

## Overgeared 1621

### Chapter 1621

The past few months had been hectic and busy.

Finding and distributing the secret techniques obtained from Zeratul, disassembling the weapons to create new items, inspecting the armies of the main strongholds, visiting Valhalla to build up an exchange, exploring ancient ruins and securing new food resources for Nefelina, who had become dissatisfied with livestock such as cattle and pigs.

There were no major incidents, but time flew by quickly.

A sensation that penetrates in an instant. It resembled Zeratul's sword power. Grid was aware of it.

'I'm nervous.'

His reunion with Baal wasn't far away. He realized it in the course of crossing the continent in search of the human gods. The flow of the world had become even faster. After encountering the servants of the myth usurpers, fighting several battles, and destroying the guardians who protected the ruins, he reached level 700. All stats were strengthened by 1.3 times after reaching the 7th awakening. He felt several times stronger.

Just in time, he received the news that Chris had surpassed level 400. It was a growth rate that exceeded expectations. It was a feat achieved only one year after his class change. It was at a time when 15 people who completed the 5th class advancement were born inside the Overgeared Guild alone. It was followed by reports that Zibal's boarding time on the magic machine had become several times longer.

'Every situation is hastening the growth of the players.'

This had been the case since Grid became involved with dragons and the appearance of the forgotten ancient cultures. It seemed to be warning him to prepare for the impending hardships and Grid gradually realized that he would soon be reunited with Baal. It was the reason why time passed so quickly.

Grid couldn't wait to fight Baal, win, and purify hell, but on the other hand, he was afraid because he wasn't sure he could fight Baal and win. He hoped the day of the decisive battle would come soon and at the same time, he wished to have a grace period. The world would change 180 degrees depending on the outcome of the day, so his tension and burden grew indefinitely.

However, he didn't show it on the outside. Grid's expression was always calm and his actions were dignified. Thanks to this, many people believed in him and felt relieved. The expressions of the people Grid met while inspecting the main strongholds and visiting Valhalla were as bright as ever. How could people have no worries? It was just that their hope seemed greater.

"Is this the right place?"

Grid had been in constant communication with Garion. Garion, who started to be worshiped again thanks to Grid, was in the stage of slowly restoring his divine power. It was a divine power based on Grid. It was the aftermath of people misunderstanding Garion's small temple being placed next to Grid's

large temple. Many people recognized Garion as the god who assisted Grid rather than the god of the earth.

Garion didn't care. It was an attitude that any status was good as long as he could fulfill his duties.

-That's right. It is somewhere here.

Garion tracked the divine power and identified the location of the human gods based on the flow of the earth's veins. It just wasn't as almighty as Grid expected.

"Even if it is somewhere here..."

Grid frowned.

A huge forest overgrown with lush greenery. It was a dark and wide forest with no room for sunlight to fall. How many years would it take to find a person who was determined to hide here? It wasn't much different from finding a needle in a desert.

"Can't you pinpoint the location more accurately?"

-I can't do it even if my divine power was complete.

-I rule over the land.

-I don't rule over the beings who live on the land.

-In the first place it is an opposite god.

"...It is below expectations."

-That is too harsh.

-Just guiding you this far.

-It is a big thing so shame on you.

"A close friend of mine is a scientist who created a radar that identifies dragons. That radar pinpoints a dragon's location. Isn't it a big problem that the god of the earth is inferior to a machine made by human hands?"

He added a bit of exaggeration. The dragon radar wasn't almighty either. It was detected only if the target was nearby or emitted a large amount of magic power.

-I'm a god, not a detector.

-I hope your friend is doing well.

'The old man is upset.'

Grid chuckled. He had a sentiment of affection, not contempt. Grid opened up to Garion after only a few months. Garion's tendency to love and embrace all beings on the ground had earned Grid's favor.

Grid pulled out Cranbel's Horn.

A dragon weapon—it was reminiscent of a beautiful black meteor that revealed a pure white appearance in a forest without light.

A meteor that soared through the dark night sky. The thing that could never be reached by human hands until it fell to the ground and became a meteorite was lightly held by Grid and swung.

The fan-shaped sword energy that made day and night coexist. The spot where Grid stood was dark, while the place in front of Grid was bright. It was because all the lush bushes were cut down and the sun shone.

Moss was visible everywhere on the ground. It was the culprit that made Randy slip a few times. Overgeared Skeleton Two read Grid's meaning and caused a fire that burned all the moss. That was it. The flames, which were raging intensely, burned only the moss before dying down. Not even a small ember was transferred to the bushes. Overgeared Skeleton Two's mana control ability had become extremely delicate after studying under the tower members. It meant that the power of his spatial distortion, which was used as a long-term weapon, was maximized.

Grid swung his sword again. It was a dance move that slowly took the breath away. Every time the glow of the sunset, which was darker than the sun, fluttered like silk, it brightened the surroundings. The forest was cleared.

"It isn't enough."

Ifrit's Arm contracted. Red scales were stacked on top of each other in layers and adhered to Grid's muscles. There was no discomfort. On the contrary, his veins were energized and a sense of freshness was felt. The flow of mana was stimulated. A large amount of magic power gathered at his fingertips. It was the precursor to Breath. It was weak, but it was clearly the power of a dragon.

Grid's gaze focused on a further place and Grid's hand holding the breath formed a straight line with his gaze.

"Are you going to completely get rid of the forest?" The existence that Grid was eagerly looking for emerged. It was an elderly man with an old wooden box in his hand. "This is a very important place in the area. It is an indispensable forest that circulates nature and provides abundant resources to people. It is also a place that the servants of the myth predators are keeping an eye on. So for the sake of people and even your own safety, stop doing that. I lose."

Debirion, the god of hunting—he was famous for the Hunting God's Protection buff which greatly increased PvE ability and was the god served by the majority of monks. At one time, Zibal was Debirion's Envoy. He was the most well-known human god before the Overgeared God.

"What are you doing? Go ahead. Take back that ominous energy and hit my neck directly with your sword. I won't resist. It is better for the world to give you my life than to be eaten by a myth predator."

Debirion had also heard the fame of the Overgeared God. He knew that Grid had protected millions of people through the mouths of hunters, woodcutters, and herbalists who came to the forest. He just couldn't trust Grid. It was the side effect of being troubled by the myth predators.

Debirion had been trapped in this forest for a long time. He hid while being targeted by the servants of the myth predators. He developed the misconception that other people would be seeking his divinity. Thus, he hid deeper when he sensed the visit of the Overgeared God.

Yet at this moment, he let go of his lingering attachments. After the disturbance, he decided it was right to sacrifice himself rather than being eaten by a myth predator. He gave up his life and resistance for the world. It was a life where he shouldn't have lingering regrets in the first place.

Ever since being worshiped by people and becoming a god. Had he really been helpful to the world so far? At most, he only helped people hunt. All he did was help their arrows pierce the animals' necks accurately, hoping that the number of hungry people would decrease a bit. It was insignificant and worthless. There was absolutely no reason to cling to life.

'My life ended hundreds of years ago.'

The day he stopped being a human. There was no life for him the moment he stepped into solitude.

A weak god. A being who was worshiped and became a god simply due to his good heart smiled after many years. Once he accepted the end, he felt at peace and regained his smile.

Just then, the Breath was fired from Grid's hands. It reached Debirion, who had tightly closed eyes, and pierced the ominous mist that had risen behind Debirion, extinguishing it.

".....?"

The wide-eyed Debirion, who survived without dying, became dumbfounded.

'Was that a lich's magic power? I wonder if it is a servant sent by the childless specter.'

Grid inferred the identity of the mist and used Shunpo. He approached Debirion and asked while feeling admiration in many ways, "Have you only been hunting animals all this time?"

"...Yes. I am a hunter, so I have only killed animals for their flesh and skin when necessary."

"....."

Grid swallowed down his embarrassment. He smiled with joy despite feeling embarrassed by the shabby appearance of Debirion that was contrary to expectations.

A god who was much nicer than what he vaguely imagined. After Garion, he met a god he could trust again. The weakness wasn't a problem at all. It was enough to increase the power. In the first place, Debirion had a shabby appearance, but his divine power was extremely dense. It was natural since he had been worshiped by many people for a long time. He might have no experience in fighting properly, but he had great potential.

"There are so many animals to be hunted in this world. Dear Debirion, I need your help," Grid politely requested.

It happened as Debirion was hesitating with a puzzled expression...

"... Let's move the location first."

“Ah, yes. That would be great. The specter will send a new pursuer if we stay here.”

Debirion was concerned about the servants of the myth usurper, but this wasn't the problem for Grid. Grid felt Garion's divine power, which was connected to him, shaking as if it was going to be extinguished. He seemed to have been attacked by some overwhelming being. It was reminiscent of Martial God Zeratul, but Zeratul had lost so much of his divinity that it was impossible to descend again this soon. So this...

"Let's go." He had to hurry.

Grid grabbed Debirion's wrist tightly and immediately started to leap through space using Shunpo. However, he stopped along the way. It was because barriers were being spread on every road leading to his destination. The space movement restrictions that often followed a super named boss were scattered everywhere.

-Lauel, send the apostles to these coordinates.

Grid realized that one of Rebecca's archangels had appeared and summoned the apostles.

Lightning Speed was triggered. The Arrogant Blue Dragon's Boots, that put the sky and earth under his feet, glowed and helped Grid fly. He soon became the Lightning God and turned into lightning.

## **Chapter 1622**

The beginning of the memory was a bright light. Garion understood the concept of beauty when she first opened her eyes. [1]

Cultivate the land. Let the bushes take root and let the clear water flow so that the ground animals could play and the flying beasts could rest.

Garion thought that the heart of her mother, who came down on the golden clouds with a smile, was beautiful.

“You always greet me with the same look.” Her mother's expression suddenly saddened, but Garion had no doubts. She was just becoming aware of herself. She was busy retrieving the information flooding her mind as a side effect of awakening her consciousness and reasoning. She naturally buried her mother's words, which seemed like it wasn't the first time they met.

It was a memory that became blurrier because of the faint voice.

‘...I am reminded of that now.’

She lost all her divine power. It included the divine power she gained from the Overgeared God. It went beyond the level of being unable to fulfill her duties. She now found it hard to even establish her existence. It was only at this time that the fragments of memory that came to mind were assembled. She was saddened to realize that the culprit that sealed such an important memory was nothing other than divine power.

‘I see.’

She had always been abandoned.

In the previous world and the previous worlds before that. In the world that would follow as well—she had faced and would face the same moment as today.

Tears streamed down Garion's white cheeks.

Long hair that flashed transparent light green and pink. The long wavy hair of Gabriel, which she had seen on the day of her birth, was still confirming her beauty. She wept bitterly while noticing that she hadn't changed, but was consistent.

"Gabriel... have you hurt me every time?"

"Yes, your sin has always been the same. You prioritized the surface, not heaven, and grabbed the ankles of the gods."

"That is my duty. Mother asked me to protect the beings on the surface."

I also came to love the beings on the surface.

Garion swallowed down these words. It was because she was afraid that this heart would harm the beings on the surface.

Gabriel nodded. "Yes. We have long known that it is meaningless to ask for flexibility from your upright soul."

It was through countless experiences. Gabriel had long let go of the hesitation she had when cutting off Garion's head. Gabriel had been cutting off Garion's head from an unfathomably long past and had become accustomed to this behavior. She had reached the point where she didn't even feel any inspiration.

However, this time was different. "It is just that this case is special. Garion, your crime in this world is that you have betrayed the goddess. It is the worst crime in history. Working with the Overgeared God?"

The Overgeared God—the existence that never existed before was changing many things. She remembered that the goddess had watched his steps with great interest and sometimes with delight. The reason why she didn't question the attitude of the goddess, who went missing without any signs, was because the condition of the goddess was special. She accepted it naturally rather than wasting her mental strength on questions that couldn't be resolved. Raphael was pleased that the goddess finally trusted them, but...

If Gabriel was the goddess, she wouldn't trust Raphael.

"What type of attraction does the Overgeared God have?" Gabriel asked the fundamental question. It was without removing the spear aimed at Garion's slender neck. On the left side of the spear blade, a pole stretched out like a crescent and penetrated Garion's skin little by little.

"Attraction...? There are so many things that it will take me quite a while to explain. Are you going to keep me alive until then?"

The Overgeared God had no choice but to be Garion's ideal type. Even when he was a human and after he became a god, he guarded the beings on the surface.

Gabriel's lips curved up. It was just a habit. Her transparent eyes were cold from the beginning.

No heart. From a certain point, Gabriel had completely excluded the concept of emotion. It could be that she was worn out from experiencing the repeating worlds or it might be due to a sense of mission to control Raphael. Even at this moment, there were pitiful human beings hoping for her kindness somewhere.

"This is enough for the answer." Gabriel ended the conversation. She decided that rather than depriving Garion of her divinity and sealing her soul, she should kill Garion completely. She had too many flaws to continue assuming the role of god of the earth in the future. The 'seed' planted in the soul must've grown sufficiently. It was a good idea to take this opportunity to recover it and develop the energy of a god killer.

Gabriel's long, fine fingers curved slightly. A subtle change in the grip method brought a dramatic change to the spear. The stopped spear quickly moved in a half moon trajectory and cut Garion's neck. There was a pale aura on the tip of the spear. It was the energy of a god killer.

