nearly three months. There was a high probability that he got an experience buff as a reward for the first discovery of a place no one had been to before. It wasn't known what type of violence he was going through.

'No, putting everything aside.'

Hayate might've judged that the Demon Slayer wasn't suitable to be the Pioneer. The Pioneer's biggest mission was to bridge the gap between the isolated tower and the world. However, the Demon Slayer often stayed in hell, away from the surface. She wasn't suitable to be the Pioneer.

'This is convincing.'

Additionally, Kraugel had already been the Pioneer. The pitiful one was Chris. If he had known this would happen, he would've put off giving the previous hidden class change book as a gift (?).

'Well, it can't be helped.'

He hadn't expected this to happen. Furthermore, Tzudan's Successor was a highly difficult class. In the long run, it was better for him to change early and gain a bit more proficiency. Of course, it would've been much better if he had changed classes after being qualified as the Pioneer. In any case, it was all in the past. No one knew about the Pioneer system other than Grid and Kraugel. There was no need to worry about Chris being mentally shocked.

Grid relieved his guilt and took a deep breath. He might've been delayed for a while due to the visit of the tower members, but his work wasn't finished. The scales previously obtained from Hayate and Cranbel's arm remained. The two scales would be used as a supplement when the additional scales from Gudel were insufficient, but he planned to smelt Cranbel's arm immediately into a sword.

'It is right to have at least two dragon weapons in order to maximize the power of the newly created gauntlets.'

Ifrit's arms increased the damage of dragon weapons. Grid planned to use two dragon weapons as dual swords at all times and use them as the framework for Item Combination.

'Let's begin.'

It happened as Grid was focused again...

“Would you like some food?”

“Why do you ask about food every time we make eye contact? I’m not a pig. I’m the best demonic creature in hell, a memphis!”

“I’ll give you a snack. A fish cake.”

“...Bah, if you really want to give something then give it to me.”

Noe had fully adapted after moving around the tower for more than a month. Betty showed great interest in the guy who reached the level of enjoying a nap with his belly sticking out. She took him to the room where she didn’t allow anyone except for Grid to enter. Soon, Noe screamed like crazy. It was because he found a memphis anatomical specimen on the shelf...

“Why are your soles pink?”

"Kyaak! Kyaaaaak! Murder! A murderer, kyak!" Noe’s fur stood up and he struggled. He felt the crisis of his life and really did everything in his power. However, Betty’s room was very soundproof. The windows were always closed, so Noe’s screams didn’t leak out.

Meanwhile, Randy...

“Are you interested in my techniques?”

Nod.

She started to win the favor of the tower members. The main thing was her appearance as a little girl.

The long solitary tower members had an average age of hundreds of years and they treated Randy like a grandchild. In fact, Randy was over 200 years old, but she was a child in the eyes of the tower members. Noe and Randy also gained new opportunities.

Chapter 1605

People who were satisfied and comfortable with only billions or tens of billions in assets weren’t eligible to become Overgeared members. It had been a long time since the Overgeared Guild dominated various contents and Grid had reached the level of easily producing legendary items. Just as Chris recently purchased a legendary class change book, it was right to say that the Overgeared members were always exposed to the opportunity to purchase astronomically valuable items.

It was a situation where an ancient city and dragon killer appeared. As a result, forgotten literature and treasures were being unearthed. They couldn’t be careless no matter how much wealth they accumulated so far. Unless they were going to settle for the present and be eliminated, they had to work as hard as a cow to make more money. They also had to engrave the habit of frugality on their bodies.

Grid had personally reminded them by turning Chris into a debtor in an instant. It would’ve been very painful for Grid to sacrifice a longtime friend and colleague, but he had to sacrifice Chris as a lesson for everyone.

‘He knew in advance that we would need more money in the future.’

From the first day they met, she knew that Youngwoo was a great person. In fact, he became one of the best players in the field. There were so many things to respect that she was naturally convinced when he was praised as a great man. However, she hadn't expected his foresight to be so excellent.

In fact, wasn't his intelligence itself very high? At this point, it wasn't enough to express it as 'perfection.' It was an objective assessment. It had nothing to do with the feelings she had for him.

"....."

Yura returned after a photo shoot to earn money. She had led the hell expedition for four months and was engaged in external activities, so her fatigue was very great. She was less physically exhausted due to consistently exercising since she was young, but she was mentally exhausted. It was hard to believe it had been only a few months.

Yura felt sorry for her weak self. Yet when others saw it, they thought it was natural for her to be tired. It was fortunate that she didn't fall down.

High rankers who were envied by two billion players—they were the best in different ways. It wasn't easy to lead these strong people who had extremely strong individual personalities. Besides, what about the three kings of the different species? They openly ignored Yura, saying they were only loyal to His Majesty Grid. They prioritized their own judgments over the orders of Yura, the commander-in-chief. It wasn't just one or two operations that were ruined because of them.

Even so, Yura never blamed them. She controlled herself most thoroughly and led the expedition so that the expedition members didn't antagonize each other. So far, there had been no casualties.

Surprisingly, Jishuka helped a lot. During the expedition, Yura and Jishuka never clashed. There was no fighting. In the first place, Jishuka would mostly lose if they fought, but... in any case, the war of nerves between the two of them was famous. Yet recently, they showed off their friendship to the point where it could be believed they were real sisters. The more they spent time together, the more they acknowledged each other. In hell, the two of them were the strongest allies, not competitors. They relied on each other more than anyone else.

Meow.

".....?"

Yura parked in the parking lot and was running her bathtub application when she stopped. She unknowingly put away her desire to wash and lie down on the bed. She turned in the direction of the cat's cries rather than entering her house.

Meow.

The cat who made eye contact with Yura cried out again. It was a very ugly cat. The fur pattern was ugly. It looked grumpy. There was a lot of flesh on its body, so it seemed to have stolen all the food from the stray cats in this neighborhood.

"....."

Yura didn't approach small animals. They were cute and pretty, but they were small. She was worried they might get hurt if she touched them. Of course, there was a lot of interest. She had countless urges to hug them tightly and rub her face into their fur. Thus, she had her own knowledge.

'Winter.'

The day was cold. South Korea's temperatures had dropped below zero since the closing of the National Competition, which recorded the lowest ratings ever. A cat's fur swelled up when it was cold. She remembered reading that it was the effect of narrowing pores to withstand the cold.

"Did you come to a warm place?"

Nyang.

The cat cried out as if answering her and it looked every uglier close up. She couldn't turn a blind eye to it. She thought other people would avoid the cat because it was ugly. She was worried they would abuse it rather than feeding it.

Nyang.

She slowly reached out. The cat approached and rubbed its cheek against Yura's white hand. The surprised Yura felt flustered and she carefully touched the cat's back. She could feel the skinny body beyond the puffy fur. It looked fat, but it was actually underweight.

"Uhum... Wait here."

Yura walked inside the parking lot. Her mansion had a huge parking lot. There was plenty of space left even if she parked more than 20 large cars, so she could use it for various purposes. Naturally, there were several warehouses. One warehouse had piles of canned food for cats. She had never actually given it to a cat.

Yura wasn't the type to look for stray cats and she never had a cat approach her like this. The reason why she had canned food... it was preparation for a situation like the present one. She was very well prepared.

"Eat slowly."

The shelf life of canned goods was sufficient. She also periodically purchased new ones out of thorough preparations.

Nyang.

A cat that answered her even when frantically eating canned food. It was very kind unlike its grumpy face.

'A lovely kid.'

Yura's heart softened as she sat in front of the cat and smiled. Naturally, her fatigue disappeared. Many thoughts flowed through her mind as she relaxed. Apart from her thoughts about the missing Youngwoo, all of them were work-related thoughts.

'Amoract.'

The 2nd Great Demon—she threatened the expedition by sending her mimics and she sent a whisper to Yura every time.

Come back to my side now. I covet you so much.

She connected mind to mind and sent a whisper without anyone knowing. Of course, Yura didn't fall for the temptation. She had no intention of becoming a demon. It was decided a long time ago.

It was the time when the 30th Great Demon pushed a kingdom to the brink of destruction. Yura had been able to reign as a demon early on, but she chose a hard road out of her own will. Rather, she became the Demon Slayer to kill demons. She would've been hostile to Grid forever if she had become a demon. She didn't like it. It was impossible for her to change her mind now.

