

Overgeared 1631

Chapter 1631

The world had changed so much. Grid, who was tilting his teacup, realized it once again. It was through Hayate, who was sitting facing him. The dragon killer who had confined himself for over a thousand years now appeared in front of everyone. It was a new feeling.

“It is all thanks to you.”

Hayate smiled as he happily looked at the people passing by the window. Until not so long ago, Hayate had been passive in all things. He feared that the smallest carelessness would provoke the dragons and endanger the world. This wasn't the case any longer.

He learned from watching Grid fight against enemies stronger than himself. He learned by watching Grid, who wasn't afraid of defeat. He learned from watching Grid develop while taking failure as a lesson. There was no end to avoidance. Even if he lost, he had to fight, learn, and improve.

“I plan to go on a trip for a while. I will visit and talk to the top dragons who have maintained their dignity and settled in one place for a long time.”

“A conversation...”

A conversation between a dragon and a Dragon Slayer? Grid couldn't imagine it in his head. Could shooting fire and aiming the sword at the other be called a conversation?

Hayate read the mind of the bewildered Grid and explained, “I only recently realized that most of the top dragons, who are inherently threatened by the old dragons, can make rational decisions.”

The vast majority of dragons made decisions and acted based on the awareness that they were a great species. Therefore, they showed unstoppable and incomprehensible actions. On the other hand, the small number of top dragons were rational from a human point of view. Most of them were cautious because they were targeted by the old dragons. They were clearly different from the low ranking dragons who were full of pride, an intermediate dragon who was obsessed with hunting the low ranking dragons, and the old dragons who were outside of common sense.

Grid taught him.

“Crazy... I learned from your story of becoming a Dragon Knight.”

“.....”

It was Hayate who couldn't bring up the words 'crazy god and crazy dragon.' It was caring that wasn't caring. The reason why the story associated with the Dragon Knight was given the name 'crazy god and crazy dragon' was simple. It was because those who witnessed the secret story at the time were the three masters. Grid wasn't actually crazy...

There was no need to explain this one by one. He wondered if he might feel upset.

Grid hesitated for a moment as Hayate continued. “I'll make sure to invite some human gods to come to you while I'm traveling.”

“.....!”

Hayate understood the structure from the moment he entered the Overgeared World. He knew exactly what Grid needed and looked for ways to help Grid. He decided to assist in the search and recruitment of human gods. It was a very grateful thing for Grid.

“According to the research conducted by the tower members, the recent trend isn’t bad. They said that something happened to the Gale of the Great Forest.”

The reason the human gods hid was due to the myth predators. Among them, the Specter of the No Offspring Tomb [1] and Gale of the Great Forest had a wide range of activities. Unlike the Mountain King, who took the towering mountain as his domain, their area was overwhelmingly large in scale. In particular, the servants of the Gale of the Great Forest were called ‘violent gales’ because they freely moved through the ‘forests’ and roared through them. It was said to be the most threatening to the human gods.

‘Debirion said he could’ve been easily defeated.’

Debirion was the god of hunting. He exercised various powers when he was active in the forest. Even so, it was just a matter of barely being able to survive. It was because the minions of the Specter of the No Offspring Tomb were too numerous and the servants of the Gale of the Great Forest moved from east to west.

After all, the myth predators were strong. Grid had directly experienced it. There was no way they would be troubled by a normal opponent.

Grid crazily thought up to this point and touched his lips. He felt a sharp pain.

‘Don’t tell me...’

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

Marie Rose—she chewed on a man’s lips and taught him a type of pain and pleasure that had never been felt before. Then she left these meaningful words before she went on her journey. Apart from Hayate, she was the only one who could overwhelm the myth predators.

‘...Did she eat a myth predator?’

Marie Rose snatching the Gale’s hair and flicking her tongue with a smile...

A chill went down Grid’s spine as he imagined this terrifying appearance. However, he didn’t show it on the outside as he bowed his head to Hayate. “Thank you for your help.”

“It is insignificant compared to the grace you have bestowed upon me.”

“Please... take care of yourself.”

“This is a body that has been hiding for over a thousand years. I can take care of myself even if an old dragon tracks me.”

"Yes..."

Grid wanted to advise him to watch out for a beautiful woman, but he thought it was rude. Marie Rose might be the most beautiful being in the world, but Hayate was an absolute. The moment he encountered Marie Rose, he would be aware of her identity and be wary.

“Then I’ll be going.”

The reason Hayate came to Reinhardt was because he was worried about Grid. Dominion was too strong to fight while defending against the people, so he thought he would help. Yet by the time he arrived, things had already been sorted out. There was no reason to stay for long.

“.....”

Hayate stood up from his seat and suddenly smiled. He made eye contact with Irene, who was looking over here with an anxious expression. He also saw Lord standing by her side.

Grid’s family and his people. There were many precious beings in the world that he had turned away from using all types of reasons. Most of them were built and protected by Grid.

‘I won’t turn away again.’

Hayate’s expression was determined. Irene and Lord, who were still looking at him cautiously, reflexively stiffened and bowed their heads.

Just then, Grid grabbed Hayate’s wrist. In an unhurried and polite manner, he stared into Hayate’s eyes. “I will ask you again. Please value your life the most.”

The value of your life is the greatest in this world.

This is even when compared to the lives of those who are precious to me.

Who can bear the collapse of the tower that has supported the world beyond the world?

Hayate’s heart became bitter when he read the thoughts in Grid’s eyes. A body that shouldn’t be sacrificed. His unchanging condition for over a thousand years suffocated him. However, he nodded without showing any signs of it.

“I will keep that in mind.”

It was also a promise to remind himself.

“.....”

In the distance, Lord tightly gripped his mother’s hand. The young man who was a human but also the son of a god was feeling many things. He felt the solitude and responsibility of the pillars who sustained the world and was greatly stimulated. He reflected on his journey of chasing after his father’s footsteps.

He had gained a lot of experience and was moved. He just didn’t build a special connection with people. The path that his father took was already firmly completed, so there was no room for Lord to intervene. Most of the impressions he got during his trip were merely a confirmation and admiration of his father’s achievements. It was less intense and lacked some desperation.

Yet he felt fulfilled at this moment. Lord enjoyed being in the same space as Grid and Hayate and gave up the relaxation that had been holding him back. He desperately recalled the teachings he had learned from many great teachers. His rapidly expanded thinking helped him understand. Of course, the divinity of the Overgeared World was also favorable to Lord.

'He looks just like his father.'

Hayate's steps as he moved away from the temple became lighter. He felt Lord's potential and some of the burden in his heart was lightened.

The players active in hell frequently sent good news. The reason they weren't happy was because they knew the surface was in danger. The descent of the angels and Martial God Zeratul raised the alarm. Dominion, who suddenly appeared, drove the wedge in. Once Asgard started to be openly hostile to the surface, questions rose in various places about whether it was right to cling to hell.

There were even some people who criticized Grid for being wrongly stubborn.

The presence of the Dragon Slayer who appeared at this time was very great. His distinctive character trivialized Dominion, who caused a natural disaster not long ago. It was even more so because he was the opposite of Dominion, who was equipped with large armor and a spear. He wore light clothes and walked leisurely. It was like he was out on a walk. Only Dominion, who faced Grid with a serious attitude the entire time, became funny.

The most surprising thing was Braham's attitude. Braham's arrogance was a fact that everyone knew, but he was especially humble in front of Hayate. What type of monster was Hayate...? Additionally, his attitude toward Grid was very polite. They sat next to the window of the temple while drinking tea. Hayate, the guest, personally made the tea and poured it for Grid.

Everyone saw it. The reporters who took photographs and videos wrote headlines and spread it all over the world. Thanks to this, the suspicions and dissatisfaction of those who found out Grid had something to firmly believe in were dispelled.

The tea ceremony was simply Hayate's hobby, but people didn't know this.

"Is this the power of the Dragon Slayer?" Braham felt the mood of the people change as well as Lord's development and trembled. He was shocked beyond admiration by Hayate's ripple effect, who changed the world without even saying anything. He beckoned to Lord while rekindling his dream that he would one day achieve killing a dragon. "You will stay with me for the time being. I must educate you before you forget the enlightenment you have gained from Hayate."

"It is an honor!"

"It is at the level that gives enlightenment and stabilizes the world through meaningless actions such as a tea ceremony... I wonder if it is a realm that will be achieved naturally after killing a dragon..."

"....."

"....."

The apostles looked at Braham like he was absurd, but in any case, the atmosphere was good.

“The Gale of the Great Forest had an accident... certainly, the human gods must be quite free right now. I have a few guesses about where they might’ve settled.”

“Then let’s go right away.”

Grid was accompanied by Garion and Debirion and was ready to embark on a journey. Grid was reminded of the class game Three Kingdoms that he had once played. He searched all over the continent to recruit the hiding generals, but he felt that the current situation was much better than back then.

Chapter 1632

Unlike the gods or half-gods born out of the intentions of the gods of the beginning, the purpose of the human gods was vague and the vast majority of them were born without understanding it. Few of them were pleased with the power and eternal life that they suddenly gained one day. No, they were resentful.

It was because they were targeted and suffered due to the myth predators. The myth predators were persistent. The moment they accidentally discovered the presence of a human god, they studied the background of the target. They grasped an instinct that even the human god didn’t know based on the aspirations of the human beings who created the human god. They threw the bait and lured the human god into their territory.

For example, the reason Debirion visited a forest near the No Offspring Tomb was because he was fascinated by the rumor that there was prey in the forest that would enrich humans. Fortunately, he didn’t enter the interior of the No Offspring Tomb and this helped him avoid the worst situation of being eaten by the Specter of the No Offspring Tomb. It was just that from then on, his life turned into hell. In a situation where he was pursued by the minions of the Gale, the minions of other predators clung to him, so he couldn’t rest for a moment. His life was threatened every day.

Pain and isolation—they were concepts that marked the lives of most human gods.

“It must be hard to endure.”

Garion, the god of the earth—she had observed almost all the events that took place on the surface and realized the sufferings of the human gods. She was worried that they wouldn’t be able to endure life and would become corrupted. On the other hand—

“You don’t have to worry about that.” Debirion was adamant. “The human gods can’t be corrupted.”

They were human, so they understood human beings and didn’t resent them. They strove to live up to human aspirations.

Grid smiled bitterly. “That is what people are.”

Human beings had maintained their dignity throughout a long history. It wasn’t the result of relying on individual wisdom, but the result of cooperation. Every time a great crisis came and threatened them, human beings cooperated. They formed a relationship that relied on each other against the opponent they were fighting for their lives against. This would repeat when they confronted a new enemy.

Human gods couldn't betray human beings. Grid and Debirion right now were the proof.

"Hehe," Garion laughed softly. It was close to a hum. She glanced at Grid and Debirion with wide eyes and seemed very happy.

"What is it?"

"I'm just happy. It is reassuring to think that those who trust each other will be my family from now on."

"What type of family...?"

Debirion maintained a serious expression.

He had lived alone in the forest since his human days and he was unfamiliar with the term 'family.'

"What is family? If you live under one roof, then you are a family," Grid answered with a smile.

"Indeed... you have several wives, so your thoughts are quite free-spirited." Debirion sighed.

It wasn't criticism, but pure admiration. Grid was also dignified.

"I only recently learned this, but the more you share love, the better it is. Being happy is beneficial in many ways. Debirion, I hope you also meet a good person..."

Grid abruptly shut his mouth. It was because Garion's sparkling eyes gave him a strange pressure. They were eyes full of anticipation.

'What?'

From Grid's point of view, Garion was an elderly person who had lived for thousands of years. Therefore, he couldn't easily judge the desire that was shining in her eyes like a young girl and he felt puzzled.

"Stop." Debirion gave a signal.

The ground, which stretched out like a wave, stopped moving.

"This is it."

They were in front of a lake so huge that some people would mistake it as the sea. It was faint, but divinity could be felt. The faint ripples that spread from the depths of the lake caught the senses of the three gods.

"I think we are a bit late."

"We have to hurry."

