

Overgeared 1611

Chapter 1611

“Vex? How fast...”

“They must’ve manipulated the timing of when they got the holy weapons. We need to contact the three forces of Sez, Aldia, and Hachiton right now so they can send a relief force...”

The three churches sought revival after gaining the holy weapons. The informants became urgent as they looked at the movements of the Rebecca Church after they gained 19 holy weapons.

Vex—they heard that thousands of Rebecca believers gathered in the eastern outskirts of a city far from the imperial capital. The enemy’s gathering speed was much faster than expected. They had no choice but to interpret it as intentional confusion in the information.

The good news was that there were three baronies surrounding Vex. Tens of thousands of rescue troops could be dispatched relatively quickly. However, this was already a war. The situation in each territory was different from usual.

“I can’t communicate with Sez or Aldia. It is presumed that the remnants of the Rebecca Church, who haven’t joined Vex, raided and cut off their magic communications.”

“Hachiton sent their army in the morning. It is meant to suppress the rebellion in the west, but the remnants of the Rebecca Church might’ve dazzled the people...”

The faces of the informants gradually darkened. They belonged to the Overgeared Shadows and they felt resentment toward the vast continent. In the days when the empire was still a kingdom, the territory was small and easy to manage. It was possible to monitor the continent’s major bases at all times due to the availability of manpower. It was no longer possible to properly watch their own territory.

It was the aftermath of absorbing almost all of the large continent. No, if they had to say a cause, it was the Great Human and Demon War. Too many people died during the Great Human and Demon War. In particular, the more talented they were, the more valiantly they went to the frontline and lost their lives. The vacancy of dead people became even larger when combined with the expanded territory.

It was the time when the sober informants couldn’t hide their agitation.

“You don’t have to worry about the Rebecca Church. Let the relief force handle the damage scale and support of Vex, Sez, and Aldia. You focus on tracking the Dominion and Judar Churches.” Lauel came to visit and took command. The cohesion of the Dominion and Judar Church remnants was much weaker than the remnants of the Rebecca Church. There were many loopholes, so spies had been planted.

The informants nodded, but their expressions were dark. The Rebecca Church obtained as many as 19 holy weapons. The prime minister judged that they couldn’t be overpowered immediately, so he seemed to be standing by for the time being. However, the reality was different.

“His Majesty has personally departed for Vex.”

“Gasp...”

There was no warp gate in Vex. Among the apostles, it would be difficult for them to get there quickly unless it was Braham, the great magician. In the worst case, a barrier was installed to block magic and even Braham's movement could be hindered. The informants saw Vex's independence as a matter that was already decided. They were convinced it would be the base of the new Rebecca Church. The best they could do was hope for fewer casualties.

However, Grid was directly sent.

A being capable of high speed movement comparable to Braham. It wasn't even magic. It was movement using physical strength and a power. As always, His Majesty would save Vex.

The faces of the unsuspecting informants rapidly brightened. However, the faces of the tacticians stiffened.

"According to the eyewitness accounts, the masters of the holy weapons displayed transcendence. Of course, I don't doubt his skills, but I'm worried about His Majesty dealing with 19 transcendents alone."

"Um..." Lauel couldn't answer hastily.

In fact, Lauel was also worried about this. Grid had rode (?) a dragon during the time they hadn't seen each other, so he was active and growing... furthermore, Lauel heard he had created a new dragon weapon and armor. It was just that no matter how strong Grid was, there would be limitations.

Grid, who had been steadily building up his transcendence, status, and divinity, had already lifted the limits such as the 'movement speed limit' and 'attack speed limit.' He had grown beyond the maximum area permitted to the players. It was hard to expect him to have exploded in strength compared to the last time they saw each other.

Dealing with 19 transcendents alone? It never seemed easy when thinking of the power of the holy weapon that Damian handled. Furthermore, all the holy weapons obtained by the three churches plagiarized Grid's work. Assuming that the unique function of the holy weapon, which granted powerful divinity along with an increase in stats, was added to the effects of Grid's works... wouldn't it boost the power so it was closer to Grid's divine swords?

'In the worst case scenario, there is a restriction on the knights summoning skill.'

The gods of this world couldn't be predicted. They were endlessly indifferent and didn't give any help, but they were powerful at interfering in important matters. Rebecca, who reigned over them, had been silent for so long that it was impossible to read her intentions and she was unpredictable.

Therefore, Lauel worried about several variables. Even so, he didn't stop Grid. Grid was also hard to predict. If both sides were unpredictable, then Lauel would naturally believe in Grid.

"Why...?" Winter muttered in vain as he was deprived of his holy weapon.

The Blessing of Light, one of the foundations of Grid.

It was a very long time ago. Grid, who was blessed by the goddess in exchange for defeating the corrupt pope Drevigo, was still favored by the light. The holy weapon didn't refuse his touch even though he

tore the angels to pieces, cruelly trampled on the three churches to destroy them, and damaged the authority of the goddess and the honor of heaven. Instead, it shone more radiantly. The light was incomparably intense compared to when it was held in Winter's hand, despite Winter having worshiped the goddess even before he became an adult.

It was a cruel sight for Winter. He felt wronged by the goddess. He sobbed because it seemed like the divine message he received was wrong.

"Ugh..." Winter, who completely lost his fighting spirit, couldn't do anything. He couldn't even sit down. Grid was still holding his wrist.

Fire Dragon Ifrit's Arms—the fully armed gauntlets covered his fingers to his upper arm and had 286 small scales that repeatedly tightened and released like it was breathing. It instantly detected and responded to the movement of the wearer's joints and muscles, reproducing the power of the dragon by creating a mana cycle that only occurred in a dragon heart. Among them, the most basic power was 'significantly increased grip strength.'

Grid's limit, which already exceeded the limits of a player by building transcendence, was lifted once again. It was right to say that he always reproduced 'Power of Not Knowing Defeat,' the power of the 19th Great Demon, Saleos, with his grip.

"Ugh...!" Winter was eventually unable to suppress his scream as his knees bent and he staggered. His wrist that was gripped by Grid was strangely contracted. It was clear that the bones and muscles were shattered. The skin below his elbow blackened in real time.

"Who gave you this?"

"A-Archangel..."

"I will take it."

Grid's blacksmithing technique was inferior to Hexetia. It was because the Overgeared God wasn't classified as the blacksmith god. The Overgeared God encompassed the blacksmith god, but he was a completely different being. It was possible to create and dominate more diverse materials and to take away the target's items.

However, taking away the target's item using his power was only a temporary effect. In order for Grid to completely take away Winter's holy weapon and gain permanent ownership, he had to kill Winter. Furthermore, he had to hope that Winter would 'drop' the holy weapon when he died. Or—

"Yes... as you... wish..."

[Rebecca's paladin, 'Winter,' has transferred the 'Holy Weapon' to you.]

Taking it away like now... no, it could be received when transferred to him.

"U-Uhh..."

It was only after that holy weapon was transferred that Winter was released and he took a step back. He bowed his head like a sinner. He considered it a sin to make eye contact with Grid. The overwhelming

force that couldn't be resisted even while holding the holy weapon and the majesty of being chosen by the light...

Winter, who had always denied Grid, finally realized it. The Overgeared God was like a heavenly god. Even if he went against the goddess, the goddess recognized him, so no human being should criticize and oppose him...

Winter knelt as if praying to Grid only to scream. A large arrow of light embedded in his back and he collapsed.

"He who was chosen by the holy weapon actually succumbed to mere force."

"....."

Grid's gaze shifted in the direction that the arrow flew.

At the entrance to the half-collapsed Overgeared God temple...

Thousands of Rebecca Church members were flowing in. The 14 people in the lead were all armed with holy weapons. The Efficient Hunting Sword, Failure, Sword of Self-transcendence, Thorn of Deep Grievance, Grid's Greatsword, Sword Ghost, etc. The forms of the holy weapons were all familiar.

There was also the bow that resembled the Red Phoenix Bow. A bow emitted a radiant brilliance formed a divine arrow and was aimed at Grid.

"I can't believe you bewitched the warrior with a holy weapon. It is right to call you an evil god whose black magic has reached the peak," Shuri hid behind the masters of the holy weapons and shouted. He hadn't seen the holy weapon in Grid's hand. It was because Winter's collapsing body covered the short holy weapon.

Soon, Winter's body turned to gray ash.

".....!"

The thousands of Rebecca believers, including Shuri, witnessed it. The appearance of the holy weapon emitting light in Grid's hands. It had the appearance of a dagger and was emitting a greater light even though it was smaller in volume than the weapons held by the other warriors. It was so brilliant that it made the 14 holy weapons confronting it look shabby. It seemed appropriate to say it was 'burning.'

Four paladins belatedly joined the scene. This resulted in a total of 18 weapons owned by the Rebecca Church. It was meaningless. The light from Grid's weapon was still growing stronger. It was enough to cast a shadow on the ground.

Grid's gray gauntlets and gaiters refracted and dispersed the light from the holy weapon at various angles to increase the power. It couldn't be called a simple light any longer.

A sanctuary—it was the foundation of the sacred realm that no one should or could interfere with.

"G-Gasp...!"

"Ahh...! How can he be so divine...?!"

The remnants of the Rebecca Church had already been ignored by the goddess several times. They even faced the risk of being killed by an archangel. Nevertheless, they wanted the revival of the Rebecca Church, so they were clearly fanatics.

Grid knew it as well.

He clashed with the Rebecca Church several times because he had to. Each time, he felt sorry for the damaged Rebecca Church members and was reluctant to harm them... now he acknowledged that he should no longer sympathize with them.

“The Overgeared God spread the sanctuary of light, so is he the incarnation of the goddess?”

“Sophistry! How could the incarnation of the goddess persecute and destroy the church?”

“Isn’t this an ordeal that we have to overcome?”

“If the Overgeared God was the incarnation of the goddess, would the archangels have given us the holy weapons to punish him?”

“The archangels never told us to punish the Overgeared God! It is right to say that the holy weapons were given to proclaim that the Overgeared God is the incarnation of the goddess!”

“Shut up! Have you forgotten that the Overgeared God mercilessly slaughtered the archangel?”

The fanatics were divided. Both sides interpreted and expressed their opinions based on strong faith and didn’t back down. It was meaningless. They were already dead.

“Disgusting things. I can’t look at you any longer.”

A god descended.

Martial God Zeratul—he suddenly appeared high in the sky and thousands of the Rebecca Church members exploded and died when he stomped his feet on the ground. The 18 holy weapons that lost their masters rose in the air. They danced with the white beard that fluttered before stopping at a certain point. Even though the aftermath of the martial god’s descent still shook the world, they aimed at Grid in an upright manner regardless of the chain of ripples that burst the city buildings and trees like balloons.

“I was going to kill you from the very beginning.”

He was disturbed by Hayate once, but Hayate wasn’t here right now.

“I will kill you again and again until your divinity is completely worn out and you disappear.”

The memory of the dual wielding swordsmanship secret technique returned by Venice still clearly remained in the mind of Martial God Zeratul. He buried deep in his heart the humiliation he felt at the time with killing intent.

“Today is the most appropriate time.”

One day, Raphael had said it. They took possession of the human soul that the Overgeared God cherished during that time. If they wanted to give the Overgeared God a taste of true frustration and pain, it would be better to damage his old memories rather than just kill him.

Zeratul agreed. After waiting until the angel developed the ability to embody the remnants of memory, he finally descended in front of the Overgeared God.

He already enjoyed it.

Look. The figure of this stupid guy who felt killing intent without knowing who made the holy weapons.

Zeratul was planning to stab, slash, and cut the Overgeared God to death with the holy weapons. He planned to whisper the identity of who made the holy weapons that killed him to the man who would die in pain.

Grid, who had been silently watching Zeratul who was drunk on delight, slowly opened his mouth, "Are you alone?"

The gods of Asgard were subject to great restrictions when acting on the surface. However, if they formed a trinity like the angels, then the constraints would be loosened to some extent. Therefore, Grid was wary of the concept of the trinity.

Zeratul's eyes, which were curved in an arc, slowly rose upward. "I... alone? Perhaps you... do you think there is a chance of winning? A fake god—a human god who doesn't deserve to ascend to heaven?"

"....."

Grid didn't respond and just focused.

An opponent whom Hayate defeated virtually alone. At the very least, Martial God Zeratul on the surface was lower in status than Baal or Raphael. He was an opponent who couldn't be avoided out of fear by Grid, whose goal was to raid Baal. It was right to fight and win. It should be used as a means of proving his qualifications to challenge Baal.

"Perhaps you... don't you know me? I am the Martial God. Do you think that I, the only one god in the world, will lose even if I am alone?"

In the first place, Zeratul wasn't an opponent who needed provocation. He would lose his cool by himself, even if Grid was silent. It was the limit of an existence that was unstable due to the gap that came from knowing he was a fake and denying it.

"You... a little bastard who didn't even dare meet my eyes not long ago has become completely arrogant after getting entangled with the dragons through luck. Okay. This was better... I can feel more joy when I see the despair on your face as you die."

"You are very angry. Is Rebecca looking at you with pity these days?" Grid finished his preparations and finally opened his mouth.

This was what Hayate had said when he provoked Zeratul. The effect was big.

Zeratul moved his eyes and immediately fired an attack. The 18 divine weapons floating around him flooded together with it. It was a sight like light forming a river. The eyes of the survivors who watched while holding their breath were suddenly blinded.

Gujel's Fang and Cranbel's Horn—the two dragon weapons split apart the light.

Chapter 1612

Light was everywhere. The darkness must be purified. Nevertheless, there was darkness because the light had gone away for a while and the reason why the light went away was a lack of faith.

'Pagan bastards.'

The wave of light formed by the 18 divine weapons—it was a magnificent and holy sight. It was enough of an opportunity to awaken true faith. However, their eyes were blinded and they turned away from the light. The reaction of the frowning humans was captured in Zeratul's vision and senses. Exactly 87,598 people. No matter where they hid, he could see it clearly. He clearly read what type of expression they were making.

Zeratul was furious. He was a god derived from beings who worshiped and long for martial arts. Therefore, he was the only god who didn't have much to do with Goddess Rebecca. However, wasn't it Goddess Rebecca who created the world in the first place?

Zeratul worshiped Rebecca. He couldn't stand by while those who had been made out of Rebecca's kindness rejected the light. Turning away because the light was dazzling? It was blasphemy. High treason.

The wave of light that was cut in half by Grid swirled. It spread everywhere in response to Zeratul's will. The holy weapons guided the light. The 18 holy weapons targeted and shot at humans, causing a chain bombardment of light. As always, it was Grid who protected the people.