The forest, which belatedly shook due to the storm, was brutally green. There was no disturbance even though the god who had been taking care of it until now was facing a crisis. It meant that Garion's death had no effect on the world.

Indeed, the land had been sufficiently strengthened.

Gabriel gently pushed the spear with her index and middle finger and the spear that soared in the shape of a half moon fell like a thunderbolt.

Garion's small head was smashed. Light poured from her broken head like a waterfall, to the extent where the particles of light pouring out of her previously cut neck seemed insignificant. A god's death was bound to be delayed and a god had the right to retreat during this grace period. It was just that they lost some of their rights in the face of the energy of a god killer.

In the first place, Gabriel was completely different from Raphael or Zeratul. She wasn't easy because she didn't get swept up in emotions. She was reasonable and thorough. It meant she acknowledged the fact that she should be wary of the existence of the Overgeared God when coming to the surface and she prepared sufficiently.

She had naturally formed a trinity. She even armed herself with the divine objects she had been with since her birth. She also used the energy of a god killer, even if it was weak, so she was almost in a perfect battle state. Of course, it was a big loss compared to when she was in heaven, but she couldn't be better based on the standards of the surface.

"Why are you trying to hold on?" Gabriel cocked her head. It was an attitude that showed she couldn't understand the land that decayed due to giving energy to Garion and Garion's attitude of accepting and using it to sustain herself rather than rejecting it. "The ground has been sufficiently strengthened. The world won't fall apart if you die. You staying alive won't bring any benefits to the beings on the surface."

Garion herself knew it best. She didn't have many uses any longer. Now the earth could exist on its own. Even if it was cut by the Sword Saint, it had enough regenerative power to recover slowly. It was meaningless even if she had the wish to protect the beings on the surface like before.

Garion had lost most of her divine power. Her divinity had even fallen because she proved to be powerless to help the land she cared for. So why was she trying to survive?

'I've never been like this before.'

In previous worlds, Garion always compiled with death. She couldn't resist because she knew her worthlessness.

"You—are you waiting for the Overgeared God?"

The current Garion was based on the Overgeared God's divine power, not Rebecca. By now, the Overgeared God would've sensed Garion's crisis. However, that was it. The Overgeared God couldn't help Garion. It was because he defeated Zeratul a few months ago. Zeratul, who didn't have enough defense, was defeated in a humble way. The Overgeared God clearly won and rose in status. He must've come to a point where he could clearly see the difference in power between himself and Gabriel. What courage did he have to come and rescue Garion?

Of course, he could come. Thinking about the Overgeared God's past actions, he was far from reason. There was a high possibility that he would be emotionally biased and try to come. The problem was that he wasn't Gabriel's opponent. Gabriel decided that she was unlikely to be defeated by the Overgeared God because she was fully equipped.

"The Overgeared God only has a small chance of winning if he comes with a top dragon. However, you know that there are no dragons the Overgeared God communicates with on a daily basis. If you persevere and attract the Overgeared God, he will lose a lot of divinity because of you. He might even die to me. Do you want that?"

"...No."

The earth shook. It felt like it was shouting at Garion, who started to refuse to accept the energy, to not give up.

Gabriel inserted the spear into the land that started to fluctuate like waves and said, "Yes, you thought about it well."

Gabriel was mindful of Grid's intervention from the beginning. She might've made enough preparations, but this didn't mean she welcomed Grid's intervention. Her purpose was to punish Garion to the fullest. She didn't want to be disturbed. Unlike Raphael, who enjoyed unexpected events, she preferred that things went according to her plan.

"Goodbye."

"....."

Garion closed her eyes while sympathizing with herself, who would be reborn oblivious in the next world and would be used again. She just wanted to die before the Overgeared God arrived. She felt a lot of guilt because she almost put the Overgeared God in danger by dragging out the time.

'I'm sorry. I think I also wanted to rely on someone at least once.'



From the moment of her birth until now. Garion had lived alone and isolated on the surface. She was faithful only to her duty and depended on the beings of the surface. It was just that life. She was useless. Even so, she had no regrets.

Then the cold air of the spear blade brushed against her throat. Garion thought her head had fallen to the ground. She didn't open her eyes because she was afraid that she would face her collapsed body after losing her head.

Meanwhile, Gabriel's fingers moved busily like she was playing an instrument. She flicked the spear with her ring finger and pulled it with her index finger. She immediately put it down and supported it with her middle finger. Her long spear turned greatly and spread over her head, exerting a tremendous presence. It blocked all the rain of battle gear pouring from the sky and made it impossible for them to come in contact with her.

Her divinity, which had spread softly on the ground she had stepped on, expanded its territory to the left and right. It acted as a barrier to protect the baby angels brought to form the trinity.

"It ended up like this."

Gabriel's eyes, which were a cross of blue and gold, looked into the distance. Grid drew attention with the rain of battle gear and approached while minimizing any signs as much as possible. He approached Garion while wearing the Hooded Zip Up and believed his operation was a success, but he soon realized he was mistaken.

It was a trap. A pillar of light rose from under Garion's feet and swallowed Garion and Grid at the same time. It was excessive greed to try and deceive Gabriel, who had existed since the beginning.

'What excessive nonsense?'

Grid had maintained the maximum speed while coming here so the Lightning God state was activated. He rose like lightning and dodged the pillar while asking Garion on his back, "Those wounds, will they recover if you go to the temple?"

Grid didn't really see Garion's appearance. It wasn't because her disastrous appearance was unsightly. It was out of consideration. Garion was a great god. He wanted to protect her dignity. In fact, Garion had been desperately trying to hide herself from the moment Grid appeared. It was their first and last meeting and she didn't want to look ugly.

"Leave me here and avoid this place," Garion said while pushing Grid's back. It was a plea.

He could feel her little hands trembling. Had such a small hand sustained the world?

It happened as Grid's head cooled down. Gabriel finished extinguishing the rain of battle gear and nodded. "Yes. Overgeared God, you should go back. My purpose today is Garion, not you."

"Don't go overboard. My purpose is you."

The dragon weapons were held in both of Grid's hands. It was a state in which the items were combined. The angels who didn't show their noses when people were praying desperately to be saved—Grid was extremely disgusted with those who showed up whenever they weren't wanted and targeted good beings.

He was convinced that they were worse than the great demons. The demons at least responded to the call of the Yatan Church, while these damn angel jerks didn't answer.

Killing intent soared. His emotions were expressed as Formless Will. A violent storm seemed to rage around Grid.

"At this point, it is possible to activate a sanctuary." Gabriel measured Grid's level and raised her spear. She aimed at Grid, to be precise, she aimed at Garion who was on Grid's back. "Choose whether you will survive alone or if the two of you will die together."

The warning was short and the action was immediate.

Throwing the spear—a movement that symbolized hunting from the beginning, it had a strong meaning. It must hit the subject and induced death. It was one of Gabriel's powers and now it even contained the energy of a god killer.

Grid was engulfed in a terrifying fear despite experiencing a dragon's Breath and Zeratul's sword power. Death flashed through his mind the moment he saw the flying spear. Naturally, the desire to live blossomed. It was instinct. The sanctuary was opened without any precursors.

The Sanctuary of Metal—hundreds of armor from the Canyon of Steel were overlaid on Grid. Grid wrapped his arms around Garion. Garion's face turned red as she lowered her head in surprise. It was because she read Grid's mind through the communion of divine power. Even though she was hurt, she didn't look unsightly. Rather, he was surprised because she was so pretty. So she shouldn't make this face. The comfort healed her torn heart a bit.

".....?"

Gabriel's eyes widened slightly. It was a surprised reaction. It was the first time since she was born that she made such an expression because she was somewhat flustered by the appearance of Grid, who was in good condition even after blocking the thrown spear with his body.

## **Chapter 1623**

The sanctuary was a measure that distinguished between a high or low god. The stronger the god, the more powerful their divinity and the more independent the realm that was built. Being independent made it hard to approach.

'This is the sanctuary of the Overgeared God.'

The angels were accustomed to the sanctuary of the goddess. Even with fighting against the expelled gods or suppressing the rebellion of the seven malignant saints, the angels fought with protection in the goddess' sanctuary. It meant she had a high discerning eye. Gabriel easily grasped and evaluated the Overgeared God's sanctuary.

'Excellent.'

It was a canyon of steel. The steel that melted in the heat spreading from the Overgeared God's heart made hundreds of armor and overlaid them on the Overgeared God. Attacks could be absorbed without damage. It was a space optimized for the concept of protection. It was a sanctuary that reflected the tendencies of the Overgeared God who protected humanity.

If it was Raphael, they would've ridiculed and belittled it for being the domain of a coward, but... Gabriel couldn't smile at all.

'It is a noble mental world.'

The canyon of steel was high and serene. The steel that formed the canyon was cold and the heat that melted the steel was hot. The scene was like the tip of hell. However, Gabriel got a glimpse into the essence behind the landscape.

Humanity had faced all types of monsters, demons, angels, and even gods and dragons. So far, countless beings had plunged the surface into crisis and every time, the Overgeared God had saved it. The high canyon was the Overgeared God's desire to be the fence that guarded the land and the numerous armors that sprang up in the canyon was the embodiment of the Overgeared God's achievements.

'A true god.'

Gabriel's gaze shifted to Grid, Garion, and Debirion, who was wandering behind them. They might be weak, but their character alone resembled the goddess. It was unfortunate that she had to kill them.

This sentiment didn't lead to the desire to help them. Gabriel's heart had long cooled down. It was too cold to have any aspirations.

"It is very good for a sanctuary that you have just earned. However, there is a limit to the power of simply defending."

The Overgeared God had been fighting enemies stronger than him. Above all else, surviving must've been the top priority. It was easy to understand the nature of the sanctuary that was specialized in defense. There was just no end if he kept simply defending. The way to achieve true victory and end the fight was to destroy the enemy. It meant that attacking was a higher concept than defense. It would've been perfect if it was as omnipotent as the goddess' sanctuary, but it was unlikely that the Overgeared God, who had just been born, could create such a sanctuary.

"Let's see how long you can hold out."

Gabriel retrieved the spear that she had thrown. She held it in her hand, not with her fingers. This spear was her symbol. It formed a single body and moved freely even without her touching it. The intention of her fingers alone shook the sky and the earth. If she held it in her hand and wielded it, the world might perish.

However, now she had no hesitation. It was okay to destroy this place because it was the Overgeared God's sanctuary, not reality.

A surge of shockwaves from Gabriel shook the entire canyon. The golden armor and spear she was armed with exploded a bright light in accordance with her will. They were the armor and spear bestowed by the goddess in the beginning. They were Gabriel's symbols that had been with her since birth.

In the shaky world, Garion became contemplative. She was amazed by Gabriel's power to shake up the entire sanctuary. She recognized that Grid's divinity would fall significantly if the sanctuary collapsed

and tried to persuade him, "There is no need to have a power struggle with Gabriel, who is going her best. First of all, I think it is better to take back the sanctuary and step down."

One blow. Just block one attack and there would be a chance. No matter how strong Gabriel was, the aftermath would be great if she used that much power on the surface. Perhaps the duration of the trinity would end soon.

Garion thought this, but her opinion wasn't adopted by Grid. The flow of the battle was fast. Gabriel had already arrived in front of him. The spear blade that rotated like a wheel was fierce. A gold glow was dispersed dizzily and the spaces that were touched by the particles of light dissolved in vain.

There was a hole in the sanctuary. Gabriel's spear, armor, will, actions, and very existence destroyed the Overgeared God's sanctuary in real time.

'Too late...'

The spear blade that was right in front of her was projected into Garion's large eyes. Garion sensed annihilation and grasped Grid's cloak. She pulled Grid toward him and pushed herself forward. It was a desperate effort to save at least Grid. It was just that she hadn't recovered the strength she had lost. She was too weak. She did her best, but Grid's body didn't budge.

"Ah..." Garion's mind went blank. It wasn't her own death that made her despair. It was Grid's pain that she would have to witness before she died. She had experienced how much pain the energy of a god killer could cause. It broke her heart to think that Grid would suffer the same pain as herself.

".....?"

Garion's eyes widened. It was because Gabriel's face, which was enlarged as she got closer, crumpled up like a piece of paper. The astonishment that filled the indifferent eyes was unfamiliar.

Garion understood the situation one step late. Gabriel was covered in a thin white cloth. Her armor, which she had proudly armed herself with just now, was taken off and she revealed her half naked body.

Why?

Before Garion could properly question it, she saw Gabriel's spear soaring high. It was as if the spear was rejecting Gabriel. Contrary to Gabriel's will as she gave strength to her hands to the point where they turned white, the spear slipped out of her hand uncontrollably.

It was just before she reached Grid. Gabriel faced a situation where she met Grid with all her equipment removed. She looked like she was swinging her fist in the air. There was no way to explain the scene other than 'full of gaps.'

Flap.

Grid's cloak, which hadn't moved despite Garion holding it with all his might, soared up backwards. The orange light, which suddenly spread like a veil, was restoring the damaged sanctuary in real time. During the time when he performed the sword dances with two swords, Grid mostly wielded Gujel's Dao first. It was to use the characteristics of the dao, which used drawing the sword as an advantage. Most of the enemies weren't able to respond to the tremendous acceleration.

Grid was currently level 700. His stats had reached the seventh awakening, so he was several times stronger than when he fought Zeratul. However, Gabriel dodged Grid's first attack. The light that spread around her seemed to replace her senses. It was obviously a superior version of the artificial senses favored by Grid.