The cooperation between Debirion, who guessed the places where the human gods were hiding, and Garion, who moved the entire land, worked very well. They arrived at five destinations in just one day, searched the surroundings thoroughly, and finally found a human god at this moment. It was much faster and easier than Grid expected.

However, the situation wasn't very good. The Gale of the Great Forest might've had an accident, but the Specter of the No Offspring Tomb was also adept at finding and tracking the human gods. His minions,

who had been chasing the human gods for a long time, arrived at the scene one step earlier than Grid's group and were active.

"The two of you, wait here."

Grid stopped Garion and Debirion, who were about to throw themselves straight into the lake. Garion exerted her full power on the ground, and Debirion his in the forest. There was no reason to weaken them by entering the water.

'It isn't necessarily a situation where I need help.'

The lich he had encountered in the forest when finding Debirion was quite strong. Based on the amount of experience that was given, it was at least level 450. Now there were at least 15 energy sources felt in this lake. Of course, this wasn't a threat to Grid. He could handle them just by sending Randy and the Overgeared Skeletons.

Even so, Grid came forward. Just as Liu Bei personally visited Zhuge Liang and tried to invite him and just as Ash captured the pokemon personally, Grid needed to move directly in order to recruit the human gods. He had to show sincerity and kindness to open the heart of the other person.

Grid threw himself below the surface of the lake.

'I heard he is the god of fishing.'

He was told this god was born out of the aspirations of fishermen. He had to be careful not to harm the ecosystem of the lake in order to easily get favorability.

Grid made this judgment and didn't draw his sword. He swam without even taking off Lee Jeong's training tools. He was basically only using his core power.

A shockwave coming from the lakebed violently shook the flow of water, but Grid wasn't affected. This was why it was good to have high stats.

""Stop... give up...""

A hoarse voice rang in Grid's ear as he reached his destination. The uniquely empty voice of the undead was clearly transmitted even in the water. In the distance, he could see oscillating black demonic energy that was darker than the dark Abyss.

Five liches were surrounding a single boy. The energy they were giving off was terrible. There were two death knights for each lich and their size was unusually large, making them even more threatening.

'The Frostlight Orcs.'

It was Teruchan's tribe. There was a large number of liches, so the range of activities of the Specter of the No Offspring Tomb seemed larger than expected.

'I may have already run into it a few times without knowing it.'

So far, Grid had killed more than one lich and death knight. He felt it wouldn't be strange if there was a minion of the Specter of the No Offspring Tomb among them.

Lightning hovered around Grid's feet. It was the moment when the Blue Dragon's Boots reacted to the speed that had reached the maximum from the very beginning.

The lightning god had descended.

""!""

The red eyes of the liches grew larger. There was a disturbance in the upper water currents and the death knights were torn to pieces. There was no time to respond, so they couldn't hide their confusion.

""A new, human god...""

The liches started to gather magic power on their staffs while staring at Grid. The being that made up the blue current—it was the incarnation of lightning that caused electric shocks in a wide area.

Hands that were restrained were holding the large heads of the death knights who died with their eyes open. This gave a strange feeling of intimidation.

""Lightning... God... the aspirations of humans have finally created a monster...""

"Is it, Kyle of Saharan?"

"The rotation of magic power, is twisted. It is by, divinity. This is, a real, god.""

""Catch him. Master will be pleased.""

Every time the liches spoke, the waves of magic power grew. The ripples that spread in concentric circles continued one after another. Each one was magic. They constrained Grid, limited the flow of lightning, and prepared for an explosion at the same time.

'It is the level of a great magician.'

It was natural. In the first place, they had to achieve a high level during their lifetime in order to become a lich. They were the beings acquired by the Specter of the No Offspring Tomb. The level of power collected over the long history by the owner of a tomb that existed before ancient times couldn't be low.

Still, so what?

Grid took a step forward after placing the God Hands by the side of the god of fishing—Lars, the boy behind Grid. All the magic that restrained Grid unraveled like they were thread. The magic that couldn't be resisted with the status of a legend was resisted with the status of a god.

""!!""

The hands of the liches were busy.

Magic performed by bending the joints of the fingers in reverse—they drew magic circles in a shape that humans couldn't create and fired a bombardment. It had incredible power. It ignored the water pressure of the abyss and struck Grid at high speed.

'Ahh, I don't know who he is, but he is going to die.'

After resisting the liches surrounding him, Lars' consciousness was gradually fading. It was forced transfer magic. The magic that the five liches used in cooperation was dragging Lars' body to the Specter of the No Offspring Tomb. The more a target resisted, the stronger was the pressure of the magic.

Lars felt pain like his mind and body were being torn apart. He didn't even have time to feel grateful to the benefactor who suddenly appeared to help him. He was limited to recognizing the situation in front of him.

".....!"

Then Lars' mind returned. It was because the 'eyes' transmitted to a dark space faced the being sitting on a throne.

Were bones connected to bones? Whose bones? Could it be the bones of the gods he had been preying on?

This... a monster. He couldn't be resisted. The Specter of the No Offspring Tomb was far beyond Lars' common sense.

A chill went down his spine. Cold sweat poured down like rain. It felt like the water wrapped around his body was being peeled off with sweat. Lars wanted to take his eyes off the other being. He didn't want to look at this monster any longer and wanted to forget it forever.

However, the transmitted eyes were out of Lars' control. Lars was forced to stare at the Specter of the No Offspring Tomb and he was clearly engraved in Lars' eyes and in his memory. The more he did so, the greater Lars' fear grew. He started to have seizures.

'It is painful.'

He would rather die as a human being. He hated this terrible pain. However, he didn't blame those who worshiped him as a god. He was the one who helped them when all the fish in the poisoned lake died. He made them depend on him. He knew their earnestness, so how could he blame them?

Tears dripped down from his trembling eyes, but he knew he couldn't hope for salvation. Even so, Lars didn't collapse even at the last moment. He suppressed the darkness that was about to rise in the depths of his heart. It was because he was a god. It was a god's duty, regardless of the helplessness against a stronger combat force. No one would understand, whether it was the monster in front of him who laughed like it was insignificant, the heavenly gods, the demons of hell, or even humans.

Lars knew that humans were selfish, but he still felt an infinite amount of loneliness. However, he understood.

It was while imagining the moment when his body would be completely transported in front of the monster to be chewed up.

'It is scary.'

What part of that monster would the bone that he left behind fill? Arms? Waist? Legs? He wished it was as low as possible. He didn't want to stand out like the owner of that rib that the monster was wearing like a crown.

A shadow fell over Lars' eyes that turned bloodshot because he didn't blink once. It was a shadow created by someone's hand. The monster's hand had reached up to here. The arm was so long that it was possible.

A strange smell pierced Lars' nose as he was thinking this. It was the smell of a ship that he once smelled. To be a bit more precise, it was the smell of steel. It was completely different from the smell of death exuded by the monster.

““You... are...”” The monster opened his mouth for the first time. The voice was as terrible as he looked.

It was the moment when Lars' body stiffened even more...

“Just wait. Sooner or later, I will come to smash that big head.”

The voice of an unfamiliar man awakened Lars' consciousness. The fear disappeared like it was a lie. There was the sound of something collapsing and the world that Lars saw changed. It was the abyss of the lake once again. It was bright and wasn't black. The cold water also felt warm.

It was due to the orange divinity that spread across the lake.

Chapter 1633

In the distant past...

A new lord was appointed to the town of a certain kingdom. He was a very greedy man. He used every excuse to impose harsh tax rates and hard labor on the people. The higher the walls and spires of the manor, the more impoverished the people's lives became.

Of course, the people didn't just sit idly by and watch. They sent an appeal to the king while listing the lord's guilt. However, the kingdom didn't help them. It was because the lord was justified in raising the tax rate. The inspector dispatched just in case took the bribery money from the lord and ignored the hardships of the people. He praised the contribution of the lord for building high walls to prevent the invasion of the different species.

After the inspector left, the lord resented the people.

Why did you, who should be loyal and obedient to me, betray me?

He trembled with a sense of betrayal and harbored hostility toward the people. From then on, there were people suffering from starvation. More and more people fell ill and died because they couldn't eat well.

It was Lars who saved them. The people who lost their lives after meeting the wrong lord—the boy took pity on them and used his extraordinary brain and his father's power to help the people. Embankments were built in exquisite locations and large-scale fishing was done to give food to the people.

He didn't raise his father's suspicions. He explained that the embankments were built because he wanted to monopolize the big lake. There was no interference from the lord. It was because his father was the lord.

The boy, who was the son of the vicious lord, used the heart and power of his father who loved him to help the people. The hunger of the people was quenched due to the boy.

Then an accident happened. The lord's eyes turned when he learned the use of the lake his son had created. He released poison into the lake. Dead fish floated on the blackened lake. The number of dead fish was so great that it was almost impossible to see the water's surface. The only thing visible was the bellies of the fishes. The people lamented and the boy despaired.

"Why are you doing this when you should be their parent?"

The boy yelled at his father for the first time since he was born and threw himself into the lake. It was after chewing herbs that purified water only when mixed with human blood. The son's resentment and curse that he would blame his father even in death if he took the lake away from the people lingered forever in the lord's ears.

On this day, the lake turned black and then returned to blue.

The boy died. It was only when he died that he became a god. It was a rare case among the human gods. However, the boy didn't know about his own death. The complicated memories of being reborn with the aspirations of human beings made him forget about death.

"You... who are you?"

The boy who spilled water, not blood, from his wounds—Lars, the god of fishing, barely managed to come to his senses and asked. He seemed unfamiliar with Grid's group, who were looking at him with sad expressions. It was different from Debirion, who vaguely guessed Grid's identity. He seemed to be ignorant of the world since he had been living in rivers and lakes.

"I am called the Overgeared God."

"Over... geared God."

"Like you, he is a god born from the aspirations of human beings and the emperor of a great empire. He is the one who has been protecting and caring for human beings from various positions."

"I never cared for people."

Grid looked serious at Garion's words. He took care of people? He might have a lot of experience fighting to protect someone, but the expression that he cared for them wasn't right. They were words that he didn't dare to bear.

His face was about to explode with embarrassment.

Lars saw Grid's reaction and smiled. "You are the master of the divine world that was born not long ago. I heard the news often through the mouths of fishermen. You are a very wonderful person... additionally, you are the benefactor who saved me. You must've come to me for some purpose. If there is anything I can do to help, I will do it if I can."

It was just after witnessing the monster in the darkness. It was a monster that formed a bizarre shape by attaching the bones of human gods to its own bones. Lars was convinced. He would never forget the

horror of that moment even in death. He assured himself that even if he fought the demons of hell, he wouldn't be more afraid than of that monster who would chew on his body.

Yet right now, the fear was gone. His trembling body calmed down like it was a lie. It was due to the warmth of Grid's divinity that stained the land and lake with the color of the sunset.

Lars, who was rescued by Grid just before being dragged away to the No Offspring Tomb, accurately measured Grid's level. He was very strong. He even had a humble and wholesome demeanor.

Lars wanted to rely on this person. The moment that Lars' instinct harbored this faint wish...

"Be a part of our family." Grid brought up why he was here. "I hope you can live with us in the Overgeared World."

It was a polite request without the slightest hint of coercion from the strong. Moreover, Lars had been lonely and anxious for a long time. He felt the attraction in his heart. However, there was a catch. "The meaning of my existence is blurred when there are no fish. In the first place, I have no power. I wonder if I am worthy to stay in your world..."

The divine world that was recently born was very small. There was no possibility of a lake or a river. Even if there was a river, Lars was a weak god. All he could do was help people catch fish. Was there any use for him?

"Just you being with us will help us a lot. In essence, the more gods that stay in the divine world, the bigger it gets. Additionally, you are a god who symbolizes abundance in a small way. It will be good for the people as well," Garion explained to Lars, who was doubting himself.

Debirion, the god of hunting, and Lars, the god of fishing—their essence lay in helping people living in poverty. It would be a good match if they were together. They would enrich the people entering and leaving the Overgeared World. These people would feel grateful and worship the gods even more.

It meant that a beneficial cycle was completed. Of course, Garion was aware of the need for lakes and rivers, but this wasn't something to worry about. Garion was the god of the earth and Piaro was among the apostles of the Overgeared God. It was easy to create lakes or rivers in the Overgeared World if the two of them joined forces.