He used Request to Stand With Me and activated the rain of battle gear, blocking and twisting the trajectory of the 18 holy weapons. Thousands of weapons struck and blew away the holy weapons, while thousands of armors and shields isolated the light, reducing the bombardment range. Eventually, the particles of light that caused an explosion hit the people, but the electric barrier created by Noe almost surrounded the entire city to protect them.

"My master's slaves will be guarded by this Noe!"

Thanks to the help of 4th Seat, Betty, Noe was able to use the power of the thunder stone more efficiently. He was full of confidence. He actually achieved the result of protecting people and ran wildly with excitement. He used the darkness in the hearts of the terrified people to forcibly raise demonic energy and transformed into an adult. He pounced at Zeratul with a wide open mouth.

He was someone who could jump and play with the crazy hatchling in the tower for a while. He wasn't afraid because his opponent was a god. Noe meant to devour Zeratul whole. He wanted to transfer Zeratul's abilities to Grid, but he had too much courage.

"Yip!"

The daring Noe didn't even reach Zeratul. The colorless divinity surrounding Zeratul was acting as a self-defense force. Unlike ordinary gods, he didn't have a holy side. This was why the demonic creature, Noe, was brave enough to pounce. Even so, the divinity was very powerful. It might be invisible to the eye and unreadable by the senses, but it clearly caused the phenomenon.

"I-I don't want to, keong...!"

Noe, who couldn't get near Zeratul and became bloody, screamed and squirmed. He read Grid's willingness to reverse his summoning. Noe had a hunch. This god was strong. He had enough qualifications to destroy the dignity of Grid that Noe had seen before.

Noe didn't want to run away. He clearly knew that the reason why Grid didn't summon Randy and the Overgeared Skeletons was because it was meaningless, but he still didn't listen to Grid. He refused the reverse summoning. He was afraid when he imagined Grid fighting alone and dying. He knew how deadly death or defeat was for a god.

They had to fight together. After he became stronger with the help of Grandma Betty, he swore in front of her that he would protect Grid from now on. She had stroked his head and said she was proud. No, she clearly told him that he was special among the memphis...

"A mere trifle."

He belatedly heard the voice. It was after Noe refused the reverse summoning and his head was caught by something. The voice was heard only after his vision became dark.

Noe was finally aware of his condition. He realized he had been captured by Zeratul. He thought this was better.

His mouth twitched as he felt the pain of his skin being torn to shreds and his bones being crushed due to Zeratul's strong self-defense. He was pleased that the other person had narrowed the distance that he couldn't narrow himself.

"...Nya nya nya nya nyang!"

Noe's Scratch and Discharge skills were deployed immediately! It occurred without a delay of 0.1 seconds and resumed without a cooldown time of even 0.1 seconds. This was the majesty of the strongest demonic creature in hell. The willpower of a memphis, which even the great demons found hard to raise, was so great that the concept of casting and cooldown time wasn't applied.

It was meaningless. Noe's attack didn't even scratch Zeratul's strong self-defense. Zeratul's perception was far ahead of the speed at which Noe wielded his claws and generated electricity.

A vein bulged on the back of Zeratul's hand that was holding Noe's head. Noe had transformed into an adult and his head grew larger in line with the growth of his body, but the concept of volume and mass was pointless before the celestial gods. Zeratul's hands were several times smaller than Noe's head, but he clearly gripped Noe's head. Then he made it burst. No, he was thinking of making it burst.

".....!"

Zeratul took a step back. The hand that had been placed on the head of the demonic creature from hell was immediately removed and held the air. It was a gripping technique as if holding a sword. The

colorless divinity stretched out in a straight line and took the form of a sword. It was held in Zeratul's hand.

There were still clear fingerprints on Noe's wide forehead. The black fur, that was caught and crushed by Zeratul, clung to the skin. There was no movement even though it was free from the pressure. This meant that the flow of time that Zeratul was moving at was overwhelmingly fast.

Before Noe's pressed fur could stand back up again, Zeratul held the intangible sword that he had made and swung it down strongly. A powerful sword energy penetrated the earth. A deep wound reminiscent of the Abyss occurred and the ground shook from the inside.

The ground couldn't withstand the shock and spit into thousands or tens of thousands of cracks before finally beginning to sink. It had the momentum to devour everything in the city. If Garion, god of the earth, hadn't immediately come forward and restored the land, the city named Vex would've disappeared from the map at this moment.

'This guy?'

Zeratul took a step back and saw the scene of the earth, which had collapsed and immediately recovered. The gesture of leisurely walking in the sky was elegant. However, Zeratul's expression was contrary to his gesture. He was overcome with emotions like all the human beings he had just disparaged.

He had no choice but to be so.

The transparent sword that was approaching at this moment—Grid's sword had a somewhat dull blade, but it took advantage of its strange form. He didn't simply subdue the resistance of the atmosphere, but made it obey him. The flow of the atmosphere followed the direction the sword was pointing. It accelerated as if pushed from behind. It approached Zeratul very quickly. He had to take two steps to avoid it.

Zeratul's intangible sword turned red with shame and extended its range. The colorlessness divinity surrounded it more strongly. He heard the voice of the earth god Garion begging for something.

Zeratul ignored it. He intended to cut the approaching Grid with one blow. It was so that this time, it could never be avoided. Even if it was blocked, Grid would be destroyed entirely along with the sword. He thought it didn't matter if the world was smashed by this.

In any case, he had already lost a lot of his divinity in the aftermath of descending to the surface. He could only break a part of the world, not all of it, with his strike. Additionally, what was the big deal if the land on which humans lived became much narrower than it was now?

—Noe's fur still hadn't stood up. The world that Noe saw was still dark.

'Martial God Zeratul covered my eyes and grabbed my head.'

Noe's thoughts stopped there. No, it was flowing. It was just that Zeratul's time, which divided the moment into countless moments, was exceptionally fast. The world was the same as usual. Time passed normally and there was no problem with the speed of thought of Noe and ordinary people. In the center of that ordinary world—

Zeratul walked through that extraordinary time alone and swung his sword again. A shapeless sword that was merely huge shattered the atmosphere. It was the willpower of the martial god to rebuke the attitude of the atmosphere that responded to Grid's sword trajectory and made it fast.

.....!

The earth let out a soundless scream. It couldn't withstand the high pressure and shattered. It soon turned to dust and rose into the sky. The world would be covered with yellow dust for the next few days.

The earth god Garion didn't want such a situation. He recalled his mission and grasped his divinity. He was pained as he recognized the 'time of the martial god' and reached his limit, but he still managed to connect the hundreds of thousands of pieces of earth together.

Just then, Noe's fur stood up slightly. Zeratul belatedly grasped the situation.

'Is the dragon crazy?'

It was only when Grid narrowed the distance again, dodging and blocking the first blow, that Zeratul angrily admitted it. If he had skills like this, then he must've accumulated achievements in the past...

Zeratul was convinced and acknowledged Grid's achievements that he had denied so far. It was different now that even his second attack failed.

Zeratul's ferocious eyes fixed on Grid's gauntlets and gaiters. Funnily enough, the armor seemed to reproduce a dragon's outer shell. In fact, it was expected to have an excellent performance since it was a product made from dragon scales. However, he hadn't expected it would be this much.

Enduring the sword energy he created with the intention to destroy the world?

Zeratul felt a sense of strangeness, especially from the circulation of mana flowing through the gauntlet. The mana circulated at a high speed like the mana of a living dragon. The reason why it could be cycled without a dragon's heart was due to the dragon's favor. It was clear that the dragon's favor was imbued in the gray scales that made up the gauntlets, which were sometimes tinged with red.

At the very least, it meant that Grid's arms would exert a durability and power similar to that of a dragon. No, it was more than that because it combined Grid's physical power and divinity. He just checked it.

"What a crazy dragon...!"

Are you willing to sacrifice yourself to cooperate with Grid? Why? Why is this guy loved by so many beings?

In the midst of the unresolved questions and unprovoked jealousy, Zeratul felt a sense of crisis. It was a situation where he was moving through the time of martial god even with the penalties from descending to the surface. His perception, body, and awareness soon reached their limits.

On the other hand, Grid's expression was calm as he gradually got closer. The sound of bells ringing in the distance proved it. This person hadn't even started yet.

Zeratul's judgment was correct. Grid was only now completing the six fusion sword dance. In the aftermath of Zeratul's attempted second swing at the sky, Grid's collarbone was smashed, there were deep cuts on his neck and chest, and his waist was half cut. His two hands holding the sword were fine.

Grid's willpower to fight after opening up all the power of the rune and stacking his buff skills wasn't dampened in the slightest. A body that moved slowly even though Shunpo had been triggered several times—in a world where everything slowed down due to the extended time, Grid was thinking about Hayate's advice.

Overwhelming power.

'I can't give him time to recover.'

A small attack was meaningless even if it hit dozens or hundreds of times. The thing he needed to pursue was the deadly blow. Then—

"Drop Dragon Pinnacle Linked Kill Wave."

There was only this.

[The effect of 'Conditional Sword Saint' has been activated.]

[The effect of 'Ultimate Martial Art' has occurred.]

"Keok!"

A gust of wind blew. Tens of thousands of people stood on the crumbling ground and stared up at the sky. Noe also had a bewildered expression. The orange divinity, which seemed like it could be extinguished immediately, was falling like a meteor.

It was Grid. The blood he spilled turned the sky red.

"M-Master...!"

"Your Majesty! Your Maaaajesty!"

The opponent was too strong. This was the martial god. How could it be a flaw even if their god was defeated? Noe and the people ran with all their might. They threw their bodies to cover the falling Grid.

Just then, an orange light spread through the serene sky. The feast of the sword dance that was sometimes red, gray, and sometimes transparent, raged. It looked like the frenzy of a dragon with long horns and sharp teeth. It was Grid's traces. It was the traces of the Overgeared God, who stood alone against the martial god in a time that ordinary people didn't recognize.

[Overgeared God 'Grid' has defeated Martial God 'Zeratul' who has descended to the surface.]

The world message that emerged one step late informed them of the exact result.

Chapter 1613

Only three times. The people and players of Vex only blinked three times.

Was that really an old man? They questioned it when a man with a fierce gaze and presence appeared with no warning. The sight of the remnants of the Rebecca Church bursting like balloons was so terrible that they had to close their eyes. Then when the ground collapsed and the buildings exploded, they opened their eyes in shock and found that the 18 holy weapons had already formed a wave of light. They had to close their eyes for the second time because the light was so bright their eyes ached.

Hundreds of thousands of explosions occurred as a ringing tinnitus pierced their minds. It was before they could scream. Everything was fast. It was difficult for the blinded people to tell if they lived or died. The situation was so urgent and threatening.

The people struggled in confusion without realizing where they had been wounded and who was helping them. It was an overwhelming combat force and great strength that couldn't be understood, let alone resisted. They opened their eyes again after the light had subsided and the explosion calmed down.

This was what they saw.

[Martial God Zeratul has descended.]

[Zeratul has denied the martial arts you have accumulated.]

[Your armed might has become insignificant. All stats, including character level, skills level, and magic level will be reduced by 50%.]

[Resistance has failed.]

[All passive skills and combat-related title functions are sealed.]

[Resistance has failed.]

[The power of all active skills and magic will be reduced by 50%.]

[Resistance has failed.]

[Martial God Zeratul has established a temporary sanctuary. The freedom of most beings, except the followers of the martial god, are oppressed.]

[Resistance has failed.]

“Ah... Uwahh...”

The martial god—if discussing the absolutes, this was naturally the first being to be considered. There was a powerful echo in Zeratul's name. People were overwhelmed. They vaguely understood the situation and felt despair.

Sometimes it was better not to know. There was a clear difference in people's confusion and fear when they were unaware of what was going on and when they perceived the existence of the martial god. The tens of thousands of people hiding all throughout the city were completely panicked.

At this time, the slave of the Overgeared God—no, Noe turned large like a giant wolf and flew high into the sky. He bravely opened his mouth toward the martial god. People noticed it one step late. The blue current that wrapped around the area and protected them actually came from Noe.

This was why they lamented even more. They stomped their feet as they sensed Noe's death as his head was caught in the hands of the martial god. The electric currents shook due to Noe's crisis.

The electric currents that formed the barrier were suddenly disturbed and it delivered a piercing pain to the people.

People blinked for the third time. It was short. It was in a split second. However—

“M-Master...!”

They only blinked once, but the situation in front of them changed. People saw the back of Noe, who was still alive. The scene of Grid, who had just been on the ground, falling from the sky intertwined with this landscape. The ground on which they stood trembled like it was going to explode. Then it calmed down again.

There was no sense of reality. They noticed that the martial god had disappeared out of nowhere and wondered if they were dreaming as a group. However, it was reality. The long lines of blood falling from Grid's body was proof.

“Your Maaaajesty!”

Unlike the players who were wary of the disappeared martial god, the people ran recklessly to Grid. They stacked their bodies on top of each other to form a cushion. It was to fully accept Grid, who seemed to have been seriously injured. Grid didn't want their sacrifice.

[There are eight seconds remaining on the duration of the immortality.]

He had no intention of showing his ragged state. Noe's large body wrapped around Grid.

The people who looked like dots on the ground—Noe hid Grid so they couldn't see what he looked like. At the same time, an orange light caught people's attention. The afterimage of the six fusion sword dance used by Grid with two dragon weapons colored the sky behind Noe and Grid.

Grid buried his face in Noe's soft fur and laughed helplessly.

“I'm not as good as Hayate.”

Grid had witnessed the battle between Hayate and Zeratul. After a flash of light, Zeratul fled and Hayate descended to the ground unharmed. On the other hand, Grid was in tatters. It would've been hard for him to win if many miracles hadn't overlapped. Of course, those miracles weren't mere flukes, but an inevitable result.

It was when Zeratul entered the 'time of the martial god.' Grid's divinity responded to Zeratul's divinity. It was because Zeratul's divinity, which was reduced in the aftermath of him descending to the surface, didn't overwhelm Grid's divinity. It was also evidence of the high divinity that Grid had accumulated over the years.

Just as Garion, god of the earth, moved through the time of the martial god and restored the earth in real time, Grid also moved through the time of the martial god. It was a time that could slow down even Shunpo. It seemed to split one second into hundreds.

The realm of an absolute that went beyond transcendence—Grid realized the skills of Hayate and Zeratul and moved drastically.

He climbed higher and captured the sight of Zeratul swinging the sword in the air. Then he moved his hands behind him and fired a Breath. In order to get a bit closer to Zeratul's speed, he used the explosive energy as a propulsion force. He crossed his arms in front of him as the invisible, transparent sword approached with immense pressure.