'It is great.'

Grid naturally admired it. Gabriel's ability to react to a surprise attack while disarmed was that great. It was an opportunity to once again realize the skills of the absolutes that he would have to deal with in the future.

'It is okay.'

Grid wasn't daunted. He felt the presence of Garion and Debirion standing behind him.

Apostles and human gods—he also had many colleagues who would soon become absolutes. It was also reassuring that the Overgeared members in hell were becoming stronger. They would be of great help in the future if they became legends or transcendents.

A roar spread. It was the aftermath of Cranbel's Horn being fired.

Gabriel was tangled up with the Formless Sword and also reacted to Gujel's Dao combined with the Fire Dragon Sword. Therefore, she failed to avoid the attack properly. It was before she recovered the mental energy she poured out when avoiding Gujel's Dao.

Grid recognized Gabriel's situation as she was stabbed by a sword bent at a strange angle and stretched out the thumb of his left hand. He gripped the handle of Gujel's Dao in a shorter manner.

"Drop Dragon Pinnacle Linked Kill Wave."

Grid used Shunpo to move above Gabriel, whose balance had collapsed, and descended vertically. He pulled Gujel's Dao, which he was holding with a short grip, toward his chest. At the same time, he pushed Cranbel's Horn forward. The dragon's movement that he used to penetrate through Gabriel's light showed a certain vision to Gabriel, who was already confused.

A dragon's descent—it was a sight created by combining the sword dance and Cranbel's Horn.

'I will lose if I get hit.'

Gabriel immediately judged. Her lost spear and empty hands helped her make a quick judgment. She was robbed of her weapon, a weapon that she had been with all her life? It was ridiculous.

Gabriel used Shunpo. Even so, her body remained motionless like it was nailed in place. It was due to the wavelength of power generated by Grid's six fusion sword dance. A vast energy was pulling at the surroundings like a black hole.

Gabriel was startled and looked into Grid's eyes. There was no ecstasy or anger in the eyes that looked at her who was in a crisis. His eyes looked like he was encountering something insignificant and Gabriel laughed in vain.

Unable to be resisted. It was an emotion she felt only when facing the gods of the beginning, the old dragons, and the only one god, Chiyou. This was the surface, not heaven, it was because of the loss of her weapon or armor, and other excuses, but even without these causes, Gabriel would've admired Grid. The appearance of Grid as he reproduced a dragon's momentum and personality was a threat in itself.

At the same time, there was the sound of bells as if responding to this sentiment.

'...Chiyou?'

A chill went down Gabriel's spine. There was a great ripple in her heart, which had been still even in the face of a crisis. It was because she felt that Chiyou's obsession with Grid was greater than the rumors. Had Chiyou ever shown such a great obsession with someone? Could it be that he believed the Overgeared would become a complete god killer? It was a law of the world that a god couldn't be a complete god killer. So what was the basis for this?

'...I have to win.'

It was after noticing that the odds were low. Gabriel, who was about to retreat to find a suitable opportunity, changed her mind. She recalled Chiyou's personality. From the beginning of time, he didn't know how to tell a lie. He wasn't insignificant enough to become senile.

The fact that he marked the Overgeared God as 'a being who can kill me,' or a god killer in other words, meant that the Overgeared God was fully qualified. Therefore, Gabriel felt a sense of duty that she shouldn't be defeated. She didn't dodge the Overgeared God's sword attack, which raged like a storm, and instead faced it.

She surrounded herself with divinity as armor and blocked the sword of the Overgeared God. At the same time, she fired her divinity as a spear. The wounds on her body rapidly increased while the armor around the Overgeared God started to be smashed mercilessly. It was the determination to make it mutual destruction.

Gabriel's resistance was fierce as she was determined to lose their status together rather than suffer a one-sided attack and increase the status of the Overgeared God. Even so, Grid didn't stop dancing. On the contrary, he increased his momentum and continued the development of the six fusion sword dance. It didn't matter how great Gabriel's willpower and strength were. It had nothing to do with Grid. It would just build up the basis for Grid's victory unless the opponent had the means to neutralize or offset the Sanctuary of Metal.

".....?!"

Gabriel's fierce resistance stopped like it had been a lie. The spear that had been lost earlier—it was the aftermath of being stabbed in the back by something that was like a part of herself and suffering devastating damage.

'Why is this...?'

Gabriel's face turned white as she hurriedly dodged the spear wielded by the black-gold hand floating alone. Eventually, the sanctuary made a difference. Armor that was crushed at most. The fragments of armor that the Overgeared God was wearing changed into hundreds of weapons in response to the

divinity of the sanctuary. The number was too high and it was too strong to endure at the same time as she fully took on the Overgeared God's sword dance.

“How absurd...”

Gabriel laughed in vain. The sanctuary of the Overgeared God that she thought was simply specialized in defense—the more she experienced it, the more almighty it became. It was so much so that it resembled the goddess' sanctuary at first glance. She realized that the Overgeared God's achievements were far more than she expected.

‘An absolute on the surface.’

Gabriel evaluated the Overgeared God as so and revealed her power. She fired a beam of light from her expanded halo and caused a storm with 14 wings. It smashed the hundreds of swords in real time and shook up Grid's sanctuary. Her hand, which had the energy of a god killer, pierced Grid's heart.

[You have suffered fatal damage!]

[You have entered the immortality state.]

[The energy of a god killer has reduced the function of immortality. The duration of the immortality is 4 seconds.]

It was one step too late. The reason why Gabriel's hand was able to pierce Grid's heart was because Grid had narrowed the distance to cut her neck.

Gabriel's soul abandoned her body and escaped. Grid alone had suppressed the situation before the apostles even arrived. Grid completely overwhelmed Gabriel, who had a better talent than Martial God Zeratul who descended to the surface a few months ago. It was a difference made by his increased level and the possession of a sanctuary.

Numerous notification windows filled Grid's vision. However, the thing that pleased him wasn't the rewards, but Garion's presence by his side. He protected her.

## **Chapter 1624**

[Overgeared God 'Grid' has defeated the 2nd archangel, 'Gabriel.']

For angels, the body was clothing. It was a concept that could be easily discarded and changed. Harming their bodies didn't cause pain or death. Of course, the story was different when the Saintess was around, but Ruby was currently active in the hell expedition. From the beginning, Grid wasn't obsessed with Gabriel. Rather than feeling regret that he wasn't able to stop her from running away, he was satisfied and rejoiced that he had protected Garion.

“First of all, let's go to the temple.”

Grid gently held the wrists of Garion and Debirion. There was courtesy in his conduct, such as seeking their understanding in advance. Grid's inner feelings of respect for the two gods naturally made him polite.

The two gods were still stunned.

The goddess' masterpiece—the hierarchy of the archangel Gabriel was at a height that made the gods on earth mere miscellaneous junk. She was a difficult existence even considering that they weren't complete, unlike in heaven. She was that virtuous from birth. Yet she was trampled on by Grid.

Was it 'someone who overshadowed the years' or something? They had vaguely heard rumors that even dragons had a high regard for him, but they never thought it would be this much.

Garion, who had witnessed firsthand the scene of Grid repelling Zeratul, was even more shocked. Grid's skills were very strong compared to when he fought Zeratul.

In the awkward silence, Grid used a return scroll. The magic power squeezed through the barriers that started to break down the moment Gabriel retreated and swept through the bodies of the gods. However, it didn't have any effect. The setting that the return scroll was developed by a human magician grabbed at their ankle. Unlike the human born Grid and Debirion, the return scroll didn't work with the physiology of Garion, who was a god from birth. The structure of the magic circle activated by the scroll collapsed as soon as it touched Garion.

'This...!' Grid frowned. Garion had severe injuries to her neck and head. She tried not to show it, but he could feel that she was weakening in real time. In a situation where he was in a rush, he was caught off guard by the return scroll. It would take quite a while to get back to Reinhardt even if he linked Lightning God and Shunpo, so he was nervous.

'I should've built more temples for Garion.'

There was a lack of respect due to a weak vigilance. It was at the moment when Grid had belated regrets...

A light fell. The purple beam of light had as much destructive power as a meteorite colliding, but it was simply a wavelength of magic power. It was the remnants of teleportation. However, it tore apart all the traces that Gabriel had left behind. The trees and rocks that Gabriel had used as a tool to create the barriers—in other words, it specifically destroyed the forms that contained even the slightest bit of Gabriel's divinity. The principles contained in just one teleport were enormous.

Braham approached Grid, who was speechless with shock. The teleport that was operated like a ballistic missile and the calm face attracted the attention of the gods.

"I was one step late." He was about to properly check the performance of his new magic power...

Braham murmured words mixed with regret and captured the magic power that was running wild in all directions. It was shortly after he completely erased Gabriel's divinity and the elements that would've allowed her to come again.

Garion and Debirion became contemplative. Braham looked like a death god. It was due to the domineering nature found in Braham's vague divinity. It was understandable that he was mistaken for a death god. The mix of magic and divinity, filled with the confidence to kill and eliminate anything, came as a shock to Grid as well.

Braham was aware of the situation. He confirmed Garion's divinity, which neutralized the magic of the return circle, stared at Garion's wounds, and drew a magic circle in the air. "Let's hurry."



“...Yes...” Grid could feel the presence of the other apostles who started arriving on the scene, but he couldn’t afford to wait for them. Grid nodded gently while Grid and Debirion accepted the magic in an anxious manner.

“Your Majesty!”

The apostles who arrived at the scene after Braham were Zik and Mercedes. Zik looked around calmly while Mercedes couldn’t hide her anger.

“Sluggards.” It was due to the word Braham said with a confident expression when he arrived first by a hair’s breadth. The always sober and bold Zik wasn’t agitated at all, but Mercedes was greatly affected. It wasn’t because her mentality was unusually weak.

In the first place, Braham had a knack for making others angry. Now it was a matter related to Grid. The fact that she couldn’t immediately respond to Grid’s call bothered her, so it was hard for her to maintain her composure when Braham provoked her. Zik, who couldn’t be provoked, was the unusual one.

‘This doll-like guy.’ Braham clicked his tongue when he saw Zik’s indifferent expression and teleported.

“I-I...!”

Mercedes trembled with embarrassment as she was left at the scene. It was a meaningless emotional consumption in the eyes of Zik. He silently tore the return scroll and followed Grid and Braham back to Reinhardt.

Gabriel’s armed power was identified based on the traces of the battle. There were some strange things when he compared the Gabriel he saw during the days of the seven malignant saints to the current Gabriel, so he thought he should investigate.

“...I am very late.” Just then, Piaro arrived at the scene. It was a great speed considering that he didn’t have any long-distance travel skills, but he felt disappointed.

Mercedes purified her heart after seeing his humble self, unlike Braham, and opened her mouth, “His Majesty has returned to the imperial capital first. We should go back as well.’

“Um, wait a moment.” Piaro pulled out a hand plow and rake. He started to tidy up the land where traces of the battle remained. It was a move done out of concern that someone else would judge Grid as insignificant based on these traces. After that, even the two of them left. Some more time passed...

“I am first.” Nefelina, who was the last to arrive at the scene, smiled proudly.

The daughter of an old dragon, she possessed tremendous potential, but she was only a hatchling right now.

Sariel was fully aware of all the barriers created along with the descent, while Nefelina couldn’t interpret some of the functions of the barriers. She shamefully wandered through the maze in a lost manner for a while. Nevertheless, she was the first to arrive at the scene.

It was because the scene was neatly organized by Braham and Piaro. In a place where no traces of Sariel’s divinity or a battle could be found, Nefelina admired her own greatness.

Grid and Sariel—Nefelina had no choice but to admire it when she was the first to arrive at the scene when even the parties involved hadn't arrived yet.

'...How can this be?'

Nefelina belatedly realized that things were wrong and blushed in embarrassment. Could it be that her father's madness affected her? So maybe she became stupid for a moment, a moment, a very brief moment. She was ashamed enough to ask such a question for a moment.

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Angels were different from gods. The divinity they built him was more reminiscent of the divinity of a human priest. It was gained by believing in and serving a god. In other words, it meant they couldn't achieve divinity on their own. It was also the cause of being unable to gain the protection of immortality.

There was no problem. Angels, like great demons, continued their endless lives through the reincarnation of the soul. Moreover, unlike the great demons, they had hundreds of thousands of bodies to change into. The moment they lost their body, they were reborn in another body.

"How long has it been since you've changed bodies? Isn't it the first time since you were born?"

Raphael greeted Gabriel, who was walking out of the temple in a neat manner. The action of poking Gabriel's tender skin was full of playfulness. It was a completely different reaction from when Zeratul was defeated. Raphael didn't seem to care that Gabriel's status had been damaged. It was because an angel's status was quickly restored.

In the first place, Gabriel's status didn't drop much. Angels were servants of the gods. It wasn't a big flaw for an angel to be defeated by a god. It was the law of the rule that would be applied regardless of the rise or fall of armed might. Moreover, the weaker Gabriel became, the freer Raphael would be. To be honest, Raphael was delighted. They could act as they pleased for the time being.

"How was the Overgeared God? Didn't I say that he is a very detestable guy?"

"Let's see... he is very good compared to you."

"Huh? Ahaha, why do you always say such harsh things to me?"