"I will join you if that is the case." Lars happily nodded.

[The god of fishing, 'Lars,' has become a member of the Overgeared World.]

[The level of the Overgeared World has risen by 1 due to recruiting a new god.]

[If you build a temple for Lars in the Overgeared World, the scale of the Overgeared World will be slightly expanded.]

[The god of hunting, Debirion, and the god of fishing, Lars, have activated the 'Gods of Abundance (1)' effect.]

[If a friendly being visits the Overgeared Empire, they will receive buffs that increase the experience rate, decrease the penalty of an empty stomach, increase movement speed in forests, and increase the time of dives.]

‘That’s it.’

It was a good start. Grid inwardly exclaimed with joy, but he couldn’t smile. He was worried about the specter he encountered at the No Offspring Tomb, which could be seen through the space that the liches had distorted. He was stronger and more evil than Grid expected.

Pure evil. It felt similar to Baal.

‘The range of activity of such a being is larger than expected...’

There were likely to be repercussions if he left the other being alone. However, there was a part of Grid that was reluctant to subdue him prematurely. The biggest problem was that the size of the No Offspring Tomb was very large.

The largest dungeon in Satisfy—the No Offspring Tomb was large enough to be called that. From the outside, it looked like a forest and a mountain, but it hadn’t been discovered in many years. The scale was huge so it was unknown how many traps and trials were lurking. It would take a very long time to reach the specter. Additionally, there was a high probability that the executives he encountered along the way were likely to be at the level of super named beasts.

It would be unreasonable for Grid to defeat them alone. An attack was only possible if the apostles were mobilized. However, he couldn’t afford to invest in attacking the No Offspring Tomb right now. Resources had to be conserved.

One example was the potions. The potions made at Reidan’s alchemy facility, which had been repaired after it was destroyed, were being stockpiled for the Baal raid. It wasn’t right to consume them at the No Offspring Tomb.

‘No, that isn’t it.’

Suppose he used all the resources he had prepared on a raid of the No Offspring Tomb. He couldn’t estimate the losses if the attack failed, but if it succeeded, the gains would be far greater than the losses. Grid and the apostles would level up significantly and powerful items would be acquired in large quantities.

‘Let’s adjust the schedule.’

In any case, the hell expedition needed a bit more time. Grid decided it was better to postpone the Baal raid until the average level of Overgeared One reached 500.

Just then, Garion realized Grid’s thoughts and gave him advice. “It is better not to touch the No Offspring Tomb.”

“Is the specter that strong?”

“The specter being strong is a secondary problem. Think about the nature of the specter.”

“The nature of the specter? Isn’t it a myth predator?”

“No. That is just an additional role. Why is the Specter of the No Offspring Tomb the specter of the No Offspring Tomb? It is because it doesn’t leave the No Offspring Tomb, but why doesn’t it leave it?”

“To protect the No Offspring Tomb... Ah.”

Grid realized the essence of the specter. It was the guardian of the No Offspring Tomb. Despite hunting many human gods, it had never left the No Offspring Tomb. At first glance, it resembled the Mountain King of Grenier, but there were obvious differences. The Grenier guarded by the Mountain King was simply a mountain, whereas the No Offspring Tomb was someone’s tomb.

Why did the Specter of the No Offspring Tomb protect someone’s tomb? Wasn’t it because the owner of the tomb wanted it?

The problem arose at this point.

“You might provoke the owner of the No Offspring Tomb if you harm the specter.”

“What is the true identity of the owner of the No Offspring Tomb?”

“I don’t know.”

“You... don’t know?”

The No Offspring Tomb was a tomb built on the ground. Yet Garion, the god of the earth, didn’t know the true nature of the No Offspring Tomb?

Grid was baffled and a bitter smile crossed Garion’s beautiful face. “Yes, as you know, my authority isn’t absolute. The reason I took care of the land was because my mother wanted it and she had the right to control me. From my perspective, the No Offspring Tomb was something that popped up out of nowhere. The being who made the No Offspring Tomb is probably Mother or a being comparable to Mother.”

This was why she believed that the No Offspring Tomb shouldn’t be touched recklessly. There was something ominous lurking there.

Grid saw Garion’s deep concern and struggled to shift his attention.

‘I don’t have to worry about the No Offspring Tomb right now.’

He was in the process of recruiting human gods. It was also time for Xenon’s loot to arrive. There was a lot of work to be done.

“Let’s return first.” There was a large fountain at the point where the temples of Grid, Garion, and Debirion, which were next to each other in the Overgeared World, were facing. How about changing that part into a lake and building Lars’ temple there?

Grid thought about it and pulled out a return scroll.

At the same time...

“Do you have an estranged relationship with your parents?”

“Why are you suddenly asking that now?”

“Professor, I heard you have two brothers born at the same time as you.”

In the real world, Huroi was causing a social ripple.

“I think your parents are definitely great people because they predicted that an ill-bred fellow would be among their children and gave birth to three at the same time. I need to connect you with a writer I know well to publish a book about great people.”

It was because he strongly criticized the panelist who argued that the seasonal system should be introduced in Satisfy. The debater’s recklessness in saying it was fine to reset the NPCs provoked Huroi...

Chapter 1634

A game surely had an end. It was because the story had an ending, or the content was depleted. It wasn’t just single player games, but also online games enjoyed by multiple users. The developers added new content every time, but it didn’t mean much. It was easy to remember that even movies made by hundreds of the best people in each field with hundreds of billions of capital behind them were often ruined.

People in the gaming industry weren’t gods. They weren’t always successful in developing content that satisfied the majority. On the contrary, the more updates that were done, the more the game received a backlash. In the end, every game tended to have fewer users as the service period continued and they would eventually disappear into history.

Online games with a PvP system had a particularly short lifespan. It was because PvP naturally had winners and losers. The winner got the better reward, so as time passed, they entered their own league.

What were some ways to extend the lifespan of the game? This was the biggest challenge the gaming industry had been contemplating for a long time.

The answer was in seasons. It gave new stimulus to users by resetting the game environment after a certain period of time passed. It wasn’t at the level of simply resetting the rankings like in chess-type games or games like AoS, FPS, etc. In the case of MMORPGs, the story and levels were completely reset. This way, people could start the game on an equal footing again from the beginning.

Of course, the proper line was kept. In order to reduce the feeling of deprivation to existing users, the classes and items acquired in the previous season were partially inherited. On the other hand, variations were added to the content of quests, hidden pieces, and information of hunting grounds and dungeons, etc, to render existing knowledge meaningless. The intention was to ensure that the winners, who monopolized a lot of information from the previous season, would start from the beginning like the average person.

So far, this was a very simple example. The game companies used the seasonal system in their own way. They used several innovative methods to satisfy the winners and losers of the previous season, and both existing and new users. As a result, most of the games that introduced a season system were well received.

The difference in lifespan between games that introduced the seasonal system and games that didn’t introduce the seasonal system was quite large. Of course, by now, most of the games except for Satisfy had been destroyed.

“Grid has gone beyond an empire and created a divine world. In this way, Grid’s power will grow uncontrollably... I’m not using a leap of logic to talk about the seasonal system. Who doubts Grid these days? Grid isn’t someone who harms others just because he becomes stronger. Rather, he has a style of feeling responsibility. He is a great man. We all know that.”

The professor, who was voicing the need to introduce a seasonal system, inserted a neutral gear along the way. It was proof that he was conscious that the absolute majority of public opinion liked Grid. At the same time, it was a move to appeal that his opinion had objective value.

“Moreover, it is clear that hell and heaven have become the enemy of the players. For humanity, which has to rally around Grid, there is no news as good as the birth of the Overgeared World. Isn’t there a statistic that less than 20% of people perceive Satisfy as a simple role-playing game? Research shows that most players enjoy Satisfy for a variety of everyday reasons, whether it is simply to decorate their home or garden, spend time with their family or lover, enjoy leisure activities such as fishing or exercise, or simply using it for work purposes.”

The professor drank water while avoiding Huroi’s bloody gaze and continued his words.

“I’m just talking about the future. It should be noted that when Grid and the rankers have subjugated hell and heaven and the story is over, or when the failure prevents people’s daily lives from being maintained, we need to note that we have to start Satisfy again in a new environment.”

“What will happen to the NPCs if the world is reset?” Huroi, who didn’t get a chance to come forward because the professor praised Grid every time he said something, finally interrupted at the right moment. He pointed out the fundamental problem.

The professor fixed his glasses. “The NPCs? Is that a matter to worry about? Once the world is reset, it means the system is reset. So the NPCs will be reset as well, right?”

“I was asking how the NPCs are going to make sense of the world starting over, but you are thinking about killing them. You are trying to teach people when you are a potential killer. The world is going to the dogs.”

“Killer...? What are you now...?”

The professor panicked. From then on, Huroi’s criticism began. He even took advantage of the fact that the professor was part of triplets to curse him. A convincing logic wasn’t presented. It was because the professor didn’t consider Grid’s position at all.

Reset the NPCs? What type of crazy nonsense was this?

Huroi, who only thought and worked around Grid, had plenty of reasons to insult the professor. He didn’t need any logic to curse...

“Uh... Um... We will come back after this advertisement.” The host couldn’t control the executive of the Overgeared Guild he painstakingly worked hard to recruit and barely took over.

The survey results confirmed that people were negative about the seasonal system. It was a natural result. Satisfy was different from usual games. The vast majority of people recognized and utilized it as

another world rather than a game. Progressing through quests, killing monsters, leveling up, competing with others, and increasing their power... this was only a small part of Satisfy.

It was why so many people were cheering for Grid and the Overgeared Guild. People just wanted peace. They dismissed the argument that a seasonal system should be introduced to reset the environment they had adapted to the best, the relationships they built, etc.

The same was true of the S.A Group. What type of seasonal system would be introduced when the company didn't even update the game in order to avoid intervening in the game?

The common opinion of the people was that the professor was cheap and he was cursed at.

The symbol of the Overgeared Empire was once blacksmiths. Tens of thousands of blacksmiths, led by Grid, filled the nation. Naturally, industry developed and technicians from many fields flowed in. As the nation prospered, the technicians gained a variety of experiences and became craftsmen, producing new technicians through apprenticeship training. It was a land of craftsmen.

"Perhaps—"

The lake at the place where three temples were facing—the great lake built by Garion and Piaro was beautifully decorated by craftsmen. Flowers and trees of various colors were planted around the lake. White gravel was laid on the ground and it didn't look awkward even though it was in the middle of the city. The lake itself was where Lars would reside, so the statues and portraits of Lars were arranged around the lake. It felt like an exhibition hall in nature.

The overall scale was much larger than Grid's temple. It was built large in the hopes that the size of the Overgeared World would be directly proportional to the size of the temples. It was fine even if it wasn't proportional. In the future, the Overgeared World was planned to be developed around the lake. Therefore, it was decided that the lake would only be beneficial if it was large.

"Do you know the Undefeated King?"

This was a question that arose from the time he heard that Lars died and became a god.

Undefeated King Madra—during the time when he was alive, he alone cut down the empire's great army to defend his homeland. Then he became a death knight and defended the Behen Archipelago. Unfortunately, the Great Human and Demon War in the Behen Archipelago didn't go down in history.

However, his homeland Lubana existed until relatively recently. The empire might've deliberately concealed the name of the Undefeated King, but this would have its limitations. The people of Lubana might've longed for the Undefeated King for at least a few decades after the death of the Undefeated King and offered sacrifices. It meant they would've worshiped him.

"Madra, of course I know him."

Debirion and Lars shook their heads, but Garion knew about the Undefeated King. She nodded with an inquiring expression.

“Ah...” Grid remembered the Undefeated King’s Swordsmanship and started sweating. There was no way Garion couldn’t know Madra. Madra must’ve smashed the land quite a lot.

“You must be wondering if he also became a human god.”

“Yes... in any case.”

He didn’t really have high expectations. Madra’s body and soul were defiled. He was reduced to an undead by Pagma and stayed in the Behen Archipelago until recently. Existing as a death knight and becoming a human god? The possibility that a separate ego from the death knight would become a god wasn’t impossible, but it wasn’t realistic.