Furthermore, Amoract was a dangerous existence similar to Baal from Yura's point of view. Amoract constantly persuaded Yura by saying she planned to return hell to its original state for Yatan's sake and it would be beneficial for humanity, but Yura never trusted her. It was because Amoract was the great demon of conflict.

Was it shamelessness or a lack of self-awareness? Amoract herself acted without being aware of her title, but Yura was rightly wary. It was true that Amoract was hostile to Baal right now, but Yura decided that they should never hold hands.

'Yatan's honor and the restoration of hell might be excuses.'

Conflict—Amoract's setting was quite malicious. It was her essence to split up sides and create fights. The fact that she didn't show it outwardly made her worse than Baal.

Nyang.

Yura's mind suddenly returned. The cat who neatly emptied the canned food was rubbing against her calf. Yura, who was unknowingly smiling, couldn't help blushing. She was embarrassed at the thought that she was smiling like a fool. Even so, she thought she would have a good dream today.

Dragon Slayer—the world was abuzz with the emergence of a being they never imagined would exist. On the other hand, the elemental world was serene. The only human here was Kraugel and he didn't talk much.

'It is hard.'

Kraugel didn't prefer a party play. He found it uncomfortable to work with someone. It was because he generally suffered losses. This talented person's intuition was his strength. He had to lower his level by several stages when cooperating with others.

His body that moved while omitting the process of reasoning, understanding, and judgment confused even his allies. Cooperation required mutual understanding, but there weren't many people in the world who could read Kraugel's intentions. Therefore, a proper cooperation couldn't be achieved. From a certain point, Kraugel preferred solo play. He unintentionally isolated himself and adapted.

This was a story until he met Grid. Kraugel changed. He got used to being together with others. At this moment, he noticed the absence of Hao and Alexander, who dared to follow and assist him.

-Sword Saint?

The empty spots of the Overgeared members who fought together in hell.

-Huhu, it is just this much?

Above all, the fact that he couldn't be back to back with Grid gradually made Kraugel anxious.

The Elemental King of Wind was outstanding.

It had been nearly four months. Kraugel, who had slaughtered hundreds of thousands or even countless dark elementals, was confident that not only had he leveled up significantly, but he also fully adapted to the 'delay.'

The spirit that escaped from his body. He had a perfect understanding about how to operate this slow body that couldn't keep up with accidents. However, the limitations were clear. The problem was that his actions were slow no matter how many times he fought with the correct timing and predicted the future actions.

He had a bad compatibility with the Elemental King of Wind, who used speed as a long-term weapon. If it hadn't been for his super sensitivity and the Formless Will that developed in the process of making up for the loss of his body, he would've died immediately and been expelled from the elemental world.

-No matter how many years pass, humans remain the same. They aren't that great. Just look at the Grid whom you worship as a god. He trusted me without doubting me until the end. He ignorantly relied on his strength and was lacking in his senses.

The torn apart spirit body—Kraugel's expression turned cold as he barely moved his translucent body to prevent a violent storm. For the first time, he opened his tightly closed mouth, "...It wasn't worth doubting."

-Huh?

"To Grid, you are nothing, so he passed you over as unimportant."

For Kraugel, Grid was a special existence. Grid was the first person in his life that he aimed for. He was close to an idol. From a certain point, just chasing Grid's back filled his heart. It was a type of sanctuary. No one could intrude on it.

-...Hah? Hahat! It is far from reasonable to say this. You are too emotional for someone who proclaims to be the Sword Saint. I can see why you are weak... huh?

The Elemental King of Wind was laughing from the absurdity, only to flinch. It was because he felt that the willpower of this insignificant human being was suddenly strengthened.

[Confirming the expression of emotions based on your remarks.]

Expression of emotion—it was the most important virtue for the Sword Saint who used the Heart Sword as a weapon. The thing that Kraugel lacked was being fulfilled in this moment. The system analyzed and judged his vocalization, breathing, pulse, etc.

The intangible sword cut through the storm. As if to prove that the willpower of the Sword Saint had finally become clear, the color of his translucent blue spirit body gradually deepened.

Chapter 1606

“The gap is too long.”

Nefelina was self-aware. She knew she was a dragon. Of course, it was true that she was just born. She knew she was younger than the little children running around on the streets. However, she was a dragon. She was even the direct descendant of an old dragon. She hadn’t grown up yet and she would be classified as a hatchling for a thousand years.

Nefelina was clearly aware she was a great being. She knew why Grid protected her and cared for her.

Potential—Grid respected Nefelina, who was destined to become an Absolute. He waited for the future to come. It was a future they would share together. It was mutual reliance on each other. Then what was this? She hadn’t seen Grid in over five months.

“Bah,” Nefelina snorted and put down her fork and knife.

She saw her reflection in the mirror. A great being in human form, wearing human clothes, using human tableware, and consuming food in the human way. This was her current self. It was tailored for Grid.

She was looking forward to the future with Grid, so she endured the unwelcome present. She understood and accepted human culture, sentiments, and emotions, even while abandoning her dignity as a great being. It was an effort to get along with Grid.

However, Grid wasn’t by her side. He was originally a wanderer, but this was the first time there was such a long absence. These days, the big dining table felt lonely.

“Does he have the will to be with me in the future when he isn’t with me now? Is this the fish he caught? Is this handling me? It is disgusting.”

Nefelina was young. Furthermore, the side effects of learning about human emotions and sentiment meant she longed for parental affection. Finally, she jumped up from her seat and raised her magic power. She sucked the remaining dozens of servings of food into her mouth without touching them. It couldn’t be helped because she was growing up. Putting aside her anger, she had to eat three meals a day...

“An apostle must be by the side of their god.”

The hatchling’s words were beyond words. She had tried to use Dragon Words before, but it was impossible. The power of Dragon Words increased by fulfilling the covenant and accumulating status. However, Nefelina was of the blood of an old dragon. She might be the daughter of the insane dragon, but Nevartan’s madness wasn’t acquired. Nefelina didn’t inherit the madness. She inherited only the talent and qualifications. She was clever enough to use a shortcut to pull out her potential.

She took advantage of the laws. The beginning that went back into ancient times. The laws established by the gods that existed from the beginning. Gods had apostles and the apostles always followed the god's orders by the god's side.

Nefelina disappeared as soon as she added the weak Dragon Words to the laws that governed the world. The triggering of Dragon Words was successful but incomplete. At this moment, her position was close to the area where Gird was located. She could be compared to a cow who entered the slaughterhouse on her own.

"Oh my."

Sariel smiled softly when she felt Nefelina's presence disappear. She felt peace at the sight of the young hatchling playing freely alone. The peace that humans protected by defeating the demons who climbed up from hell—it was infinitely noble and lovable. She was envious of the other free apostles.

Of course, Sariel wasn't shackled. The Overgeared God guaranteed the freedom of his apostles. However, Sariel was concerned about going berserk. She had been imprisoned in the abyss and lived as a demon for a long time. The demonic energy and madness that accumulated over the years when she forgot her origin were still wriggling inside her.

"Do you prefer warm tea?" It was a question from Empress Irene. She was worried about Sariel, who suddenly fell silent.

Sariel laughed as she was handed a cup of tea with ice floating in it. "No. Any kind gift is good."

Currently, Sariel was a woman. It was the result of learning from experience that the appearance of a woman was better when hanging out with Irene. She understood human physiology like Nefelina.

"Sorry for being late." Mercedes arrived one step late. Her cheeks were slightly flushed. Why was this the case when the ruler of knights wouldn't lose her breath even when racing around Reinhardt? Irene was puzzled but she didn't show it as Mercedes sat next to her.

Irene, who was qualified to be the empress; Mercedes, who followed the chivalric code; and Sariel, who administered justice even to the gods—the three women with strong beliefs had a lot in common. An emotional rapport was easily achieved. They respected and admired each other and enjoyed being together. This short tea time after breakfast was an extension of their friendship.

Sariel stared at Mercedes, who had a somewhat embarrassed expression, and opened her mouth, "Among the desires, sexual desire isn't a sin. Rather, it is sacred because it allows for species to reproduce."

"Pfft...!?" Mercedes spat out the cold tea that she had taken a sip of. The tea that was spat out failed to wet Sariel.

The light that spread around Sariel—every crystal of that light that was smaller than a grain of sand was Sariel's magic power and divinity. It operated as a barrier that couldn't be invaded using ordinary means.