The gauntlets that reproduced the arms of Fire Dragon Ifrit—he determined that he had no choice but to believe in the effect of absolute defense built into it that significantly reduced the probability of injury. He was hit directly by the sword energy that spread through dozens of waves and the absolute defense was horribly broken. Fortunately, both his arms avoided any injury.

Every time the absolute defense was broken, his body became stiffer due to increased damage resistance. Magic power circulation occurred and the cooldown of Small Breath was reset. In exchange, he lost more than half his health, but Grid pushed his hand back and fired the Breath to narrow the distance with Zeratul. He didn't forget to keep Zeratul in check by firing the fusion sword dances based on Transcend from time to time.

Unfortunately, he faced a crisis. Zeratul's second sword strike was much more powerful than the first attack. He immediately noticed that it was sincere.

One more step and the absolute defense didn't occur. The probability of absolute defense for Ifrit's Arms and Cranbel's Pelvis was 10% respectively. Thanks to the set effect, it resulted in a total probability of 40%, but it was still less than half.

Grid entered the immortality state as a burning pain shot throughout his entire body. He couldn't look back. It was a situation he was prepared for from the beginning, so he wasn't agitated. The reason he stacked Item Combination, the power of the rune, and his buff skills from the beginning was because he predicted this battle wouldn't be long. If he didn't kill Zeratul all at once, he wouldn't be able to hold on and would die.

Grid took into account the meaning of Hayate's advice and performed the six fusion sword dance with two swords.

King of the Mountain, which was activated thanks to his low health, the blessing of Chiyou in the sword dance, and the incomplete qualifications of the Sword Saint gave him great strength. Additionally, Dragon Rage occurred. The power of the absolute species that stacked all attacks twice. The activation probability was only 30%, but it was inevitable. It was because the number of hits of the six fusion sword dance using dual swords was high. The occurrence of God's Command was inevitable.

In the end, the pain he felt was so real that it made him dizzy, but Grid gritted his teeth and cut at Zeratul's body. Darkness Sword responded by soaring from Zeratul's feet. Zeratul's invisible health gauge fell to the bottom in an instant. It was the same reason that Grid's health gauge disappeared in less than 0.1 seconds.

The two of them delivered a fatal blow to each other, but this was the human world, not Asgard. It was the realm of the human god, Grid.

Zeratul, who was constrained by the duration of immortality, eventually got scared first and retreated. In the meantime, he cursed, but... Grid didn't even remember. Thanks to Zeratul's retreat, the time of the martial god ended and Grid's passage of time returned to normal. The dam seemed to collapse. He thought he had already felt enough pain, but that was just arrogance.

Grid briefly lost his mind as the pain that had been trapped in the extended time washed over him all at once. Now—

Grid looked at the sword in his trembling hand. It was a sword that revealed its pure white appearance in places of low light, but it sparkled like frost and became as hazy as fog in the light.

'This guy's help was the greatest.'

A sword that reproduced Cranbel's horn—of course, Cranbel's actual horn was much larger and the ends were divided into three branches, so it was right to say that he had only reproduced one branch. Just as Ifrit's horn resembled a spear, Cranbel's horn resembled a sword. Thus, Grid naturally thought about it during the production. It was inevitable because Cranbel's arm was the material.

[Horn of the Cloaked Dragon Cranbel]

[Rating: Myth (Transcendent)]

Durability: Infinite Attack Power: 23,880

- ★ Critical hit chance will increase by 100%.
- ★ The probability of attacking a weak spot will increase by 100%.
- ★ The attack skill usage speed will increase by 50%.
- ★ Inhibits the target's perception.
- ★ Significantly reduces the target's counterattack and evasion rate.
- ★ There is an 80% chance of neutralizing the target's defense (including all skill, magic, and powers).
- ★ Skill attack power against great demons, archangels, gods, and dragons will increase by 50%.
- ★ There is a 25% chance to trigger 'Extreme Speed' when attacking.
- ★ It can replace a dragon's horn.

This is the horn of the Cloaked Dragon Cranbel, which was realized by Overgeared God Grid smelting Cranbel's arm.

It has retained a ferocity that is contrary to its beautiful appearance.

It refracts and scatters light, so it is difficult to detect the shape and movement.

Wearing Conditions: Grid, Dragon Slayer, Dragon Knight.

Weight: 3,900.]

[Extreme Speed]

[Passive

Completely neutralizes the target's evasion and defense.

Cooldown Time: 1 second.]

It was natural that the rating and attack power was higher than Gujel's Fang. It was because the material was different. Gujel's Fang was literally a sword made by splitting Gujel's teeth in half, while Cranbel's horn was made entirely of Cranbel's arm. It was also easy to anticipate that the effect of hindering the perception of the target would be attached.

It was because the inherent effect of Cloaked Dragon Cranbel was presumed to be 'concealing his appearance.' However, the skill 'Extreme Speed' was unexpected for Grid. He had tried to reproduce Cranbel's horn while creating the ideal sword shape, but he ended up conceiving a structure that subdued the resistance of the atmosphere...

The passive skill that 'completely neutralized' the target's evasion and defense was attached. There wasn't even the restriction that the target should 'have a low status.' Cranbel's Horn was literally the strongest weapon for Grid, who had been and would continue to fight against enemies with a higher status than himself.

Would it have been possible to defeat Zeratul without Cranbel's Horn? It wouldn't have been easy. There was a high chance that Gujel's Dao would've lacked attack power, even with Duke of Amplification, God's Command, Dragon Rage, etcetera were all combined.

"Grrung... Randy and the skeletons will be sad... Aheung."

He made a dog noise, cried like a cat, and then made a sound like a tiger. Noe, who became an adult, seemed to have some confusion about his identity. Still, he said what he had to say. It was obvious how upset Randy and the Overgeared Skeletons, who hadn't been summoned, would be when they saw the injured Grid.

Of course, they would understand Grid's heart. The reason Grid summoned Noe was due to the existence of the skill Impertinent! Noe's ultimate skill had grown significantly thanks to Betty and it was optimized to protect a large number of targets. In fact, it evolved into a barrier skill.

Randy and the Overgeared Skeletons also had many means of protecting people, but he judged that Noe alone was sufficient. What if Grid had summoned Randy and the Overgeared Skeletons as well? If they were in a group with Noe, it would be easier to protect people and there would be more energy so they could attack Zeratul.

There was naturally a high probability they would've died. It was just that their experience was precious, so it wasn't a situation that Grid wanted.

"If they are dissatisfied, tell them to be stronger," Grid was flustered for no reason, but he spoke firmly.

Only the naive Noe's mood improved.

"Like me, nyang?"

“Uh... Yes...”

Grid responded roughly and confirmed the victory reward. He thought the members of the Noe fan cafe should know how good he was to Noe. The list of rewards was gorgeous. Out of the 18 holy weapons that Zeratul swung, he received 14 as the rewards. It was followed by five volumes of the legendary rated martial god's secret techniques.

However, these things were just incidental. The reward that Grid paid attention to was the evolution of his mental world. It was the unique mental world of the Overgeared God, not the mental world borrowed from the Heart of the Red Phoenix. It was the reward he had dreamed of.

Grid wanted to immediately look at it in detail, but the people were concerned about him. The facial expressions of the people who were as small as dots were clearly imprinted in his eyes. They all looked worried.

“Let's go down first.”

Grid decided to reassure the people first and gradually descended to the ground. The wounds on his face were unpleasant, but he had fought and won against the martial god. He thought this much was understandable.

A body with no strong areas except for the arms and legs... he supported it with the God Hands and covered it with a cloak. The color of the blood-stained cloak had become darker. It was evidence and a medal for defeating the martial god.

Chapter 1614

“Aren't we going to build up a transcendent status soon?” Vantner spoke with a serious expression. He had been subjugating the demonic creatures of hell for more than half a year and he already wasn't ordinary.

Blood vessels that were as tough and thick as steel rose on the hard muscles that made armor look shabby. Every time the blood vessels twitched, the tattoos on the bald head moved and the impression he gave off changed dramatically. Depending on the angle of viewing, he seemed more ferocious and wild than a demon.

It was the effect of the Light Iron Armor skill that he acquired with the fifth class advancement. The tank-based players. No, it was the ultimate skill that all warrior-type players would covet. Light Iron Armor was a passive skill that significantly increased defense and attack power, and reduced the cooldown of some skills in exchange for constantly declining health. As a fifth class advancement tank with high natural recovery, it was literally the ultimate skill without burden even if it was activated at all times.

“Don't make a serious expression with that face. I thought you were a monster and almost killed you.”

The shortcomings of Light Iron Armor was a change in appearance. Due to the increase in muscle volume upon activation, there was a concern that the impression could become very rough depending on the basic appearance. It was like Vantner right now.

Of course, Vantner accepted the change in appearance caused by Light Iron Armor as an advantage, not a disadvantage. He believed that baldness, muscles, tattoos, and a beard were a means to prove manliness. The evidence was his tattoo, shaved head, and thick beard that he added during the character customization stage.

“What~? What is this low level bastard saying? I can’t hear it properly because it sounds like flies are buzzing?”

Vantner dreamed of becoming a handsome man, but he became a child when he was with his friend. He accepted it as a man’s destiny. He made fun of Pon, who died every time he engaged with a single digit great demon, so he hadn’t completed his fifth class advancement.

Regas spoke in place of Pon, who provoked trouble first, but fell silent because he couldn’t refute it, “You will know when looking at Yura. She will be the first one out of all of us to become a transcendent.”

“Um, that’s right.”

The hierarchy of legends was built up with achievements and fame. If Grid and the Overgeared Guild succeeded in the Baal raid and cleansed hell, some of the expedition members were likely to become legends. On the other hand, transcendence was a hierarchy that was obtained only by reaching the peak of martial arts. They had to overcome daily training and battles, fight and win dozens of times against enemies far more powerful than them, and influence the worldview with pure force alone. In short, they should be like Grid.

Meanwhile, the members of the Overgeared Guild had clearly seen it with their own eyes. The armed force of Demon Slayer Yura, who had been active in the battles that had continued for half a year. In particular, she grew rapidly every time she won a battle against a great demon, who had appeared more frequently starting from two months ago.

The light of destruction that she shot was so intense that it was incomparable to half a year ago. The more skilled she became in handling the Elemental King with the bizarre name of Nothing Stone, the stronger her physical ability and swordsmanship became exponentially. The reason why the group could counterattack and win even after being attacked by a single digit great demon wasn’t only due to the kings of the different species, but also Yura’s performance.

“Don’t be sad. They are coming again.”

Now the kings of the different species followed Yura well. At some point, they acknowledged her power and leadership and abandoned their resistance. All the Overgeared members were moved when in the end, even the half-draconian king Bunsdel acknowledged her and called her Captain. Jishuka had patted Yura on the shoulder and Yura had buried her face in Jishuka’s chest.

“.....”

The eyes of the kings of the different species lined up on either side of Yura reached the horizon. The distorted sky and trembling ground. The center of it was the horizon that was as jagged as a line drawn by a child. It was caused by clouds of dust. Clouds seemed to be coming. It was the sight of tens of thousands of demonic creatures advancing all at once.

This phenomenon had occurred several times a day starting from two months ago. Yura knew what caused this phenomenon.

Marbas reigned as a leading power in hell. A demon presumed to have known the truth of hell and struggled to restore hell to its original state—he built his position by walking a tightrope between the Baal and Amoract factions and had the power to lead the demons of hell regardless of their affiliation. Now that power belonged to Baal.

Baal appeared to have killed him and taken away the power.

“We will fight for around five hours.”

“It is better than before.”

“Those with Barbatos’ vision, be wary of the great demons’ intrusion.”

“Thinking about it, we would’ve been ruined two months ago if we didn’t have Barbatos. Right?”

“Barbatos is actually on our side.”

The ranks of the Overgeared members were naturally divided into two. It was to prepare for a long battle. It was an operation to fight in shifts and distribute their stamina.

Faker melted into the shadows, while Jishuka, who was at the rear, would balance the first and second groups.

Yura, who was at the forefront, wrapped the Elemental King of Nothingness around her body. Like the orange divinity of the Overgeared God, Nothing Stone layered itself over her weapons and armor. She looked so much like Grid that it could be believed that she was Grid’s apostle.

The hell expedition members naturally looked at her back. They trusted and relied on her. They expected her to become transcendent.

The transcendent status—this power resembled super sensitivity, the class characteristic of the Sword Saint, but it boasted a wider range of utility. It was necessary for the Overgeared members who would one day fight the celestial gods as well as cleanse hell.

It was because they couldn’t let Grid suffer on his own forever. Acquiring transcendence was a homework that must be solved to be even a small help to Grid. It was Yura who would prove their possibilities. The strongest one in hell without Grid.

“Let’s go.”

Yura jumped in first and the kings of the different species and the Overgeared members followed her. The sight of tens of thousands of demonic creatures, strengthened by Baal’s buffs, flocking every day was intimidating, but they weren’t afraid. On the contrary, pleasure appeared on the faces of the Overgeared members.

This wave might be powerful due to Baal, but it gave high experience in proportion to its power. It would serve as a stepping stone for their rapid growth, just as it had been for the past two months. It

would also balance hell. As long as a large number of demonic creatures gathered together, it would leave room in other areas of hell.

Players who had been fighting against the demonic creatures all over hell would have time to escape a crisis and reorganize. Just like most disasters, the raid of the great demons came unannounced.

The reason why ordinary players insisted on hunting in hell despite such risks wasn't simply because of their sense of mission to purify hell. It was because the actual profit was large. The Overgeared members were obligated to maintain their passion.

"Uh...? Wow, won't Faker unconditionally be the next transcendent after Yura?"

How long had they fought while being swept away by the wave of demonic creatures that came back no matter how many they killed?

The 15th Great Demon, who took advantage of the opportunity to attack, was bound by Faker's shadow army and was stabbed in the throat. He lost momentum for a while and was surrounded by Yura and the kings of the different species. He didn't get any benefits from the surprise attack and was instead isolated.

New great demons occupied the vacancies of the great demons who died in the Great Human and Demon War.

—If only there wasn't the hell elevator. Or if there hadn't been Demon Slayer Yura, they would've accumulated strength in hell and reigned in fear. However, they repeatedly died before they could grow and each time, the Overgeared members were growing stronger in reverse.

Good. They just needed to keep doing this consistently. They would make greater effort in order to not worry Grid, who had his growth stalled due to concentrating on item production.

[Martial God Zeratul has descended.]

".....!"

"What?"