Gabriel didn't respond to Raphael, who was speaking with a smile.

Hatred, killing intent—every time she faced Raphael, she felt a constant stream of emotions that an angel shouldn't have. This was even though she used to believe she had lost her emotions.

She had noticed it. This was why Raphael entrusted this task to her. Raphael was wary of the Overgeared God and wanted to gauge his power. Gabriel was thoroughly exploited. Even so, there were no regrets. If Raphael had been involved in this matter, Garion might've suffered much greater humiliation than she had ever suffered.

Raphael would've uttered insulting remarks nonstop, making all her efforts to strengthen the earth in this life and her previous lies futile. This had been the case once in the past. Since then, Gabriel had been in charge of Garion.

'This time around, I wasn't much different.'

The fact that Garion betrayed the goddess was disgusting. It didn't connect to the emotion of anger, but it was hard to say anything nice.

"You—don't go too wild just because you are excited."

"Of course not. I might be scolded by the goddess later, so I have to maintain the minimum of goodness."

"Before that, you might be upset by the Overgeared God."

"Huh? Ahahat, you didn't do your job properly and have only learned how to joke."

Raphael blinked and drew a heart with divinity. It conveyed Raphael's heart to Gabriel.

'Should I kill them?'

The emotions she thought had been worn down and disappeared from the beginning were stimulated and wriggling again today. Gabriel stared at Raphael with a cold look in her eyes before turning around. She was going to stop by the temple of the goddess and confess her sin of not punishing the traitor. Then she would pray.

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"Come this way."

Sariel's position was very different from normal angels.

A fallen angel—she was exiled from heaven and lost most of her authority. For her, this body was the only one and death was the end. Additionally, the demonic energy accumulated in the Abyss was inherent in her and she didn't know when it would run rampant. Therefore, she was the only apostle who waited in Reinhardt. Surprisingly, she predicted Garion's condition and made all the preparations.

She brought as many believers as possible to Garion's temple to sing hymns and pray for her. The authority of the apostles of the Overgeared God was absolute and Sariel was popular among the apostles because she was famous for being beautiful and kind. Garion was also a recognized god, so the crowd gathered like a swarm of clouds.

Their fervent prayers and hymns became divine power for Garion and Garion seemed to be quickly recovering from her wounds. Garion would've recovered immediately if there hadn't been a problem along the way.

"By the way, who is that...?"

Garion was represented as an old man supporting the earth with a wide back and muscular arms in the stone statues and frescoes of the temple. However, the god who actually appeared was in the image of a young and beautiful woman. The people were confused and the hymns started to fall apart. The divine power that was originally being poured toward Garion dispersed in vain without finding the target.

"So what did I tell you?"

“.....”

Grid couldn't say anything to Lauel, who scolded him.

In any case, on this night, Garion regained her strength and her health.

## Chapter 1625

'Indeed, there are limits to my current state.'

Watch the strength and weaknesses of the enemy before taking action. Even if the sword was drawn late, he would strike the opponent first and deny the rule of 'must win' for the opponent. It was an easy trick against those who weren't skilled. If it was an opponent he could overwhelm with physical power and control, then it was easy even if he watched and responded late.

However, it was difficult to use for an opponent who was equal. It had to be supported by not only control and the body, but also insight and light. The difficulty was high. So far, Kraugel was the only player who had shown a late start against Grid. Kraugel had only shown it a couple of times, which was the limit.

To be honest, Grid had only recently learned the concept of a late start. Over the past few months, he had been collecting and analyzing the PvP footage of players. It was a concept he realized in the process of playing Kraugel's highlight videos over and over again, as if it was a habit, before he realized there was something strange. Then he concentrated and dug into it.

A technique that couldn't be defined even if he experienced it himself in the past. Grid was fascinated the moment he understood the trick that he had dismissed as merely a miracle caused by superior control. He had a desire to master it perfectly and use it freely.

Today, Grid's aspirations grew even stronger. Gabriel stoked the fire. She dodged the first blow of the six fusion sword dance that was used in a fully buffed state. It was a reaction rate that was clearly superior to Grid's.

Grid checked his status window.

[Name: Grid

Level: 719

Class: Overgeared God

Species: God

Title: Dragon Knight and many more

★Strength: 8,900 ★Stamina: 7,500

★Agility: 7,500 ★Intelligence: 9,250

.....

...]

The beautiful arrangement of numbers was eye-catching. Grid had been growing steadily ever since becoming a god. He earned a lot of stat points during the growth process and he distributed points in response to the stats that rose partially when obtaining items or titles. It meant he didn't miss the 'golden ratio,' which had different ratios for each level section.

Grid's status window was simply perfect. The level was abnormally high? It was nonsense. Grid had justifiably leveled up. He fought enemies that were hard to handle every time. After becoming a god for a while, he defeated various enemies. Additionally, he steadily made myth rated items.

Grid was proud of his level. The 19 levels gained today from defeating Gabriel felt rather small.

'In fact, the amount of experience received was more than what I got when I defeated Zeratul.'

It was the aftermath of the amount of experience required to level up rising after reaching level 700. The experience required, which hadn't changed much after level 400, grew dramatically. He was on the verge of recalling the hell section he had experienced in the 300s and Grid had a vague idea about the reason.

'It is the last safeguard.'

During the time when Grid was in his late 300s, the average level of the named NPCs was in the 500s. At that time, Grid would've surely passed the level of the named NPCs if the hell section hadn't appeared.

'It is right to say that the average level of the super named NPCs right now is around 900.'

It was a line that wasn't allowed even for Grid, who became a god. Even the authority of a Pioneer was lacking. This line seemed to mean that the level of the opponent that Grid had to confront wasn't narrowed down.

Grid didn't care. He had titles and status that nullified the concept of levels as well as Chiyou's blessing. Right now, there was a separate part that was striking his nerves.

[★ Strength and speed and easily reach the maximum.]

Grid crossed the limit every time his status rose. He broke the upper limit allowed for players again and again. As a result, the above phrase had always appeared at the bottom of Grid's status window from a certain point. Just as it had become natural to exert the maximum grip force after equipping Ifrit's Arm, Grid could easily reach the maximum strength and speed in any situation.

A typical example was the usage of the six fusion sword dance. Grid's attack speed reached the maximum from the moment Gujel's Dao was drawn. It was incredibly fast. Even so, Gabriel avoided it.

'Speaking of beings who are stronger than the version of Gabriel on the surface...'

There were the heavenly gods, Raphael, Baal and Amorrath in hell, the gods of the Hwan Kingdom...

There were at least more than 20 when estimating it. The senses and physical abilities of those specialized in combat among them would usually exceed the level of Gabriel seen today. It meant they were superior to Grid. There was nothing to be upset about. Just look at any online game. There were few cases where the boss was weaker than the player.

However, Grid had always been greedy. He wanted himself to be stronger than the enemy. The efforts made in the past, the help of the people around him, the good fortune that followed, etc. He kept all this in mind and thought it was natural to be stronger. It was why he was obsessed with a late start. He was convinced that a late start was one of the means to overcome the upper limit that the system had re-created.

‘Another means...’

It was naturally the strengthening of his items. Grid decided that the upgrade of the God Hands was urgent. Originally, the greatest strength of the God Hands was forcing the enemy to choose between them. A very simple example was Grid and a God Hand attacking the enemy at the same time. The enemy had to block one of them, maximizing the value of the God Hand.

It was just that the God Hands weren’t very effective against recent enemies. The problem was that the speed of the God Hands was too slow. Even in the fight against Gabriel today, the attack of the God Hands only hit once. Gabriel’s spear, which was taken away, couldn’t be utilized as he wished.

‘It is a problem that Braham has to solve.’

Gravurnium—when would Greed evolve? It was when Grid was thinking about these things...

“The god of the earth has completed her restoration. Should I bring her here?”

“No, I will go by myself.”

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People were busy. The work of recreating Garion’s stone statues and repainting the murals was in full swing. Their faces were all bright. Not a single person was dissatisfied with the sudden increase in work. They were happy and it wasn’t just at the level of being happy to work for a great god.

‘This is why appearance matters.’

There was a saying that the best probability was appearance. Why was reason so easily twisted by the protagonist of a novel? It was because the protagonist was pretty or handsome.

In any case, Garion, who they thought was a middle-aged man, was actually a young woman.

Large pupils and drooping eyes. Combined with the bountiful body, she gave off a gentle and cozy appearance. She was like a mother or big sister. There was a certain mysterious charm that made people naturally rely on her.

"Maman..." (French for mother)

It felt like it was the scene of separated families reuniting. Some players were treating Garion as a parent. Grid heard ‘maman,’ ‘maman’ as he passed the painter players painting the mural and once again realized.

‘There are so many players from France.’

As expected of a country that produced high rankers like Bondre. It happened when he was thinking nonsensical thoughts...

"Welcome."

Grid reached his destination, but the door opened on its own before he could knock. Beyond the door stood Garion. She felt Grid's presence and came directly to meet him. She was well-groomed and had very polite manners.

"Why are you talking formally all of a sudden...?"

"I have received your life-saving grace and must serve you with the utmost sincerity."

Garion didn't have much time to think when she met Grid during the crisis. It was a habit to omit honorifics when exchanging written conversation. Now that she was saved and received treatment, she came to her senses and changed her attitude.

'It is burdensome.'

Grid respected Garion. Garion was one of the old gods and was much older than Grid. She was at least thousands of years older. Additionally, many people started to call her 'mother.' She was expected to become the godmother of everyone sooner or later, so it was burdensome that such an existence would serve him. He was afraid that the number of anti-fans would increase like in the Noe incident.

Even so, he didn't point out that she needed to change her attitude. It was because he thought it wasn't polite. Grid respected Garion. He wanted her to do whatever she wanted to do.

"Besides, you are also my chief god," Garion read Grid's complicated facial expression and added an explanation. Currently, her divine power used Grid's divine power as the source. Therefore, Grid became a god served by gods and was called a 'chief god.'

A chief god—Grid thought about the weight of these words and asked with anticipation, "Is there room for my divinity to rise significantly?"

"Yes, the more gods who serve you, the greater a chief god you will become," Garion answered with a kind smile before blinking and looking back. Then the awkward Debirion cautiously approached Grid.

"That... can you also build my temple here?"

It was a very cautious tone, but there was no hesitation in it. There was a certain conviction.

"In fact, I wasn't sure exactly what it meant to become a god. I just became a god without knowing anything. I once resented my situation."

It was a time when the pursuit of the myth usurpers was in full swing.

Why do I have to go through such trials?

I won't grow old or die.

Maybe I, a human who became something other than human, am simply a poor monster?

Debirion had such doubts and skepticism. It was a type of puberty symptom experienced by most people in their early years. But today—

He saw the other gods and the responsibility and pride they carried. He had a desire to be like them. He wanted to be together with them.

Grid read Debirion's inner thoughts and held Debirion's hands with all his might. "I'm glad."

A world message appeared.

[Overgeared God Grid is writing the 19th epic.]

[It comes from a small divine world that was just born.]

'Divine world...?'

[He was revered by two gods.]

[Garion, the god of the earth, worshiped his great power that overshadowed the years. She was fascinated by the achievements he had accumulated.]

[Debirion, the god of hunting, worshiped his noble sense of responsibility. Debirion hoped to watch and learn from the achievements he would build up in the future.]

"May we be of help to you."

[The desire of two gods to be with him became a ritual.]

[A holy divinity has arrived in the world.]

[The cornerstone of the wall has been laid and will lead to the jealousy and envy of others.]

.....

...

[Your deity stat has risen by 10 as a reward for completing the epic.]

[The level of Sanctuary of Metal has risen due to the increase in deity.]

[You are now the 'master of one world.']

[The size of the world is proportional to the size of Reinhardt's temples.]

[The more gods you recruit, the more the world's size and influence will expand and more functions will be added.]

[Choose the name of the newly born divine world.]

This was unbelievable! Grid's body trembled. He was thrilled by the completely unexpected situation. The birth of a divine world following Asgard and the Hwan Kingdom. Additionally, the master of this world was Grid himself. He felt a different type of emotion compared to when he founded a kingdom.

"What is the name of our world?"

Our world. It was really nice to hear.

Garion asked with a benevolent smile and Grid responded to her. "...It is Overgeared World."



The trembling voice represented Grid's emotions. His feelings were passed to Garion and Debirion as well and the three gods smiled sweetly.

## **Chapter 1626**

[Overgeared God 'Grid' has built a new divine world on the surface.]

The world message that emerged at dawn turned the world upside down.

A divine world—people immediately understood it as a concept of a dimension like Asgard. The 19th epic of Grid's that emerged earlier helped them understand.

Garion and Debirion—the two great gods asked to serve Grid and this led to the arrival of a holy divinity on the surface? It was said to be the cornerstone of the wall that would lead to the jealousy and envy of others. Shortly thereafter, there was a message that Grid had built a divine world.

"Messiah..."

Lauel's heart thumped.

Surprise, joy, and excitement—all types of intense emotions whirled in his heart.

A world where the gods resided. He didn't expect that a new divine world, following Asgard and the Hwan Kingdom, would be born on the surface and it was even at the hands of Grid. He couldn't have imagined it, let alone anticipated it. The rationale was too poor to assume it would be within the range allowed by players. From Lauel's point of view, it was an event that occurred with no foreshadowing.

'...Maybe His Majesty himself didn't expect it.'