In the first place, Madra was a legend. He was outstanding even among the legends. His position was different from Lars, who was an ordinary boy. It was more likely that he would be chosen as an angel before he became a god. After becoming an angel, he couldn’t become a god even if he was worshiped.

‘Please, I hope my guess is wrong.’ Grid was aware that his predictions were quite often wrong. This was why he was eagerly hoping that this prediction was also wrong.

“He can’t be a god. As you know, he has fallen to the level of becoming an undead.”

“.....”

This time, his prediction was corrected.

A shadow fell over Garion’s beautiful face. “He is likely to have become a slave to Baal. I heard that Baal’s favorite souls are unfortunate souls, both alive or dead. It is a shame.”

Did he become a slave to Baal?

It happened as Grid sighed, feeling gloomy after his unnecessary curiosity...

“The warp gate is ready.”

One of the knights prostrated himself and announced.

‘Why do they bow every time?’

A God Hand pulled up the knight. However, it was useless. The knight fell to his knees again. It was because Grid’s red robes fluttered and his sunset-colored divinity spread. It was a sight that made one feel awe.

He soon arrived in front of the warp gate and found the apostles, except for Braham and Sariel, waiting.

“Uh...”

Nefelina’s complexion was pale. The restless appearance meant she didn’t look like a great hatchling, but it was very familiar to Grid. To be honest, Grid couldn’t picture Nefelina’s future in his head. A dragon that would show off her magnificent stature and act as an absolute? This child?

“You don’t have to go with me,” Grid said while stroking Nefelina’s head. From a certain point on, he naturally treated Nefelina like a daughter after she treated him as a parent. She also seemed to have become quite close to Lord. It was absurd that Lord seemed to have taken on the role of an older brother.

“No, I will go. I really want to see him.”

The gray dragon Xenon—he might not be a child of an old dragon, but it was said that an adult dragon had made an exchange with Grid. It had been a long time since it turned out to be true. However, Nefelina didn’t feel like it was real. It was impossible to believe that a dignified dragon interacted with another species. She wanted to see it with her own eyes.

‘Perhaps he is suffering from madness.’

That dragon called Xenon was likely experiencing the same symptoms as her father. It meant that he was ridiculously dangerous. It was necessary to find out what plot he had in mind when approaching Grid.

‘If I am lucky, I might get a hint to improve my father’s symptoms...’

Somehow, the gravity of the matter seemed to be reversed, but in any case, Nefelina took the risk. She chose to accompany Grid despite knowing she could be a target for Xenon.

“Let’s go.”

Grid respected her choice. He was the first to enter the warp gate, followed by Mercedes, Piaro, Zik, and Nefelina.

The apostles were all wearing the same clothes as Grid. It was a thin robe made from woven silk. The hem went down to the knees and the sleeves were wide. It was gorgeous. It fluttered every time they moved, making the appearance of the gods and apostles even more mysterious.

[I think they have become more devoted since we haven’t seen them.]

Reidan was full of people. It was to watch the ‘descent of a dragon,’ which was now famous.

A dragon—an absolute species that was considered to be something they would never see in their lifetime just last year. The people who were mesmerized by his splendid appearance turned their gazes in the direction of the warp gate.

Grid was there.

The attitude of the dragon who found him and made eye contact was unusual. The sight of him stretching his neck down like he was bowing caused a turmoil among the people.

‘He is far crazier than I expected.’

Xenon’s polite attitude made Nefelina feel shocked.

Chapter 1635

The keyword for dragons was arrogance. They were monsters that were immune to death due to the 'absolute defense' that wrapped around them like a garment, and devastated a city with a single breath. Understandably, they were fearless and arrogant. They were famous for belittling all beings other than themselves. The ancestors' advice that it would be ugly to get involved with them as they did not know the concept of respect remained throughout the continent as a history.

Yet an unexpected event occurred around half a year ago. A giant dragon periodically visited Reidan to give gifts.

A dragon doing Grid a favor? There was a rumor that it was because he felt guilty toward Grid, but people weren't convinced. How could a dragon feel guilty in the first place? Smashing cities and hurting people? For them, it would be as uninspiring as trampling on ants. So why?

The people were puzzled and went to visit Reidan. They heard rumors that Grid was attending this 'descent of a dragon' event. However, it wasn't easy to enter the city. There was a long procession even from a location where the walls of Reidan, famous for being very high, looked blurry. It was a procession of visitors to Reidan.

"Do we have to pay an entrance fee? By the way, why are there so many people?"

Rabbit, a notorious administrator even among civilians, declared that he would charge an entrance fee. The reason was that it was difficult to manage security if just anyone was accepted. The people felt a backlash and they lost their motivation when they saw the long procession.

"Let's watch from the outside without going inside the city."

"That is good. It is a pity that I can't see Grid, but the dragon is as big as a mountain. I can see it well from afar."

Eventually, a few people left the line. Tents were set up in various places of the agriculture fields like they were camping. Then suddenly, dark clouds appeared in the sky and it rained. It was a heavy rain.

"Wasn't it originally a desert here?"

"The clouds are too thick. We won't even be able to see the dragon properly like this."

"Damn, it can't be helped. Let's enter the city now."

The people took down their tents and moved busily. They literally rushed in like a turbulent wave. However, the visitors didn't end there. There were also many members of the bourgeois who crossed over using the warp gates rather than taking the usual routes.

Reidan was crowded without any place to step. It was like a huge pot of bean sprouts. Just then—

".....?"

The rain stopped like it was a lie.

"Thank you for the hard work," Rabbit laughed at the dumbfounded tourists and spoke while adjusting his glasses.

At the lord's castle...

Lauel was sitting down with a haggard look. He had changed his class to a feng shui master because it was useful for battlefield and city management, and he harbored a great sense of skepticism about his job.

"The prime minister of the great empire uses the ultimate technique to take money away from people... isn't this too trivial? You are someone who has earned the title of daoist."

"The number of visitors is 1.2 million and we got 7 gold per person. Recall the days when Reidan was reeling because it didn't even have 200,000 gold and endure it."

"Isn't the rate of visits by children very small? Administrator Rabbit, did you predict that far?" Garitsha looked at the two men with a somewhat pitying expression and asked. It was a question from the lord of Reidan.

Rabbit explained it with all his heart, "That's right. What fearless parent would lead their children to watch a dragon? This was the calculation behind the propaganda that preschoolers would be admitted for free."

They pretend to be hospitable, but it was nothing more than a show. It was the basics of business.

Rabbit's smiling face was full of pride. It was similar to the look Garitsha had when she led 50,000 troops and won consecutive victories.

"Oh my, you did well," Garitsha finished rebuking him and urged Lauel, "We need to go. Grid will arrive soon."

After a while, a huge and wonderful dragon descended to Reidan, just as people had imagined. Then Grid's group appeared through the warp gate. The surprising thing was that people's nerves were more focused on Grid's group than the dragon. The beautiful men and women dressed in colorful clothes and Grid's divinity was that enchanting. They couldn't help drawing attention.

[I think they have become more devoted since we haven't seen them.]

The people who were alternately admiring Grid's group and the dragon were suddenly shocked. It was because the dragon's attitude was very polite as he lowered his long neck to match Grid's eye level. The dragon's tone was polite from the start.

'Isn't this crazy?'

'It was this much?'

People had been keeping a close eye on Grid's epics and the temples of the Overgeared God Church. It was possible to roughly guess where Grid was and what he was doing. They took it for granted that he had been involved with dragons for the past year. They didn't expect him to rise so much in the hierarchy that he was greeted by a dragon... they never even dreamed of it.

Weren't dragons beings that even the gods of Asgard were wary of? It was beyond imagination.

Silence fell in a city as a million people lost their words.

“That... that can’t be a dragon!” someone shouted in a ferocious voice. It was close to a cry. There was a strong hostility in the voice. All eyes turned in the direction of the voice. It was a man in a black robe who gave off a gloomy impression. Anyone could tell that it was a black magician from the Yatan Church.

“This...! That is just a fat wyvern!”

The Yatan Church, like the churches of the three gods, was divided into two factions—the radicals, who believed in the truth of hell that Grid revealed and formed a friendship with the Overgeared God Church, and the moderates, who held to their existing positions regardless of the truth.

The difference between them was whether they worshiped God Yatan or the demons. The radicals worshiped God Yatan himself while the moderates wanted the power of the demons. The moderates were close to the existing Yatan Church. They were still obsessed with the ritual of kidnapping humans, sacrificing them, and summoning demons.

This person was part of the latter. He was even a bigshot. The proof was that he infiltrated this place without any problems.

‘A Yatan Servant. It has been a while since I’ve seen one.’

Grid’s high insight read the ominous magic power of the black magician. However, that was it. Grid quickly shifted his gaze away. He paid as much attention to the black magician as he did a stone on the side of the road.

The black magician threw off his robe and shouted fiercely, “If you know the identity of this body, then you can’t ignore me! I am Yatan’s Second Servant, J...”

The Yatan Second Servant, Jijeil—he was obsessed with power. Therefore, he violated the rules of heaven, harmed people, and became a Yatan Servant. Naturally, he fantasized about the dragons. He feared them more than the Great Demons and hoped to meet one at least once in his life.

However, he only witnessed the scene of his object of awe serving Grid, his firm enemy, as if Grid was his master. He had to lose his temper. He was so caught up in his emotions that he experienced a backlash of magic power. Still, it was fine. There were countless people here.

These miscellaneous things that only sucked in air. Those who wished to lead a trivial life were nothing more than rubbish not worth existing. Meanwhile, they had found to take advantage of this trash over the years.

It was as an offering. The magic of dedicating their blood, flesh, and life to the demon was completed with powerful magic that was different from ordinary magic. A miracle that made meaningless things meaningful.

I am great.

It happened at this time...

“.....?”

Jijeil's thoughts stopped. The madman, who was ready to give up his life the moment he shouted at Grid, dreamed about completing a large-scale magic on the people here and seeing Grid's expression contort. It was just that his wish didn't come true.

Grid's figure disappeared from view. By the time he realized that a huge, black shadow had approached, it was already too late. Jijeil's head was crushed by pressure and exploded.

"....."

"....."

Mercedes and Piaro, who had just reached Jijeil's side, turned around. Not a single drop of the blood that burst out like a fountain touched their robes. It was the same for the other people. The gravity field spread out by the proud-looking Mercedes crushed the swirling blood and flesh, and buried it in the ground.

".....?"

There was only silence. The dragon's huge claw that slowly approached the black magician who appeared with a shout and the black magician that disappeared without a trace—few people understood the situation properly.

Garitsha, a former member of the Tzedakah Guild and the current lord of Reidan, had a subtle expression on her face.

'It was slow?'

A little while ago...

The claw that Xenon stretched out was not fast. This was clearly recognized by herself as well as one million people. Meanwhile, the black magician who was the target of the claw didn't respond. He only looked puzzled the moment when the slowly approaching claw crushed him.

'What type of harmony is it? Did he fall for the Dragon Words that Grid mentioned?'

Some of the Overgeared members that came from the Tzedakah Guild had grown into commanders. They honed their military skills and leadership skills rather than their individual strength. Unfortunately, Garitsha was incapable of assessing what Xenon just did.

Piaro read her contemplative expression and said with a pleased look, "It was just visible because it was huge."

In fact, the dragon's claws were shot at a tremendous speed. Even Piaro only noticed it when he felt the change in the wind's flow. He got goosebumps. Mercedes seemed to have a similar sentiment. There was a subtle competitive spirit in her eyes that were looking at Xenon.

'As expected, a dragon is truly a supreme being.'

The more Piaro realized the greatness of a dragon, the greater Grid felt. By this time, the old image of Grid that clearly remained in his mind seemed false.

It happened as people started to understand the situation one by one...

They were fascinated by the appearance of the dragon that was even more wonderful up close, but then they belatedly felt fear and turned pale. Even so, it was only for a moment. People forgot their fear again.

[I ended up hurting humans like my habit. I'm sorry... I will pay the price for my sins.]