The world message that rose in the aftermath of the players of Vex witnessing Zeratul. The shocking content made the faces of the enthusiastic Overgeared members turn white.

Martial God Zeratul—they recalled the hostility he had toward Grid and sensed that the worst situation would happen. In particular, Damian's reaction was intense since he had personally experienced Zeratul's overwhelming force.

They found out about the crisis on the surface thanks to the world message that was only one line and could no longer focus on the demonic creatures. They dismissed the situation in front of them as insignificant and sought to return.

Only a few seconds passed.

[Overgeared God 'Grid' has defeated Martial God 'Zeratul' who has descended to the surface.]

".....?"

“???”

Therefore, it was even more shocking. The half-conscious Overgeared members slashed at the monsters in front of them with blank faces. Their bodies moved mechanically even when half their consciousness was gone. It was a sight that proved how many enemies they had killed over the years. The first person to speak was Regas, who was famous for his good mentality.

“Yura will be a transcendent faster than we expected.”

Their growth had always been three or four steps slower than Grid. Now that Grid started to break down the walls beyond a transcendent, it was the right time for them to slowly enter transcendence.

After reassuring the people of Vex, Grid returned to Reinhardt using the return scroll. His damaged body hadn't been restored, but the entire world had already received news of the martial god's defeat. Grid's name dominated all types of news.

“My Liege! Your Majesty! God! I love you! I respect you!”

Unsurprisingly, Lael also received the news. He rushed forward with only socks on his feet and hugged Grid while crying. Noe laughed at the way Lael laughed and cried. He boasted that he also made a great contribution.

“I can't believe you defeated the martial god at once... you are great. Are you now completely in the ranks of the absolutes?”

Lael's eyes shone after hearing the detailed story. His clear eyes were full of hope. It seemed like he was going to tell Grid to fight Baal right away.

Grid smiled bitterly. “It isn't time to talk about an absolute just yet. Rather, I realized how lacking I am through this incident.”

Grid consumed his immortality in exchange for cutting Zeratul. He was invincible for 10 seconds. He won thanks to the immortality, but it was important to consider that this was a one-on-one match.

Hell or heaven—the situation would be completely different if Grid was in the position to invade the enemy camp.

Would Baal or the heavenly gods fight Grid one-on-one? Baal might be eccentric and the demons of hell didn't cooperate easily with each other, but the heavenly gods were united around Rebecca. She even had an army of angels. Grid inevitably had to fight a large army. It would be against enemies more powerful than Zeratul who had descended to the surface. It would be hard to guarantee a one-on-one or two-on-two victory over them, but if he was hit by a group... there was no chance of winning at all.

‘This time as well. What if Zeratul wasn't alone?’

A chill went down Grid's spine as he thought about Zeratul descending with Raphael. In the first place, the difficulty level of one-to-one and one-to-many was different. This was even more so when assuming that the opponents' skills were comparable to his own. It would be difficult to defeat one person within the time limit of the immortality. Even if he had succeeded in winning, he would've been killed by the

other one. Of course, in such a situation, the apostles would've been summoned to fight. In any case, Grid decided that he needed to defend against the 'overwhelming attack power' of the absolutes.

'I need to complete the dragon armor set.'

This might not be the answer. Hadn't Hayate told him? Most fights between absolutes ended within a short period of time.

It was indeed like this. It meant that even if he completed the dragon armor set, there would be a limit to his tanking ability.

'Still, I have to give it a try.'

A 40% chance of triggering the absolute defense was different from a 100% chance of triggering the absolute defense. He was looking forward to the special benefits that would occur when the set was completed.

".....?"

Grid was deep in thought with his back against a chair. Lael had been silent in order to not interfere with Grid's contemplation. Now his eyes slowly widened. The landscape had changed. The white glow from Grid's heart covered everything around it and forged it into steel.

The world expanded infinitely and the steel that swallowed the landscape rose like a mountain. It was a canyon of steel. It was the mental world of the Overgeared God. Grid sat alone in the gap of the endlessly soaring canyon and felt the heat rising from his chest. The Red Phoenix's Heart became lava and flowed down. It circled and permeated Grid's heart.

The steel that formed the canyon melted in the heat. It started pouring down like a waterfall. However, the size of the canyon didn't decrease.

The steel was infinite in Grid's mental world. It also responded to Grid's wishes. It repeatedly formed and made dozens or hundreds of armor that were layered over Grid's body. Every time it was overlaid, it became blurry and didn't appear to be visible, but Lael clearly felt it.

He was now wearing hundreds of layers of armor. Even the mental world was overgeared...

Chapter 1615

The sky above the sky—it was a place where golden clouds formed the sky: Asgard. It was the heavenly place where the seven main gods and 18 lower gods resided.

"....."

The expression of Martial God Zeratul was calm as he reached the temple. The soaring eyebrows and long beard that descended to the ground were dignified and his gait was majestic. He looked like usual. However, the evaluation of the angel who met him was stinging.

"Unattractive."

The number one archangel, Raphael—they were the leader of the angel army, which had recently grown to 465, and had the second largest military power after Dominion, the god of war. Raphael was one of

the only beings with the right to meet the goddess, and the expression of 'influential power in heaven' wasn't exaggerated.

"Quite a few humans have witnessed your defeat. Rumors are going to spread quickly. Perhaps it is because their allowed lives are short, but humans are obsessed with pleasure, right? They will surely enjoy the story of how the martial god ran away for a long time."

"Are you not going to treat me like a god any longer?"

"Huh? Haha, I made a mistake. It isn't a story, it is a myth, a myth. It is even a myth that will last forever."

"How can a mere story last forever? The only eternal beings in this world are the gods."

After all, as always, the world will perish and begin again. Rebecca and Yatan would make it so. Therefore, he had decided not to pay attention to it.

Zeratul barely regained his composure that started to collapse due to Raphael's subtle provocation and entered the temple. The second largest of the 25 temples in Asgard. This place proved his authority.

Yes, no matter what humans say, I am me.

I am Martial God Zeratul.

Raphael warned him as he was gulping down wine, "Well, yes. There is nothing eternal. However, isn't it true that you are half ruined in this world? It is different from when you were defeated by the Dragon Slayer, so I can't help much. Many humans have started to doubt your martial ability and your divinity will steadily fall in the future."

"Have you forgotten who I am?"

"No?"

"I am the martial god. I am the source of the armed force that human beings and other beasts aspire to. It will rise faster than it falls so you don't need to worry."

"...Aha!"

Raphael tilted their head and blinked their big eyes. Then they clapped their hands. The inside of their smiling eyes was colder than ice.

"Are you out of your mind right now? Haha, I'm scared. I'll be going now! Don't go out for a while and get some rest!"

"...Someday, I will kill you."

It was only after Raphael left that Zeratul, who revealed his killing intent, sat down as if he collapsed. Everything was in vain. In fact, he also knew it. The martial god wasn't the source of martial arts.

On the contrary, martial arts came first and the martial god came next. The martial god was a god that was born from the aspirations of many human beings and the name of the god was Chiyou. Chiyou didn't even have a temple. There was no need to prove himself, so he firmly existed.

“Proof... I can do it.”

The sky of Asgard was a universe that the sun didn't reach. The entire space would be dark if it wasn't for the clouds that formed the ground emitting light. The temple had no light and the darkness obscured Zeratul's distorted expression.

The Overgeared God—the one who received Chiyou's recognition. Additionally, he was a god born from the aspirations of humans like Chiyou. The one who made the world's time flow rapidly faster was indeed beyond the ages as the dragons had evaluated. The concept of time was strongly overshadowed. He approached as a completely different person from the last time they met. It was more than expected.

Due to that, Zeratul was defeated in a battle he thought he would definitely win. He felt more regret than anger. If only he had sought the cooperation of the other gods and achieved the trinity as Raphael advised. At the very least, he should've only descended to the surface after securing enough status to establish a sanctuary. No, he should've dealt with Grid right away without waiting for the holy weapons to be made. Then he wouldn't have experienced today's humiliation.

On the other hand, he thought it worked out. The Overgeared God would become more arrogant after today's incident and would surely challenge heaven one day.

At that time—

Just kill him at the moment when he was most confident in himself. Zeratul would repay several times the humiliation that he went through today...

A pale energy rose from Zeratul's fingertips. It was a fairly dense god killer qualification. It was an energy that would've destroyed Grid if it had descended to the surface. Zeratul's divinity might've been greatly damaged, but he was still close to invincible in Asgard. He was confident that he could defeat Grid, even if he gradually weakened as Raphael predicted.

'Win and win again. Since you have used me as a stepping stone, you must be sure to climb to this place.'

At that time, I will complete the qualifications for a god killer and destroy Chiyou.

I'll erase the traces that Rebecca made me and destroy the temple, completing myself.

I am the martial god, the only one god.

“This place...”

The view of the canyon in the mental world resembled a place that Grid could never forget. The place where he wrote his first epic during the battle with the Great Demon, Berith. This was where Grid was completed.

“It is Taleren Canyon. It is a historic place where Your Majesty stood tall as yourself and not anyone's successor.”

“Laue! you remember everything.”

“Of course. Your Majesty is an object I respect, love, and serve. I can forget my birthday, but I remember everything about Your Majesty.”

Laue! had approached Grid because he saw Grid’s potential. He was determined to follow Grid. He believed that he would succeed unconditionally if he was with Grid. It was just an opportunity.

Over time, Laue! gradually became fascinated with Grid. The reason why he started to serve Grid in the hope of being overgeared only to become an internal affairs official who didn’t need items was because his pure desire to help Grid grew bigger than his greed.

“It isn’t just me. All the colleagues we have been with from the beginning basically love Your Majesty. Even these days, Vantner calls me when he is drunk. He watched the moment Your Majesty wrote the first epic and was so moved that he was in tears. I have suffered from this drinking session exactly 866 times, but in fact, Vantner must’ve watched Your Majesty’s videos more than 1,000 times. Huroi must’ve watched it over 10,000 times.”

“.....”

“At this point, the S.A Group also seems quite favorable to Your Majesty. Of course, Your Majesty will deny it, but... I’ve felt it ever since I heard your theme song. The S.A Group actually understands you very well. Just looking at the form of this mental world, isn’t it a meaningful place for Your Majesty? It is a sudden thought, but the reason why Your Majesty has no restraints on your repeated growth even when you go beyond the limits of the system is because they also believe the purification of hell is essential.”

It was a fact that had been proven for a long time. Every time Grid grew significantly, the level of the other players also rose. In the past two months, monster waves had been occurring in hell. It was around the time that Grid started making the dragon armor. A large number of demonic creatures who received Baal’s buffs attacked the expedition several times a day, rapidly accelerating the growth of the Overgeared members.

At this time, he was reminded of the words that the absolutes had emphasized many times.

“Grid has accelerated the flow of the world.”

The acquiescence of the S.A Group to this proved two things. It was okay for the world to maintain its current pace. However, it was necessary for all players to grow together in line with that speed. This suggested that Grid alone would face clear limitations.

“It is speculated that new content will emerge after purifying hell. In fact, the heavenly gods who don’t wish for the purification of hell have declared war. We need to be prepared from now on.”

“Are they going to declare war first?”

Grid shivered with disgust. It was a situation where a fake god who descended to the surface almost killed him. What if a number of gods led an army of angels and attacked them? They could not stop it. There would be nothing but destruction. Enough time was needed for his colleagues to grow. He worried if he should delay the Baal raid as much as possible.

“Among those who participated in the expedition, how many people did the fifth class advancement?”

“Five people. By the way, what level is Your Majesty?”

“691.”

“As expected of Your Majesty. It is already almost level 600...”

“It isn’t 591, it is 691.”

“Six...???”

“I made a series of dragon armor and weapon one after another and won a big fight against Zeratul. He might be a fake, but he is still the martial god.”

There were also several incidents before that.

During the time when Lael was entranced, Grid was deep in thought.

‘The fifth class advancement... it is fast, but also slow. It is safe to say that there is little room for me to grow.’

Completing the dragon armor set and making a few more myth transcendent dragon weapons...

It was the final specs that was theoretically possible. No matter how much you think about it, there wasn’t much room for growth other than level. Becoming a god killer according to Chiyou’s wish? It was difficult. He was convinced after the fight against Zeratul this time. He had no way to catch the one fleeing with all his might. As evidenced by the immortality skill that was strengthened when Grid became a god, the system in which a god escaped to their temple was an absolute right.

It was right to judge it as the best of all the systems. It was physically impossible to stop that and kill a god...

“...Huh?”

Grid’s eyes widened. It was due to checking the details of the newly obtained mental world.

[Sanctuary of Metal Lv. 1]

[A sanctuary derived from the mental world of the Overgeared God.

★ Build a canyon of metal. Currently steel.

* The metal that forms the canyon can make weapons or armor in response to your will.

* The weapon’s attack power is proportional to your willpower and strength stats, and the armor’s defense is proportional to your willpower and stamina stats.

* The number of weapons you can make is proportional to the number of weapons (unique rated or higher) you’ve made so far and the number of armor you can make is proportional to the number of armor (unique rated or higher) that you have made so far.

★ Your senses extend throughout the canyon.

- * You can 'disarm' those you perceive as enemies and the weapons you create will constantly pursue your enemies.
- * Provide additional defense by placing armor on those you recognize as allies.
- ★ God is omnipotent in their sanctuary.
- * Specify all the weapons that have been disarmed and assign a compulsive force to them.
- * The power of the weapon you've assigned the compulsive force to will be affected by the stats of the most powerful weapon you've ever made and the God Hands will be armed with them.
- * The compulsive force lasts as long as the sanctuary is maintained and 20,000 mana per second will be consumed during the duration.
- * Every time a weapon you borrow attacks a target, you will gain additional attack power.
- * The armor you borrow will be overlaid over your body.
- * Every piece of armor has a duration of 0.1 seconds and the cooldown of the immortality is greatly reduced every time damage is received during the duration. However, the reduced cooldown will be reset if the sanctuary fails to be maintained.
- ★ The 9th Heart of the Red Phoenix is completely absorbed.
- * It resonates more easily with the Red Phoenix. Instantly unleashes the Red Phoenix's will and bring a rain of fire down throughout the canyon.
- * The rain of fire will deal damage to the enemies and heal your allies. The amount of damage and recovery is affected by the Red Phoenix's stats. No mana will be consumed. Cooldown Time: 10 minutes.
- * If you want, the main body of the Red Phoenix can be manifested.
- * However, if the summoned Red Phoenix dies, then a severe penalty will be imposed on both you and the Red Phoenix. 100,000 mana will be consumed when summoning. Cooldown Time: 12 hours.
- ★ Your willpower that is as strong as metal will inspire your allies.