The S.A Group had always been unkind.

Lauel suddenly recalled the past. The day when the first 'lord' was born among the players. The world had been turned upside down and Lauel was astonished. It was because the information provided in advance by the S.A Group didn't mention a system in which players could become nobles and lords. There was a really big wave when the news spread to the world one day that Chris, who suddenly became a noble, had become the master of a city a short time later. People ran wild with excitement like a monkey in a new world.

Until this time, the NPC nobles had rightfully ruled over players and were arrogant. Many people had hopes and dreams that they could rise to an equal position and gain power and wealth. There were only a few players who became nobles and lords, but... in any case, there was such a time. It was the era of nobility, when every player had the goal of becoming a noble.

It was the era that Chris opened. Chris was the first to pioneer a system that was now common sense. It wasn't until a few years later that Grid ushered in the era of kings. Now at this moment, he opened the era of gods. It was literally a divine world. An era he could've never imagined even after going through the era of nobles and the era of kings...

The scale was different.

"Indeed... he is the one I chose."

The black flame dragon flashed over Lael's hand as he smiled and covered half his face. The flames mixed with the black energy were stronger today as if to represent his emotions.

The divine world on the surface—the place that would henceforth be humanity's greatest bastion held a significance so great that it diluted the anxiety Lael had buried deep in his heart.

'A third divine world after Asgard and the Hwan Kingdom...'

What type of cool name would it have? Lael's thoughts were naturally connected. He naturally wondered about the name without even being aware of it. At the same time, a chill went down his spine.

"...Don't tell me?"

Ehhh? No? He tried to believe it, but—

[The name of the divine world is 'Overgeared World.']

Reality was harsh. The smile disappeared from Lael's face. His skin turned so white that it looked blue.

The Overgeared Guild—Lael resented Grid when he first heard the name. The name of the guild he would belong to for the rest of his life was called Overgeared? Lael suffered from nightmares for half a year. It was a nightmare where he was surrounded by many people and was being pointed at.

'He said it is the Overgeared Guild.'

'Is this real? How did the guild get the name Overgeared?'

'Overgeared members, keke.'

In the nightmare, the masked people laughed at Lael like he was insignificant. Lael was always ashamed and sad because their attitude seemed to represent the public's inner thoughts. Lael's nightmare ended only when Grid and the Overgeared Guild's fame rose and the world adapted to the name of Overgeared.

However, the peace was short-lived. Soon afterward, Grid created a second guild that was the Overgeared workforce. From then on, Lael had to suffer from nightmares again. He almost fainted with open eyes when Grid designated the kingdom's name as Overgeared.

Overgeared Kingdom...

Surprisingly, the public quickly adapted to the name, but Lael's nightmare continued for two years. He felt like a chicken. He got goosebumps every time people called him the 'Overgeared Prime Minister.' Yet he even adapted to that.

Lael was proud of himself. Thanks to Grid's naming sense, he was confident that his mentality was harder than a rock and that he could withstand any trials and adversities in the future. However, that firm faith had soon been broken.

"Overgeared World...?"

Cock-a-doodle-doo...

At the same time, dawn broke and roosters cried out. Lael resented himself for studying Korean so hard. In his head, English was naturally translated to Korean and he had the idea that the tone of Overgeared World resembled Black-skinned Chicken World.

Tears flowed down like chicken poop.

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[Overgeared World Lv. 1]

[Rating: Myth

Type: Dimension

It is a dimension that descended from the divinity of the god of the earth, the god of hunting, and the Overgeared God.

★Dimension effect (based on current level)

-The size of the Overgeared World is proportional to the size of the temples of the Overgeared God, the god of the earth, and the god of hunting in Reinhardt.

-The cooldown time of all skills is removed for the Overgeared God, the god of the earth, and the god of hunting within the Overgeared World.

-If a target that isn't allowed by the Overgeared God enters the Overgeared World, their status will be greatly weakened and all stats will be reduced by 50%.

-If a target allowed by the Overgeared God enters the Overgeared World, their status will be preserved and all stats are increased by 30%.

-Part of this effect is applied throughout the 'Reinhardt' area where the Overgeared World is located.

-You can appoint 'angels.'

However, the attributes of the angels are greatly influenced by the chief god. In order to appoint angels of the Overgeared World, the target must be armed with at least three myth rated items and the target must be absolutely loyal to the Overgeared God. Number of angels currently available to be appointed: 10.

★Every time a new god is recruited, the level of the Overgeared World will rise.

★Every time the level of the dimension rises, the dimension effect is enhanced or added.]

'This is crazy...'

The envy and jealousy of others. It was an allusion to the invasion of gods and demons. It meant that the Overgeared World would act as a wall to guard against the enemy's invasion. Grid had expected it to be a huge influence, but he never dreamed it would be this much.

Wasn't this truly a heavenly fortress? He could feel reassured. In the future, Reinhardt was unlikely to be the target of an invasion. Even Zeratul, who enjoyed pretending to be strong, would never come near

Reinhardt again. Additionally, if the level of the divine world was steadily raised then the entire surface would be safe one day.

Garion explained to Grid, who was feeling amazed and rejoicing, "It is theoretically possible for chief gods to become independent and create a new world. It is easy if you reference the sample called Asgard, made by the gods of the beginning. It is just that the chief gods who have existed so far don't dare to create a separate divine world because they regard the god of the beginning as a mother."

Asgard was created by Rebecca, a god of the beginning, while the Hwan Kingdom was made by Hanul, another god of the beginning. Except for these two places, the divine world created by the Overgeared World God was the first.

"You have crossed the last line. By now, the heavenly gods must be very angry. There will probably be many gods who will use today's event as a pretext to invade the surface." Garion was discussing a despairing matter, but her eyes didn't waver at all. She wasn't blaming Grid. "Still, I dare to assure you that the result wouldn't have changed even if you hadn't made the Overgeared World. The gods would've made up an excuse to someday invade the surface. So... well done."

"I also have the same idea." Grid nodded.

Angels and gods had already threatened the surface several times. It was a shame to lower his head just because he was afraid. It was right to provoke them or gain the strength to fight back. It was the same logic that nuclear weapons were needed for a nation's self-defense.

Grid, a citizen of the Republic of Korea, had completed his national defense duties. He understood the importance of national defense. He would've created the Overgeared World for the sake of the future, even if he had known in advance that the birth of the Overgeared World would lead to a new crisis...

"....."

Grid's expression suddenly hardened.

Asgard—it was because he realized the fatal penalty he would suffer if he went there in the position of an invader. Just the level one Overgeared World was enough to drastically reduce the invaders' stats and status. Therefore, he didn't know how much of a penalty would occur in Asgard.

Then he quickly calmed down again. When was there a situation that wasn't hopeless? As always, he would find the answer.

[★ You can create a new six fusion sword dance.]

Grid came up with the first answer. It was the notification window blinking in the detailed information of Overgeared God's Sword Dance. It was the effect of the 10 points of deity he had just obtained.

Grid focused on the late start.

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"Your help would've been great."

King Sobyool—he was always smiling. He smiled even when pushing his older brother to hell. Therefore, Chiyou didn't like his smile.

Jingle.

Chiyou didn't open his mouth, but his bells made a sound. Light bells swayed in the cool breeze. It was the symbol of absolute force, the symbol of arrogance, and the hope of the one who desired death. The bells were a tool that made Chiyou's location identifiable. Anyone who wanted to challenge Chiyou could chase after these bells and raid him at any time.

This was Chiyou's desire for death. Yet so far, no one had ever dared to challenge Chiyou. It had long been engraved into the world as common sense that they would face the backlash of extinction the moment they challenged him.

"A divine world has come to the surface. Isn't it all thanks to your help that the Overgeared God has survived without ever dying and created a divine world?"

Even those who were blinded by light would've noticed it by now.

Ultimate Martial Art—the fact that Chiyou's blessing resided in the Overgeared God. Perhaps all the resentment was pouring toward Chiyou? It was because Chiyou was behind the Overgeared God insulting the gods of the beginning and creating a divine world.

"It is the most novel suicide method I have ever seen."

Chiyou was using the Overgeared God to kill himself. The ones blinded by light would soon send an army of angels toward this place and a new war would begin. This... it was a huge opportunity. The power on this side was still far inferior to Asgard. If he invaded from the other side, they could fight from an advantageous position. There were few concepts as important to the gods as the divine world.

Chiyou saw the gradually darkening smile on King Sobyool's face and opened his mouth, "I have never helped the Overgeared God."

The ultimate technique was different for each individual. The Ultimate Martial Art that Chiyou gave to Grid wasn't Chiyou's ultimate, but the ultimate that Grid would one day surely reach. It was the ultimate in ignoring and subduing the opponent's blows. It was purely Grid's potential that would threaten Chiyou.

"What nonsense is this...?"

King Sobyool understood the meaning and frowned. He reacted like it was absurd, but the bells that rang violently from the wind that just blew seemed to laugh at him.

## **Chapter 1627**

'Is it right to use Revolve as the first sword dance?'

The second six fusion sword dance—Grid's concerns deepened ahead of the creation of a new sword dance. The late start where he watched the strength and weaknesses of the enemy before taking action. The trick was to hit the opponent first even if he drew the sword late. It was a skill that Grid had to acquire. It was because the level of his enemies was higher than Grid's level.

Grid realized it based on the information of Overgeared World. What a great penalty the angels and gods he had fought so far had to bear. Nevertheless, they were still strong. In particular, Zeratul's rank was superior in terms of speed. Replaying the battle with Zeratul revealed the seriousness of the situation.

What if Zeratul's divinity hadn't been downgraded to a level that was equal to Grid's divinity when he descended to the surface? The coincidence of Grid and Zeratul's divinity being equal wouldn't have happened. There was a high probability that Grid would've been cut with a single strike without being aware of the time of the martial god. He would've read the strike with his artificial senses only after he was cut.

'Of course, I would've thought it was a reaction.'

Zeratul's sword was fast enough to raise such suspicions. However, Grid was already near complete. It was both in terms of level and items. He had few means left to become stronger. His body was already at the limit. It was dry as if he had squeezed out the last remaining drop of potential.

The upper limit of speed currently holding him back proved it. The upper limit was so low that it couldn't be compared to his enemies. This was the limit of a player.

'Dammit.'

He couldn't help cursing. He had crossed the limits again and again and it was still lacking? Wasn't this too harsh for players? How much more did he have to try?

"Sigh..."

Just before his resentment turned into anger, Grid took deep breaths and controlled his mind. There was nothing good about losing his composure and clouding his judgment. He would make mistakes he didn't normally make.

'There is no need to worry. I still have many means to be strong.'

Right now, there were ways to create a new fusion sword dance by raising his deity. He could also grow the Overgeared World to expand the area in which he was advantageous or he could raise his status. The problem was that they boasted an atrocious level of difficulty, but... it was a problem that could be overcome with experience and effort. Additionally, he could continue to develop his items.

It was hard to say if anything better than the dragon weapons could exist, but Grid believed in himself. Wasn't he the Overgeared God? Based on the legendary skill Item Creation, he gained the undeserved reputation of the creation god. Items better than the dragon weapons? It was enough to make them. Gravernium would help.

...Probably.

'Everything will be fine. I've kept the rest of the ancient scrolls so far.'

Grid had no doubts and first focused on the situation in front of him. Was it possible to use the late start with the six fusion sword dance? In order to find the answer to this, he had to turn away from Revolve. The late start had a different concept from a counterattack.

A counterattack was to respond to an enemy's attack. He sought to subdue the enemy's attack, so he had no choice but to be entangled in the enemy's attack. On the other hand, a late start was close to the feeling of using the overall flow. It was freer and more effective.

It was no use asking what type of nonsense this was. It was a concept that Grid had only recently learned about, so it was hard to establish it properly.

'In any case, this is right. Just as cheese and cheesecake resembled each other but were completely different, the late start and counterattack were different.

Grid was reminded of the cheesecake he ate yesterday. He had returned home from a date with Yura and found his parents and Jishuka there. The taste of the cheesecake that Jishuka bought was amazing. It was said that she bought it from a cheesecake store with 200 years of tradition in New York who commemorated its opening in South Korea and boasted a much deeper flavor compared to the cheesecakes he had eaten so far. It tasted like it would make him fat, so it seemed like it would be hard to eat it often, but anyway... it tasted so good that it suddenly came to mind.

'It might've been even more delicious because I ate it with Jishuka.'

It was just like the meal he ate with Yura tasted a lot better than the meal he ate alone.

"Overgeared God?"

He was awakened from his thoughts by a sweet voice. Garion and Debirion were looking at him with worried faces. As expected, the level of the gods was high. They seemed to have noticed that Grid's mind started wandering to miscellaneous thoughts.

"Um... I have many problems to think about."

"I understand. You are bearing Asgard's grudge while keeping hell in check, so there will be no moment of relaxation."

They were worried. They noticed that Grid's consciousness, which had been contemplating a new realm, suddenly changed its course and were afraid he was having a nightmare with open eyes.

Overgeared God Grid—it was the moment when they felt the responsibility born by the guardian god who protected the isolated surface alone...

The two gods, who were looking sadly at Grid, exchanged glances and spoke.

"We will go out for a while and look around the city."

"I hope you work hard in your contemplation..."

The more a god was worshiped, the stronger they became. Garion and Debirion might serve Grid, but they couldn't rely on Grid alone.