The sight of the dragon bowing his head to Grid was absurd and made them forget their fear.

“He deserved to die a hundred times.”

Grid respected Xenon. He liked Xenon's personality, who knew how to make mistakes and take responsibility. Yet treating Xenon as a fat wyvern? It was on the verge of being unpleasant to Grid.

Xenon saw his frown and greatly misunderstood. He hurriedly opened his subspace and took out a gift.

[This is the scale I have prepared to offer you today. It is a scale that grew around my heart, so it will be especially hard.]

Offer.

The scale.

Every time the dragon opened his mouth, and with each word that emerged from it, people's minds gradually became distant.

‘Is he really going to put Grid on his back?’

Then wasn't it not much different from a fat wyvern, just as the dead black magician said? People clicked their tongues at the sight of the dragon that seemed to have been tamed by Grid.

‘It is definitely different.’

Grid's face was bright.

“I will cherish it and use it well.”

Even the scales from the same dragon differed in quality depending on the area. The scale that Xenon gave him this time was so good that a great work would be born if he combined them with the scales he collected so far to make a shoulder guard and helmet.

[It is an honor.]

Hell, Baal, Asgard, the angels and gods, the Specter of the No Offspring Tomb, and Khan—these days, there were fewer and fewer genuine smiles due to his accumulating worries. Now Grid smiled widely for the first time in a while. Mercedes read it with her Keen Insight and was thrilled. She took back the competitive spirit she secretly (?) felt toward Xenon.

Meanwhile, Nefelina was coming to a conclusion. ‘I would prefer that he is an uncontrollable lunatic. No harm is done to Grid, but I shouldn't associate with this guy. It is unfortunate, but I have to get a hint of resolving my father's madness from somewhere else.’

A fat wyvern—Nefelina sympathized with the heart of the black magician who shouted at Xenon. On this day, the whole world was filled with the subject of Grid and dragons.

Would Grid lose a fight against Baal when he could extort scales from a dragon? The people were hopeful and encouraged. They also praised Piaro and Mercedes, who reacted to the dragon's movements. In particular, many people were fascinated by the appearance of Mercedes, who wasn't discouraged even against a dragon.

It was rewarding for Grid to lead the apostles to visit Reidan...

Chapter 1636

It was when he saw the spear made by Hexetia. Grid once again realized the difference in skill between himself and Hexetia.

There were no complaints. He could understand. Hexetia was the god of blacksmiths. It was a shameful wish to compare blacksmithing skills against him, whose stats and powers were so rooted in the creation of items.

However, Grid didn't think he was unconditionally at a disadvantage. The material of Hexetia's short sword or spear was the divine stone. It was the unique material created by Hexetia. It was probably a great metal, but it didn't have an advantage over the scales and bones of a dragon.

He saw Xenon's scale today and was convinced.

[Xenon's Heart Scale]

[Rating: Myth

A scale that regenerates with the highest priority among the scales of the gray dragon, Xenon.

It is the thickest and strongest as it wraps right around the right side of the chest where the dragon's heart sits.]

'This is definitely on a different grade from the scales I've dealt with so far.'

It was when Grid fought Cranbel. This was the reason why he couldn't deal a direct blow to the dragon's heart. A bit of confidence grew in Grid's heart as he admired and examined the scale.

'One day, I will create a dragon weapon that goes beyond Hexetia's work.'

The possibilities were sufficient. Xenon was a lower ranked dragon. Even so, Grid succeeded in using Xenon's scales to embody the body parts of top ranked dragons like Ifrit and Cranbel. Someday, if he used the scales of an intermediate or top ranking dragon, there was a high possibility he could make them more perfect and it was even possible to recreate the body of an old dragon.

'An old dragon... I'm getting ahead of myself. Let's make a good helmet first.'

He had obtained a good scale, so he was going to try and reproduce Cranbel's head. The investment value of a helmet was high because it had a high defense among all the armor parts and it was an important part that specialized in defending weak spots. There was no regret about parting with Talsha. He had been replacing the armor made with the breaths of the Four Gods one by one, so why would there be any regrets about Talsha?

Talsha... it wasn't that he disliked Talima's Shame because it was rude. It had been a long time since Talsha had become obedient, even though it grumbled. To put it bluntly, it had become useless. It was because he didn't need the help of Talsha to dominate items. Talsha's current position was nothing more than noisy armor.

Of course, it was only for Grid. In addition to King's Negation that disarmed the target and King's Command's that controlled ego items, Talima's Shame had a unique skill called King's Domination.

[King's Domination]

[Dominates the wearer's mind and controls the body.]

During the time when King's Domination is maintained, the wearer's attack power and all speeds will increase by 20%. The wearer will also be immune to critical hits and attacks in weak spots. However, the wearer will die at the end of the domination.

Skill Resources Consumed: None.

Skill Duration: Until the wearer dies.

Skill Cooldown Time: 24 hours.]

It was a skill that drove the wearer to death. This was a really blatant and vicious curse given that Talsha had no conditions to be equipped. Grid was naturally immune to it because it was a mental domination skill, but most people apart from Grid would have no way to avoid death the moment they wore Talsha.

'There will be times when it is useful depending on the situation.'

A knight's helmet with goat horns—Talsha's outward appearance was pretty cool. It was a design that suited Lauel's taste so much that his eyes shone and he said he wanted to give it a try (?). If he aimed it at the target well, he could easily make them put it on.

-Phew...

Talsha escaped being disposed of and sighed with relief. A monster whose intelligence was so high that it didn't want to belong to anyone. After repeatedly cursing and killing the wearer, it was sealed in Pandemonium. Talsha had resented its fate as a mere tool, but it was different now. It hoped to lead a life of its own. Its mind changed as it ventured out of the dark Pandemonium and adventured with Grid.

"Then shouldn't you have usually done a bit better?"

The defense of Talsha was from a minimum of 1 to a maximum of 2,750. It adjusted its defense according to its mood, but it rarely showed a good form because its nature was evil. In particular, there were some cases where the defense was 1 in battle, causing damage to Grid.

-That... I tried to do well...

Grid no longer scolded Talsha, who closed its mouth while trying to make excuses. As he stated earlier, the uncooperative nature of Talsha was a matter of nature. It might've succumbed to Grid with force and was impressed by Grid's heart, but it wasn't inherently good. Grid shouldn't expect loyalty. It was similar to Iyarugt.

‘Cranbel’s head.’

Grid closed his eyes and focused. A dragon’s head had horns. It was a very strong symbol that meant power, authority, life, eternity, etc. If there was a world line where Grid didn’t meet Ifrit. The Grid of that world line wouldn’t have even dared to make a dragon horn.

Meanwhile, the Grid of this world was lucky enough to meet Ifrit and make her horn. Ifrit actively cooperated. Grid used the experience of that time to create a divine sword that referenced the shape of Cranbel’s horn. He was confident that he could properly reproduce Cranbel’s head, which had two horns protruding from the temples.

Of course, it wasn’t a perfect reproduction. This was due to the exaggerated protrusion of the dragon’s snout. It was necessary to change it to a shape appropriate to wear. It was also the reason why he planned to make Cranbel’s Head. Ifrit’s single horn was too large compared to Cranbel’s Horn. He had to scale it down further, so it was likely to lose the value.

‘I have to do my best more than usual.’

They were misleading words. It was because Grid had always done his best. It was physically impossible to do more than his usual best. Even so, Grid wasn’t conscious of the impossible. It didn’t matter if it was possible or not. He always tried to do better today than yesterday, and better tomorrow than today. He maintained the same attitude even if the desired result didn’t come out. It was the secret to always staying at the top and was the basics.

‘The helmet is special compared to other armor parts.’

A dragon’s head not only had horns, but also a mouth. It was an organ where a real dragon released Breath and spoke the Dragon Words. He didn’t want it for Dragon Words. Dragon Words were the perfect power of dragons who had fulfilled the covenant several times. It made no sense to simply implement it with items.

However, the Breath was worth looking forward to. Didn’t Grid implement a Small Breath based on the dragon heart’s functional pattern with the gauntlet that he made earlier, Ifrit’s Arm? Once it came to Cranbel’s Head, a more powerful Breath might be attached to the skill. It was an established fact that the viability would develop greatly based on the symbolic meaning of the horn.

“Please, god.”

“Huh?”

“Who are you calling...?”

“.....”

He had returned after receiving the scales from Xenon. Grid had been praying as a habit before designing Cranbel’s Head with Item Creation. Now he closed his mouth at these words. Garion, Debirion, and Lars were around him. All of them had a bewildered expression at Grid’s search for a god and their attitude made Grid feel embarrassed.

‘There are no human beings.’

A bit... the emotions were different. Did he move the smithy to the temple for nothing?

Grid shook his head despite his regret. For production and enhancement, the location and timing were important. This was the historic wisdom of the predecessors that had been passed down from the beginning of the birth of MMORPGs.

There were too many statistics to dismiss it as a mere superstition.

It was correct to say that it resembled physiognomy. It was clear that the probability of success of making and enhancing items would be higher in the Overgeared World, the most sacred place in the world. —Probably.

‘Let’s begin.’

Grid took a deep breath and calmed down. Then he started the production. The non-stop moving foot on the bellows was as sophisticated as a machine and there were no mistakes. The flames in the furnace moved according to Grid’s will. It was as if Grid’s will was embodied.

‘It has not been easy.’

The gods were deeply impressed by the sight of Grid smelting the dragon scale for three days and nights. A god was omnipotent compared to humans. They were able to achieve whatever they wanted when it came to most work, especially in their field. Garion’s power to immediately restore the land was a prime example.

It was very unfamiliar for a god to be absorbed in a certain task while maintaining extreme concentration. It was an unnecessary ascetic practice. Yet at this moment, Grid was burdening himself with the ascetic practice.

Self-control—it was due to this side that he managed to overshadow the years.

A few more days passed after the gods realized it.

[Cloaked Dragon Cranbel’s Head has been completed.]

Grid’s item production was finished. A helmet made by splitting Xenon’s scale into hundreds of pieces and connecting them to form two separate horns. It resembled the head of a dragon who was beheaded the moment it roared. It was a structure in which the wearer’s face was located between the gaping upper and lower jaws. Since the lower part of the mouth was split to the left and right to cover the wearer’s neck, it didn’t interfere with movement and played the role of a helmet properly.

It was a bit wild, but it suited Grid very well. Grid’s sharp eyes and the raw-looking helmet gave a great feeling of harmony. It was reminiscent of a monarch who commanded the world with a fierce force.

‘I want it.’

Debirion unconsciously harbored a desire. He thought that if he wore this while going hunting in the forest, he could raise his shoulders high. It was the first material desire he had ever felt in his life.

Just as Debirion was feeling flustered by his desire, Grid tilted his head at an angle. Then some of the scales that made up the helmet worked and changed positions. The two horns that rose from the sides

rotated in the reverse direction to wrap around his neck thickly, and the upper part of the mouth, which acted as a covering, lowered and transformed into a face shield that covered the entire face except for Grid's eyes.

The wild feeling disappeared and it instead gave off a firm, yet noble, feeling. It was reminiscent of a knight in winter wearing a thick scarf.

'It must be painted separately in order to match well with other armor.'

He could set the helmet to be invisible. In particular, the crown and helmet could be worn together, so Grid usually set it so that the crown was visible. Yet in the future, he would need to make the helmet visible. It was due to the special effect attached to the helmet.

[★ The skill 'Somewhat Incomplete Breath' has been generated.

[Somewhat Incomplete Breath Lv. 1]

[Instantly releases magic power, dealing fixed damage equal to 40 times the amount of intelligence to all beings in its path.

The higher the user's status, the greater the damage. There will be an absolute hit rate correction due to the high speed.

Dramatically reduces the target's magic resistance the moment the target is hit. The penetration and multiple hits effects will occur.

Skill Mana Cost: 50,000

Skill Cooldown Time: 25 minutes.

* This skill doesn't share a cooldown with Small Breath.

* Every time this skill is used, the face shield made of Cranbel's Head will be released and it will be opened.

* If the helmet's appearance is set to be hidden, the wearer must open their mouth wide to use the skill.]