All allies in the canyon are significantly less likely to gain an abnormal status.

* Every time your allies resist an abnormal status, you and your allies will gain a buff skill. However, it doesn't stack with buff skills of the same type. The buff duration time varies depending on the type of buff.

* This effect will last while the sanctuary is maintained and no additional resources are consumed. There is no cooldown time.

Skill Cooldown Time: 1 hour.

Resources Consumed: 100,000 mana.]

'This is crazy...'

He checked the performance immediately. It was just a scam. Yes, it was a scam. By the way, levels existed? He thought he had reached the limit, but there was more room for growth.

“Your Majesty?” Lauel woke up belatedly and was worried when he saw Grid’s stiff expression. He felt guilty because he thought Grid was burdened after he talked about the conquest of hell. His heart throbbed. The sealed black dragon seemed to be laughing at him.

“Ah, I was thinking about something else for a moment.”

Grid took back the mental world and laughed. The canyon of steel disappeared like it was a lie and the two of them sat face to face in Grid’s office again.

“Let’s think about this later. First of all, our goal is Baal.”

He didn’t know what would happen in the future, but as the emperor, he wanted to save people’s souls quickly. It wasn’t just because of the quest to free Pagma. He always felt heavy-hearted and pained when he thought about how Khan and many other people would be suffering at this moment.

‘I’ll give the secret techniques to the apostles. There is no one to use the holy weapons, so I will melt them and extract the adamantium... what?’

Grid’s expression hardened as he looked at the loot he obtained from the martial god. It was because his high insight stat, which replaced the concept of vision, captured the strangeness of the holy weapons. The holy weapons were similar in shape to the works that Grid had made so far. They contained faint nostalgia when they should be plagiarized works intended for provocation.

“What’s wrong?”

“This... it isn’t plagiarism.”

“Huh?”

“The details are too different to say that they were made while looking at the real objects. It was almost as if...”

It seemed to have been made by recalling memories. There was care and affection in the smallest details as if the maker missed those days.

‘Don’t tell me...’

Grid’s face turned cold as he recalled the family member he didn’t want to talk about. His Formless Will became uncontrollable due to killing intent and shook and cut all the furniture around him.

As if to calm him down, a guest came.

Chapter 1616

[Formless Will - Divine Skill]

[Attack the target with a solid willpower.]

* The amount of damage done by Formless Will is the same as the willpower stat combined with the strength stat. It completely ignores the target’s resistance and defense.

* Targets with the willpower stat will be immune to this attack.

Skill Resources Consumed: None.

Skill Cooldown Time: 10 seconds after every three activations.]

Formless Will was a basic skill gained by realizing the concept of the mental world. It naturally grew as Grid's mental world evolved. The cooldown time, which used to be a huge 24 hours, was extremely shortened and as of today, there was no consumption of resources. This meant it could be used properly in practice. It was on a different level from the yangban, Garam, who used Formless Will against the Grid who didn't yet know the concept of a mental world. It was at the level of harming the enemy just by having the will.

Of course, that was only when dealing with those who were unskilled. Those who were hostile to Grid were usually transcendents, so they naturally had the willpower stat. They weren't targetable by Formless Will.

Grid recalled the archangel Raphael's face and his desire to kill activated Formless Will. Grid used it naturally without being aware of it, but it ran wild because no target could be designated.

Formless Will, which had reached a divine level, was virtually no different from a passive skill. It was sensitively sympathetic to Grid's will. It vaguely resembled the martial god's strong self-defense that didn't allow Noe to approach.

"As expected of Your Majesty... just as I sealed the black dragon, did you seal a great monster into your body? It is a criminal with an unimaginable cause..." Lauel's face turned white. Invisible blades cut in all directions, so it was natural to be scared. He kept talking nonsense while Grid didn't have time to take back the Formless Will.

The good news was that his subconscious recognized Lauel as an absolute ally. The wildly rampaging Formless Will didn't touch even one of Lauel's hairs.

"They are looking for a replacement for Michael."

Grid's consciousness sank to the time when he raided Gamigin. It was shortly after the attack of Raphael, who formed a trinity and descended.

"It is really good that you didn't give them the souls. I pay homage to you."

Mir had said when rushing over to help Grid. This, combined with Raphael's purpose of seizing the souls of the legends, helped Grid understand. An uncomfortable truth was delivered. The truth was that angels were made from the souls of legends and that heaven had always harvested the souls of legends.

'Why didn't I doubt it at that time?'

Khan was also a legend. He might've only been a legend at the moment of death, but... it was safe to say that he didn't have a period of activity as a legend, but he left behind numerous works. The world remembered him and talked about him. As such, it was natural that the heaven who imprisoned Hexetia would covet him. He should've been mindful of the possibility that Khan would become an angel. However, he didn't doubt it. Maybe it was because he was so afraid that he tried not to be conscious of it.

At this moment, a harsh price was paid for it. He suffered a great psychological shock and emotional pain that he couldn't bear.

'Khan...'

All types of memories flashed by like a lantern. The days when he was next to Khan and knocked on the anvil. They always laughed. No matter what they did together, they had fun. During the time when they stared at blueprints all night, when they couldn't eat and were just using the bellows, or when they handed over the bad customers to each other, Khan and Grid just laughed. Even when Khan placed flowers on his son's grave, looked up at the quiet sky and wept, Grid smiled while quietly squeezing the large, oil-stained hand.

His teeth were clenched together so strongly that there was a noise like they were going to break. Grid's eyes were bloodshot. The shallowly pooled tears looked red.

'I'm sorry. I'm sorry.'

Grid had believed that Khan was in hell. He speculated that Khan was suffering as he wandered the river of reincarnation while retaining the memories of his life.

Grid's heart ached every time he thought about it. He had been working hard with the desire to save Khan as soon as possible. However, he hadn't been as nervous as he was now.

The dead fell into hell and wandered through the river of reincarnation. No matter how terrible and distressing it might be, this was the 'pure logic' of this world. It might've been a law of the world that was distorted by Baal, but the dead could never reject the laws of the world. It meant it was possible to rationalize that it was inevitable.

Yet things turned out differently with divine intervention. Every time they needed it, they chose only the souls they wanted, took the souls away, and turned them into angels? An angel was a soldier who fought for the gods. Zik speculated that during the time when the seven malignant saints raided Asgard, there must've been thousands of angels blocking the way.

On the surface, they cried out that they cared for and loved human beings and were worshiped for it yet secretly, they used humans as meat shields. Maybe it had always been like that. They might've done the legends of the past a favor and harvested them when the time came. This was the only way the large number of angels made sense.

Grid trembled at Asgard's duplicity. He knew that the yangbans were made based on angels and having experienced Michael and Raphael, he recalled that the angels were imperfect. It was easy to guess that Khan, who had been resurrected as an angel, wouldn't be in a normal state. Maybe he was suffering more than he would've in hell.

Therefore, it was possible that he made these swords while clinging to old memories. Or maybe he was asking Grid for help.

Grid's contemplative face gradually distorted. Every time his breathing became as rough as a beast, his Formless Will became even more ferocious. Raphael's smiling face kept popping up and stirring in his mind. Was it purely out of necessity that they made Khan an angel? Wasn't this actually trying to

provoke Grid? If so, Khan was taken as a hostage. He was even more anxious because he didn't know what type of atrocities they would commit against Khan.

'I have to pretend I don't know that Khan has become an angel. Khan will be thoroughly exploited the moment I reveal that I have noticed.'

It was the moment when Grid's killing intent reached its peak...

"Calm down."

The door opened. His precious people rushed over and hugged Grid. It was Irene, who had been silently guarding the palace without Grid, and Lord, who had followed in Grid's tracks after saying he wanted to experience his father's life.

Mercedes hung back and looked at Grid anxiously. Piaro stood next to her. Sariel wrapped light around the frightened Lauel and Zik looked around to try and guess the situation.

Braham leaned against the wide open door and scoffed. "What is it that made the guy who defeated the martial god so impatient?"

Step.

One step, another step.

Braham's red eyes as he slowly approached Grid were very deep and transparent. He seemed to be contemplating the trajectory of Formless Will, whose form couldn't be seen. It was completely different from his eyes in the past which had been filled with irritability, anger, resentment, killing intent, and anxiety.

"I don't know what is going on, but remember one thing."

"....."

Grid felt that the mana in the atmosphere had changed. It wasn't just at the level of the flow changing. It was the essence that had changed. The subject of the changed mana was Braham. The place itself was perceived as the inner world of Braham. Braham's mana core stretched out infinitely like the universe.

Grid felt like he had become a part of it. It wasn't an illusion.

It wasn't just Grid. Everyone else experienced the same feeling. The mana, which should've been transparent and pure, was tingled with a subtle purple color. The world was clearly dyed by Braham's color.

Grid noticed it. This was Braham's sanctuary. It was still only a fragment, but the ultimate meaning was that Braham's mental world would develop as his divinity increased and it would eventually reach the same hierarchy as Sanctuary of Metal.

The one who made Grid understand the concept of a mental world—Braham's realm, which had already been created after utilizing his mental world for hundreds of years, progressed one step forward in line with his divinity that had steadily developed since the time he killed the hydra.

“You are outstanding... I know you are arrogant and have placed yourself ahead of us.” Braham, who almost unknowingly expressed a compliment, naturally corrected his words. He wasn’t flustered and looked calm. He didn’t blink at all. “The reason I couldn’t rebuke you for taking responsibility on your own was because I didn’t deserve it. However, it will be different in the future.”

“.....”

Grid was surprised to see Braham’s details. He wasn’t surprised to see that Braham’s level had surpassed 750 before he knew it. The level of super named NPCs rose quickly and among them, Braham’s level up speed was extraordinary.

In the first place, Grid alone was almost level 700. The effect of Enlightenment, which increased experience just by making items or fighting against strong enemies, was that great. The higher the level of the item created and the stronger the enemy, the more brilliant the effect.

The thing that surprised Grid was that Braham’s ‘death penalty’ had been greatly eased. Originally, the number of times Braham could definitely be resurrected was one. From then on, he could be resurrected based on a probability. Even just one death was still deadly.

Now it was different. It was immunity to death itself. There was the prerequisite of ‘must rest for 24 hours in a coffin after dying,’ but he could be resurrected unconditionally after death like a player. It seemed to be the aftermath of regaining the power of a direct descendant vampire and the growth of his divinity. Even so, it was incredibly good news for Grid, who was grieving as he recalled the dead Khan. At this moment, he could smile broadly as if he had the whole world.

Braham frowned at the burdensome reaction and avoided Grid’s eyes. As if he intended to do so from the beginning, he naturally looked at Piaro, Zik, Mercedes, and Sariel one after the other. Irene and Lord were also in his field of view.

Among the apostles, the only one who didn’t receive attention was Nefelina, who was hiding behind the door. She was offended for some reason, but Braham continued talking without caring. “Grid, you aren’t alone.”

“.....”

“We are here now while the idiots who are in hell are growing slowly, but steadily. So to fight alone, be afraid alone, and grieve alone... stop it. Just as you have fought for us, we will fight for you and fulfill your wishes in the future.”

“...Yes, I understand.”

Just then, Grid threw away all his worries and fears. He decided to rely on his loved ones in the future with no doubt or hesitation. He now had the conviction that he could do it.

“Me too. Rely on me,” Nefelina rushed over and added, making Grid and Irene laugh.

Grid’s fierce Formless Will suddenly fell quiet. After a while—

“Choose what you need.”

There was a ceremony to hand out the secret techniques. As for the divine weapons, they were put into the furnace and smelted. Mercedes could arm herself with most of the items created by Grid, but the other apostles couldn't. It was necessary to create suitable new works using the divine stone.

The fact that it was made by an angel believed to be Khan didn't mean much. Grid didn't need anything to remember Khan by. He already had many memories. Grid just wanted Khan's salvation and he was determined to save Khan someday.

Chapter 1617

"Zeratul? He is a weird guy."

The defeat of the martial god was also a topic in hell.

"Why did he descend to the surface and fight unfavorably? On the surface, the rank of the Overgeared God is by no means easy," Amoract asked like she didn't understand.

The 3 evils of the beginning—they were the absolutes of hell created by Yatan himself. Even the 4th Great Demon, Gamigin, who reigned with fear during the Great Human and Demon War, feared them. However, an absolute appreciated Grid.

'Considering Grid's achievements, even Yatan would appreciate him. It isn't just Amoract.'

Rose was surprised, but she was understandably convinced. On the other hand, she also felt sad.

'By the way, Amoract has been courting Yura as well, right? Is she just treating me poorly?'

Endurance of hardships—it was a phrase that Rose had been reminded of hundreds or thousands of times. By the time she was aiming for the black magician rankings, Yura had already been reigning as the most supreme magician. She surpassed the 1st ranked black magician rankings to dominate the overall rankings and became Yatan's Servant.

The gap had widened by the time Yura betrayed the Yatan Church. She started to cooperate with the Overgeared Guild. The best rankers in each field gathered around Grid and created a synergy beyond imagination. The Overgeared Guild was literally active in all directions. They established a kingdom and reigned.

Hostile forces were brutally trampled on and the targets included the Yatan Church. The Overgeared Guild might not even remember it, but Rose had clashed with the Overgeared Guild again and again. Every time, she suffered defeat, failure, and bitness as if it was natural.

There was a time when she cried because she was sad. In particular, whenever her hidden quest was interrupted and failed, she got caught in her pent-up resentment and tossed and turned through the night for a few days. She felt so resentful that she even went on air and played the press.

She never lay sick in bed. She never had the thought of giving up or running away.

The experience of competing with Yura made her stronger. A gap that was difficult to narrow even with bloody effort. She had experienced such a desperate situation from the beginning and quickly adapted no matter how difficult the environment around her.

Satisfy was inherently difficult. It had never once been easy. This suffering was a matter of course... it was with this mindset that she endured the suffering.

She suddenly had a thought. She thought it was better that the enemy was strong. Rather than being tangled up with those of a similar ability and fighting a muddy battle that no one knew about, it was better for her to compete with those whom everyone approved and envied. That way, her value would rise regardless of the outcome.

It wasn't just self-rationalization. In fact, she had been offered many opportunities. By gritting her teeth and holding on, she quickly became the hope of the Yatan Church.

A group where everyone had left. She became the only high ranker left in the Yatan Church, which had become as precarious as a shipwreck that might be swallowed up by the sea. It was natural for all the hidden pieces related to the Yatan Church to revolve around her. Eventually, she met Amoract and was reborn as a great demon.

