

Overgeared 1641

Chapter 1641

[You have defeated Asura's Fragments.]

'Asura?'

The power of the Overgeared Empire was greatly dispersed. It had little room since he had to be wary of hell and heaven, as well as the local nobles. Valhalla was a barrier against the Red Sea, but it wasn't possible to completely ignore the Hwan Kingdom.

This didn't mean that the eyes and ears of the Overgeared Guild were closed off. The rankers who witnessed Rose's appearance and chased her reported her location in real time. There were many advantages to showing sincerity to the Overgeared Guild whenever the opportunity came. Thanks to this, Grid had been tracking Rose and quickly grasped the overall situation.

A small country town...

Agnus, who tried to protect the people from an unidentified demon, and Rose who cooperated with him. Saving the people was the first priority, so Grid fought the demon first.

Asura—it was a demon with the same name as the realm that martial artists wanted to reach, or the god of fighting that some monks served. Grid felt very reluctant from his perspective where he speculated that Asura was a legendary martial artist or human god. The fact that he gave a lot of experience made Grid even more uncomfortable.

'Did Asura have his soul mortgaged to Baal like Pagma and Alex?'

He felt too complete for his soul to be taken away...

Grid frowned at the negative thoughts, only to become startled. It was because Agnus burned and incinerated the fragments of Asura that had been torn apart like a rag. Every time a fragment disappeared, additional experience was given to Grid. It was proof that Grid hadn't completely eliminated Asura.

'I thought I got rid of him?'

He naturally had to think so. The system ruled Asura's death. It provided Grid with a reasonable amount of experience points. Yet it turned out he was still alive? It meant that Asura possessed a series of passive skills that deceived death. Another possibility was that every one of these shadows was Asura's body.

'No matter what is the case, Agnus was aware of it?'

"Kill me." Agnus extended his neck.

After being repeatedly killed and weakened by Faker and abandoned by Baal, he was definitely weak compared to his prime. There were no rumors of him causing an incident recently. Then Grid saw him trying to protect people...

"Why should I do so?"

Grid stared at Agnus' skinny neck before putting away his sword. Technically, Grid had little justification to kill Agnus. Most of the bad memories were actually cleared up when Agnus saved Irene and Lord. Faker even paid it back dozens of times. Why did Grid force Faker to join the hell expedition rather than staying by Lord's side? It was partly because Faker's growth was important, but the desire to spare Faker's Kill List skill was greater. Today's Agnus wasn't worthy enough for Faker to constantly chase and kill him.

"...Don't do it if you don't want to." Agnus didn't force it. It was surprising since it was expected that he would go crazy due to his hurt ego, such as saying 'Am I not even worthy of being killed?'

"Y-Your Majesty...!"

Hundreds of villagers who belatedly regained their minds discovered Grid and rushed over, bowing their heads. The empire was ridiculously wide. Additionally, the emperor described in the portraits or the words of the imperial palace tended to be beautified. It was safe to say that it was normal for the people living on the outskirts to not recognize the emperor when they encountered him.

However, the people of the Overgeared Empire could recognize the emperor's face immediately, even if they were slash-and-burn farmers living in the mountains. It was because Grid was a god before he was the emperor. They were too familiar with his divine portraits, statues, and temples that didn't need beautification.

"....."

Grid looked closely at the attitudes of the people who bowed their heads. He saw their relief when sneakily looking at Agnus and figured out what type of person Agnus was to them.

'He has changed.'

It was said that people didn't change easily. In particular, it was argued that the more evil or lazy a person was, the more difficult it was to correct it because they were used to living a free and easy life. However, Grid didn't agree with this argument. It was a case where he changed himself. He believed that others could change just as much as he did.

He trusted Agnus even more. A man with a past he never would've been able to bear. He wasn't completely corrupted even after being bullied by ugly trash and losing the woman he loved. Grid had seen him instinctively show kindness to others.

"Agnus, I know what type of person you are to them."

"....."

The people who were relieved and rejoiced after confirming that Agnus was unharmed—Grid's eyes toward them were warm, so Agnus shut his mouth without looking for any excuses.

Grid suggested to him, "Can you talk to me for a while?"

Agnus had clearly handed the fragments of Asura that Grid had almost spared. It was evidence that he had a good understanding of demons as the previous Baal's Contractor.

Come to think of it, the player who knew Baal best was definitely Agnus. Grid needed Agnus' knowledge.

“I don’t want to...”