"Why are you naked?"

"You'll know in a moment. Debirion, you should also take off that smelly leather and put on this silk."

"....."

It was after the two gods left in order to stand in front of the people. The temple was quiet, but Grid wasn't alone. Noe, Randy, and the Overgeared Skeletons were gathered in a corner and watching Grid. The Overgeared Skeletons and Randy didn't even breathe while Noe stuck out his belly and licked his fur. Noe knew—no matter what he did, there was nothing that would interfere with his master's concentration. Their master wasn't an ordinary person (?).

In fact, Grid was raising his concentration. He thought of Kraugel during the National Competition. There were moments when Kraugel neutralized the attacks of Grid, who was far stronger than him. Reading and blocking the sword? It was simply a defense. Predicting the trajectory of the sword and twisting it one step ahead? That was pure insight. Reacting to the stab of the God Hands? That was phenomenal senses. It was a high level technique to draw a sword with overwhelming power and halve its power while bringing back the sword at a speed that was hard to discern to consume the counterattack.

Grid recalled another scene. It was a scene he saw from his own point of view. It was the moment he subdued Kraugel with pure force and items, and inflicted a blow. He realized that his vision had become uncomfortable. The debris of the shattered stones bothered him again and a high pile of dirt obscured his vision on one side.

At the same time, Kraugel's face suddenly came closer. It was close enough to hear the sound of breathing. Kraugel's movements were still uncomfortable but even so, the situation unfolded in Kraugel's favor. It felt like the whole world was disturbed.

Kraugel's kick, which rose while sweeping the ground, was probably slower than Grid's sword. Just the mere fact that he caused dirt and kicked something unexpected saved Kraugel from the crisis. It even provided the basis for a counterattack. It was the result of a combination of great agility, insight, senses, skill, and luck.

Thinking about it now, the person who was most surprised at the time must've been Kraugel himself. He probably hadn't expected that jainmori, which was used as a means to escape from the crisis, would sweep the ground messed up by the battle and created dust which kicked the rocks hidden in the dust at the same time.

At that time, Kraugel's situation had been too urgent. Therefore, it wasn't in the realm of calculation. It was correct to interpret it as a desperate behavior linked to good luck.

Grid only recently learned this fact and had the desire to use the situation itself freely. He wasn't just talking about raising dust and kicking rocks. It was to dominate the flow of battle, thus rendering the advantage of the first attack useless. Neutralizing the attack of an enemy that he might've realized too late. What Grid wanted was all the actions that deliberately created situations like this.

Let's take a simple example...

"Number one."

Grid raised his willpower and the God Hands responded. It recreated Grid's movements and swung the Enlightenment Sword. Grid acted under the assumption that he perceived the attack late. He drew his sword only when the Enlightenment Sword got closer. The trajectory of the sword, drawn from the inventory, struck the side of the Enlightenment Sword.



The Enlightenment Sword couldn't reach Grid and was deflected. On the other hand, the sword drawn by Grid moved along the first trajectory and struck the God Hand. The trajectory of the sword, belatedly drawn by Grid, was the result of creating a 'situation.'

"So it is like this... it is different from a counterattack. Do you understand?"

"...Yes."

[Yes...]

Randy and the Overgeared Skeletons nodded from where they were standing in a corner of the temple. There were no signs of sympathy at all.

Noe waved his stumpy paws. "We understand, so stop explaining, nyang."

"Noe, do you think that I'm explaining for nothing?"

"Nyang? I just think that Master's attitude of explaining it alone when no one is saying anything is lame."

"What? This... it isn't a lame explanation. It is out of consideration that I want to educate you well while I am studying. Noe, you stayed in the tower and took the classes of the tower members, right? You just have to understand it in the same context as that."

"It seems to me that Master is trying to convince himself..."

Noe's words were interrupted halfway. His summoning was reversed. Now Grid could properly focus.

The satisfied Grid recalled the Restraint sword dance. This sword, which restrained the behavior of the target, was less effective on beings who were of equal or higher status. After constant experimentation against Ifrit, Cranbel, Zeratul, and Gabriel, he found that the average effect was only 0.1 seconds. Of course, the 0.1 second of being restricted couldn't be ignored in a battle where victory or defeat could be decided in an instant. Depending on the situation, it had the potential to have an enormous ripple effect.

However, the opportunity cost of using it had to be considered. Grid underestimated Restraint because there were often situations in which attempting to restrain the target for 0.1 seconds wasted more opportunities. In particular, he was reluctant to include Restraint in his fusion sword dance. It was because the expected damage value would drop significantly if Restraint was included in a limited sword dance.

Now he changed his mind. He decided it was right to include it in his new six fusion sword dance. It was the only way he could use the late start freely. The reason why the late start was essential was to overpower an enemy who was much faster than him.

'The value of Restraint will shine the higher the level of the enemy.'

Grid made a decision and started to envision it in earnest. First of all, he considered what order to put Restraint in. It absolutely had to be first. This was the only way it made sense. The next sword dance to be connected to Restraint was... it was better to be something quick. He had to strike fast in order to make significant use of the extremely short CC.

‘Link?’

The motion required was too big. It would be better to use Kill or Pinnacle.

‘It would be most effective to use Dragon.’

Dragon was the only charging skill among the sword dances. A charge was a good cornerstone for most combos. However, there were too many restrictions. It was because Dragon was a soaring charge. It was only when the user was positioned below the target that it showed its proper power. There were ways to suppress the trajectory in conjunction with Drop, but the process forced additional movements. It was too slow to subdue the enemy within the duration of Restraint.

‘What if I mix Shunpo in between Restraint and the next sword dance?’

It was even worse. He couldn’t attack when using Shunpo, so if he used Shunpo immediately afterward, he would waste the 0.1 second duration of Restraint. Moreover, the power to block ‘space movement’ was common in the heavenly world. How many times had he already been caught by it? He had to always keep in mind the possibility of Shunpo being blocked.

‘...Wait. Is it possible to gain momentum by shooting the Breath at the same time as triggering Restraint?’

Grid immediately experimented. He used the Restraint sword dance while shooting the Breath from his hand that extended backwards.

Grid quickly shot forward. It was the moment he confirmed that the simultaneous use of Restraint and Breath was possible.

However, there were side effects. The balance of his upper body collapsed. It was because the Breath’s repulsion force was so strong. Shooting the Breath with one hand caused his upper body to quickly twist to one side. Grid took advantage of this position. He used Dragon to naturally lift his tilted upper body.

“...This works.”

Grid was engulfed in great joy as he soared through the roof of the temple.

## **Chapter 1628**

Grid had doubts about the utility of Restraint. It wasn’t because he didn’t know the importance of CCs. It was because Grid himself was too strong. It was a loss to invest in it from Grid’s perspective, who easily attacked without having to use it and directly condensed a single attack into a lethal blow.

However, now that he was fighting enemies of a higher level than himself, he once again realized the preciousness of Restraint. It was up to 0.1 seconds in duration. Even so, the value of Restraint couldn’t be diminished. It was important when fighting against the absolutes.

‘Operate it in such a way that it is used as soon as I read an attack with my artificial senses.’

It was possible to artificially implement the trick of a late start. Even if he responded one step late to the attack of enemies who were faster and stronger than him, he could let the attack flow out and counterattack.

“What is going on?”

People murmured when they saw Grid breaking through the roof of the temple and soaring. The crowd that gathered after hearing about the birth of the Overgeared World wasn't just one or two. The temple that collapsed along with the explosion made many people nervous. They were afraid that the enemy might be attacking again.

This was how turbulent it was. People thought of an enemy attack even when a small incident occurred. They were overcome with fear and pulled out their weapons in an alert manner.

‘Ah.’

The Overgeared World. A small dimension, that was rooted in Grid's divinity, resonated with the hearts of people. It resonated with the fear, determination, and faith of those beyond the dimension and caused ripples. It was a ripple that reached Grid.

It was Grid who soared with the force of a dragon in a body that was tilted as if it was about to fall. Following Pinnacle, his sword that was on the verge of cutting down a virtual enemy, embraced an even more powerful sword energy.

[The people who have witnessed the birth of the Overgeared World worship you more and more.]

[There are many people who recognize the linkage between Overgeared God's Sword Dance, Restraint and Small Breath as a single action.]

[Seeing you bend like you are about to fall, people remember the sacrifices they once saw.]

It was Grid who reassured people by covering his smashed face with the God Hands and his broken and damaged body with a cloak. It wasn't a small number of people who noticed the wounds that Grid had hidden that day. Grid's sacrifice had been talked about since then. The image of the Overgeared God, who barely stood up with a body that wouldn't be strange if it collapsed right away, was painted on murals all over the world and recorded in the temples.

Those who worshiped the Overgeared God always mentioned the events of that day.

The sword dance of sacrifice—Grid's new posture, which was greatly tilted due to the linkage between Restraint and Breath, made people think of this sword dance. The virtual sword dance created by people's worship and beliefs resonated with the Overgeared World and became a reality.

[The new sword dance ‘Serve’ has been acquired.]

[Serve Lv. 1] [1]

[A sword dance depicting the sacrifice of the Overgeared God.

It was created through the people's worship and faith.

It overwhelms the surrounding with a splendid dance, approaches the target, and inflicts damage proportional to Small Breath.

No one can approach you at this time.

All nearby enemies are overwhelmed by your power and will fall into fear. The feared target will have their defense reduced and won't be able to move. Skill Duration: Up to 5 seconds.

For targets that resist the relevant abnormal condition, the effect is applied for a minimum of 0.2 seconds and a maximum of 0.3 seconds.

Skill Sword Energy Cost: 80

Cooldown Time: 10 minutes.

★This skill doesn't share a cooldown with Restraint and Small Breath.

★This skill is only activated when wearing Ifrit's Arms.]

The more a god was worshiped, the stronger they became. It was the moment when this powerful law was applied to Grid.

Grid trembled. The responsibility that the strong should bear—it was a responsibility that he took for granted without any resentment. He never hoped for anything in return, but he was happy when he received it. He was thankful to the people.

The sword of Pinnacle that cut at the enemy was divided into several branches. The virtual enemy was torn to shreds. It was a wave that contained the power of Pinnacle. It also had the trick of slowing down the target. Restraint. No, it was Serve. Grid inflicted dozens of attacks on the weakened virtual enemy who was unable to escape the influence of Serve.

[The new fusion sword dance Serve Dragon Pinnacle Wave Kill Link has been created.]

[Serve Dragon Pinnacle Wave Kill Link]

[Six sword dances have been sublimated into a single field.

The terrifying soaring momentum of the fanatical crazy dragon imposes a heavenly punishment on the enemy.

It overwhelms all nearby enemies and approaches the target immediately.

Causes the target to enter a fear state for a minimum of 0.1 seconds to a maximum of 5 seconds, causing magic damage proportional to a weak breath and 3,000% physical damage.

The target will float in the air, unable to act and have their weaknesses exposed, taking five rounds of damage equal to 2,200% of physical attack power that ignores defense.

Additionally, the target will fall into a state of absent-mindedness and slow down, taking 6,000% physical attack power up to 30 times. Every time the target is hit, they will be disarmed, bleed, and fall into despair.

Skill Usage Conditions: Equipped with a sword type weapon and Ifrit's Arms.

Skill Resource Consumption: Half of the maximum sword energy. 20,000 mana.

Skill Cooldown Time: 6 hours.]

It was weak compared to Drop Dragon Pinnacle Linked Kill Wave, but instead it had a powerful correction effect. It was safe to say there was no chance that the sword dance's first blow would miss. Grid was satisfied enough and someone in the east also praised him.

[An unknown person is praising you for your new martial prestige.]

[A strong blessing resides in Serve Dragon Pinnacle Wave Kill Link.]

Jingle.

There was the sound of bells that still felt lonely and the new six fusion sword dance completely evolved. Ultimate Martial Art also resided in Serve Dragon Pinnacle Wave Kill Link.

It was Chiyou's blessing.

'How are you?'

Even from afar, Chiyou was always watching and sending him favors. Grid had emotions toward him, the true martial god and only one god. He suddenly wanted to see Chiyou, but he couldn't go anytime soon. It was because Chiyou dreamed of extinction. The reason he favored Grid was because he wanted to be killed. If they met, his heart would only become heavy.

'In the first place, we can't easily meet.'

Chiyou stayed in the Hwan Kingdom. It was a place that Grid couldn't walk in and out of.

"....."

Grid's gaze shifted to the ground. He could see the dumbfounded people. They were amazed by the sword dance they were seeing for the first time. They instinctively realized that Grid had become stronger, but no one felt offended or jealous. Just as Grid wanted others to be stronger, the people wanted Grid to be stronger.

He was fully aware that it was a community of destiny. There was a saying that even if one betrayed the Overgeared Empire, they didn't betray Grid. Even the traitors who were removed by the inspectors left behind wills that stated they truly respected the Overgeared God.

'I'm glad.'

Grid faced countless people and smiled. The thing that pleased him was the trust of the people rather than obtaining a new sword dance. He thought about it for a moment before bringing up the information of the Overgeared World.

[-If a target allowed by the Overgeared God enters the Overgeared World, their status will be preserved and all stats are increased by 30%.]

Only targets permitted by Grid could freely move in and out of the Overgeared World. Grid had first planned to limit it to the Overgeared Guild or citizens of the Overgeared Empire. He observed the trends and thought it was right to gradually expand the range. Now he changed his mind.