At first, she thought she had received enough rewards. She believed that the golden road to her future life was unfolding in front of her.

...This was until she was defeated by the Overgeared Guild. She was the first player to achieve the feat of becoming a great demon, but her life didn't change. She was defeated every time she met the Overgeared Guild and the shadow of Grid standing in the distance was the same. More power was needed.

Yes, like Katz, she would only be competitive at the level of the three evils. Rose hoped to be chosen by Amoract. Ever since she moved to hell, she served Amoract with the utmost sincerity. She believed that her heart had been sufficiently conveyed. It was because Amoract was kind to her. She was looking forward to being something special to Amoract, just like Katz became Beriache's Knight.

It was an illusion. She noticed Amoract's attitude toward Yura. Amoract didn't show real kindness to Rose. Compared to her obsession with Yura, Rose was treated like a stone on the side of the road.

Rose tried to understand. From Yatan's Servant to Demon Slayer. Wasn't Yura's background really special? She thought it was natural for Amoract to show interest. There was no need to talk about Grid.

"Trauka's daughter, Ifrit, regarded him as the one who overshadowed the years. It must mean that the Overgeared God's growth rate is against common sense, but only the uselessly arrogant Zeratul overlooked this and suffered humiliation."

The supreme player—there was no way Amoract couldn't know him or underestimate him when he was powerful enough to change the worldview.

'I understand everything. I understand, but isn't it too much to not be interested in me?'

It was Rose who felt left out. Then she laughed because a thought suddenly came to mind.

Grid and Yura—she was the one who had been competing for more than 10 years with the two people acknowledged (?) by Amoract. In recent years, the armed conflicts had been frequent. Of course, she was always one-sidedly defeated and the two of them might not remember her name, but... in any case, it was amazing that she fought with these two people.

'How can she not acknowledge me?'

Amoract. Even if you neglect me now, one day you will eventually turn to me.

Rose was already ecstatic when imagining that moment.

"...Huhut! Kekekeke!"

".....?"

Amoract looked strangely at Rose, who was suddenly laughing alone, before looking away. This great demon with a human origin was incomprehensible in many ways...

She often laughed even after failing every mission and she seemed to have lost her mind due to the side effect of losing too often.

'At first, I thought she was a pretty talented kid.'

Then Amoract realized it was unreasonable the moment she saw Yura again. If Yura was a star shining in the universe, then Rose was a pearl in the mud. Rose wasn't bad, but she wasn't at a comparable level.

Ahh, Yura.

Poor child who doesn't know that being a Demon Slayer is useless. You don't know what it means that Baal targeted Alex's soul. The Light of Destruction that you depend on has already been thoroughly dissected.

Baal is lowly and he enjoys the suffering of others. He has been digging into the bottom of Alex's soul for a long time. In the first place, Alex's strength doesn't even reach the toes of the 3 evils. If you really want to purify hell, you shouldn't be satisfied with being the Demon Slayer. You must hold onto the hand I reach out...

Once again, Amoract sent a whisper to Yura today. Her body was tied to the throne, but the mimicry using her magic power flew to Yura's place and conveyed her consciousness.

'...Um?' Amoract, who had a sad expression on her face, cocked her head. It was because her mimicry was cut too easily. This had never happened before. The level of the human beings who invaded hell had quickly risen due to Baal's meaningless tricks, but it was unlikely that they had already reached this level.

'Who cut me? Don't tell me...?'

The Overgeared God—did he use the momentum of winning the fight against Zeratul to go straight to challenging Baal? It was excessive overconfidence. He would be defeated.

'It is a pity, but this is a good thing.'

Amoract's wish was the return of hell, or purification, but that didn't mean she didn't have a grudge against Grid. Grid was the culprit for suppressing the Yatan Church and desecrating God Yatan. She was reluctant in many ways to sit back and watch him become endlessly strong after he received the recognition of the dragons. Honestly, she felt intimidated.

'Yet if he loses to Baal today and loses his divinity... it will be balanced. Humans will rely on me, not the Overgeared God.'

What Amoract desired wasn't the complete independence of humanity. He hoped that humanity would triumph over Baal and reclaim hell, but in the process, they would surely borrow her strength. A great demon was inherently strong and the more humans they contracted with, the stronger they became. The ideal picture would be for humans to receive her help when coming to hell, but... the advent of a bizarre device called the hell elevator made it impossible to hope for that much.

'Sooner or later, I will restore my father's lost honor and I will be the only one standing by my father's side.'

A smile spread across Amoract's face as she positively accepted the early appearance of the Overgeared God.

"Wow..."

It was soon after the offensive of the demonic creatures sensed by Baal ceased. Amoract's mimicry broke into the Overgeared Guild's camp. It seemed to have aimed for this timing. It was a great crisis for the greatly tired Overgeared members. This was when Yura stepped forward and slashed at the mimicry.

That's right. Contrary to Amoract's expectations, the one who cut her mimicry was Yura. Thanks to this, the members of the Overgeared Guild could breathe and they couldn't help admiring it.

They noticed the Light of Destruction. Light of Destruction was the ultimate technique of the Demon Slayer, who acted to counter evil beings. Unconditional critical hits, attacking the weakness, increased damage of critical hits, ignore attribute resistance, penetration damage, overlapping damage, demonic energy weakening, incurable, etc. It had all types of beneficial effects. It was unreasonably powerful, but it had the terrible restriction that the full power could only be exerted against targets with demonic energy.

Instead, there was one more drawback. It was a ranged attack. It was easy to load a gun and shoot the bullets, so it was fast and easy to snipe targets. It was just difficult to use in a close-ranged battle. The Demon Slayer showed enough fighting power to discuss being called the strongest in hell, but that was when her teammates supported her. In a one-on-one situation, her strength was sealed and she was relatively vulnerable.

Now it was different. Yura, who at one point had attempted to use Light of Destruction like Aura, had evolved completely after becoming accustomed to Nothing Stone. Light of Destruction, which normally refused to be overlaid over armor and couldn't exert its full power, was mixed with Nothing Stone and overlaid on her armaments. It was possible because Nothing Stone was the Elemental King of Nothingness.

Nothing Stone had no attributes, so it was able to embrace all attributes that were incompatible with each other. It meant that the power of the Elemental King of Nothingness and the ultimate technique of the Demon Slayer had become one, so it naturally exerted transcendent power.

The power of Light of Destruction had risen several times more than before. It transformed into a continuous skill and became useful in many ways.

-It is rewarding to have a contract with you. The Overgeared God will be delighted as well.

'Thank you, Nothing Stone.'

The sight of Yura smiling brilliantly like she was with Grid was extremely beautiful.

Vantner looked at her with a pleased expression and said emotionally, "It is a predetermined fact that Yura will build up transcendence... additionally, won't she be aiming for level 600?"

The wave of demonic creatures sent by Baal gave him dozens of times more experience points than the undead that inhabited Galgunos' Temple. Moreover, the number was thousands of times greater. In effect, it was actually a wave of experience. At this point, he almost couldn't help wondering if Baal was helping on purpose.

"Yes, if this goes on for a year or two, it will be easy to reach level 600. Yet before that, won't Baal come to us in person or we will go to Baal? Level 600 is nonsense. Even Grid isn't level 600 yet," Pon refuted it. He didn't mean to pick a fight. In the first place, Vantner knew that his words weren't realistic. He was just excited after admiring Yura and talked about anything.

However, Vantner objected to one part of Pon's words. "What do you mean by Grid isn't level 600? He is naturally over level 600. In my opinion, um... he would be at least level 602."

"Of course. Grid is always beyond our imagination!" Huroi immediately agreed.

Unconditional faith that was close to a faith beyond loyalty. There was more than one person like that. Regas and many others, even Katz, nodded in agreement.

Surprisingly, Peak Sword denied it. "Even if it is God Grid, he can't be level 600. He hadn't hunted for almost half a year."

It was a conviction that came from the confidence that he knew Grid better than anyone. He was the president of the Korean Patriotic Association, which worked for the motherland, so Peak Sword placed great importance on Grid's personal safety. He knew Grid's schedule and knew almost everything Grid was doing and where he was doing it. He naturally knew that Grid had only focused on the work of a blacksmith for over half a year.

Of course, he had challenged a super named boss raid several times, such as fighting the dragons and repelling Zeratul, but he only won the Zeratul battle. This meant that Grid could only gain experience from the fight against Zeratul. So what means would he use to pass level 600? It was a fantasy that could only be embraced by those who didn't know God Grid.

"Why can't he do hunting? Grid can hunt while making items, right?"

"You mean by using the God Hands and Overgeared Skeletons? Heh, you really don't know God Grid very well. The items that Grid has made recently are the dragon weapon and armor. He needs an extra large furnace, just like when he made Gujel's Fang. This means it is almost impossible to do blacksmithing work while hunting."

Peak Sword's nose gradually rose higher. He seemed to regard his words as the truth. It was a sight that proved the Overgeared Guild was close to a Grid cult. There were those who believed that Grid surpassed level 600 and those who believed they were a Grid expert and thought this wasn't the case. The thing they had in common was that they didn't know the benefits of being the Pioneer. They also vaguely counted the fact that the level of enemies that Grid fought was beyond imagination, but they didn't intuitively understand it.

Yura and Jishuka just found the situation interesting. It was because the women who met and talked to Grid every day knew Grid's exact level.

It was a huge 691. How surprised would their colleagues be when they found out... they were already looking forward to the reactions.

[Your level has risen.]

'I have eight levels left until the 7th awakening.'

His level rose again in the process of disassembling and smelting the 14 divine weapons. Even so, his experience gauge was almost full. After defeating Martial God Zeratul, he actually gained over 50 levels.

'It is fun.'

There was a time when his level really didn't go up. This was especially the case in the late 300s and the 400s. He got a few experience buffs from his items and titles, but he felt it was far from enough. Then a lot changed after he became the Pioneer. The enlightenment effect gave wings to Grid.

Enlightenment was a perfect match for Grid, who was prone to being targeted by strong enemies. The effect of enlightenment was maximized the higher the enemy's level and status. It was also important that he made dragon weapons and armor. Perhaps it was because the system decided they were ultimate items, but they gave a lot more experience points than killing a bunch of named bosses. The fact that Xenon's scales would be steadily supplied in the future made Grid even more excited.

He enjoyed seeing his level soar up.

'Indeed, the taste of leveling up in games is the greatest.'

In particular, Satisfy had stats awakening in increments of 100 levels. Every time he entered a new level unit, he was given a sense of purpose. Therefore, there was no room to get tired of growing.

"...Um?"

Grid had been concentrating on his work with Lord when he noticed something unusual. The air had changed. It was different from Braham's sanctuary. Braham's sanctuary had increased the destructive power of mana in the atmosphere, while the current air was gentle and warm.

Grid belatedly noticed it. The beginning of this change came from the ground. The overflowing vitality of the land had changed the ecosystem and even the climate had changed.

'Piaro?'

Did he have good compatibility with the new secret technique?

Grid felt overwhelming emotion, so he stopped working and left the smithy. He saw Piaro integrating with nature. It was accompanied by a strange notification.

[Garion, the god of the earth, is cheering and clapping while saying that he believed Piaro could do it.]

“.....”

A god who originated from Rebecca, but stayed on the surface, not in Asgard. Although he was always on the surface, the earth god Garion was respected by all humans like the world tree and he seemed to have been watching Piaro for quite some time.

Chapter 1618

Do you believe in the existence of gods?

This was a question that didn't exist in Satisfy. Gods existed. Traces left by gods were all over the world. Until 15 years ago, some people heard Rebecca's voice. Dominion and Judar, who were bound to Rebecca and worshiped alongside her as the three gods, still gave divine messages to their believers.

Right now, Overgeared God Grid was living with humans. Grid's divine objects had been absorbed into the world and performed all types of miracles.

This was the reason why human gods overflowed. People knew about the existence of gods and they naturally associated gods with great beings. They easily worshiped and deified targets. One of the biggest factors that made the gods feel real was the god of the earth.

Garion, the god of the earth, was sensitive to disasters, especially man-made ones, and protected the land. The land was the most primordial concept that established humans. People felt Garion clearly and relied on him. Even the churches of the three gods revered Garion despite them defining gods who stayed on the surface rather than heaven as heresy.

The land had always been polluted. It was due to the greed of human beings. Every time, Garion protected it. It was God Garion who restored the land that was destroyed several times by the powerful blow of the Sword Saint. Literature describing the relationship between the Sword Saint and Garion was easy to find. Sword Saint Kraugel, who appeared in the current age, lent credibility to the literature. Even at this moment, countless people would be imagining Garion as a kind mother or reliable father and giving offerings.

That great being...

“.....”

He was clapping and happy to see Piaro grow up. He seemed to have been watching Piaro for quite some time. Grid felt more uncomfortable than happy. Did Piaro get close to a god other than himself? It was very disappointing. Shamefully, jealousy grew in him. It was a natural feeling.

Grid and Piaro—the two of them had relied on each other. If it wasn't for Grid, Piaro would've lived his entire life as practically a dead man and he would've died plunging into the empire like a moth to fire. On the other hand, the Overgeared Guild wouldn't have grown as quickly as it did now without Piaro.

The pioneering speed would've been slow because they wouldn't have been able to easily handle the monsters in Reidan's desert and they would have struggled with food shortages because they couldn't clear the desert. Due to the lack of influx of new people to Reidan, the infrastructure wouldn't have developed and the supply and demand of troops would've been difficult. The expansion of power wouldn't have been easy.

It was highly likely that they would've experienced a setback against Belial. Hell Gao had lost his body, so the Belial battle was actually the first raid against a great demon. In the most important battle in history, which sharply increased the growth rate of Grid and the Overgeared members, humanity's victory was due to Piaro's sacrifice and performance. If humanity had been defeated at that time, the power of the Yatan Church might've prevailed and the continent might be completely different to what it was now.

Grid, the king of the small Overgeared Kingdom, would've suffered the humiliation of kissing the feet of Mercedes, who came as the envoy of the Saharan Empire. Thinking about it now, it was a reward, not humiliation. In any case...

Grid and Piaro were each other's benefactors. They were together and relied on each other. Thanks to that, they were able to come this far. It was a special relationship like a couple. There was a reason why Grid had chosen Piaro's daughter as Lord's fiancée. Of course, Piaro's daughter was still very young and he had stopped the desire to match Piaro's daughter and Lord due to Irene's opinion that they should marry someone they loved...

In any case, Grid considered Piaro so special that he wanted to be in-laws with Piaro.

"Piaro."

"Your Majesty."

"I said this when you got married, but I respect who you meet and who you have a deep relationship with. I will help you if I can. I don't have any intention of disturbing you."