Sariel cocked her head. "Why are you embarrassed? I was just advising you not to worry because you were making an expression like you are a sinner. Do you really feel guilty for being late? Huhut, you are so pure. You aren't late. The empress and I just arrived earlier than agreed upon."

"W-W-What were those words you said just now...?"

Mercedes' cheeks turned even redder. Sexual desire? Why all of a sudden? The intentions of Sariel, who had an innocent look on her face, was hard to read even with Keen Insight.

"S-S-Sexual desire?"

"Are you in denial? It is strange. The portraits in your bathroom should be a means of satisfying your sexual desires. You always look at those portraits while soaking in the bathtub..."

Omitted.

Sariel spoke vulgar words that were difficult to accept with common sense without changing her expression. Mercedes, who was staring at her in disbelief, belatedly came to her senses and shouted, "Stop! Shut up."

When did you peek at my bathroom?

Mercedes had a strong desire to argue, but she couldn't do so. Archangel Sariel was the one who monitored all the sins of the world, even the sins of the gods. Moreover, her mission was to protect Irene. It was natural for Sariel's gaze to reach every corner of Reinhardt. The perception of angels also wasn't the same as humans. She might not even know the concept of privacy. It meant Mercedes would just lose if she argued with Sariel while talking about common sense.

"Ah..." Irene sighed as she silently listened to the conversation. She finally learned the identity and usage of the transparent material that the alchemists of Reidan risked their lives to protect. It was both surprising and embarrassing.

Mercedes couldn't raise her head...

Irene comforted her, who couldn't lift her head out of shame and guilt. "Don't be too hard on yourself. Isn't it because you love His Majesty?"

"...That's right. Besides, I never dreamed that the alchemists would even risk their lives to protect it."

It meant she had no intention of sacrificing the alchemists to satisfy her desires. But... in any case, she was sorry and embarrassed.

Irene patted the shoulder of the speechless Mercedes again.

"It is an object that the alchemist risked their lives to protect, so you should cherish it even more and use it well... you have an obligation to do so. No one blames you, so be proud."

On the other hand, Sariel didn't comfort Mercedes.

"You shouldn't be like this as an apostle, but... don't resent the Overgeared God. We shouldn't interpret it as your desire being aroused by loneliness because God neglected you. It is sinful to doubt and resent

God based on mere reasoning. I think God is testing you, who has stronger desires than the average person, so you should try to overcome the ordeal with a reverent heart.”

“.....”

What was she doing here? Mercedes felt a sense of humiliation and hoped that this uncomfortable tea time would end soon...

The sixth apostle, Zik.

After hundreds of years of reigning as the grandmaster and meddling in the internal affairs of Saharan, he also had high political power. He was literally an all-rounder and Lauel was obsessed with him. It was to the point where Zik was placed in all types of positions, was supported and entrusted with duties.

“Did a traitor appear?”

At the imperial palace...

Zik cocked his head as he sat in the office and looked at documents. It was because he felt Mercedes’s dizzying energy coming from the direction of the Overgeared Temple. It was a rare disturbance from the ruler of knights. For a moment, killing intent and despair crossed, so it seemed like she had encountered quite a shocking incident.

‘I’ll find out later.’

It wasn’t easy for secrets to exist between transcendents. They had reached the level of seeing through all things and easily grasped each other and delved into secrets. It was a desperate fact for Mercedes, but it was unavoidable. There were so many monsters in Reinhardt.

Just then, a deafening sound was heard in the distance. Zik’s gaze shifted outside the window. It was a gaze that crossed the vast agricultural fields beyond the city and reached the top of a mountain. He secured his vision by adding the power of runes to the body of a half-god.

The figure of Braham was captured in the field of view that exceeded Barbatos’ Vision. Among the monsters who inhabited Reinhardt, he was an expert who could compete for the top position. He had been studying new magic for months and now his expression was serious. He looked very unpleasant at the sudden uninvited visitor.

The identity of the intruder was Piaro. The one who was obviously the weakest among the Overgeared God’s six apostles. Piaro’s weakness was an unavoidable problem. He was nothing more than an ordinary human being and couldn’t match half-god Zik; Beriache’s descendant, Braham; Archangel Sariel; the child of the insane dragon, Nefelina; and Mercedes, who had the power of Keen Insight.

‘It would be different if he was the Sword Saint.’

Piario was from Saharan. Zik naturally knew Piario. Piario might not know it, but Zik had been watching him since childhood when he hadn’t yet become a knight. He was slightly interested in humans with such capabilities because they were rare even throughout the eras.

In fact, Piaro grew wonderfully. He became the leader of the Red Knights, became a great swordsman, and then a legendary farmer and apostle of the Overgeared God. He might've given up on the path of the Sword Saint, but it was clear that he was an outstanding human being. He might be the weakest alongside Nefelina among the apostles, but he was at the level of pretending to be an absolute to the world.

Zik respected Piaro. He seemed to have visited Braham for advice, so Zik cheered for him.

'Operating nature is completely different from using magic, but... he must want to grab at any straw. I hope he can cross the wall as soon as possible, even if he has to be wary of overdoing it.'

Zik was thinking this when he suddenly stiffened. He stopped the hand that was signing the paperwork. It was because the golden agricultural fields surrounding Reinhardt shook all at once. The trees and flowers of the imperial palace's garden also shook loudly.

They detected the existence of Piaro on the distant mountain and distributed energy to him. It meant that the range of Natural State had expanded tremendously.

"...Hah."

It had been a long time since Piaro came back, but it wasn't just trying to get advice.

A smile spread across Zik's face as he felt rare admiration.

Chapter 1607

Punishment was Braham's unique magic. Just as Disintegrate, which embodied light with magic power to form a spear, had its origin in the symbolic meaning of light, Punishment originated from Braham's blood, magic power, and knowledge.

It was designed and created by Braham himself from the basics. It was completely different from other magic that had been established and developed through the hands of countless people over a long period of time. The more people that witnessed Punishment, the more that Braham's magic would be worshipped as a myth rather than a legend.

Why did he make Punishment? It was intended to be used against Gamigin, who was a formidable enemy at the time.

Yes, it was a good opportunity. The significance of Punishment lay in the beginning, not the end. The techniques that made up Punishment were free beyond the various standards. They worked as if they were alive. They eroded and covered other magic techniques.

A thunderbolt struck after Braham waved his hand through the air. It stretched out like a hundred-pronged spear and soon reached the end of Braham's field of view. Clouds flowing around the mountain peak released blue light and rainwater. It was an unchallenged power.

He changed the weather with magic alone.

"...Che." Braham's expression was full of complaints. The remnants of the electric current in his hand were colored purple. It was a sign of the addition of the techniques of Punishment.

It was too slow. The result that Braham wished for was that the entire electric current fired earlier was purple. However, the current had already reached its goal and took effect before the formula of Punishment was overlaid. Of course, if he had mixed in Punishment at the magic execution stage, the current would've been purple rather than blue from the beginning. It was just that this method required too many processes. The casting time itself became longer. It meant Braham's greatest strength in casting magic was fading.

'I have no choice but to simplify the techniques even more.'

It wasn't easy.

Braham had already adjusted the techniques of Punishment again and again. It was reduced by twice as much compared to when he created it to fight Gamigin. He couldn't even estimate how much more time it would take to reduce the techniques beyond this while maintaining its power and functionality.

Nevertheless, the ideal solution was to strengthen the ideas. Strong thoughts combined magic and willpower. It meant realizing magic as soon as he intended it. However, Braham became complete when he regained the power of a direct descendant. His thoughts reached the extreme in an instant. Among the great magics, the large-scale Meteor could be realized immediately. Even so, the development and utilization of Punishment took time.

'Right now is my limit.'

From now on, it was a battle against time. He would have to immerse himself in research for many years before he could complete Punishment and make it the 'base of all magic.' It might take decades or even hundreds of years. It was fine. He would become a 'magic god' if he could reach the level where he could use Punishment to that extent. He was certain that he would be successful one day, so it could take as long as it took.

The god referred to here wasn't just a god born of worship. A magician who killed even a god—in other words, it meant reaching the ranking of a god using simple force.

"Come on out now," Braham suddenly spoke while he was trying to keep his mind together. It was toward the uninvited guest who had been waiting.

"I'm sorry to interrupt you."

The identity of the intruder was Piaro. His face was haggard. He might be a legendary farmer but he lacked dignity. It was hard to find anything extraordinary from his dead eyes.

'Did he end up experiencing shock from going overboard?'