"....."

The emperor, a god, the leader of a guild, and someone's husband and father—he couldn't open his mouth in front of people to breathe out fire.

Grid had a duty to maintain the minimum of dignity.

Chapter 1637

[Cloaked Dragon Cranbel's Head]

[Rating: Myth (Transcendent)]

[A set item.

Durability: 24,600/24,600 Defense: 3,510

* Stamina and charm increased by 300 each.

* The probability of defending the weak points is increased by 50%.

* The probability of a critical hit resistance is increased by 30%.

★ Immunity to blindness, silence, and beheading.

★ If fighting a great demon, archangel, god, or dragon, a portion of the durability is replaced by defense and critical hit resistance probability.

★ The power and activation probability of skills used through the eyes, nose and mouth will increase and the casting time is decreased.

★ There is a 20% chance to activate Stealth when hit on the head.

★ There is a 10% chance to trigger 'Absolute Defense' when hit.

★ There is a 25% chance to activate Dragon Blessing when attacking or hit.

★ The skill 'Somewhat Incomplete Breath' has been generated.

★ Dragon Armor Set Effect

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

Wearing Conditions: Grid, Dragon Slayer, Dragon Knight.

Weight: 520]

[Dragon Blessing]

[Passive

The horns of an absolute species have a powerful meaning.

When the skill is triggered, the effect of either one of the 'Symbol of Strength,' 'Symbol of Authority,' 'Symbol of Life,' or 'Symbol of Eternity' is applied. The symbol effects can be stacked.

Skill Cooldown Time: 5 minutes each.]

[Symbol of Strength]

[Both horns are dyed red and the attack will have a 'crushing' effect.]

[Symbol of Authority]

[Failed to open due to the lack of status. The information can't be accessed.]

[Symbol of Life]

[Failed to open due to the lack of status. The information can't be accessed.]

[Symbol of Eternity]

[Failed to open due to the lack of status. The information can't be accessed.]

A great piece of work beyond what Grid hoped for was born. Grid felt so much joy it was like he was going to fly away. He wanted to cheer, but he couldn't. He was conscious of the gods who were chatting and looking this way. In front of the noble gods, the chief god who would lead them forward couldn't lose his dignity.

'No...'

They were companions who would be with him forever. Was it right to lie about his feelings in front of them? It was only by showing his true self that it would be possible to become a true family...

"...Aaaaaah!"

Grid thought about it before honestly expressing his feelings. He clenched his fists tightly, shouted, and even did somersaults. Debirion was dumbfounded, while Lars cheered and clapped. Garion smiled with a kind face. Each of them reacted differently according to their personality, but the three gods fully accepted Grid's true face. They were happy without recklessly judging between right or wrong.

The dignity of the chief god? That sort of thing didn't benefit those around him. Grid's attitude of smiling when he wanted to smile and spreading joy and happiness around him would be far more beneficial to the world.

It was as orange divinity spread like a polar light around a clear lake.

The gods of the Overgeared World communicated and became close to one another like long-time friends and family. They weren't suspicious or wary of each other. They only hoped for peace in the world and for humanity to be without any darkness in their hearts. They were pleased with each other as they faced each other honestly and glimpsed the other's sincerity.

Peace—the present safety gained only after meeting Grid, and the possibility of the future that they saw through the works created by Grid, relieved the anxiety in the hearts of the surface gods.

'I'm afraid people will misunderstand.'

It was four days later...

Grid invested all the remaining scales and finished Fire Dragon Ifrit's Shoulders when he suddenly became worried. Grid had a total of three types of Breaths. First, the Breath of the fire dragon attached to the Fire Dragon Sword. From the perspective of Grid, who actively utilized Item Combination, the Fire Dragon Sword was one of his inseparable symbols. Every time he attacked, there was a 5% chance of releasing a Breath.

Second, there was the Small Breath attached to Ifrit's Arm. The status correction effect meant the strength was much higher than that of the fire dragon's Breath. He used it habitually because it was so versatile that it became the trigger to creating a sword dance.

Third, there was the Breath attached to Cranbel's Head. It was the most powerful Breath. The particularly noteworthy part was the release location. It was right to say that enemies who fought at eye

level with Grid would always be exposed to danger because the Breath was fired from Grid's mouth or helmet. The moment they weren't aware of it, a hole would be drilled into their forehead and they would suffer a proper loss.

Everything was good. It was all good, but...

'I feel like I'm shooting too much.'

The ripple effect of the Breaths used by Grid lay more in the directing effect than the power. A beam that stretched out in a straight line. The effect was so gorgeous that it caught people's attention and left an intense impression. If he shot a Breath from the helmet instead of his sword or gauntlet...

He was worried he would get a nickname like Beam Man. It was because people loved nicknames.

'...It is a useless worry.'

After all, Grid was the most famous person in the world. He got nicknames even if he stayed still. There was no point in worrying about a new nickname.

'In the first place, Beam Man is a bit... it sounds cool.'

Grid thought positively.

Ifrit's Shoulders were waving in line with his movements. The shoulder guards of red scales. It was in a state of being integrated with Ifrit's Arm. Like the White Tiger's Shoulder Guards, it had a round shape that wrapped around the shoulders, so there was no inconvenience in movement.

The performance... it easily transcended the Shoulder Guards of the White Tiger with the Protection of the Red Phoenix. Despite being an area of weak defense, it had a huge 2,100 defense. There was also a further increase in defense when attacked on the upper body, a shoulder injury immunity effect, etc.

It was perfect armor. Just as Ifrit's Arm had Dragon Fear, Cranbel's Pelvis had Dragon Rage, and Cranbel's Head had Dragon Blessing attached, this also had some of the dragon's powers embodied.

[Dragon Charging]

[The power of an absolute species.

Strongly push a target in the specified range to shake the insides.

A strong internal injury will be dealt.

Resource Consumption: 20,000 mana.

*None when hitting directly with the shoulders.

Cooldown Time: 1 minute.

*None when hitting directly with the shoulders.]

It was powerful. The increased defense from the dragon armor set effect couldn't be ignored either. However, it was necessary to use it often while swapping it with the White Tiger's Shoulder Guards. It was impossible to completely abandon the White Tiger's Shoulder Guards, which had features such as

Earth God that changed the terrain. Swapping items to use a skill that required meeting certain conditions to be activated had a difficulty level high enough to be called an area of luck, but this wasn't a problem for Grid.

The Shoulder Guards of the White Tiger with the Protection of the Red Phoenix had been used by Grid as a part of his body for the past few years. He had confidence to activate the desired skill at the desired timing. In the first place, Grid was a specialist in swapping items. There was no need to consider the problems that occurred when swapping items.

"Are you idle?"

After almost 10 days, it was time to leave the temple and get some fresh air. Then Mercedes approached and asked him a question. Her expression was terribly cold. Cold air seemed to cover his skin and it gave him goosebumps.

Grid couldn't help looking behind his back. It was in the direction that Mercedes's gaze was focused. It was where Garion was smiling. She treated Mercedes, who was staring coldly at her, kindly, like Mercedes was an adorable child. "I can't be idle when I am taking care of the land all the time, right?"

"Indeed." Mercedes nodded slightly.

Pretending to be busy while chasing continuously after His Majesty.

Judging by the look on her face, such words might pop out. However, she surprisingly closed her mouth and seemed to accept it. It seemed to be the power of Keen Insight. She predicted that she would suffer a loss if she said one more word here.

Grid was paying attention to the war of nerves between the two women when he remembered what happened not long ago. It was the time of his confrontation with Dominion. Grid had predicted a future where he would explode due to Dominion's spear and die. Did his high level of transcendence combined with his high insight manifest the power of Keen Insight? Or was his evil eye strangely deformed?

Grid thought about it seriously, but it was only for a moment. 'It isn't a superpower.'

It was a future he predicted based on his accumulated experience and information. It was a level that anyone who played the same game thousands of times or for thousands of hours could reach.

Predicting the timing and path of the enemy's skill and avoiding it in advance—such an extremely ordinary phenomenon just came to him in an unusually specific and clear manner.

He didn't know why it was unusual. It could be a simple coincidence or it could be influenced by something special about a virtual reality game.

'...Let's not think too deeply about it.'

He would just be wasting his mental strength if he gave useless meaning to the experience of that time and immersed himself in it. Grid felt it intuitively and grabbed Mercedes' hand. He clasped their fingers together in a gentle embrace. He thought that the shy and red-eared Mercedes was cute.

"Did your training go well?"

Mercedes had immersed herself in training while Grid was creating the new dragon armor. Looking back on the magnitude of the commotion he vaguely sensed, she seemed to have fought the apostles.

“Yes, I have gained valuable experience.”

The expression was full of the confidence of winning. She seemed to have a high win rate. It happened the moment he was stroking Mercedes’ head while feeling proud of her...

-Beings, on, the surface, listen, well.

A clear voice was imprinted on everyone in the field, no, on the surface. It was a voice that penetrated directly into their heads. It felt like their brains were being stirred.

“Ugh...!”

The knights who were following Grid groaned. The soldiers held their heads in a tormented manner while the people on the streets sat down with pale faces. Grid swallowed down his nausea.

[You have resisted the demonic energy that has permeated the world.]

He didn’t feel any pain.

There was just extreme disgust. It was a wicked, ominous energy that he had never experienced before. It was disgusting because he felt like he was facing something he never needed to know in his life.

-I, am Amoract, the 2nd monarch of hell.

“What type of mysterious phenomenon is this? There are no traces of Amoract entering anywhere on the surface.”

Garion cocked her head. She was taking care of the people along with the other gods. They gave priority to using their divinity to restore the well-being of the suffering people.

“She... is in hell.”

Mercedes’ Keen Insight gleamed as transparently as ice. Her gaze peered underground and glimpsed into another dimension beyond the underground. The two eyes that even the gods were wary of faced Amoract in hell. Then they were dyed red.

The sword that Mercedes drew and wielded in a dazzling manner was blocked by Grid just before it cut Garion’s neck.

The Great Demon of Conflict—Amoract’s power was strong and vicious.

Grid had no time to hesitate. He immediately spread out the Sanctuary of Metal. It squeezed in between the interlocking blades and dominated Mercedes’ shield. Then he took away the sword and held the frantic Mercedes in his arms.

-I will, save you. You, desire, my advent.

Amoract’s nonsense continued.

It happened as he was gritting his teeth...

“I’m sorry.” Just then, Mercedes woke up. She activated her Keen Insight and looked at hell again.

“It is foolish...! Amoract’s power is a catastrophe on the scale of destroying the world! No one can afford it!” Garion sighed. She couldn’t understand Mercedes, who was repeating the same mistake.

In fact, Amoract, who was in hell, was ridiculing it. She laughed and deceived the human being who hadn’t grasped the target and once again met Amoract’s gaze.

Mercedes’s transparent eyes once again turned red. Garion and the gods flinched and stepped back. On the other hand, Grid’s expression was calm. It was because he believed in Mercedes. A notification popped up as if responding to his belief.

[Your apostle, ‘Mercedes,’ has partially deciphered some of the causes of the conflict.]

[Your apostle, ‘Mercedes,’ has resisted the power of conflict!]

-What...?!

Amoract hurriedly shut her mouth, but it was too late. Her bewildered cry spread throughout the world.

The world that used to be dyed in darkness was torn apart. The sky that resembled a bleak winter night had its blue color restored. It was spring. There was the ruler of the knights in the center of the scattered petals.

“...Our spring is a spring that is right,” Lauel muttered with a bewildered expression after belatedly arriving at the scene. It was a poem by Paul Eluard.

She, who wasn’t tainted by darkness and didn’t tremble in the cold—Mercedes’ spring was a spring that is right.

Chapter 1639

“Hoo, hah.”

“.....?”

It was early in the morning...

Youngwoo arrived at the promenade and was dumbfounded. Jishuka was floundering around. She took deep breaths and slowly swung her arms around. It resembled the Tai Chi moves in movies that Youngwoo enjoyed as a child. She had good proportions and was pretty, so she looked good no matter what she did.

Jishuka explained to the engrossed Youngwoo, “It is good for increasing concentration.”