".....?"

Grid's expression was dark. There was no strength in his voice.

Piaro was just perplexed. He expected to be congratulated for reaching the peak of Natural State when he saw Grid rushing out of nowhere, but he heard something that was completely strange. He tried to figure out the hidden meaning, but it was impossible due to the lack of cultivation. How could a mere ordinary person understand the deep meaning of His Majesty who defeated even the martial god?

"Yes... I know it well. It was thanks to Your Majesty's full support and encouragement that my wife, an elf, was able to make the decision to come to the human world."

"Exactly. I'm not petty. No, I can be petty, but I am generous when it comes to you."

"Yes... I'm also well aware of that. Your Majesty has always been good to me and Sir Khan in the past when you were insignificant and mediocre."

"....."

It might be the past, but wasn't it too much to call him mediocre in front of him? The flustered Grid got to the point. "So why are you so unsettled that you met another god without me knowing?"

"...Huh?"

"You aren't stingy like my past self. So why did you secretly have a deep relationship with a god other than me?"

"....."

Piario closed his mouth. He had nothing to say. It wasn't because it was difficult to answer, but because he didn't understand.

Grid noticed it. 'Piario doesn't know?'

It seemed to have been Garion's one-sided voyeurism. Well, it was natural. Piario was the apostle of Grid, the Overgeared God. There was no god who would court another god's messenger unless they were crazy. Grid didn't covet Raphael just because Raphael was really strong and excellent. Apart from not liking Raphael's personality, an apostle's loyalty was absolute. It was safe to say there was no case of an apostle of a god serving another god, unless they were first betrayed and abandoned like Sariel.

"Um... Congratulations, Sir Piario. It is amazing to see so much of nature responding only to you. It is like a planet."

"....."

Grid changed the subject. He had a lot of experience wearing the skin mask and pretending to be someone else, so it was easy to manage his facial expressions. He controlled his expression and serious attitude and praised Piario's development. It was with sincere admiration.

Putting aside his embarrassment, the change in Piario was enormous. If Braham's magic core expanded like a universe and circulated infinite mana, Piario was like a planet. It wasn't infinite, but contained various and strong powers in one body. If there was enough opportunity, Piario would be able to achieve divinity.

'...Divinity?'

Grid belatedly noticed it. Why did Garion show interest in Piario? It was inevitable, not because of some dark heart.

'If Piario achieves divinity... the divinity comes from nature and nature implies the energy of the earth.'

Once Piario attained divinity, he would resemble the god of the earth. Garion was bound to be interested in his position.

"Sir Piario!" Administrator Rabbit ran over as Grid was silently thinking. Something urgent had happened.

"You've worked hard."

"Your Majesty, can I? I will step aside for a moment." Piario politely said goodbye and followed after Rabbit. He managed both the army and agriculture, so he seemed to be lacking an extra body. Grid was worried that he wouldn't have time to have a second child.

‘A person like Piaro must have many children to make the country prosperous.’

Well, there would be some room sooner or later. It was because Lael said he started the work of concentrating the military power on Asmophel. Asmophel was also growing steadily. Rather than the capabilities of a knight, he developed the abilities of a commander with the assistance of the 1st Overgeared Army. Grid was told that his stats such as leadership were extremely high and the growth rate was fast because he had the Empire’s Military Tactics skill. In the case of a second Great Human and Demon War, the army commanded by Asmophel would be the main force.

‘Asmophel should also get married...’

It wasn’t just Asmophel. He also wished for Braham, Zik, and Sariel to get married as soon as possible. It was because good children were born from good parents. Of course, there was a possibility that it could be bad, but this was generally the case.

‘In that sense, Mercedes should also quickly have a child...’

The ensuing thoughts made Grid’s face turn red. He felt his body getting hot and fanned himself, only to suddenly look at his feet.

-Hello.

Small letters were carved into the ground. It wasn’t written. It felt like a craftsman, whose profession was to cut stones, had engraved it with passion.

‘What is this?’

Grid was startled and wary. It was because these letters had just been created. It wasn’t there a moment ago. Who was it? Just as Grid was panicking, the rocks that made up the ground were silently cut. In an instant, new letters were engraved.

“...Hah.”

The great god of the earth—unlike the other heavenly gods, Garion wasn’t involved in politics but only cared for the land. He deserved respect just for being faithful to his role and he was praised as great because he was beneficial to all beings on the surface. Would he be considered equivalent to the world tree that supported the sky? However, it seemed he didn’t learn how to add spaces when writing.

‘The space is excluded.’

Garion explained to Grid, who was clicking his tongue out of embarrassment.

It was good handwriting. It wasn’t that he didn’t write spaces, it was that he couldn’t do it. He also wasn’t talking informally because he wanted to. Garion’s short words contained many meanings.

Grid was trying to think positively, only to question it. “...Can’t you just say it?”

“.....”

Grid frowned. Putting aside his understanding of Garion’s situation, the tone was somehow annoying. It was the type of annoyance he felt when having a keyboard battle with an elementary school student.

On the other hand, Garion was pitiful. He was so anxious about the pain that the earth would feel that he couldn't even write properly...

How heartbroken must he have been every time Kraugel split the land in half?

'Wouldn't he have fainted after Zeratul smashed the ground not too long ago?'

Grid had felt Garion's struggle when he moved through the time of the martial god. Grid admired Garion's feat of restoring the land by dividing into thousands of branches with all his strength and Grid also felt grateful. If Garion hadn't been faithful to his role, most of the people at the scene would've died.

Grid suppressed his anger when he recalled that time and asked in the gentlest tone possible, "So why did you come to me? If you want to take Piaro... that isn't acceptable."

"Why don't you use spaces if you are willing to write that long?" Grid finally snapped in a frustrated manner. He was a Korean who learned and wrote in Hangul, created by King Sejong the Great. Therefore, he was very sensitive to spacing. He often felt uncomfortable when finding typos while reading web novels, but this was a completely different matter.

He had room to stutter, but not to use spaces? Grid noticed it. This god wasn't normal either.

Just then, Garion revealed his purpose.

Chapter 1619

'Save me? Why?'

Once the light came, chaos lost its darkness. At the end of the procession of trumpet blowing angels was Goddess Rebecca. The goddess created the heavens and earth and formed living things, while Dominion and Judar helped. It was a prelude to Genesis.

The first thing Rebecca did when she came to the surface was the creation of the heavens and the land. Garion and the World Tree were likely to have been born at this time. It meant that just like the other heavenly gods, Rebecca was Garion's mother. Of course, he had been on the surface ever since his birth, so his tendencies might be different from the other gods in heaven. Even approaching Piaro and Grid was within the scope of understanding.

Yet asking for help was a completely different matter.

Garion wanted Grid to save him? A god who was respected and loved by all and who had Rebecca behind him. He was in a position to ask for help?

"....."

Grid didn't answer hastily. Doubts had already sprang up in his heart as he touched his chin. He acknowledged that Garion was a god worthy of respect, but he didn't trust Garion.

It was the right decision. The first Great Human and Demon War that Pagma went through, the second Great Human and Demon War that humans of this time went through, and the old seven malignant saints

episodes—as history proved, the gods had committed numerous sins. They pretended on the surface while secretly committing the crime. They were far more insidious than Baal, who was openly trash.

Grid clearly knew this, so how could he believe only in Garion’s reputation and trust him? He would just be an idiot.

‘It seems like a trap.’

Of course, it could be an opportunity. Garion was a god who walked a neutral path on the surface. If it was true that he was a god who existed only for human beings, then it was a status that had no relationship with the heavenly gods. It was understandable to rely on Grid when going through a crisis.

‘It will be a great strength if I help at this time and we take the same side.’

First of all, it was great to be able to get a lot of information. The World Tree had little expression of emotions and had difficulty communicating, perhaps because it was fundamentally a tree. Meanwhile, Garion resembled an ordinary god. It meant Garion was similar to humans. He fully expressed his emotions through writing, so it seemed possible to communicate smoothly.

‘I’m a bit upset, but...’

-Saveme.

Grid felt emotional again when he saw the letters on the ground. This was a god who didn’t use spaces. Of course, it might be possible to have an actual conversation if he succeeded in saving Garion. Grid thought about it for a while before sending a whisper to Lael.

He explained the current situation and asked for advice. Then he asked questions based on the advice. “What are the circumstances in which you are asking to be saved? First of all, I want to know the situation you are in.”

-Consumedivinepowereverytimethegroundisrestored.

-TherearemanySwordSaintsthesedayssolkeeplosingstrength.

‘Biban and Kraugel did something wrong.’

So why do they keep cutting the world...

Grid shook his head when he remembered the powerful swordsmanship of the Sword Saint before his expression soon stiffened.

-Stillitwasbarelymanageable.

-Butpeoplethesedays.

-WorshipOvergearedeGodratherthanmyself.

-Slowsdowntherecoveryofmystrength.

“...Uh, um...”

Grid realized it once again. How much influence he had on the worldview. He felt embarrassed but proud.

-Whyareyousmiling?

“I feel sorry, so I am smiling bitterly.”

-Itisokay.

-OvergearedGodisn'twrong.Itisgreat.

‘Indeed... he is upright and has a discerning eye.’

He was a respected god for a reason. Then wouldn't it be better to just trust him?

-ItwasalreadyhardbutitwasruinedduetoZeratul.

-HedestroyedthelandandIlostdivinepower.

‘Indeed, Zeratul is a jerk.’

Grid shifted all the blame and responsibility to Zeratul and found peace of mind.

The writing continued.

-IaskedMothertohelpme.

-Silencewastheanswer.

“Mother... you are talking about Goddess Rebecca.”

-Right.

-Mothercanrechargemydivinepower.

-ButthereisnoasnswarevenwhenIcall.

Rebecca's silence had been an issue that had been going on for a long time. It was around two years after Satisfy opened. In the early days, there were some people who heard Rebecca's voice through quests but at some point, these experiences disappeared. Damian even said that when he was the pope, he had only received Rebecca's divine message twice. It was only like that at the beginning and she had been silent ever since.

It was the same for Grid. The goddess' gentle voice that Grid heard had long disappeared from his memory. He was now uncertain if the voice had ever been genuinely kind.

‘What is this?’

Various speculations were possible about the reason Rebecca became silent toward humanity. It could have been to rebuke the Rebecca Church for its many civil wars in the wake of the corrupted Pope Drevigo or because she disliked the people who lost faith because the gods didn't save humanity when the great demons came.

However, was it possible for her to also be silent with the gods? It was unreasonable to see it as her simply alienating Garion. Zeratul, who repeatedly descended to the surface without sufficient preparations, proved it. Wouldn't Goddess Rebecca have restrained Zeratul if she was in a good state?

Asgard was obsessed with increasing their armaments to the point of harvesting legendary souls and turning them into angels. It was unlikely that the goddess would've hoped for Zeratul's helpless defeat and loss of divinity when he could be described as the goddess' weapon.

Looking back on it now, the events of the archangels' attempts to slaughter humanity also seemed far from the will of the goddess. In the past, the goddess communicated with the Rebecca Church by sending down the holy sword and divine messages. It meant she actively supported the religious activities of human beings. Did she really want the angels to hurt her believers and destroy the trust that had been built up?

Grid had a complicated expression on his face due to the many doubts he felt and he asked another question.

"Did something happen to Goddess Rebecca? Is it possible that someone has imprisoned the goddess and is wielding her authority recklessly?"

The gods of the beginning—in other words, there were two more gods the same as Rebecca. One of them, Hanul had lost his power and fled to the East Continent, so he was out of the question. Meanwhile, Yatan had never appeared in the world. His appearance meant destruction. Therefore, it couldn't be recorded.

Maybe Yatan, to Rebecca...?

Grid had new doubts. It wasn't the speculation that Rebecca was actually a good god, but the evil god Yatan was suppressing Rebecca and causing chaos in the world. The fact that Yatan wasn't an evil god was proven by the hell purification episode.

Grid didn't discriminate between good and evil. He just wanted to figure out the situation.

-ThereisnoonewhocanimprisonMother.

-EvenYatancan'tdoit.

-YatanandMothercooperatewitheachotherbuttheycan'tinterfere.

".....?"

Grid was puzzled. It was because Garion's writing had stopped. No matter how long he waited, the writing no longer continued.

"Garion?" Grid urged and a few minutes passed.

-OvergearedGod,asyouknow.

-BaalbetrayedYatan.

-RaphaelorGabriel.

-ItmeanstheycanbetrayMother.

The beings who opposed the three evils of hell were the 1st and 2nd archangels. The angels Rebecca created before the other gods. Born from the chaos of nothing, they had to inherit Rebecca's 'blood' and their authority was enormous. It might've been possible for them to distort heaven, just as Baal who inherited the blood of Yatan had distorted hell.

Grid remembered Raphael's unlucky face and gritted his teeth. "Then are you saying the whole situation is Raphael's doing?"

-Itisallaguess.

-Mother'ssituationisdifferentfromYatan.

-Alwaysthere.

-RaphaelandGabriel.

-Theprobabilityofasuccessfulrebellionislow.

-Mother'ssilence.

-ItmustbeMother'swill.

-Idon'tknowthereason.

"...How can I help you?"

After a discussion with Lael, Grid decided to help Garion. Given Garion's past actions, it was safe to assume there was no possibility of him antagonizing them. The conversation also lent some credibility to this. In the first place, he wasn't a god in the position to hit them in the back of the head. The right judgment was to at least consider him as neutral. Of course, if he asked for unreasonable help then it was right to be suspicious and wary.

-IrecognizetheOvergearedGodasagod.

-ThegodthatpeoplebelieveinthemostrightnowistheOvergearedGod.

-IcanrestoremydivinityiflamacknowledgedbytheOvergearedGod.

-Buildonesmalltemple.

Garion's request was ridiculously easy. He just wanted Grid's recognition. It also meant Grid would be holding Garion's leash. If Garion regained divinity through Grid's recognition, he would lose his divinity again the moment Grid denied Garion.

"That... isn't this the same as betraying Goddess Rebecca? Heaven won't just sit still, right? How are you going to handle it?"

-Itcan'tbehelped.

-Mymissionistoprotecttheland.

-Protectthebeingslivingontheland.

-There are many people suffering disaster even at this moment.

-I have to help them.

-The relationship with Mother or heaven isn't important.

A great god. He was worthy of worship.

Grid, who had slight doubts even after realizing Garion's essence, nodded. There was a slight smile on his face. "Then I will protect you."

-.....

Countless dots were engraved on the ground. It continued constantly. Wasn't he worried that the land shouldn't be hurt? Why was he suddenly abusing it?