“This town is the empire’s territory. Don’t you have to change your citizenship if you want to live here? It will be troublesome if there is a sudden crack down and you get caught up as an illegal immigrant.”

“.....”

His authority was used in an important manner. Grid easily dug into the weakness of Agnus, who lost his citizenship from the time he became the enemy of the continent.

“I-It is shabby, but I will take you to my house.” It happened as the chief of the village was guiding Grid and Agnus...

“G-Grid!” Rose chased after Grid. She reduced her body back to human size and covered the horns on her forehead with both hands. It was an effort to look as human as possible to Grid, who was sure to hate demons.

“Lord A-Amoract... No! That Amoract wants me to tell you in a very respectful manner that she has something to say to you! Hehe!”

“...Let’s hear it.”

Grid recalled the scene of Rose trying to save the people and gave her some leeway. After a while, Grid sat facing Agnus and Rose and felt strange. The former Baal’s Contractor and a great demon was sitting across from him. He thought that the world had changed a lot.

“Say it first.” Grid glanced at Rose and Rose sprang up from her seat. It was a display that was similar to military discipline. Her eyes, which normally flashed with slyness, shone like stars.

“It is an honor to have the opportunity to meet Grid, whom I’ve always admired! If you allow me, I would like to take a proof shot... the great demons don’t have screenshot or video-taking features... Ahahat...”

The great demons were in a position where they were completely hostile to humans. Leaking events from hell to the surface could put hell at a great disadvantage, so there were many restrictions on filming and communication functions. It was a huge penalty considering that Rose’s hobby was once to post proof shots from dessert shops onto social media.

Therefore, Rose hoped for things to go well. She wanted to seize this opportunity since she had received a lot of losses by becoming a great demon. It was why she gave up her pride and bowed to Grid at this moment.

“Just get to the point.” It was Agnus, not Grid, who urged Rose. He was uncomfortable with this position and didn’t intend to silently listen to Rose’s nonsense.

Rose inwardly cursed Agnus while speaking with a smiling face. She rubbed her hands together and Grid thought she resembled the dung flies he saw at his grandfather’s house in the countryside. “Y-Yes. How dare people like us take away Grid’s valuable time? To start with, Amoract believes that Baal should be kept in check. Grid, you know that Baal is a psychopath, right? The one who turned hell into what it is now is none other than Baal...”

“.....”

Grid looked at Agnus.

Like us.

He thought Agnus would naturally be angry at Rose’s attitude of quietly tying Agnus to herself. Yet surprisingly, Agnus’ expression didn’t change. It was an attitude where he didn’t care no matter what type of treatment he received. Despite this, his eyes were alive. At the very least, he didn’t seem like he was lost and wandering, so Grid couldn’t help being relieved.

‘I said I hated him.’

The past, which now felt extremely distant. Memories of his fierce battles with Agnus crossed his mind. He suddenly had a question.

Agnus, who was declining unlike those days, and himself, who had become incomparably stronger than he was in those days. Which one was normal? Both were abnormal, but... Grid thought he was a bit weirder.

‘How did I become so strong?’

He felt like he had come too far by himself. There was a sudden rush of incomprehensible anxiety and loneliness.

“Baal has always been a thorn in Amoract’s neck. It just so happened that you declared that you would purify hell. Amoract, who has always been interested in your achievements and virtues, is completely fascinated. She thinks she can trust you and work together with you. She wants to work with you to get rid of Baal...”

Grid’s consciousness gradually subsided as Rose continued speaking.

Since when did I become such a unique person? I have come too far to simply dismiss it as a result of hard work. I miss the days when I was competing with other players. A time when there were many rivals I was resentful of, felt jealous of, or sometimes relied on. I think I had a lot more fun back then...

“You.”

“.....”

The sudden voice brought Grid’s mind back.

Agnus was staring at him from across the table. “You seem to be mistaken about something when looking at me, but don’t do any memory correction. I have never been equal to you for a single moment. There is no reason for you to feel any type of emotion through my fallen appearance.”

Agnus had always suffered from loneliness and anxiety. This meant he could easily read the emotions contained in Grid’s slightly trembling eyes. As for the basis of those emotions—

“From the beginning, there was only one monster, Kraugel, on the same eye level as you.”

He is the darling of talent that caused me to feel the first frustration in this world. He will surely come back as your competitor one day. It is still too early to be disappointed. Your loneliness and anxiety are premature.