Braham frowned. It was several years ago. It was a time when Braham hadn't regained his body and drifted as a soul. Piaro was the pillar that supported the kingdom. Grid and all the people relied on Piaro. He had that much skill.

Braham, who regained his body and sparred with Piaro, had a deep impression of him.

'However, the progress has been slow since then.'

The one who shone the brightest next to Grid ended up so shabby. It was something that Braham hadn't expected. It was proof that the occupation of a farmer was more insignificant than expected. Of course, Piaro himself was very proud of his profession as a farmer, but that was a story of the past.

It was as Grid became a god and started to recruit new apostles one by one. Piaro clearly recognized his limitations. He gradually became agitated. He started struggling to overcome his limitations. In the end, he couldn't overcome it and became like this...

"Tell me what you want," Braham urged him. It was with his distinctive vague expression and indifferent voice. He looked impatient. It was a misunderstanding. If Braham was really annoyed, he wouldn't have associated with Piaro. Others might not know this, but Braham was very favorable toward Piaro. It was respect to the person who protected Grid's side when he wasn't confident. He naturally had good feelings toward Piaro. He just couldn't show it due to his personality. Furthermore, he felt more sympathy than liking these days.

"Please spar with me."

"Spar?" Braham laughed. He didn't mean to laugh. It was just so absurd and ridiculous that a laugh naturally burst out.

"I don't think a spar will be valid," Braham spoke calmly. He was thinking of Piaro's skills that he saw in the Great Human and Demon War. He might be strong as a legend, but that was a story when compared to ordinary humans.

Braham wasn't just a legend, but he also built up transcendence and divinity. Furthermore, he regained the power of a direct descendant. It was at the level of discussion the extremes in both the physical and magical aspects. To be honest... the level difference was too great.

He knew Piaro's intention to get inspired by changing blows, but he thought there was little possibility that Piaro's intention would be achieved. In the first place, Braham had no talent for teaching anything other than magic.

"It is better for you to give up your pride and ask your disciple."

He meant Mercedes. The knight who once served as Piaro's aide—she had the best conditions to teach Piaro. Of course, it would be horribly cruel for Piaro, but... Braham gave realistic advice as the Duke of Wisdom.

Piario shook his head. "I don't have the confidence to control my power yet."

".....?"

"So it must be your noble self."

".....!"

Braham's eyes widened. It was because he felt the magic power in the atmosphere fluctuating as Piario's blurry eyes regained light and focus. The bushes. No, the entire mountain started to shake. There was the momentum of being uprooted as they poured out all their energy and delivered it to Piario.

Braham felt the operation of Mana Drain becoming uncomfortable and floated his body in the air. He pulled out Belial's Staff and armed himself.

'This guy?'

Braham always used detection magic when fighting a strong opponent. It was to intuitively sense the movement of the target more quickly and clearly. Even now, he reflexively used it, but he became shocked.

Piaro, who was standing at the top of the mountain—Braham's eyes captured him, but his magic didn't detect Piaro.

"A natural body..."

From the day he became a farmer, Piaro's combat abilities were related to nature. However, nature was sometimes rowdy and uncontrollable. It was an area beyond complete control. It was the wrong approach.

He shouldn't have controlled it.

Piaro instead chose to be part of nature. It was so he could be the ground that Grid stood on, the rain that washed off Grid's blood and sweat, and the wind that dried Grid's body. It was harmony, not subjugation. Then Natural State was completed.

"I'm coming."

The moment that Piaro took a step forward—Braham felt a pressure like the mountain he climbed was approaching and became thrilled. It was the sign of a new inspiration.

The techniques of Punishment that had been floating in his mind changed. The formulas that had been reduced as much as possible were expanded from the original state, resulting in the loss of the ability to erode other magic. Instead, the formulas were now quickly added. It was harmony, not conquest.

A purple current covered the sky.

"It is strange."

The first experience was special for everyone. Nefelina activated Dragon Words for the first time since her birth and she fell into doubts without any time to rejoice. The operation of Dragon Words was successful. However, it was an empty field that stretched out in front of her eyes. There was nothing, let alone Grid. What was going on?

'Don't tell me?'

Nefelina's face turned pale as she wandered around in bewilderment. She lay flat on the ground and pressed her ear to it while holding her breath. She was concerned that Grid was buried in the ground.

'-Is he dead and buried?'

She had thought the gap was too long. Her eyes were spinning round and round. Her thoughts weren't properly connected and breathing became difficult. The senses of her body were floating.

Crawling.

Crawling.

A great being—the insane dragon's daughter, Nefelina wandered through the wilderness in confusion. One ear was attacked to the ground as she crawled around. She was reminiscent of a giant cockroach or lizard. Even though she looked like a cute human girl... therefore, it was even more bizarre.

"Are you corrupted?"

".....???"

Where was Grid buried? Nefelina was crawling around with stiff thoughts when she suddenly stiffened. She could see human legs in her wet, hazy vision. Grid...? No. Grid's smell wasn't like this. In the first place, Grid didn't walk barefoot.

Nefelina slowly looked up and met the gaze of Ken, who was staring down at her.

"What is a hatchling doing here?"

The 6th Seat, Ken—among the members of the Tower of Wisdom, his senses were at the highest level and was transcendent. It was the aftermath of a martial artist's desire to use his entire body as a weapon. He easily detected the presence of a hatchling wandering near the tower and descended.

"H-Hiiik." The deathly pale Nefelina let out a shriek. She smelled death from Ken, just as cows and pigs instinctively felt the scent of death from a slaughterhouse. She naturally added scales to her body. The scales were as beautiful as obsidian.

Ken understood. "You are the child of the insane dragon. You must not be sane."

Fortunately, she wasn't corrupted.

The other tower members arrived at the scene as Ken was feeling relieved. Nefelina's mind went blank as she smelled the deeper smell of death. She felt like she was going to faint. However, she was the daughter of the insane dragon and the apostle of the Overgeared God. She couldn't show her ugliness, so she held herself together. At this moment—

"Nefelina?" A voice she missed came from behind the monsters.

"Grid...!"

As expected... as expected, he was still alive. It was natural. Her god, her parent couldn't die...

Nefelina smiled and turned her head in the direction of the voice. Then she was stunned. It was because the sight of Grid, whose body was wrapped with the scales of her people, was terrifying. It wasn't something she could handle while she was mentally and physically weak.

Chapter 1608

The Tower of Wisdom had existed for over a thousand years. It was the only home of the tower members and the last bastion of humanity. It had to be absolutely safe. It was necessary for the barriers to not only be unable to be observed with physical force and magic, but also by mysteries like powers and divinity.

The tower members were especially wary of dragons. Many of the multiple barriers they installed around the tower were responsible for blocking Dragon Words. In the first place, the tower was the target of dragons. There was no means to stop the dragons' magic and Dragon Words, so they made it so their existence itself couldn't be established.

Therefore, it was a huge shock. A hatchling was hanging around near the tower? How did a hatchling find the tower? The tower members were quick to detect that the hatchling wasn't ordinary and were wary. They were mindful of the possibility that an old dragon had used Polymorph. Yet the reality was...

"Heeek!"

".....?"

"Grrruk..."

"....."

It wasn't enough to crawl around like a bug and scream. In the end, her mouth foamed up and she fainted. Embarrassment crossed the faces of the tower members who were nervous and wary of her. They knew that Grid was hiding a hatchling, but they didn't know the characteristics of the hatchling, so they couldn't associate it with Nefelina.

Biban's confusion was the greatest. "I expected it to be no ordinary hatchling, but this is beyond my imagination. Her madness has reached the peak."

A hatchling fainted? Even if she was a crazy hatchling, this was firmly crazy. He got goosebumps from the moment he saw the obsidian-like black scales. Biban felt the temperament of the insane dragon from the passed out hatchling in front of him. It was very reasonable and high quality reasoning, even if he thought about it himself.

"We must kill her now." Biban was drawing his sword with conviction when Jessica poked his side.

"It is the hatchling from Reinhardt."

"....."

Among the tower members, only Hayate and Jessica saw through Nefelina's identity. It was strange for Hayate not to know and Jessica noticed it by combining the current situation with the strange feeling she felt when she visited Reinhardt. The unusual thing was that Biban didn't notice it despite him visiting Reinhardt several times.

"Is there a secret between us...?" Biban's expression was bitter as he muttered like it was absurd. His eyes as he looked at Grid were sad.