A notification window popped up in front of the bewildered Grid.

[Garion, the god of the earth, has blushed and fled.]

"....."

There was a high probability that he was an uncle. Grid intuitively sensed it when he recalled past memories and frowned.

At his feet, there was a sentence saying goodbye.

The number of temples for the Overgeared God had exceeded 5,000. This was even despite the fact that they were built gorgeously and magnificently. The huge empire operated as a device to supply faith to Grid. There, Grid inserted something. The Garion Temple was built next to the main temple of the Overgeared God where a large number of believers came and went.

It was small, but it wasn't shabby. It was just small compared to the Overgeared God Temple. Additionally, there were quite a few craftsmen among Reinhardt's architects and sculptors. They had a lot of experience in building temples, so Garion's Temple was beautiful from anyone's point of view.

"The appearance of God Garion... it was very different from what I imagined."

Lauel looked a bit disappointed. The statue of God Garion on the left side of the Overgeared God Temple resembled the stone statue of Khan on the right side. The appearance was of a large, old man. Like Khan, his belly stuck out and his shoulders were wide. He looked generous and reliable.

"Really? What did you imagine?"

"It is the appearance of a benevolent and beautiful goddess. An appearance that fits well with a smile, just like Sir Sariel?"

"Isn't that too stereotypical?"

Sariel had been smiling brightly beside him and now his expression stiffened for a moment. He looked shocked by something, but unfortunately, no one knew. Sariel had always taken a male appearance in

front of Grid. The male appearance was beautiful, but he received less attention than when he was a female. Additionally, people's attention was currently focused on the statue of God Garon.

"Even so, I think the appearance I imagined would fit well given the things God Garion has been doing."

"That is true, but... it isn't the case."

"How can you be sure when you haven't seen his face or heard his voice?"

"Well... it's fine. Isn't it better to lower expectations in advance rather than being disappointed when seeing the real thing later? Huh? Sarial, why do you have a stiff expression? Is your relationship with Garion bad?"

"No. God Garion has never stayed in heaven, so I've never seen him. I just know that he is a god worthy of respect."

"Yes, I'm glad."

The fact that there was a god that humans could trust and rely on. Grid was smiling happily when he remembered something.

'Aren't must human gods on the side of human beings?'

Like Grid, they were humans. Then they were worshiped and became gods. Most of them were difficult to meet because they had been eaten by the myth predators or were hiding from the myth predators. However, he was convinced that he could find them if he borrowed Garion's power. He was the god of the earth, so his gaze would be on the entire continent. Would there be a great synergy if Garion collaborated with the Skunk Expedition?

'I gained a great ally.'

Grid's expression brightened. He felt like he had found light in a world full of unbearable enemies.

Chapter 1620

"What? What type of world is it these days? There are still people like that?"

God of War Ares—it was said that his skills weren't as good as his fame and it was a short bubble that would only work in the days when the level of players wasn't high. He had been subject to public ridicule and criticism for quite some time. It was because his comparison target was mainly Grid. It couldn't be helped.

They were the only ones among players to establish a kingdom. Ares had a significant number of high rankers as his subordinates and naturally attracted the attention of the public. He was compared to Grid, who was in a serious position. However, his achievements were relatively shabby. Grid's achievements were so great that being held back by the empire wasn't an excuse. In the first place, Grid wouldn't have been held back by the empire.

In any case, it was a thing of the past. After the Great Human and Demon War, the assessment of Ares changed by 180 degrees. Valhalla's army literally crushed the demons and demonic creatures. They

trampled and marched like tanks. It was said that the power of the god of war made the army many times more powerful and there was no exaggeration in this rumor.

The strength of God of War Ares was immense. He defeated a great demon in the 20s alone and won continuous victories. The moment he became the target of a great demon in the 10s, he retreated without looking back, but by then, the public was already blinded by Ares and didn't see any flaws.

People praised Ares for his excellent judgment or the clever strategy of passing through the enemy's main force without evasion even when they saw him retreat. The reputation built up at that time made Valhalla what it was today. It had the largest number of players among the kingdoms serving the Overgeared Empire as a subordinate kingdom. It was a leap forward to become the next powerhouse after the empire.

He also shouldered a great responsibility.

The kingdom in the east, which was building a large port to advance into the Red Sea, acted as a front-line fortress to guard against the expelled gods, while also killing the followers of the martial god who returned after building up their strength on the uninhabited islands in the Red Sea.

It knew that the empire had little leeway due to the conquest of hell, so it assumed the role of keeping the third force in check. There were quite a few ranker-class strong people among the followers of the martial god and they had to always remain tense to guard against any unforeseen incursions of the yangbans.

In the first place, it was very difficult to build a port to advance into the Red Sea. The seawater raged and the weather was unpredictable, causing disasters every day. A tremendous amount of capital and manpower was invested and their mental strength was consumed.

Sima Qian, a native of the East Continent and a super named strategist—if he hadn't strongly insisted on the construction of the port and provided all sorts of reasons for it, Ares wouldn't have even looked at the Red Sea. In a time when the immediate enemy was hell and the future enemy was heaven, why were they already preparing for an advance into the East Continent? Ares had his troops consumed while fighting with the foreign people to expand this far and he felt pained.

'In the midst of this, the PK criminals are running wild.'

Gulp gulp.

The highest grade magic power potion made at Reidan's alchemy facility—Ares drank the precious potion he had saved in a corner of the inventory, which was difficult to get supplies of at the moment in the aftermath of Reidan being smashed. The taste was like a superior version of Coke, so it was good to de-stress. Before the dragon invaded Reidan, he had lived with drinking it every day, but now the price had risen too much.

Ares sighed with regret as he removed the empty bottle.

"It isn't even the remnants of the Yatan Church or the churches of the three gods? They are average players making a fuss?"

The Great Human and Demon War acted as an opportunity rather than a crisis. It made Grid and the Overgeared Guild a more powerful focal point and induced the unity of players. Even the dark players like the Black and White sisters, who were notorious for committing all types of crimes, started to cooperate with the world. It was thanks to the common enemy of hell being revealed to the surface. It was an atmosphere where the players would unite as one, at least until hell was conquered.

However, there were many types of human beings in the world. Even in real history, humanity had never achieved complete unity.

It had been less than a year since the war ended. New dark players sprung up, either because they couldn't stand the boring peace or because they couldn't make money in peace. They created confusion on the surface in a situation where manpower had to be concentrated in hell. The judgment they made was to use other kingdoms as areas of activity rather than the territory of the Overgeared Empire and one of those kingdoms was Valhalla.

Of course, Valhalla had plenty of room to suppress them. However, players didn't die. They were resurrected even when they died. They were killed right away, but after a while, they resurrected elsewhere and caused another incident. The ideal method was confinement in prison according to the law, but a week was the limit even with all types of charges.

It was a constraint of the system. It was for the sake of players' rights or whatever.

In the first place, no one was meekly imprisoned unless they were idiots. If caught, they would rather avoid the crisis by committing suicide. It wasn't so easy to subdue them so that suicide wasn't possible and there was no answer if they took poison in advance. Since ancient times, the production and distribution of poison was the source of side income for the Yatan Church, so poison had evolved into various forms.

"The best way to suppress the commotion of the players is to kill them over and over again. We have to make them passive by persistently decreasing their level. The moment their location is found, we need to dispatch a high ranker who can subdue them at once..."

"I also know that. The main forces of Luck, Scott, Bondre, etc. are operating in hell, while the other generals are blocking the followers of the martial god. However, Sima Qian will oppose it if I move myself."

"Just in time, Oasis has caught the sea creatures and returned."

"Oasis...? That child is a bit..."

Ares showed a reaction that wasn't that pleased. Oasis also fell into the category of a high ranker, but it was only at the level where he barely broke into this category. Most of all, the penalties were too great. Oasis couldn't be defeated. If he was isolated and killed by a group of rankers, then he would be abandoned by the sheath of the Undefeated King this time.

"PK and hunting are completely different fields. A monster's AI has limitations, while a player's behavior is hard to predict. I don't want to send the inexperienced Oasis and endanger him."

Currently, Oasis was one of Valhalla's hopes. Ares hoped he would master the 100,000 Army Swordsmanship safely. The tactician chuckled.

“Oasis has said it. He learned a lot from the Overgeared members when participating in the hell expedition. Let me tell you, the level of the sea creature that he killed was in the 500s. Two of them were even named bosses.”

The AI and anomalies of named bosses were superior to decent rankers.

“Now stop treating him as a troublesome child and trust him.”

“Cough...”

A fortnight later, the players making a fuss in Valhalla disappeared without a trace.

Certain kill—the power of Oasis’ sword, which slaughtered players with every draw of his sword, was so overwhelming that he quickly became an object of fear.

The news about his great performance came to Lael’s ears.

“I knew there was a lot of talent in Valhalla, but I didn’t expect Oasis’ growth to be so extraordinary.”

“You said that he can use 100,000 Army Swordsmanship?”

“Yes, it is only the massacre sword, but...”

“That alone would be considered a legend in terms of firepower.”

“Aren’t you offended? The Undeclared King’s Swordsmanship was originally Your Majesty’s signature skill but now you are sharing it with Oasis.”

“Not at all. Oasis is a serious and upright man in all things. Not only will his becoming stronger benefit us, but the Undeclared King’s Swordsmanship isn’t my signature skill. There is no such thing as a monopoly.”

Additionally, the Undeclared King’s Swordsmanship that Grid had acquired had evolved. Grid’s level and stats also overwhelmed Oasis. Even with the same 100,000 Army Swordsmanship skill, Grid’s swordsmanship was far superior to Oasis’s swordsmanship.

“It is something you already know well.”

“Haha, I suddenly remember your former self, Your Majesty.”

Lael looked at the anvil. The last holy weapon was being smelted and extracted. The works that reminded him of Grid’s past. The precious works supposedly made by Khan, who became an angel, were dismantled without leaving a single piece behind.

There wasn’t a single bit of hesitation. The current Grid didn’t dwell on the past, but saw only the future.

‘It isn’t here either.’

Grid’s inventory after completing the extraction of the last holy weapon—

[Adamantium has been received.]

A total of 41 adamantium was piled up. Unfortunately, he didn't gain a single divine stone. The divine stone was a mineral created by the god Hexetia, so the angel that succeeded him... it seemed that Khan didn't have permission to use it. He had inwardly expected it, but it was still disappointing.

Grid sighed before speaking again, "As for Valhalla, I will make new weapons and armor for Uncle Ares."

The amount of adamantium extracted was higher than expected. There would be some remaining after making battle gear for his apostles. The Overgeared members, who were currently active in hell, had supplied him with the materials needed for the items they wanted, so Grid wanted to use the remaining adamantium to support Ares. Not only had Valhalla been reborn as a key location, but he knew that Ares was actively cooperating with the Overgeared Empire. The other side had shown sincerity first, so he should reciprocate.

Moreover, Grid had liked Ares from a long time ago. His personality didn't hold grudges and most of all, he was competent. If he moved an army with Grid's items to Valhalla and let Asmophel take command... it would really be the strongest army. It was necessary to build enough trust to entrust his army there.

A smile spread across Lauel's face. "Now you are making wise decisions without my advice."

"Don't lay the groundwork. Don't even think about running away because it is impossible without you."

"Don't worry. I won't leave even if you push me to leave."

It was after abandoning worthless greed. Grid had become even wiser. He captivated people's hearts without appealing with force or emotion. It went beyond merely being powerful and was becoming great.

"It was weak. The outward appearance was plausible, but the power was below expectations. It should've been at the level where trivial beings can wield it and produce great results."

The archangel Raphael smiled as usual. It was a smile that suited their beautiful, boyish appearance. It came out as extremely pure. However, the words coming from his mouth were fierce and harsh.

"It is right for holy weapons to leave immortal achievements in human history, but the ones you made went into the belly of the Overgeared God without leaving any achievements. The battle gear you made under my favor of the heavenly minerals has become mere rubbish, so you have insulted heaven. It is also an insult to me for believing in you and giving you wings. I heard you were praised for your many achievements during your lifetime, but it was just false, right? I had doubts from the time I saw your bulging belly. How lazy were you to accumulate fat like livestock trapped in a cage? Don't you think you need to be prepared to work a bit more diligently?"

"...I'm sorry. I am ashamed."

The angel with the bulging belly couldn't lift his head. When he first heard the news, he simply thought that the one called the Overgeared God was very good. However, he realized that he lacked knowledge after he was reprimanded by Raphael. He felt a great sense of guilt because he couldn't make a holy weapon properly despite borrowing the workshop of God Hexetia.

Raphael's voice softened. "Even so, I still believe in you. If you devote yourself without relying on the memories of your life, I think you will make a better weapon at that time."

"...Thank you again for trusting me. I will definitely live up to your expectations."

"Can I give you one piece of advice? Why do you think angels have halos and wings of light? It is evidence that Goddess Rebecca has given her blessing and is the condensed power of light. This means it can be used."

"The goddess' blessing..."

"Yes, it is incomparably stronger than the blessing I have given you. Try using it. It will be terribly painful, but isn't it worth suffering in order to strive for heaven?"

"Yes... you are correct."

The angel's face was shadowed as he answered. It wasn't just fear of pain. He just wasn't happy. He had been happy when he became an angel and grabbed a hammer again, but his heart became heavy and distressed when he heard that the weapons he created had harmed humans. Didn't heaven and angels exist for humans? The Overgeared God was a traitor and deserved to be punished, but was it really right to harm other humans due to this?

"Ugh..." The anguished angel's mind went blank for a moment. He felt a tremendous pain from his shoulder that stopped his thoughts. He looked back with a trembling gaze and saw Raphael's fine hand on his shoulder.

"You just have to stick to your mission. That is the duty of an angel and the secret to being loved by the goddess. Get rid of all distractions."

Raphael smiled with joy and patted the angel on the shoulder before leaving the workshop. They stared in the direction of the prison where Hexetia was imprisoned for a moment with a sad expression before shaking their head.

"I wish that advice was given about this."

A sword that had become a demon by sacrificing an existence—the power of the demon sword created at the expense of an angel was hard for Raphael to predict. It would be a light match for a dragon weapon.

'Besides, it has good compatibility with the demons of hell.'

Baal, be strong.

Raphael uttered something that would frighten anyone who heard it and made their way to the temple where the goddess resided. They planned to announce Garion's betrayal and give the advice that Garion should be stripped of divinity. Just as in the previous world and the worlds before that, the sufficiently chopped up ground could exist on its own.

Of course, the goddess wouldn't give an answer, so the decision would be made by Raphael.