Agnus closed his mouth and swallowed down these words. It was because he would be embarrassed if he talked any longer.

'Shit.'

From a long time ago, just looking at this guy called Grid made him feel emotional. He believed it was antipathy toward the man who stood tall, unlike Agnus, despite his tough past. However, looking at Grid now, Agnus didn't think the only feelings he had were antipathy.

Grid realized it when he saw Agnus covering his forehead and smiled slightly. "Thank you."

"Damn."

"...C-Can I keep talking?" Rose didn't wait for permission and continued desperately. She explained to Grid the benefits of working with Amoract in as much detail as possible. In the first place, the reason why Amoract wanted a sheet of paper and a pen was to send a letter to Grid.

It was an alliance proposal letter. If Rose succeeded in forming an alliance with Grid here then the need to obtain paper and pen would disappear. It was obvious that the value of the quest reward would be much higher.

"So..."

"I know everything," Grid cut off Rose's words in the middle.

"Huh? What?"

"The one who cooperated with Baal to make hell what it is now is Amoract. In the process, Beriache was banished."

"....."

"The Great Demon of Conflict. How can I trust and hold hands with the one who isolated Beriache and Baal and induced internal strife? Do you have any guarantee that I will get the desired result in the future even if I join hands with her and succeed in killing Baal?"

"Ah, that... Hehe, I would appreciate it if you could give me a chance to explain." Rose was very flustered by this situation. She didn't know that Grid knew so much about hell. How did he know the facts that she only recently learned? Of course, Rose didn't outwardly show her embarrassment. She kept as calm as possible while her mind spun quickly.

Grid didn't give her any time. He followed Lauel's advice sent through whispers and spoke straight away, "Rose, do you have any intention of becoming a spy on our side?"

"I, a demon..."

"If you don't like it, then die once."

“.....”

Agnus had a thought as he watched the situation from the sidelines.

This is how that poisonous bastard reached this place. This is how he became the supreme one. Then isn't it shameful to feel lonely...?

Chapter 1642

“Wait! Wait a minute!”

People gave Grid all types of praise. Occasionally, there was a group that went beyond the level of a great man and treated him as an angel. It was because he had a good demeanor and did a lot of good deeds. However, from the position of being Grid's enemy, hearing such stories was laughable. It couldn't be denied that he did a lot of good deeds in both reality and Satisfy.

Yet his behavior? Imitating his behavior was just nonsense. This was a real gangster. At this moment, Rose was convinced that the parents who read Grid's biography to their children should keep a close eye on their children so that they didn't grow up to become wicked people.

Suddenly, she felt a cold blade against her neck. No, it was just a feeling. It wasn't really cold. There was no distinctive metallic smell or feeling. It felt non-existent. The blade that touched her neck was clearly real and filled one side of Rose's vision, but for some reason, Rose couldn't feel a sense of reality. On the contrary, it seemed that weapons made with energy-based skills would show a more distinct presence.

'This is a dragon weapon...'

Rose assumed that she was fighting Grid. She remembered herself being cut without being aware of it. She was bound to be cut even if there were no signs of the sword being swung at a transcendent speed.

“For now, please take away your sword.”

Threatening her and drawing a sword in the middle of a conversation...

Rose was tired of Grid's outrageous actions and half had a fit. Her eyes and voice were trembling and her breathing was harsh. Through her reaction, Grid gained a lot of information.

'Is the damage from dying very large?'

Rose was known as Team Rocket inside the Overgeared Guild. The villains that appeared in the world-famous anime, Pokemon. A third-rate villain who confidently blocked the protagonist's path, only to repeatedly lose and flee in vain.

Rose's temperament resembled them. Didn't she repeatedly struggle and was smashed terribly every time? Nevertheless, seeing her come back every time, she looked like someone who was anxious to die. She wasn't afraid of failure or death at all.

However, now she was terrified. It meant she had a lot to lose.

'It seems she visited the surface with a clear purpose.'

Grid pondered on the world message that emerged when Rose appeared and made a judgment. Currently, Rose was on a high value quest and the loss she would suffer from dying here was greater than usual...

-It is a great opportunity. Let's push harder.

LaueI was informed of the situation in real time and gave advice.

Grid nodded and opened the Sanctuary of Metal. The village chief's house that the three of them were borrowing immediately opened up. It was like a house built of paper rather than logs. The ceiling and walls separated and touched the ground. The orange polar light flowed like a wave and cast shadows over the area. It was because a high cliff rose. The black-colored cliffs were made of black iron.