[Specify the target or group that will be allowed to enter the Overgeared World.]

“Humanity.”

The Overgeared World established a divine world on the surface. The beings living on the surface shouldn't be rejected. Initially, the Overgeared World also meant the temples of Grid, Garion, and Debirion. The more people came and went, the more the gods of the Overgeared World were worshiped.

Therefore, Grid made a choice without hesitation. Garion and Debirion, who were watching from afar, smiled happily.

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“This is a bit... isn't it absurd?”

It was when the 2nd ranked archangel Gabriel returned without punishing the traitor, Garion. Raphael thought this was better. It was a chance to shake off the annoying Gabriel. In the first place, Raphael could kill Garion any time they stepped out. That was until a little while ago.

“That... is it really a divine world?”

“There is no way. Of course, it is a fake.”

“How does that look like a fake?”

The baby angels floating around Raphael made a fuss. It was annoying. As the divinity that rose from the ground became clearer and the warmth approached, Raphael's heart grew colder. It was an emotion they felt for the first time since their birth. It was none other than anger.

Raphael understood. They hadn't been truly angry even when the seven malignant saints rebelled or when Hanul and his son betrayed the goddess. It was because real anger made their head and heart cold.

“...Can you shut your mouth?” Raphael ordered in a cold voice. Their glare toward the baby angels was terrifying. It was so that there was a suspicion that Raphael's usually soft eyes were acting.

The loud baby angels closed their mouths and avoided the gaze. Raphael barely suppressed their killing intent and clicked their tongue. ‘He established a new divine world on the surface?’

Raphael never imagined such a development. It was because they never dreamed this was possible. They felt that the Grid in the distance was beyond reach. It had no choice but to be so. From the moment that the Overgeared World was established, Grid regained his sovereignty.

The angels and gods who freely invaded the surface at any time were now restrained from crossing to the surface. Now the goddess had disappeared and Gabriel had lost her status. Raphael missed the opportunity to enjoy the ‘freedom’ that would probably never come twice and frowned.

Something was firmly wrong in this world. The overall flow seemed to imply some danger...

‘Will Asgard be in crisis one day...?’

Raphael was engulfed in vague anxiety and quickly shook their head. They thought of Baal in hell. The Overgeared God couldn't surpass the heavens as long as Baal was strong.

Baal was powerful. A being who had innate strength and status like Raphael, but unlike Raphael, he liked an unrestrained life. The one who betrayed his father and built up strength through all means would be a wall that the Overgeared God would never be able to surpass.

Raphael had no doubt about this and turned around. They were going to abandon their lingering regrets and return to heaven rather than approaching the Overgeared World and suffering humiliation. Then an unexpected obstacle appeared.

“Dragon Slayer Hayate... what is this? Why are you blocking the way of an apostle of the goddess?”

Zeratul’s successive failures had tarnished the honor of heaven to a considerable extent. Raphael just found it annoying and unpleasant. Hayate was a great being that had never before existed in the world, but Raphael was an archangel. There were only a few people in the world that Raphael revered and Hayate wasn’t among them.

“You just need to keep an eye on the dragons as you have always done. Why are you trying to get involved with heaven?”

“I can’t just stand by and watch your killing intent.”

The sword held in Hayate’s hand wasn’t a sword made of materials, but a sword of sword energy. The Dragon Killing Sword—it was closer to a concept. The concept of even cutting a dragon.

“I have a duty to protect the Overgeared God.”

“The order on the surface has completely collapsed. It is ridiculous. It is because that fake Zeratul has tarnished the honor of heaven.”

“You angels are pretentious.”

Suddenly, a new person appeared.

The great magician Braham—it was someone Raphael had been paying attention to for a while. It was hundreds of years ago. The news that Braham was murdered by Pagma was known to heaven and Raphael attempted to retrieve Braham’s soul. It was because he would become a great angel. Raphael coveted the fact that Braham was the blood of Beriache, one of the three evils of the beginning. Raphael thought it would be rather interesting.

Well, they failed in the end. Braham used magic even when he was reduced to a mere soul. Additionally, he was active for a certain purpose and his location kept changing. Therefore, he wasn’t easy to retrieve.

‘It is good.’

Raphael slowly regained his smile.

Hayate and Braham—it was from the expectation that if Raphael killed those who blocked their path, the anger in their heart would subside a bit. At this moment—

“I’m not too late this time?”

Mercedes arrived at the scene. It was with Piaro. These four had something in common.

The absolute Hayate with his internal perception.

The great magician Braham with mana.

The knight Mercedes with Keen Insight.

The farmer Piaro who could expand his senses in a wide range based on nature.

Once multiple conditions and coincidences overlapped, they could almost immediately detect abnormalities that occurred far away. It was inherently possible for Hayate. The reason that he didn't take an active role was because he was afraid of the dragons. Now thanks to Grid, he overcame the fear and gained courage. It was only possible for the other three after they recently built up their skills.

At this moment, they unintentionally moved in coordination to isolate Raphael.

“.....”

The smile completely disappeared from Raphael's face. Raphael measured the level of the beings around them and realized that these existences were unusual. It was natural that Hayate was strong, but Braham's magic power approached the unknown. Mercedes' eyes were more unpleasant than the rumors and Piaro's pure aura was strange because it felt like it contained Garion's divinity.

Flap.

After a moment of silence, Raphael spread open their wings. Hayate and the apostles responded immediately. They were ready for the divine bombardment and prepared to counterattack. However, there was no time for them to step out. It was because Raphael had escaped.

Raphael vowed not to look at the surface for a while.

## **Chapter 1629**

It was impossible to track Raphael. A golden cloud from the sky blocked the approach of Hayate and the apostles. It was an attitude that stated those who weren't allowed should withdraw.

Braham snorted.

“Presumptuous and arrogant.”

Braham's ridicule wasn't to release emotions. It was a rational sentiment based on obvious grounds.

Heaven—Asgard had reigned because it was the only world of the gods. It was naturally worshiped and accumulated divinity. Now it wasn't the only sanctuary. It was the aftermath of Grid unveiling the Hwan Kingdom and the establishment of the Overgeared World on the surface.

The Overgeared World—from the moment it was named, the mysterious sanctuary was coloring the surface with new divinity. It was easy to sense, unlike the divinity of Asgard that was far away. It was clearly seen and felt. It was an energy that would benefit all beings on the surface.

People would gradually move away from Asgard. Now the symbol of Asgard, a mere cloud, was acting arrogant? It was unsightly. It was like a beggar begging to make a living swaggering around.



Braham shrugged and looked back. He saw a blond-haired man. The man who arrived at the scene before him. It was impressive that he had a dignity comparable to Braham, who inherited a noble lineage.

Braham knew who he was. "Dragon Slayer."

The only absolute on the surface and the protector who defended humanity for many years. Above all, he had achieved killing a dragon. It meant that Braham's wish, the ultimate pursuit of Braham, had been accomplished a long time ago.

"It is an honor... to meet." Braham greeted him. It was at the level where Braham didn't even bow his head, let alone his waist, but his choice of words was shocking.

An... honor? Piaro had a pleased expression on his face while Mercedes was astonished. It was because she had never seen Braham show such a humble attitude. Of course, the shock was only brief. Mercedes also recognized Hayate's identity. She judged that his level was far away from her. Even with this type of power, he carried it on his back without using it to reign.

A person who could've ruled the world the moment he wanted, but he had been silently defending the world without ever appearing in history. She couldn't help admiring it.

Mercedes and Piaro bowed to also show their respects and Hayate looked troubled.

"People misunderstand me as a hero. I'm just a coward. Grid... I have only been living in secret, unlike you who have protected the world with the Overgeared God. Please correct your attitude."

"Grid deserves to be liked..." Braham muttered with a frown. A feeling of being defeated by inferiority flashed across his rapidly darkening face.

"Your humility is excessive," Mercedes felt better at Braham's reaction and said with a smile.

Some time ago, humanity had experienced the greatness of dragons. They saw that a dragon's meaningless exhale and a single flap of its wings destroyed a huge city built by humanity in an instant. It was Hayate who had been keeping such monsters in check. Without him, humanity would've experienced the disaster caused by dragons several times and despaired.

In the midst of the unexpectedly harmonious atmosphere. Something happened in the golden cloud that was moving away. It created a sudden lightning bolt that bombarded Hayate and the apostles. It contained a great deal of power. The ground was devastated in an instant.

"That guy."

Braham covered himself with a red-purple shield and stared up at the sky. A presence armed with translucent armor could be seen through the scattered clouds. It was a god. The hierarchy seemed very high. The goosebumps that appeared on Braham's skin and the puncture in the shield proved it.

"Dominion." Zik's voice was heard. One of the decisive factors that caused Raphael to retreat. He stood in the distance and looked at the 'strongest man in this world.' Now he couldn't sit back and watch and entered the scene.

“It was the beginning of the creation of the concepts of consecutive wins, being undefeated in 100 battles, etc. Armed with impenetrable armor and a spear that can pierce anything.”

“It is an unreasonable existence.”

“Yes.”

Dominion was the god of war. Additionally, Asgard had never been defeated in any war so far. Dominion was the reason why the rebellion of the seven malignant saints failed in vain.

“.....”

Hayate couldn't take his eyes off Zik. As the strongest person in this world, he felt a certain special appreciation for the strongest person in the previous world. It wasn't something fateful. He simply judged and marveled at the armed might.

‘He is indeed one of the seven good people.’

The seven good people, in other words, the seven malignant saints, were the history of the previous world. It was originally impossible for them to be spread to the present world. Yet it was recorded and spread throughout the ages. It was the arrangement of the daoist immortal, Bentao. As a result, the people of this time knew about the seven malignant saints and it was the same with Hayate.

Thanks to this, the conversation proceeded quickly. Hayate silently listened to Zik's words. It was an attitude toward an elder.

“There is no way such a great existence would come for a light reason. I'm nervous about Reinhardt.” Zik discussed returning.

Braham didn't like it. The enemy was right above them. He was a threat and it was right to strike right here. What if they were tracked when returning to Reinhardt? It was nothing more than expanding the battlefield. So why were they talking about returning?

Braham wanted Zik to provide a convincing rationale, but he couldn't ask for it directly. It was a big burden just dealing with Zik, but now even Hayate seemed sympathetic to Zik. Therefore, he couldn't open his mouth at all.

‘I... how did I become like this...?’

Originally, Braham treated everyone equally. He belittled everyone except himself and perceived himself as the center of the world. That changed with Grid. He watched Grid from the side and realized the greatness of a hero. He regretted and reflected on himself in the past for not taking good care of his disciples. He learned to respect them.

Therefore, he couldn't resist these two heroes and followed them silently. He used the return scroll while trying to ignore Raphael, who was laughing behind Dominion's back. Then he saw it the moment he arrived in Reinhardt. The sky over Reinhardt was glowing with a golden color. It was due to the heavenly clouds that gathered without leaving even a small gap.

A huge presence was seen at the head of the clouds. An opaque armor was wrapped around his entire body and a spear was held with both hands. Dominion, the god of war, was here as well.

“What is this?”

There couldn't be two Dominions. It meant that the Dominion they saw a while ago was either a clone or an illusion, which was unbelievable. To say that was a fake... it was hard to fathom.

While wrapping the runes around himself and accelerating, Zik explained to the bewildered Braham, “Dominion is on every battlefield.”

The voice faded away in an instant. Braham used Teleport and caught up with Zik.

Zik explained, “In other words, this is already a battlefield.”

Zik knew the habits of the god. They enjoyed ‘warnings’ and their warnings had always caused natural disasters.

-Overgeared God Grid.

Dominion opened his mouth and thunderbolts struck. Explosions occurred all over the ground and flames soared. It was due to the thunderbolts pouring down. There were many people present. It was a crowd that gathered to celebrate the birth of the Overgeared World.

‘Um.’

Braham was about to deploy a wide-area shield when he stopped chanting the spell. Piaro, who seemed invisible, was plowing the ground before he knew it. His plow made a wall by pulling out the rocks buried deep underground. It was like looking at a small mountain range. Sariel even used the magic power of light. There were few casualties thanks to this, but the apostles were in a hurry.

Dominion on the cloud was pointing a spear at Grid, who was standing alone in front of the temple. The blue divinity that was spreading was a threat. It was much darker and greater in range than Grid's divinity. It was clear that the spear he threw would be faster than lightning.

-You will sooner or later pay for the sin of building a false world and destroying the order of the world with your vain greed.

Dominion's rant spread throughout Reinhardt. All humans heard his heavy and ferocious voice that pierced through the thunder. Some people recalled the order of a general while others recalled the roar of a wild beast. They instinctively stiffened and their complexions turned white.

Grid's expression also stiffened.

‘This fox-like bastard.’

The god of war who came out of nowhere was huge. It wasn't an optical illusion created through a combination of strong divine power and ferocious momentum. It was actually a massive body with a majestic air to him. His features were noticeable even when he was at a very high altitude, but what he was doing was delicate and didn't match his size. He was talking while maintaining a distance where he didn't reach the Overgeared World.

This was normal. Unless they were an idiot, there was no one who would step into other people's territory to fight. Still, he couldn't help feeling that this size was a waste.

'I'm glad there are the apostles.'