It was surprisingly difficult to release the action slowly. It required higher concentration and patience than when moving fast.

Youngwoo nodded as he remembered a story he once heard.

‘I heard that the difficulty of the new skill she learned is very high. Is this why?’

He had watched the video recorded by his younger sister, Sehee, several times. Now Jishuka's arrows didn't need to be aimed at the target. She shot at the innocent ground or walls and it repeatedly bounced off and bent at strange angles before reaching the target. The demons collapsed with an incredulous look as they looked down at the arrows stuck in their necks.

Jishuka's arrows had a stealth effect and evolved into a more unpredictable weapon. However, he heard it was very difficult to use because it wasn't easy to calculate the trajectory even from the perspective of shooting arrows.

"Hmm... Should I try it too?" Youngwoo had never skipped stretching before he started his jogs. It was always with Jishuka, but now Jishuka was doing Tai Chi instead of stretching. Youngwoo always wanted to do the same thing.

Jishuka laughed.

"I knew this would be the case, so I prepared it."

A holographic image emerged from Jishuka's watch. It was a Tai Chi video. This was a video that Hao had taken and sent to her. Hao was the heir to a prestigious Chinese martial arts family and he practiced the peak of Tai Chi. Every move was accompanied by a detailed explanation to help with understanding.

Wouldn't the value of this video be worth billions if converted to money? It was to the extent where it was a perfect textbook. However, Youngwoo's expression was very uncomfortable. "Did you contact Hao separately?"

"Huh? It is natural. We are friends."

In the absence of Youngwoo, the alliance of the Overgeared Guild and Hao had been repeated several times. It would be a problem if they didn't become friends. It was just that Youngwoo's reaction was uneasy.

"Friends...? Friends... can a man and a woman be friends?"

Youngwoo repeated the word 'friend' several times before asking with a serious expression. He was trying not to express his feelings, but his stiff eyes showed his unpleasant emotions. If Jishuka had been an ordinary woman, she would've felt a great deal of anger. He had two lovers in reality and three wives in the game, but he was doubting her friend?

Nevertheless, Jishuka wasn't angry. Rather, she blushed with a relaxed expression and her fingers twitched. "It is right that we are friends, but... Hmm, you don't want me to get in touch with a man?"

"Yes."

"W-Well, I will do as you say."

Jishuka unexpectedly liked being restrained.

"What? Grid is a martial artist?"

"Yes! It is completely right!"

In hell...

Jishuka's eyes shone as she told her colleagues about what happened this morning. The content was very interesting. Grid only watched the Tai Chi video twice before mastering it perfectly. It was even in reality. Jishuka was so surprised that her eyes popped out when she heard Hao's video rated it as a 100% synchronization rate. Anyone would be surprised if this story was true.

Of course, the fact that their experience in Satisfy was also reflected in reality was scientifically proven. She had just never heard of a person becoming a complete genius like Grid.

"It is a bit of an exaggeration... isn't this too much?"

"It isn't an exaggeration. I'm just saying it as it is."

"Then Grid must've been learning Tai Chi on his own. He is very interested in working out."

"I-Is that so?"

Certainly, this was more realistic. Grid did many things that required concentration, so it wasn't straight for him to learn Tai Chi.

'He only got a 53% synchronization rate the first time he followed it.'

Was he playing a prank on purpose?

'He is mischievous. So cute.'

Her colleagues turned away from Jishuka, who was smiling. The horizon was turning dark. A new swarm of demonic creatures was coming.

'Hao is great.'

He felt it the entire time he was watching the video and learning Tai Chi. The few words of explanation that followed the slow implementation of the action were very kind. It seemed to be approaching the spirit of educating dogs and monkeys. Even Grid could easily understand it despite having no aptitude for learning. Grid was able to learn it in less than one hour because of the explanation added to the easy to unravel movement.

Grid's left hand moved. It was an action that neutralized the attack of a monster that ambushed him in an untimely manner. The swift attack was gently grabbed and deflected. The technique of reality was implemented in Satisfy.

It wasn't anything special. One example was professional boxers practicing boxing in Satisfy. Hao also performed dozens of martial arts. Of course, it didn't have a significant effect. It wasn't judged as 'skill,' so it was just a basic attack with a rather complicated path.

However, Grid had transcendent stats. The technique used with his maximum strength and speed was close to a skill in itself.

'It is pretty useful to beat opponents who are weaker than me.'

The need to consume resources such as skills and mana had disappeared. Of course, it was too much to evaluate it as a big improvement. It was because the level of the enemies that Grid faced was too high. Such tricks wouldn't work against them. In practice, this was virtually meaningless.

Nevertheless, Grid had hope. The emotion he felt after mastering Tai Chi this morning still filled his heart.

'Let's apply this to the God Hands.'

The disadvantages of the God Hands were clear. They were slow. They didn't exert a proper effect against transcendents, let alone absolutes. It was hard to reach them even when swinging the swords for a long time. This didn't mean that the value of the God Hands was undermined.

Currently, the God Hands were used as the framework for the artificial senses. Grid could face the Absolutes thanks to the silver thread of the God Hands warning him of danger. He was satisfied enough, but he couldn't be satisfied any longer. It was necessary to make a large amount of God Hands in order to increase the effectiveness of the Sanctuary of Metal. He had a lot of God Hands left after spreading out the artificial senses, so he had been worrying about how to use them. Then he learned Tai Chi today.

'The aesthetics of slowness. I will surely see great results if I apply the principles of Tai Chi to the movements of the God Hands.'

In fact, Tai Chi was the inner fist method that trained the essence, vital energy, and spirit. In the modern world, it was dismissed as health gymnastics that trained the five viscera and six entrails. Even so, Satisfy was different from reality. As Grid had just shown, here he was able to use Tai Chi as real martial arts. His stats made it happen. This meant he could maximize the theory of Tai Chi and suppress movement with stillness.

'Here.'

Grid came to the hunting ground after a long time, closed his eyes and focused. First of all, he controlled one God Hand directly. It moved slowly without any urgency. It flowed naturally like water and led to the suppression of the artificial flow.

Sweat formed on Grid's forehead. The God Hands were basically a weapon moved through his willpower. It meant he had to control it with his conscious mind without touching it. He had been using the God Hands for more than 10 years and mastered the control, but that didn't make it easy. It was even harder to move slowly. It wasn't easy to direct the movements of Tai Chi in detail and control the speed compared to simply telling them 'what to do.'

"I'm hungry."

It was around the time when the stamina of Randy on the sidelines was depleted.

"Gasp... Gasp..."

Grid was barely able to move one God Hand at will. Just then, a large monster roared and rushed in. It was the field boss. Grid restrained Randy and controlled the God Hand. The God Hand gently suppressed the swinging front paws of the boss that was faster and more powerful than itself. The wrist was grabbed and broken to stop the boss' charge.

“Kill it.”

Grid smiled with satisfaction, but it was still too early to be pleased. Right now, he could only control one God Hand. He didn't know how long it would take to control dozens or hundreds of God Hands at the same time.

‘...It isn't a superpower. Realistically, controlling dozens of them is impossible.’

Wouldn't it be enough to just control 10 at a time? In the eyes of others, even 10 might seem like a superpower. In any case, Grid lowered his target and started moving two God Hands at the same time. He failed several times and allowed the boss to reach him, but it wasn't a problem.

Grr...?

Grid was currently armed with four dragon armors. With the set effect, the probability of Absolute Defense activating when hit was as high as 80%. This meant most of the enemy's attacks were nullified. Instead, the one who was hitting him was tired.

A few days later, Grid could control a total of four God Hands. The sight of the God Hands moving in a slow, circular motion while shedding the threats to Grid was overwhelming.

“It is amazing.”

“The difficulty is different from the fifth one... Huh?” Grid was stroking the head of the admiring Noe when his expression stiffened.

[The 32nd Great Demon, ‘Rose,’ has appeared on the surface.]

Rose—it was a familiar name to Grid. A Yatan Servant who had committed many evil deeds. At one time, Grid had hated her. Now he didn't even feel dislike, let alone hatred. On the contrary, he felt a bit of sympathy for her.

It was because in the aftermath of becoming a great demon, it was discovered that there were penalties such as the inability to trade items, inability to use stores, inability to build up affinity with NPCs, and inability to exchange whispers or other correspondence.

He didn't know if she had won any victories since gaining a lot of strength, but a great demon in the 30s in this world... they were treated like nothing. They were just good prey for high rankers. She repeatedly lost every time she met the Overgeared Guild, so it was amazing she hadn't quit the game.

‘What courage did she use to climb to the surface?’

Judging by the fact that a world message popped up, she must've been witnessed by a large number of players. He was a bit worried about what accident she would cause when appearing in a crowded place.

It happened the moment Grid pulled out a return scroll...

[The 32nd Great Demon has declared.]

[“I'll go back soon after finishing my work. Sorry...”]

“.....”

Rose got the first solo advent event since becoming a great demon. She didn't like the assignment very much, but she was naturally going to do her best. It was a mission where she just needed to get a sheet of paper and a pen. The content was trivial, but in any case, it was a hidden quest. She expected the rewards to be surprisingly good. It was a mission given to her by Amoract. It could be an opportunity to get a hidden piece related to the three evils of the beginning.

She was determined to succeed. She raised her level as much as possible over the past week before finally making her way to the surface. That was when she discovered the fact that her emergence appeared as a world message.

[Declare to the insignificant beings of the surface.]

It was even asking her to declare something?

'This is crazy.'

Rose had no choice. She didn't want to fail the quest when all it took was to obtain a sheet of paper and a pen. She spoke as politely as possible that she would go right back without causing any trouble. She was sorry to bother them.

"What is she up to?"

...It was useless. It was bad from the place where she appeared. The faces of the players who appeared through the bushes were amazing. This was a top hunting ground used by rankers.

Rose was stunned by the stinging gazes and slowly stepped back.

'Paper! All I have to do is get a sheet of paper and a pen! Don't waste time here. Just steal from a small town!'

As expected of an evil being. In this tense situation, Rose planned an evil deed very naturally. She showed no mercy as she attacked the rankers. She released flames and got away from the pursuers. She moved as far as possible to the outskirts. She passed quietly by cities and searched for a sparsely populated village. In the village she finally ended up at—

"...Eh?" She saw a man with green hair.

Agnus—he was treated as a broken toy by Baal and discarded. She thought he would quit the game. So why was he doing the laundry with the women in this village?

"What are you looking at? Aren't you getting lost?" Agnus brushed his wet hands through his hair as he spoke. His left hand contained a wooden stick. It was a stick that was used to beat the laundry just now. It was normal that he didn't pose a threat to a great demon.

Even so, Rose felt an eerie panic. She imagined that this stick was covered with her own blood. It was inevitable. Agnus was the strongest necromancer before he was Baal's Contractor. He was also one of the few people who had the power of both a rune and the seven malignant saints. He wasn't easy to handle even if he was discarded.

'Of course, I won't lose.'

Rose calmed her heart and smiled. "N-Nice to meet you. I am glad to meet you by chance. That—there are many stories I want to exchange with you, but I am a bit busy right now. I'll finish my urgent work first and come back to greet you later."

"Trash."

"...Huh?" Rose doubted her ears. She had been resented by many people, but she rarely heard profanity in her presence. She was flustered and speechless for a moment.

Agnus' cold, golden eyes flashed. "Get lost."

Hell, Baal, demons, and regret...

Dirty memories ignited Agnus' anger. The bone spear he threw penetrated Rose's abdomen. In fact, this was a simple optical illusion. The actual bone spear brushed past Rose's side and struck her shadow.

Rose's shadow let out a scream and roared loudly. It wriggled like clay and gradually took shape. The bewildered Rose looked back and saw Baal's familiar there. "What? This...!"

Was it possible that Baal was interested in her? Was she being scouted?

Rose was someone who felt great joy even in an urgent situation...

In the end, Agnus told her cheering self to shut up and stretched out his hand to the air. He caught a sword made of bones that flew to him. It was a sword made from his own ribs.

Chapter 1640

She was being watched by Baal's familiar. Upon learning this new fact, Rose felt joy, not panic. The only great demon among players.