'Has Biban never met Nefelina?'

Even if they had met, Biban would've forgotten. It was using the excuse that the situation at the time wasn't good. Grid didn't care if Biban was sad or not. He had completely adapted to Biban's tendency to be slow to grasp something and to easily forget due to indifference to the matters around him. He treated the elderly who had dementia with a sense of support.

"Nefelina." Grid carefully shook Nefelina's shoulder. A child who was supposed to be in Reinhardt suddenly came and fainted, so he was concerned in many ways. He ruled out the possibility that Reinhardt might've been attacked. A message would've come already if this had happened.

'Did she run away from home? Is it puberty?'

Someone who still had a long way to go to become an adult? Grid found it improbable but he still seriously suspected it. Wasn't it said that a dragon realized the principles of the world from the moment they hatched from the egg? It wasn't unusual for puberty to come quickly. He thought it was plausible because puberty was caused by emotional problems separate from the level of knowledge. Lauel's existence was proof.

"G-Grid..." A nostalgic smell—Nefelina's eyes trembled slightly as she slowly regained consciousness in Grid's arms. "I... no, perhaps more dragons have no sense of kinship..."

"Yes... that's right."

In the past, Grid had treated Nefelina with great caution. There was something like trauma about a dragon's power, so he supported her as if serving her in a temple. However, this changed as time passed. Behind the change was Nefelina's favorability. The more time Nefelina spent with Grid, the more she liked him and relied on him. Grid also cared for her in the same way and the two of them gradually became friends. Irene was pleased because it seemed like a father-daughter relationship.

Irene's role was also great. Nefelina followed her, who was kind and warm. Irene's presence played a big role in Nefelina's ability to learn human emotions and empathize with humans.

In any case, Grid was no longer uncomfortable with Nefelina. His attitude was extremely friendly as he stroked her head while she still looked confused.

Nefelina buried her head deeper into Grid's chest like she liked the touch and continued to speak with difficulty, "It's fine. I won't dislike you or be afraid of you, even if you are a savage who slaughtered my people and put their bones and scales on your body..."

"....."

Grid belatedly noticed why Nefelina had passed out and he closed his mouth.

"Can we keep that child alive?"

At the round table...

All the tower members except for Grid were gathered. It was to discuss the treatment of the hatchling, who was traveling around the tower with the Memphis even at this moment. The tower member felt

that the situation was unrealistic. A hatchling was playing in their sanctuary where they had been fighting dragons for a thousand years...

The foundation of the tower felt shaky.

Strong rejection and confusion pushed the composure of some of the tower members to the extreme.

Jessica spoke cautiously, "Nefelina is the apostle of the 10th Seat, Grid. He is clearly our ally."

The giant brothers nodded.

"Besides, the 10th Seat has proven earlier that we can communicate with dragons. From our point of view, there is no reason or justification to antagonize that hatchling. Rather, it is better to gain a firm ally and plan for the future together."

The 8th Seat, Abellio, expressed concern, "A human god tends to be a target of heaven and it is difficult to live forever. Moreover, the 10th Seat is preparing for a battle against Baal. Doesn't everyone here know that Baal's strength is comparable to an old dragon? If the 10th Seat is defeated by Baal, loses his divinity, and perishes one day... Nefelina will no longer be an apostle of the 10th Seat. The means of coercing her will be gone."

The 5th Seat, Jurene, agreed, "Right. She will stab us in the back one day. We can't let her run wild in the tower just because we don't have justification to kill Nefelina right away. What if she remembers the structure of the tower and makes a way to neutralize the tower's barriers once she becomes an adult dragon? Do you want to keep moving? The structure of all the towers is the same, so won't we eventually be captured wherever we flee?"

Opinions were largely divided into two. Jessica, Betty, Radwolf, and Fronzaltz had the opinion to trust Nefelina and let her go free. Meanwhile, Abellio, Ken, and Jurene had the opinion that Nefelina couldn't be ignored. It was a separate issue from the liking they had for Grid. It was because the tower's existence was at stake.

"....."

The eyes of the tower members all focused on Biban. It was to ask for his opinion since he had been silent throughout the meeting. Biban opened his mouth with a bewildered expression, "Is there a way to erase memories without killing Nefelina?"

"It is possible if we use Yatan's essence. There is Betty here who can use Yatan's essence better than anyone else and Jessica and Radwolf have the ability to help her."

"By the way, Grid is a tower member, right? From now on, he will be free to come and go from the future. Will he tell the apostles to keep it a secret every time?"

"Isn't it strange to give Grid's apostles the freedom to come and go from the tower? The tower has been our home for a thousand years and it will continue to be so."

"What if Grid doesn't come to the tower often because he is uncomfortable?"

“That... it is unfortunate, but it can’t be helped. In the first place, the 10th Seat is an honorary position. He doesn’t have the responsibilities of the tower members, so he doesn’t have the obligation to come and go from the tower.”

“Um... Didn’t you say that Nefelina is the daughter of the insane dragon? I know that Baal and Yatan’s essence were deeply involved in the reason why the insane dragon went crazy... using Yatan’s essence on the daughter as well is a bit... I wonder if it is too cruel.”

“.....”

The tower members couldn’t refute it. Jessica clenched her fists at Biban. It was to support Biban, who rarely spoke the correct words.

Biban expressed his thoughts, “Putting everything else aside... won’t Grid be hurt the most if we hurt Nefelina? I don’t like that.”

“.....”

It was up to here. It was 5 to 3. The meeting lost its meaning since Biban added strength to the opinion that they should trust Nefelina and leave her alone. Furthermore, the tower members all felt great liking toward Grid. Abellio, Ken, and Jurene realized that harming Nefelina would hurt Grid and they were no longer stubborn about it.

Hayate, who had been silent the whole time, smiled. “Our unity seems stronger thanks to the 10th Seat.

“Cough...”

The tower members were embarrassed and coughed. From as little as hundreds of years to as long as a thousand years—the tower members had been together for a very long time. They didn’t always get along, even if their purpose was the same. They had spent many years together and had many fights.

Yet today they agreed on an important issue. They even put emotions ahead of reason. Still, was this really the right thing to do?

Hayate reassured the anxious tower members, “I will prepare the minimum of safeguards for this matter. Don’t worry too much about it.”

‘It looks like a lot of fun. Since when did she become so close to Noe?’

He could hear Nefelina’s laughter as she ran with Noe from the corridor beyond the door. Noe intermittently screamed and cried, but... Grid ignored it. At this point, shouldn’t Noe overcome his dragon phobia? He already learned how to work hard from Betty.

Putting aside the commotion outside, Grid’s hands were moving diligently. He was in the process of carving a pattern on the cool white sword pommel.

A sword entirely made using Cranbel’s arm—it was an impressive divine sword with a delicate blade that emitted a subtle luster. It was an appearance that anyone would recognize as a treasured sword of the

world, but there were no structurally special parts apart from the fact that it was hard to distinguish between the blade and the handle.

Grid didn't use any special techniques in the production. His focus was purely on creating an 'ideal sword.' The material itself was so excellent that he was worried any shortcuts would become poison. Nevertheless, the reason why it took a month to make was the special nature of the material.

Cranbel's arm—it was the ultimate material in theory, so the smelting difficulty was extremely high. Grid had to work hard alone without the help of Randy and the God Hands. Besides, Grid made full use of Cranbel's arm. He used an entire arm for only one sword.

From the stage of starting a fire, flesh and blood were sacrificed. The bones and nails were repeatedly smelted and tempered until they became as transparent as glass. He was worried that the cold at dawn and the warmth of the day would have a small effect on the temperature, so he paid attention to the time of the day.

The small scales were also removed, smelted, and tempered separately. He devoted his heart even to the material to be used for making the guard and handle. The same was true when tanning the leather to wrap around the handle. It was bound to take a long time.

Knock knock.

Then a knock was heard. Grid identified the visitor just on this. It was thanks to his transcendent senses that reached the highest level and were forged like a treasured sword after writing 18 epics.

"I'm sorry. You must be busy."

"It's fine. If you had called, I would've gone straight to you. Hayate, why did you come here yourself?"

Hayate immediately brought up the topic, "I think I should put a ban on Nefelina."

"Ah..." Grid immediately noticed the reason. They seemed uncomfortable that Nefelina was in the tower. It didn't make sense to bring a hatchling to the den of the dragon-fighting tower members.

"If you say a ban..."