"A canyon..." Agnus murmured from among the cliffs that soared into the sky. A vague memory of the days when he wandered around as a madman flashed through his mind.

TalereI Canyon—the place where Grid wrote his first epic was strongly engraved in Agnus' mind. He would probably never forget it for the rest of his life. It was because it was the place where the Grid who resembled him was completed as a totally different being from him. Agnus vividly recalled all the emotions he felt at that time and made a meaningless assumption.

'What if I had affirmed Grid without denying it back then?'

What if he had been honestly envious without being engulfed in feelings of despair, betrayal, and anger? If he hadn't turned away from his desire to become like Grid, maybe he would've changed at that time. Would it have been possible to move forward rather than being stuck in the past?

"Uh...? Uhhh?"

A teleportation event that was difficult to understand using the common sense of players—Rose was puzzled by the suddenly transformed landscape. She half lost her ability to speak while her expression changed in a variety of ways. She seemed to be in a state of great confusion because she couldn't tell if it was a dream or reality.

The cliffs flowed down. The heat from the Red Phoenix's heart, which had become a part of Grid, melted the black iron like it was chocolate. The moment it touched the ground, the black iron that hardened and piled up was like a stopped wave. It was high and big.

Rose was afraid of being swallowed. She felt an overwhelming sense of pressure. Then she noticed one step later. The edge of the black wave was all sharp. They weren't waves, they were tens of thousands of weapons. All these weapons were pointed at her...

'Really... isn't he really crazy?'

Rose was fully aware that she was the villain. She recognized most players as enemies except for herself. Even so, she didn't harbor any hostility toward Grid, who could be called the leader of her enemies. It was because she knew the overwhelming gap between them and felt a sense of respect as a gamer.

Yes. Rose was polite from the moment she met Grid. She never lost her manners for even a moment. However, Grid pointed his sword at her. She asked him to withdraw his sword and he released the mental world that she had only heard about in words, surrounding her with thousands of weapons...

...Why?

She was feeling confused about how to deal with this when Grid offered the answer to her.

“I don’t want much. You just have to continue as usual, while giving us the information we want when we want it and take the stance we want when we want it.”

This... wasn’t he a thief?

Grid’s way of speaking was that stinging. Yet surprisingly, Rose’s expression relaxed. ‘A verbal promise is fine.’

It was impossible to whisper, let alone take screenshots and videos. The great demon Rose was in a closed off state, so the Overgeared Guild had no means to spy on her. In the end, how could the Overgeared Guild confirm that Rose was acting as they wanted?

“...Okay. I can be in great danger if I betray the demons, but well, I actually like the Overgeared Guild. It is an honor to be able to work with the Overgeared Guild.”

Rose swallowed the smile that wanted to emerge and spoke with a heroic expression. “In return, please do me a favor. I hope you will form an alliance with Amoract. This isn’t a request to satisfy my own self-interests. It is only once we can get rid of Baal that we can plan for the future, whether on the surface or in hell. The cooperation between the Overgeared Guild and Amoract is truly a cooperation for the sake of the world!”

“Okay.”

Rose’s face was rosy. She was delighted by Grid’s attitude as he nodded gently.

Grid told her, “If you go to the Overgeared Guild’s hell branch, there will be succubi in thick clothes. They are my subordinates. Take them and meet with Amoract to coordinate the exact negotiations.”

“Huh?” She had a rough guess about the Overgeared Guild’s hell branch. It was the crystal castle ruled by Yura. However, succubi in thick clothes? A succubus who was obsessed with bewitching the opposite sex couldn’t wear thick clothing, right? What did it mean to leave and take a bunch of demonic creatures to a negotiating position with Amoract?

“I can communicate through them, so don’t worry about communication. Why don’t we talk about the details with Lael?”

Grid took back the Sanctuary of Metal. The canyon and the waves of weapons disappeared like they were a lie and the three of them were once again seated next to each other.

Knock knock.

There was a knock and another bigshot appeared. It was the prime minister of the Overgeared Empire, Lael. He was a person who was regarded as an invincible trash, rascal, bastard, etc., to all the forces that opposed the Overgeared Empire.

“I am deeply moved to see the three of you together. I can truly feel the passage of time. Huhut.”

The image of a black dragon appeared on the back of Lauel's hand as he smiled and swept back his hair. Then the black dragon disappeared. A certain pattern appeared in one of his eyes. It seemed true that he was covered in skins like rumored.