Who else but me is the right person to be Baal's Contractor, a position that is currently vacant?

The thoughts that had been hidden in the dark rose to the surface. Baal's surveillance came with mixed interest.

'My loyalty to Amoract... I don't need to keep it.'

It was purely because of Amoract that Rose became a great demon. However, Rose hadn't seen any benefits to being a great demon. The strength gained in exchange for many inconveniences had been repeatedly trampled on before it could even see the light. At every important moment, she only had memories of meeting the Overgeared Guild and being crushed.

It wasn't because Rose was incompetent. Rose participated in large-scale quests every time, but each time, she was pushed in terms of strategy and tactics because the leadership positions were empty. Among the demons, the clever ones were rare. In the first place, the clever ones didn't go to war. They were busy working secretly and taking care of their own interests.

In any case, Rose didn't feel the need to be loyal to Amoract. Rose thought it would be more convenient to be by Baal's side, rather than being on the side of Amoract, who was obsessed with Yura even though

Rose was beside her. In the first place, Baal was the 1st ranked Great Demon. She had to get on his ship well.

'Let's accept the scouting offer!'

"Filth."

"W-What?" Rose questioned Agnus, who was cursing.

It was stinging, like Agnus had read her heart. However, Agnus' gaze was fixed on her back, not on Rose. It was on the wriggling and swaying darkness.

Baal's familiar.

"That shadow is Baal's filth. The moment you step foot into hell, everyone will have that filth in their shadows. Baal isn't watching over you because he thinks you are special."

Agnus only discovered this after he was disqualified from being Baal's Contractor. The moment when he was exhausted and weakened, the filth that had been attached to his shadow popped out. It recovered the power he had built up as Baal's Contractor...

Agnus understood many things from then on. How did Baal know most of what was going on in hell like it was on the palm of his hand? What means did he use to 'absorb' and 'transfer' the power of dead demons and demonic creatures?

"Contrary to its appearance, hell is under the complete control of Baal. It is no more or less than Baal's playground. There is nothing more worthless than having a purpose or finding meaning there."

All beings bound to hell ultimately had their fates determined according to Baal's will. Agnus had actually witnessed it several times. The sight of the demons, who were saved by Baal, gained strength due to Baal, and praised Baal, only to be eventually betrayed by Baal, ridiculed, cursed at, and killed due to Baal. All those who associated with Baal would face the same end.

"A-Amoract is different, right?" Rose asked with an awkwardly stiff face. She was reminded of Agnus' personality. Agnus was a madman in everyone's eyes, but he rarely spoke empty words. One of the reasons why he was treated like crazy and hated by people was due to his outspoken attitude of always telling the truth. He was a person who had no lies or pretenses because he didn't intend to get along with people. That was Agnus.

"Isn't her existence itself too much of a curse to trust her?" Agnus answered immediately without thinking about it.

The Great Demon of Conflict—a curse that drove people into a frenzy just by looking into her eyes. Someone who faced her would perceive an ally as an enemy. Even legends couldn't resist it. A long time ago, Agnus had experienced it firsthand. He had encountered Amoract, who visited Baal's palace.

-Agnus, your tongue has grown longer.

Baal's familiar emerged from Rose's shadow and opened his mouth. No, there was no organ called a mouth. A voice permeated his mind every time the black smoke rose. It had an unsightly appearance, but Agnus knew this was a prominent figure despite his outward appearance.

The eyes and ears of Baal.

[Asura's Fragment]

He was someone who maintained his ego and carried out Baal's will even when he was broken into billions of pieces. There was a high probability that he was one of the strongest in hell along with the three evils of the beginning. It wasn't particularly surprising. Among the gods, it could be debated that the only one god called 'Chiyou' was the strongest. However, ordinary people often didn't know about Chiyou's existence. It was right that even in hell, there was hidden a strong existence that people didn't know about.

-What qualifications do you have to discuss hell when you have been kicked out.

"What qualifications do I need to talk about a pile of shit? This stupid jerk." Agnus was honest about his feelings.

I want to resurrect my dead lover in the game.

He hated demons even in the days when he was trying to achieve that futile goal, so there was no need to talk about now.

"W-Wait. Is this okay?"

Rose stepped back with a pale face. It was because she received all types of abnormal statuses the moment the black shadow gradually took a certain shape. A great demon naturally resisted most status abnormalities, but this was an exception. In the end, she felt a terrible fear from the fragment of Asura, which completed his human form and stretched out three pairs of arms.

Killing intent was clearly directed toward Agnus, Rose, and the villagers. It was an attempt to eliminate all witnesses. No, it could be killing intent for no reason. A demon was basically this type of being.

"It should be fine."

It wasn't the main body, it was just one of billions of fragments. Agnus snorted and summoned his death knights and skeleton army.

Rose doubted her ears. It was because Agnus ordered some skeletons to 'protect the villagers.'

'What? Why is he doing this?'

Agnus was famous for his contempt of the weak. He was called a mad dog because he hated and harmed the weak as if they didn't deserve to live. It was often rumored that he didn't treat women harshly, but of course, it was just a rumor. Yet at this moment, Agnus was protecting people. He made no distinction between men and women and gave priority to caring for the weak. He seemed no different from the ordinary people who were inspired by Grid's heroism and talked about justice.

Was it the aftermath of losing his power? Did he decide that he needed to shake off the notoriety he had built up in the past in order to gain a foothold?

It was the wrong decision. Agnus had been a villain for nearly 15 years. Doing good deeds now wouldn't change people's perceptions of him.

'I know it best. In the end, it is just a means of self-gratification.'

He might not be able to wash away his sins, but he wanted to get rid of the sense of guilt. This was really an uncool guy.

If you play the villain, you should live as a villain until the last minute.

Rose clicked her tongue, but still cooperated with Agnus. It was obvious that she would also be a target of Asura if she remained still. After solving the misunderstandings, she had to survive and obtain the paper and pen to safely complete the quest.

Rose thought it was quite doable when she first exchanged some blows. It was because the fragment of Asura only had a slight advantage over herself and Agnus was undoubtedly a strong player.

'It is creepy to know that a familiar is on the level of a great demon.'

Rose remembered the big frog she had seen during the Great Human and Demon War.

Chepardea—he was also Baal's familiar, but he had a power equivalent to a single digit great demon. The same was true of Amoract's henchman, Yukal. It was only when she saw them that she understood.

Meanwhile, the fragment of Asura was only a small part of Asura. It meant it could only exert the strength of a fingernail or a hair compared to the main body. Even so, he was on par with a great demon. At this point, wasn't Asura's main body not much different from the three evils of the beginning?

Rose wondered what Asura's identity was. It was for a very short time. It was a momentary curiosity, but the price she paid for it was very high.

The shadow that took the form of Asura suddenly grew and pierced Rose's chest. She had enormous health compared to an average player, but a huge 20% of her health was blown away with one blow. It was a destructive power she had never experienced even against the Overgeared Guild. Her head was blank for a moment when Agnus' voice permeated her ears, "So it is like this. The other fragments have gathered. Tsk."

The fragments of Asura were in the shadows of all beings who stepped foot onto the land of hell. This meant he wasn't just spying on demons and demonic creatures. Recently, humans had been traveling freely to hell and back, so they were all in the palm of Baal's hand. It was natural that there would be more fragments of Asura in the immediate vicinity.

Yes, just like right now.

-Kikil! Kikikik!

The fragment of Asura grew his body using the shadows that started to gather from all directions and burst out laughing. He seemed to be the type that maintained reason only when he was individually separated.

"...Can you take the people and run away?"

"Huh...?" Rose trembled and looked dumbfounded.

Agnus explained it to her, who was questioning it while blinking her big eyes, "They are the ones who did me a favor when I was lost and wandering with nowhere to go. I just hope that they don't die because of me."

"Because of you...? Isn't it because of me? This wouldn't have happened if I hadn't come here by chance."

"I was the one who touched your shadow."

In fact, Rose was the one to blame. Agnus' position was discovered because of her and he was in a position where he must bear the invasion of demons one day. However, now wasn't the time to blame people, but to cooperate. The lives of hundreds of people were at stake.

Agnus no longer overlapped his weak self with those who became victims because they were weak. He didn't feel hate. In fact, this had been the case for a long time. It was just that Baal's Contractor was a villain. He could only achieve his purpose by hurting people, so he was forced to turn away from his true heart. His desire to save his dead lover was far greater than the weight of his true heart.

"Okay. Instead, there are conditions. Give me the best pen and paper in the world in return. Shouldn't you have a lot of money?"

Rose didn't miss Agnus' wrist, which was revealed through his long sleeves. White bones without a single piece of flesh.

Agnus' race wasn't human. A lich? A death knight? In any case, he was an undead. He was likely to be one of the few players she could interact with. If possible, she wanted to form a connection with him.

"I understand."

Agnus agreed to the deal and Rose spread open her wings. Each great demon had their own power. She used Giant Transformation and surrounded the people with magic to float them in the air.

First of all, she planned to get out of here quickly. However, her plan didn't come true. Two additional shadows flew from a distance. The fragments of Asura ripped her wings apart. Then they merged with the human figure shadow and became even larger.

Even Agnus was overwhelmed and a sense of tension dominated the small town. People were confused and Rose became impatient when her magic was canceled.

"Open the Rune of Death." Agnus pulled out the power of the rune. After checking that the power of the seven malignant saints, 'Supreme Ruler,' was working normally, he rushed toward fragment of Asura's. The fragment of Asura had a definite advantage. The level of the one who increased his strength by summoning the fragments was comparable to that of the 20th Great Demon, but it wasn't at a level that Agnus could handle right now. Nevertheless, Agnus had Bentao's Mockery. It was a trump card that allowed the possibility of a reversal against anyone.

-Kihahahat!

The more Agnus gritted his teeth, the louder Asura's laughter grew. He didn't defend against any attacks. He laughed like he felt a huge pleasure whenever he cut his enemies and when his body was

cut. Thanks to this, Agnus was able to enjoy the effect of Supreme Ruler, which had a probability of doubling the damage of every basic attack. Even so, his hope gradually diminished.

The undead body wasn't as hard as it seemed. The undead easily resisted most debuffs and physical status abnormalities, but this was due to the setting that their emotions were light and they didn't feel pain. His bones, which lost muscle and flesh, were vulnerable to breaking with each attack.

Agnus' combat power quickly weakened.

-I'll also peel off the skin of your face to match that body. Kikik.

It happened as Asura seized the victory and laughed lightly...

A three-pronged beam of light that fell from the ground pierced Asura's upper body. Asura raised his head in a hurry and muttered curiously.

-A dragon...?

Two dragon weapons cut Asura's body in half.

[The effect of God's Command is activated and the skill cooldown is reset.]

[The opponent has been wounded by another power of the seven malignant saints, Supreme Ruler.]

[The hidden bond effect, 'Will of the Seven Malignant Saints,' will occur!]

[The next skill used with God's Command will have the blessing of Supreme Ruler. The damage will be doubled.]

Asura didn't know pain. He didn't change his expression and moved the body split in two at the same time.

An attempt was made to counterattack against the intruder armed with powerful dragon weapons and armor. The sight of six arms, each holding a different weapon, moving in unison was dazzling.

However, Grid had as many as 30 hands. They were hands that moved in a spiral and nullified Asura's attacks. More than anyone else, Grid himself was the most surprised.

'What happened?'

Tai Chi wasn't a skill. Unlike the God Hand's artificial intelligence that used a skill when a specific command value was entered, this was a normal attack with a strange harmony. Therefore, Grid believed that he had to give orders so that the God Hands could use Tai Chi. Now he saw that 30 God Hands had learned Tai Chi. Grid wondered if they had reviewed what Grid had taught them over the past few days.

'...It is possible enough.'

Ordinary people used their experience in the game in reality, while they used their experience in reality in the game. Just because it was the God Hand's artificial intelligence didn't mean it was impossible.

Rose and the people watched blankly while Grid smiled in a convinced manner.

"Kill me." Agnus, who burned and destroyed the torn fragments of Asura, extended his neck to Grid.