"I want to seal today's memories. It is inherently very difficult to intervene in a dragon's thoughts, but Nefelina is your apostle. I think it is possible. I will help."

Hayate spoke calmly, but his voice spread clearly down the hallway. It clearly dug into the ears of Nefelina, who was stiff due to Hayate's visit. She barely shook off her fear and hurriedly opened the door to enter the room. "I-I don't want to! I...! I've never spent time with Grid! Definitely! I will remember it without forgetting!"

Nefelina's voice trembled. It was due to fear. She trembled and even had tears in her eyes. She was facing the Dragon Slayer. It was a fear that was hard to bear from the perspective of a hatchling. Nevertheless, she spoke clearly so Hayate looked at her with admiration.

Nefelina misunderstood the meaning of Hayate's smile and was terrified. "H-Hik! A-Are you going to kill me?"

“Nefelina...”

Grid got up from his seat and held Nefelina’s shoulder. He waited for her to calm down before explaining the situation. Then Nefelina made an unexpected remark. “It is simple. If... it will never happen, but if Grid dies, I won’t disclose the position of the tower. I will swear using Dragon Words and the tower members will be relieved.”

“Dragon Words...” Hayate’s expression became bitter. It was because he knew that hatchlings couldn’t use Dragon Words. His heart grew even heavier when he realized how young Nefelina was. ‘It has only been a few years since she was born. It is a pity I have to impose such harsh standards on her.’ In the end, he had no choice but to put a ban on her.

It happened the moment when Hayate made a decision and Grid’s heart sank heavily when he read the signs...

“I won’t do any harm to the Tower of Wisdom or its members. This oath will be valid until the day I die.”

Nefelina’s vow became words to be obeyed. The shackles of Dragon Words tied around her tightly. It was a miracle that combined the experience of having already succeeded in triggering Dragon Words, her identity as Grid’s apostle, and her earnest desire to be with Grid. The main point was that the tower wasn’t hostile to her and didn’t interfere with her will.

“Huh?” A brilliant light flashed in Hayate’s eyes.

The tower members, who were watching the situation from outside the door, were astonished.

“A genius dragon...!”

Biban’s pure admiration made Nefelina shrug. Those who had put away their burdens were delighted and only Noe showed a sullen reaction. Noe hated Nefelina so much that his stomach ached when he saw her doing well.

At the same time...

“Ohh...! Ohhh!”

The remnants of the three churches, who refused to serve the Overgeared God and scattered across the continent, burst into tears. It was because a beautiful angel descended with the light and gave them a holy sword.

Chapter 1609

Knight, someone who was known to the public as the death god. A person who consumed the target’s ‘soul gauge’ to deal a definite death. Unlike his ID, his notoriety was quite high because his ability specialized in assassination. Some people said that his assassination-related potential was comparable to Faker.

Lauel paid attention to his personality. Cool-headed, yet tenacious. He clearly distinguished when to back down and when not to back down. He didn’t compromise easily. If faced with an unfavorable situation, he seemed to give up without any regrets, but in the end, he produced results. If 10 people escaped from Knight’s assassination, nine of them would suffer a mysterious death one day.

An inspector who needed to dive into the tiger's lair and gather evidence to hunt the tiger. It was judged that there were few people more suitable than Knight to carry out the mission that had constant exposure to danger and temptation.

Of course, Knight found it absurd. He was moved by Lauel's effort to recruit him, so he joined the Overgeared Guild. But... his first assignment was unexpected. An assassin acting as an inspector?

'In the first place, are there any fools who have a traitorous mind against the present empire?'

The Overgeared Empire used the absolute armed force and popularity of Grid as the backdrop for its birth. Not only did it absorb Saharan intact, but it received tribute for all nations on the continent. Was there a nobleman who dared to have a traitorous mind when Grid's power pierced the sky? If there was such a person, he was either impatient or a stupid person. He wouldn't be appointed lord in the first if he was these things.

Knight's thoughts changed a short time later.

'Eyes and ears can't reach here.'

The Overgeared Empire was too wide. It was natural since almost all of the continent was the territory of the empire. The further away from the imperial capital a place was, the harder it was to find a warp gate and the more the unique color of the area grew. Of course, there were statues of Grid everywhere. There was also a flood of believers praising Grid's epics.

However, there was a considerable sense of strangeness. This was a remote region far from the center. The place had been ruled by local nobles since ancient times and built their own culture and sentiments. The dialect and clothing of the people became unfamiliar. It gave the strong impression that it was a separate nation and not part of the empire.

'I think they interpret Grid's epics slightly differently.'

For the Overgeared God Church, Grid's epics were the holy book. Was it okay to interpret the holy book in an open manner? Knight was looking around the city while listening to the strange epics praised by the people when he suddenly stopped walking. It was because dozens of soldiers and knights blocked his path.

"You are the inspector from the imperial palace? My lord is waiting at the territory's capital."

Territory inspections were carried out by surprise. It was because the meaning faded if the target knew and prepared for it. Yet this place already knew about it. They didn't give him any time to look around the city and instead wanted to drag him to their den.

"I planned to visit the capital after looking at a few more cities."

"What is there to see in the countryside? You will just be bored. Furthermore, the lord himself has prepared a banquet. Please accompany him for the sake of the lord's face."

The attitude of the knights was polite yet coercive. It was a bit awkward to refuse since they were talking about face.

'I can do the inspection after the banquet. Let's start with checking the attitude of the lord.'

Lauel had said that the lord here was planning a rebellion and that there must be the remnants of the Rebecca Church behind the lord. They were absurd words. Lauel presented no physical evidence to back it up. He wasn't a fortune teller and simply doubted the lord based on circumstantial evidence. Knight found it hard to relate to. He might be wary of the strange closed nature and independence of this land, but he didn't judge the other side hastily.

Above all, Knight admired the lord's competence. The development status of the cities in the area exceeded expectations. The high political power of the lord could be seen with one glance.

'It might be different if he is an idiot, but there is no way such a talented person would conspire with the remnants of the Rebecca Church to start a hopeless rebellion.'

Knight's confidence was shattered that night.

"....."

Upon arriving at the lord's castle, he attended the banquet and witnessed strange people. They were those whose souls were colored gold. It was the same as the soul color of the high priests of the Rebecca Church.

"My lord." Knight put down the drink that the lord poured for him without drinking and stared at the lord.

"Try calling Rebecca a son of a bi*ch."

"....."

"....."

The noisy ballroom became silent. The shocked band stopped playing while the lord and his vassals blinked and doubted their ears. Some of the vassals belatedly regained their minds and shouted.

"What are you suddenly saying?"

"How dare you say such low-level words in front of the lord... it is none other than the imperial palace who put the lord in this position. Insulting the lord is insulting the imperial palace. It is a crime of treason!"

Some showed hostility and even threatened him. Knight ignored them. As the figure of a giant death god with a scythe appeared behind him, he spoke again, "My lord, you don't want to call Rebecca a son of a bi*ch?"

"...Why should I? Why are you suddenly asking me to commit the sin of blasphemy?"

"Why is it blasphemy if a follower of the Overgeared God swears at Rebecca?"

"What reckless words...! No matter how much we serve the Overgeared God, this is still a heavenly god! You will be punished for insulting a god of the beginning!"

"The heavenly gods who stood by when we were in danger will punish us as soon as we sin? What is the basis for this bizarre belief?"

“My lord, don’t deal with him.”

“He must face the charge of treason right away. I’m sure the imperial palace will understand.”

The vassals who turned red earlier slowly rose from their seats. There were four in total. The thing they had in common was that they possessed gold souls. They were Knight’s targets from the beginning. The death god pointed at them with four long, dry fingers and swung the scythe in the air. At the same time...

“Keok!”

Four golden souls were split in half. The souls’ owners died without any trauma, so it was a shocking sight.

In the silence, Knight quietly got up from his seat and approached them. He picked up the accessories dropped from the corpses with an expressionless face and examined them. There was a necklace and ring symbolizing the Rebecca Church.

“My lord, did these senile people deceive you or did you call them?”

“Get him!”

This answer was enough. Knight marveled at how the situation was flowing according to Lauel’s guess.

‘It is beyond foresight. It would be more accurate to interpret it as a situation that Lauel intended.’

In the first place, his intention might’ve been to place rebels in the lord’s position and deal with them when the time came. The reason for this was that the lord’s political power was needed.