Rose's eyes darkened. She was tired from dealing with Grid and now she had to get involved with Lauel... she wanted to log out right now.

"Rose, please move with me. I will be in charge of your business."

"Ah... Hahahat... Yes..." Rose followed Lauel with weak steps. Today, she would be thoroughly analyzed and bound. In the future, all her actions and choices would be controlled by the Overgeared Guild during her period of cooperation with the Overgeared Guild. The Overgeared Guild brought together specialists from each field and had too many means and methods.

After a while, Grid was left alone with Agnus and immediately got to the point. "Kill Baal with us."

Agnus' knowledge and experience. Additionally, the synergy that occurred when the powers of the seven malignant saints came together. Grid judged that Agnus was a necessary person. He also noted that Agnus' condition was the same as Betty's. For now, his strength might've declined, but his potential would be enormous.

'Even if he is weakened, he is much stronger than a decent high ranker.'

Grid definitely wanted to cooperate with Agnus, but he didn't know how to persuade the other person. The problem was that he had no card to take out for negotiation. Agnus had retired from active work and it was impossible for him to have the same greed as Rose.

Agnus replied to the troubled Grid, "Okay."

It was an unexpected answer. Grid got up from his seat with delight, while Agnus' gold eyes shone eerily for the first time in a long time.

"I want to laugh at Baal at least once."

Agnus was exploited due to his wish throughout his time as Baal's Contractor. Baal's face as he laughed at Agnus resurrecting his dead lover as a doll was still in Agnus' nightmares. He was robbed of most of the strength he had built up when he was abandoned by Baal.

It was a loss of time. He thought it would be enjoyable to pay it back if possible. Yes, he wanted to have fun. He was tired of this life full of resentment, hatred, and regret. This gave him enough of a reason to work with Grid.

"....."

At the Overgeared Castle, Reinhardt...

The members of the Overgeared Guild looked dumbfounded. It was the aftermath of witnessing the man who was walking beside Grid. The green hair, which had always been oily, dropped down, and his

gold eyes, which shone with madness, had lost their light. Even so, people immediately recognized the identity of the man.

Agnus—the worst player ever.

Why was he here? They thought he was being escorted as a criminal, but this wasn't the case. He wasn't even handcuffed. There were no signs of shrinking back from the steps that aligned with Grid's ones.

It happened as people were agitated...

"Uh? Uncle!" Lord came running from the end of the corridor. He first greeted his father politely before grabbing Agnus' dry hand with a big smile. He was happy to meet the benefactor who saved his life. "It has been a really long time! Have you been well?"

"....."

There was silence in the tense corridor. People were worried about what type of humiliation Lord would suffer. Shaking off the hand was the default. They guessed that Lord might be cursed at or spat on.

All their predictions were wrong. Agnus didn't shake off Lord's hand, swear, or spit at him.

"Yes." Rather, he even gave a brief answer.

The astonishment of the people followed.

Chapter 1643

There was a mother and child left in a fragment of his memory.

An ordinary woman and an extraordinary child. As screams erupted everywhere and chandeliers fell and smashed, the mother and child struggled to protect each other. The helpless woman embraced her son, while her son escaped from his mother's arms and picked up a sword as large as his own body.

Perhaps it happened... in the Vatican. He helped the mother and child who were surrounded by the Yatan Servants. He was originally working with the Yatan Servants, so he ended up stabbing them in the back. He knew there would be many disadvantages, but he still stepped out.

'I did a good job.'

A boy who was now a young man—Agnus stared at the boy who had a bright smile on his face and praised his former self.

A small thrill flooded in. For the first time since he was born, he realized how happy he was to be able to praise himself and feel proud.

I—I was born and drove a woman to a miserable death.

For the first time, this garbage that is worse than filth, feels pride...

"That is where I..." Lord's stories about his adventure continued without stopping. Lord chatted as brightly as he could while trying not to notice the breathless sobs of Agnus, who had his head lowered.

No human being always made the right choices. All human beings had regrets and suffered. In particular, the more someone believed they were inferior to others, the more regrets they left behind. It was the same for Grid. It was even in childhood, in school, and in society. For all types of reasons and excuses, he left a variety of regrets.

Even these days, he would take a shower and scream when thinking back to that time. However, he didn't bury it. In any case, regret was established because it was in the past.

Yes, it was all over. It was enough to try not to repeat the same situations that made him feel regret again in the future.