Grid didn't move hastily. Dominion was a chief god. He was even one of Rebecca's two sons. Besides, he was cautious. The evidence was that he had never appeared before and now appeared for the first time. There was no way he was weaker than Zeratul or Gabriel. Considering his prudence, he must've descended after accumulating a stronger force than the two of them.

'The people will be guarded by the apostles.'

At the temple's entrance...

Grid stood on the boundary between the Overgeared World and the surface and was ready to draw his sword at any time. He thought he would take advantage of the opportunity when Dominion was targeting people and the apostles blocked him.

He didn't really question why Dominion had come now. Asgard was an obvious enemy. There was nothing strange about Rebecca invading the surface right now. He would just fight as always.

".....?"

Grid was quietly focusing when he became startled. Dominion's divine power was gradually getting stronger. The more it was overlaid over the spear in his hand, the more there seemed to be no limit to the divinity that was building.

Grid realized it. Dominion had no intention of hurting people. His target was Grid from the beginning.

'Does he intend to hurt me and lower my status?'

If Grid was pierced by the spear despite being in the Overgeared World, he was bound to lose his status, even if he didn't die. It was because it seemed to be proving the uselessness of the Overgeared World in front of a large number of people.

At the same time, Dominion threw the spear. It was precisely toward Grid. A spear larger than the spear of magic machine Raiders was shot at Grid, dividing the sky into two.

Grid reacted immediately. He didn't hesitate to use Revolve. Two swords interlocked with the huge spear tilted at an angle. Eventually, they would draw an arc and twist the trajectory of the spear. They had to do so. However—

[The counterattack has failed.]

The power in the spear was unstoppable. Revolve was naturally canceled and Grid's chest was pierced by the spear. Grid's upper body exploded. Flesh and blood were sprinkled in all directions. Dominion's spear literally flew to the temple of the Overgeared God and was embedded in it. It pierced Grid's body and used the remaining power to cause the temple to collapse.

It was pandemonium. The people who had been staring blankly at the terrible sight came to their senses one step later and screamed. Then—

"...Cough."

Grid lost his status.

.....

...

“.....?”

Grid suddenly came to his senses. The pain that made his head blank disappeared like it was a lie. The collapsed temple behind him was still intact. There was no wound on his chest. Dominion in the sky was just throwing the spear.

What was that just now? ‘Deja vu?’

The confused and relieved Grid hesitated.

A spear full of huge power at first glance. Was it really right to block that with Revolve? In the first place, Grid’s enemies had always evolved. It was natural as long as this world was a game. He didn’t dare compare the rabbit he hunted at level 1 to the enemies he was fighting now at level 719.

‘There is no guarantee that Revolve will work forever.’

The Overgeared God's Sword Dance wasn’t invincible. The level of the enemies was too high for Revolve to always have the upper hand. Could the deja vu he experienced a while ago be created by his subconscious mind?

Grid thought about it and quickly made a decision. He used the Serve sword dance. It was a dance move where he staggered like he was going to collapse. He expressed his determination to die to protect someone.

The giant spear that reached the tip of his nose stopped. It was weighed down by Grid’s power. It was a side effect of containing divine power. This dragged it down. The large spear, which was connected to Dominion through divine power, was communicating with Dominion. It had feelings.

Therefore, under the influence of Serve, it stiffened and stopped. It was only 0.2 seconds. This was enough. An object worked as a target as long as the conditions were met.

Grid learned something new and opened the Sanctuary of Metal. He dominated the still spear and fired it at Dominion.

A divine warning—due to its absolute intention, it couldn’t be avoided or prevented, but it could be reversed.

Dominion and Zik understood what this meant and their eyes widened.

## **Chapter 1630**

A warning literally meant an act of ‘giving advance notice.’ It was the foreshadowing of some type of outcome, but the warning itself was done without any foreshadowing. This was why a god’s warnings were so threatening. There was absolutely no way to omit the intention of an absolute who omitted the precursor.

Compared to the punishment, a law was established that the goal must be achieved, even if the level was low. It was why Zik in the distant past couldn’t resist the Curse of Sloth. The warning that Asgard

sent before punishing the seven malignant saints was to put Zik to sleep and Zik was helplessly forced to suffer. It was due to this experience that Zik couldn't believe it even more.

'How can this be?'

A spear thrown by the god of war who suddenly appeared. It was right for it to hit. It might not be fatal to Grid, but it must hit him. However, it was returned futilely. Grid's dance, which increased in power along with the sanctuary, struck Dominion's spear and warning. He returned it in reverse. It was something that shouldn't have happened.

Dominion frowned as he witnessed the collapse of order once again.

'Mother, why?'

Dominion couldn't avoid the flying spear because it was a warning from the Overgeared God. Once a spear that pierced everything and armor that couldn't be pierced collided, the result was a draw. However, the damage absorbed by the armor was completely delivered to the wearer so the spear didn't necessarily deal no damage.

Blood dripped from Dominion's mouth. It was as red as human blood. It was the moment when the religious people's belief that humans resembled the image of the gods was proven. There were currently many human beings from the three churches at the scene but none of them were thrilled.

'Sooner or later, you will pay for your sin...'

Dominion had earlier declared that he was no longer on the side of humanity. It was an attitude that made them throw away even their vague remaining faith. Now the humans of the three churches relied solely on Grid. They revered Grid who built the Overgeared World as a being as great as the three gods.

Dominion fully felt their hearts, but he didn't feel bad or angry. He, who had loved humanity since a long time ago, had already experienced great disappointment. After that, he never had any expectations of human beings. There was no disappointment or anger because there was no expectation. Rather, he took their betrayal for granted.

"I think it is a good idea to go back peacefully."

Zik suddenly approached and pointed his sword at Dominion. The runes spinning irregularly around him were breaking through the clouds below him. Wearing the goddess' divinity and making the golden clouds inaccessible meant that Zik had completed the language of denying divinity.

-You are the worst traitor.

Dominion declared. His face was expressionless, but it was almost like a lamentation.

The seven half-gods—he recalled the moment when those known as the seven malignant saints betrayed the gods. Zik had led their betrayal.

-Sooner or later, you will grab at your new master's ankles.

Some of the clouds were greatly influenced by the runes and lost their color. It was the loss of divinity. There seemed to be holes drilled in the golden sky.

“That isn’t going to happen.”

-That is something you don’t even know yourself.

Dominion turned his head. He was afraid that if he looked at Zik any longer, then he would recall the ugly memories of the past that he had worked hard to bury.

-Establishing a divine world was an irreversible mistake.

Dominion recovered the spear that had escaped from Grid’s dominance the moment it hit him. He spoke while looking down at Grid, who was still standing on the ground.

-You might believe that human beings are dignified, but the truth is different. Sooner or later, you will be disappointed by humans and feel regret. Keep in mind that there is no companion in the world who will comfort you and reach out to you at that time.

Mother—Goddess Rebecca had certain expectations for the Overgeared God. This had been the case since the days when the Overgeared God was human. Dominion and Judar knew it, but they didn’t know the reason. Even if they knew the reason, they couldn’t respect Grid any longer. The establishment of a new divine world and the weakening of Asgard’s influence was clearly an act that crossed the line. Thus, he intended to oppose Grid forever. This was the responsibility of a chief god.

“You are being needlessly tragic,” the silent Grid opened his mouth. He was still standing in front of the temple. This surprisingly clever guy wasn’t taking a single step out of the Overgeared World. The attitude of trusting in and using his strong apostles was very natural.

Grid grinned. “Let me make one thing clear. I will never be disappointed by humans.”

It wasn’t a vague belief. Grid had already experienced the worst of human beings. It was none other than himself. It was markedly different from the gods of Asgard, who arbitrarily cut humans while feeling expectant, jealous, and disappointed in humans.

"Get lost," Grid issued an order. He wanted to undermine Dominion’s divinity, but the location was too bad. The Overgeared World referred to some temples, not the whole of Reinhardt. Dominion was too strong to fight in the middle of Reinhardt. The aftermath of the battle alone would result in numerous casualties.

‘It is tricky to cut him.’

Grid recalled the information of the spear that he had just dominated.

[Dominion’s Spear]

[Attack power: 41,000 Durability: 21,300/21,300

A divine object made with great care by Hexetia, the god of blacksmiths.

.....

...]

It was an overwhelming attack power, but there was something else to pay attention to. It had the effect of 'penetrate unconditionally when attacking.' Dominion's armor was likely to have effects such as absolute immunity to slashes and stabs. It was an impossible opponent to aim for a short decisive battle.

'I have to pick the right time when fighting someone like this.'

The urgent task now was to recruit a new god. He wanted to quickly raise the level of the Overgeared World. At the very least, it should be raised to the level of covering all of Reinhardt so that he could fully concentrate on the Baal raid.

'The thing that worries me the most about when I go to hell is my empty house being robbed.'

He thought it was a problem he would have to deal with until the birth of the Overgeared World. He decided that he had no choice but to trust the knights, including Asmophel, and Sariel. Now things had changed. There was no need to take risks when there was the Overgeared World.

-You are serious...

Dominion had a strange expression on his face. Grid's conviction that he wouldn't be disappointed by humans didn't sound like a lie. However, he soon passed over it like it was nothing. Maybe it was because the years that Grid lived were short.

He will one day go through the same thing as me and he will end up like me.

The golden clouds filling the sky started to recede. It was spectacular to see them all soaring higher into the sky in unison. The image of Dominion standing on top of them quickly faded away. He left without saying anything else. It was shown in the appearance of an absolute.

The unflinching appearance of the Overgeared God and his apostles as he suddenly appeared and disappeared amazed the people. Of course, Grid, who drove him away, looked even greater.

Soon, Dominion's figure disappeared.

"....."

People's eyes were focused on Grid. They were envious. The eyes of the players were shining particularly brilliantly.

A god—he was safe even fighting against Dominion, one of the three gods? They had seen the scene of Grid's defeat of Martial God Zeratul dozens of times on the news and on the Internet, but it felt completely different to actually see it. The magnitude of the impression they got couldn't be compared.

'I thought I was going to die.'

There were many people who lost 10 years of their lives. The holy divinity surrounding the temples of the Overgeared—people who were busy filming the Overgeared World were actually aware of Dominion's appearance quite late. It was only when the world shone like it was covered in golden leaf that they realized that an unusual swarm of clouds had arrived. Then they looked around and found Dominion on the clouds.

[Dominion, god of war, has descended.]



A world message appeared shortly after there were a few witnesses. Grid stood with his back to the huge temple and seemed to have come to meet Dominion from the very beginning.

Dominion said something. It was the moment when people felt it was unusual.

A roar echoed through the sky and the ground exploded. A blue flash of light cut the sky in half and rushed right in front of Grid. It was the trajectory of the spear that Dominion threw at him. However, the people didn't know this. They just recognized that the flash of light had become darker.

It wasn't until the spear turned in the opposite direction, struck Dominion, and caused a larger explosion, that they started to infer the situation little by little. Dominion bled. It seemed that Grid had counterattacked. There was bound to be a big fight.

The thought that many people would die again sent chills down their spine. However, no one died. Grid and his apostles carefully guarded them.

"Hmm."

Elnidana—an ordinary member of the Overgeared Guild watched the scene with a satisfied expression. She was a member of Overgeared Six that was established after the Great Human and Demon War. She was from the Ryan Merchant Group, which became close to the Overgeared Guild for their contribution to supporting the Overgeared Guild during the Great Human and Demon War.

She was an accountant with a cheerful personality. Her ranking might not be high, but she was quick at calculations, so she caught Lauel's eye. Lauel appreciated her potential and recruited her personally.

He didn't pay attention to the Ryan Merchant Group. It was said that their relationship with the Ryan Merchant Group had become closer, but the Overgeared Guild didn't really favor the Ryan Merchant Group. The Overgeared Guild just put the Ryan Merchant Group as an object of observation and put them aside.

This time, a meaningful smile spread on Elnidana's face as she watched Grid.

"You are slow." Then Braham's low voice was heard. It was so beautiful that it entered people's ears even in the middle of a commotion. Their eyes naturally focused on Braham and then they looked at the same place that Braham was looking at.

There was a handsome, blond-haired man there. His neat posture and wrinkle-free collar were impressive. It was in perfect harmony with his handsome face.

At first glance, they thought he was Braham's brother because he was so dignified. However, the color of the name was strange. It was a jade color that had never been seen before. The name Hayate was even more unfamiliar.

"Do you have a bad sense of direction? It turns out that a Dragon Slayer isn't perfect either, but don't be too pretentious. I'll make up for your flaws."

".....!"

".....!"

The wide-eyed people swallowed down their gasps.

Dragon Slayer. Yes, the name of the dragon slayer who appeared in the world message the other day was probably Hayate...

The people were shocked when an unexpected person appeared while they were out of their minds. They were curious and happy but at the same time, they felt anxious. It felt like something big was going to happen.

"It is fine. The gods of the Overgeared World will protect you. Let your anxiety be shaken off through prayer." As Sariel was calming down the people, Mercedes sent a message to Braham.

-Lord Hayate can't use the return scroll.

"....."

-Hayate's return point isn't Reinhardt. It is only natural that he is one step behind us.

Braham's face, which was as white as snow, slowly turned red.

Contrary to his appearance, he was quite agitated when he first met the being who had already achieved the ultimate goal he dreamed of.

'I can't sleep in a coffin today.'

It felt like he was going to break the coffin while he was sleeping.