Talents who would develop their territory quickly—even though Lauel knew he would someday have a dark heart, Lauel made him the lord and drained his abilities. Now that the lord was no longer needed, Knight was sent to deal with it.

‘It is thorough and cruel.’

This was the Overgeared Guild. The Overgeared Guild was seen as an invincible group, but the Overgeared Guild seen from the inside was also unique. It felt even scarier.

‘I should never betray them.’

Of course, he had no intention of betrayal from the beginning. It was just that he now made up his mind not to betray them even if the world was destroyed.

Knight clicked his tongue and pulled out his weapon. He slashed at the soldiers coming from all directions and blocked the knights’ attacks. People were impressed by the way he blocked any gaps in his defense and neutralized the complicated pincer attacks. Nevertheless, soldiers were constantly coming.

The lord’s expression was full of ease. He seemed to have judged that Knight would collapse from exhaustion before reaching him.

In fact, Knight's armed force wasn't overwhelming. The level of the knights was too high. They were also excellently armed as knights of the Overgeared Empire. The fact that he didn't receive assistance from the death god behind him was serious. The death god was silent and didn't take any action. Then it secretly raised one finger and aimed it at the lord.

"My homeland was Saharan, not the Overgeared Empire. How can you understand how I felt as an incompetent woman became the empress and I had to watch while crying tears of blood as she sold my homeland."

The lord gained momentum and spoke as he saw Knight gradually being pushed on the defensive. The time he spent playing as a loyalist of the Overgeared Empire was so intense that he felt great.

There was the feeling of excitement, but he was convinced of victory. In fact, there was no such thing as victory. What victory was it to catch and beat a dirty hound running wild? This was just hunting.

Knight laughed. "Have you forgotten the Great Human and Demon War? Saharan wouldn't have survived without the Overgeared God."

"Bah. If the three churches were still strong, we would've been able to fight against the demons without the Overgeared God."

"That is why you joined with the remnants of the Rebecca Church."

Knight recalled that this place was extremely remote. They couldn't have directly experienced war in the Abyss and the Behen Archipelago. They simply dealt with the demonic creatures which came through the portals and couldn't know how terrible the Great Human and Demon War was. Hearing it a thousand times was less than actually experiencing it once.

"Every time you talk, there will be more than one person who feels upset. You should die here."

Originally, Knight planned to arrest the lord and take him to the imperial capital. It was because he would receive bigger contributions for capturing the lord alive. However, his thoughts changed at this moment. His death god, who had been standing silently, pointed to the lord with the finger that had been secretly raised.

At this moment, the lord experienced the horror and killing intent as if the world was falling apart. He sensed his inevitable death and turned his back to the wall of soldiers he had built in front of him as he tried to flee.

It was meaningless. The moment the death god wielded the scythe, the lord died and collapsed like a broken doll. The knights and soldiers lost strength in their body. They were confused and stepped back.

'I have to kill them all.'

Saharan was their nation and they were loyal to the rebel. There were too many of them to capture alive. The eyes of Knight's death god flashed. It swung the scythe directly and started to assist Knight. Knight was alone but also two. He cooperated with the death god to overwhelm the soldiers and knights, unlike before. It was a level of power that made the concept of numbers useless. He was able to handle hundreds alone.

At this moment—

“A cruel death ghost is on the rampage. You must’ve sold your soul to the devil.”

A man entered the scene. A paladin armed with white armor carved in the shape of light—it was reminiscent of the days when the Rebecca Church flourished. His name was Winter. He wasn’t a named NPC. Knight only thought there was one more opponent to kill and didn’t take it seriously. This was until light flickered at Winter’s fingertips.

“I will purify you with light.”

The light spread and took the shape of a hilt and blade. It was a sword with divine power, not magic power or sword energy. Damian once loved using it, so there was no way that Knight didn’t know its identity.

“A holy sword...?”

Knight felt a great sense of strangeness. It was because the form of the sword, which was revealed through the flickering light, was very familiar. It was like Grid’s...

Puhahahak!

The ferocious light cut through Knight’s body as his eyes widened.

It wasn’t just Knight who was hit by the holy sword.

The remnants of the three churches armed with holy swords started to appear all over the continent and established strongholds with powerful force. They attracted believers scattered throughout the continent with the miracle of light caused by the holy swords.

Coincidentally, it was around the time when the hell elevator became popular. It wasn’t just the top powers of the Overgeared Guild. There were also a considerable number of players who started to travel freely to hell to invade hell. At this time, an unexpected ambush appeared on the surface.

‘At this point, it feels like heaven is deliberately disturbing us.’

The owners of the holy swords ran rampant with the goal of reviving their religion.

Lael’s expression gradually distorted as he sifted through the papers containing the information. There were weapons that came to mind when people saw the description of the holy weapons.

‘Failure, Sword of Self-transcendence, Thorn of Deep Grievance, Sword Ghost, and the Red Phoenix’s Bow... the form of the holy weapons resemble the works that His Majesty created a long time ago?’

What was the intention behind it?

The blacksmithing god, Hexetia—assuming that he was imprisoned and made holy swords to receive a pardon, he had no reason to plagiarize Grid’s works. Grid had said that Hexetia’s skills were beyond his. Hexetia would’ve made better weapons. Even if he plagiarized Grid’s works, he would’ve plagiarized the divine swords. It was unlikely that he would plagiarize the old works Grid had made a long time ago.

'A new blacksmith god was born in heaven and his skills were still low, so he started to hone his skills by plagiarizing His Majesty's words?'

It was just a guess because there was so little information.

Lauel was unable to draw a hasty conclusion and had to report the incident to Grid without identifying the truth. He added that the enemies didn't hide their appearance due to their strong momentum, so he would send apostles to help quell the situation and try to retrieve the holy swords.

Just then, there was a world message that a new divine object of Grid's had been born.

-Don't send the apostles. I will go there myself.

Grid replied immediately.

Chapter 1610

Angels were the guardians and agents of the gods. They protected and enforced the laws established by the gods, meddling in private affairs to uphold the prestige of the gods. The reason for their birth itself was for the sake of the gods. They couldn't be a god even if they received countless worships. Even in the days when the great demons of hell reigned with fear, they couldn't become evil gods or demon gods.

The angels and demons were classified as a completely different species from the gods, unless they were deformities like Sitri, a collection of principles. They couldn't accumulate the concept of divinity itself. It was the minimal safeguard.

The seven angels and three demons that Rebecca and Yatan created at the beginning—some of them transcended ordinary gods from their birth, so if they could build up even divinity, the balance of the divine world would collapse and most gods wouldn't be respected.

"Good."

The number one archangel, Raphael—one of the unique beings who worshiped the goddess of light from a short distance smiled.

The soul of the blacksmith that had been collected just in case—his ability as an angel to fill Hexetia's vacancy was more than Raphael had expected. He wasn't as skilled as Hexetia, but Raphael judged it was a problem that time would solve. They really liked this angel.

"Hexetia can be imprisoned for life. Someday you will do his share."

The blacksmith angel scratched his head at Raphael's ensuing praise. "You're overpraising me. How can I, an angel, take the place of God Hexetia?"

"Look at me. Just because you're an angel doesn't mean you are inferior to a god. In fact, some angels are more noble than the gods."

"Only the archangels are so special..."

"Haha, you are mistaken. Rather, archangels have greater limitations. Think about the case of Sariel, who was exiled in the old days. They only work as designed by the goddess. They can't evolve because

they are machine-like and have a weak imagination. Among the archangels, Gabriel and I are the only ones who are special. Meanwhile, you angels are as free thinking as Gabriel and I.”

It was thanks to his former life as a human. Additionally, he ascended to heaven while inheriting the techniques of his human life.

A skill that has risen to the legendary level—this technique was honed more quickly thanks to the goddess’ favor and Gabriel’s blessing, making it stronger than it was during his life.

Raphael swallowed down these last words and smiled.

The blacksmith angel was bewildered. Raphael didn’t reveal the basis for this trust, so the angel just scratched his head. He wanted to focus on the senses still at his fingertips. It was the sensation he felt when creating the works projected from the fragments of memories floating in his mind.

It was nostalgia and warmth.

The owners of the holy weapons appeared all over the continent. Lael even planned to send apostles to subdue them. It meant he took the situation seriously.

However, it was just a matter of possibility. He was wary of a situation where the remnants of the three churches used the holy weapons as a symbol to secure hundreds or thousands of believers. He didn’t feel threatened by the current three churches. What reason was there to fear those scattered in groups of at least dozens or hundreds?

Grid was also well aware of the situation. He didn’t worry much about this incident and just saw it as an opportunity to check the performance of the newly created dragon weapon and armor. He also had a great desire to not disturb the time of his apostles, who were living a rare peaceful daily life. Even at this moment, Mercedes must be wielding her sword hard. She was the model for all the knights in the world and didn’t know how to rest.

‘Maybe she is meditating while reflecting on the chivalric code...’

A deep smile spread across Grid’s face as he imagined Mercedes kneeling in the morning sun. He was proud of Mercedes, but also worried. He wished that she would develop a small hobby.

“Are you leaving?”

The new divine object of the Overgeared God—Biban asked carefully as he admired the appearance of the sword that was as transparent and beautiful as the scales of the Cloaked Dragon Cranbel. He looked disappointed. The responses of the other tower members were similar.

The clear sound of Grid hammering that repeated every day, the cute Overgeared Skeletons dancing to the beat of the hammering, the good God Hands who helped Biban clean, the unique Randy who tried to gain enlightenment whenever she learned, and the pure Noe and Nefelina who ran wildly around the corridors—Grid’s group, who had been with them for some time, had already become part of the tower. They were afraid that the empty space would become big.

The tower members had isolated themselves for hundreds to thousands of years for the sake of the peace of the world. They believed they had fully adapted to solitude, but reality was completely different. The tower members who became aware of this were naturally happy. They confirmed that they were still ordinary human beings.

The same was true for Grid. He felt admiration for the noble spirit and mental power of the tower members who maintained their humanity even after enduring long years of solitude. He was pleased to be able to be with such great people in the future.

“I’ll be back.”

“.....”

Grid discussed a reunion, not goodbye. He was extremely calm like nothing was happening. Such an attitude brought great joy to the tower members.

“Yes, go and come back.”

The tower members saw him off with a smile. They were friends and family members who would protect Grid’s other home.

‘Is this living in two houses...?’

It was truly a happy thing to have more precious people.

Grid had a new realization and led his group. “Let’s go.”

The number three archangel, Michael-the fourth angel to be witnessed by the Rebecca church members of this age. Contrary to the descriptions in the temple, Michael was merciless and violent, but the church members couldn’t doubt or resent them. It wasn’t reasonable to judge all angels or doubt the gods based on only a few angels.

Of course, most of the church members were disappointed with Michael and abandoned the church, but... it was because their faith was weak. Thousands of church members still believed in Goddess Rebecca and the angels. They hid throughout the continent that was now mainly the territory of the Overgeared Empire and looked for an opportunity.

They waited while believing the goddess would give them, who believed and followed her until the end, a revelation. Indeed, their goddess responded to their faith. She sent Raphael, the archangel who was like her incarnation, to bestow the holy weapons. It was a time when most of the Overgeared God’s subordinates had plunged into hell.

Raphael only handed them the weapons without saying anything, but the church members took advantage of this opportunity to gather believers and correct the tarnished honor of the goddess.

“For a long time, we have suffered. We had no choice but to hide like gutter rats while the Overgeared God trampled on our temples and dignity and deprived us of our rights. He ran madly as if a mere human god is the only god. However, it will be different in the future.”

Shuri, a senior priest who was an elder of the Rebecca Church—as he shouted his declaration, 15 paladins took to the stage. They were all armed with holy weapons. Many of the 19 people chosen by the goddess were gathered in one place. The light that spread like frost from the 15 holy weapons was full of divinity. It was a magnificence that far exceeded the Rebecca Church of the Chreshler era, which was considered to be the greatest heyday of the Rebecca Church.

The believers cheered. Most burst into tears. The faithful cried while chanting their prayers and fainted. It seemed like they would explode all their resentment from their years when they scattered by the dozens or hundreds and had to live like dirty gutter rats.

Shuri calmed them down and said, “Not all our brothers and sisters have gathered yet... still, I think it is enough to let the world know about the revival of our church. Who will have the power and cause to stop us while we are holding the weapons that the goddess herself has given us?”

“Wahhhh!”

“We are the legitimate Rebecca Church! Our faith is the light that will revive and lead the Rebecca Church! The warriors of the holy weapon will protect us!”

“Uwaaaaahhhh!”

At the Overgeared God temple in a city on the outskirts of the empire...

The cries of the Rebecca followers, who illegally took over the temple with overwhelming force, gradually grew louder.

The onlookers who heard the rumor flocked to watch it from the outside.

“Holy weapon... is it the same one that Damian used?”

“It isn’t the same. I heard rumors that said they have different forms. That said, it isn’t fake. The power is equal or more than a real holy weapon.”

“They got 19 such monstrous weapons in one day? It will be strange if the Rebecca Church can’t be revived after this.”

The onlookers were unconcerned. It was a completely different attitude from the city residents who hid in fear of being swept away in the uproar. They were completely neutral as evidenced by their indifferent looks toward the dead or captured Overgeared God Church members. It was judged that the new Rebecca Church had to gather followers and wouldn’t antagonize them. Still, it was true that they were displeased.

“The Asgardians are insidious. It would’ve been a great help to people if they bestowed the holy weapons during the Great Human and Demon War. Doing it now? Out of all things, it started with the hell elevator started operating in earnest, so they were aiming for the gap in the Overgeared Guild?”

“They might not have the holy weapons during the Great Human and Demon War... no, this is too blatant to defend. It is as Grid claims. Heaven will eventually become the enemies of humanity.

The people who chatted casually were famous rankers. They weren’t high rankers, but they were confident in their skills as internationally known figures. Furthermore, they calculated that the new

Rebecca Church wouldn't be able to act recklessly because they needed people's support. They didn't expect for the Rebecca Church members, who mixed in with the onlookers, to make a fuss by accusing them.

"There are heathens here!"

"They dare to insult the heavenly gods!"

"How outrageous."

"Fanatics are hard to predict."

The rankers frowned and stepped back. They glared at the Rebecca Church members, who were among the spectators, and placed buffs around their bodies. They had no intention of fighting. They saw that the best method was to run away like wise men.

However, the situation wasn't so easy to run away from.

An owner of the holy weapon rushed out after hearing the disturbance and chased them. He was named Winter. The speed of the man who used the divinity of the holy weapon as a source was so swift that he easily exceeded the physical abilities of the rankers. The concept of transcendence naturally came to mind.

"This da..."

The rankers' bodies turned to ash before they could finish their swear words. The light that cut at their bodies didn't disappear. Instead, it floated in the air and formed lines before eventually forming rings. They were rings that bound the bodies of the astonished onlookers.

"What? Why are you making trouble with us?"

"We aren't with those guys just now..."

"Is the Rebecca Church crazy?"

"S-Spare me."

The agitated onlookers bound by the rings. Winter didn't even look at them. He spoke while staring into the distance, "Stop. I will kill those talking nonsense as soon as I behead this guy."

The onlookers were startled. They took into account that the owner of the holy weapon had transcendent powers based on the power of the sword. They realized that he clearly perceived and was talking to a target rather than talking alone. There would soon be a big fight and they would be caught up in it...

It was the moment when the onlookers sensed this and felt a serious crisis...

—Beautiful music flowed. It was music that the players had to know. It was the theme song of Overgeared God Grid.

".....!"

Winter, the master of the holy weapon, was astonished.

The Overgeared God, who just appeared in the distance, was now right in front of his nose? It was high speed movement that didn't even leave an afterimage. He couldn't read it even with the power of speed that the holy weapon had given him. He even had the suspicion that the concept of space itself had been eliminated for a moment.

Winter violently swung the holy weapon. At the same time, the rings of light responded to his will and rapidly compressed. It seemed like it would cut off the bodies of the onlookers. However, it didn't work.

Grid's hand, armed with gray gauntlets where it seemed like hundreds of scales were alive and breathing, seized Winter's wrist and broke it. As Winter swallowed his scream and let go of the weapon he was holding, the ring of light that had been binding the onlookers scattered without a trace.

"What is the intention of the bastard who made this?"

The holy weapon that Winter dropped was held in Grid's grasp.

A very long time ago—it was a holy weapon that closely resembled the Ideal Dagger that he made to protect Khan's smithy. Grid felt very displeased because it felt like his memories with Khan had been tarnished. The holy weapon didn't reject Grid. On the contrary, it emitted a more intense and radiant glow, so Winter lost his fighting spirit.