"...So you should be strong as well," Grid, who had left when he saw Agnus' eyes turn red, leaned his back against the door and muttered.

Lord's powerful voice that came from beyond the closed door was considerate of Agnus. He was an admirable guy.

Lord's adventure stories, which resembled Grid's epics, ended only after Irene came. Agnus' shy expression as he bowed to Irene and greeted her respectfully made Grid smile.

"First of all, call back the expedition." It was after the two of them left. Agnus explained the overall situation to Grid and insisted. "Fragments of Asura will enter the shadows of all beings who step foot in hell. They are the eyes and ears of Baal."

".....?"

Grid's expression stiffened at once. It permeated the shadows of all beings who stepped into hell? He understood the meaning, but he didn't want to. "Asura's fragments... are you referring to the guy I killed earlier?"

"Yes. It is literally fragments. It is only a small part of him."

"I think he was pretty strong for only a small part."

He might've managed to kill the fragments in one go with the five fusion sword dance that overlapped with the full buff state and the buff of the seven malignant saints, but it was great that it endured the five fusion sword dance in the full buff state even once. Someone who was so strong was in an incomplete state?

A hypothesis had to be formulated in order to be convinced.

"Is he a hidden powerhouse of hell?"

"You understand it quickly."

He couldn't help but understand quickly. Grid had met Hayate, the strongest hidden powerhouse on the surface, and Chiyou, the strongest hidden powerhouse of the divine world. He even knew that the refractive dragon was said to be the strongest among the dragons. The refractive dragon was most likely to be an imaginary being, but in any case, it wasn't strange that someone unusual was hiding in hell

'Asura... judging from the relevant settings, I don't think he would've been a demon from the start. I will have to ask Garion about his exact identity.'

Agnus' explanation continued as Grid was thinking. "There is no guarantee that he is more powerful than Baal. It is clear that he won't be inferior when compared to Baal. Other than that, he has a convincingly powerful ability that I can't comprehend. All I know right now is separation and joining together, parasitism and stealth, skill absorption and transfer..."

"Skill absorption and transfer?"

"There was a famous, powerful existence in hell."

Marbas.

"Baal killed him and transferred the absorbed power to me. Until then, I thought it was Baal's unique power..."

Agnus told the story of what he had been through. It was immediately after the contract with Baal ended. Asura's fragment emerged from his shadow and took away his power.

"This..." Grid's face hardened.

Fragments of Asura parasitized the shadows of every member of the hell expedition. If it also had the ability to deprive the parasitized target of their skills...

"Now the puzzle is coming together," Lael returned from the negotiations and interjected, "This is why Baal sent a wave of demonic creatures to the expedition. He intends to fully nurture the expedition members and then take away their power. It is a type of fish farm."

He had been uneasy from the beginning. It was because the waves of demonic creatures clearly stimulated the growth of the hell expedition. It was impossible to interpret it as pure favor. They could only guess that Baal was acting on a whim because he was so eccentric. Now it obviously wasn't a whim. There was a clear purpose.

'A sinister bastard.'

Grid frowned while recalling old memories. It was the memory of when he encountered Baal's body in hell. The Absolute of hell didn't have much interest in Grid at that time. He was just preoccupied with mocking and trampling on the demon, Andras, who was loyal to him. He laughed at the demon who showed loyalty and respect to him when demons should betray grace, trample on respect, undermine trust, and ridicule those who depended on them. He cruelly and viciously trampled on the loyalist who believed in him and served him.

Yes. That cruelty was his nature.

"The expedition is in danger."

The nervous Grid got up from his seat.

Lael stopped him from departing to hell right away and raised a question, "By the way, is it possible to take away the skills of a player who isn't a demon? Agnus, the skills you had taken away from you were

the skills you developed as Baal's Contractor. You still have the skills you learned separate from your contractor status, right?"

"Not necessarily. Out of the skills I had stolen, two were skills that had nothing to do with Baal's Contractor." It was one rune power and one passive skill unique to a necromancer. "The same will apply to your companions."

The exact effect of the Skill Absorption used by Asura was to 'recover the power of the demon' and 'take away up to two skills at random.' Agnus was convinced and Lauel had no reason to deny his conviction.

"It is better to hurry. Baal will move forward with the plan the moment he finds out that you and I have met."

The most basic role of Asura's fragments was surveillance. Baal would've been aware of the meeting between Grid, Agnus, and Rose from the time they met and would've roughly guessed what would happen next. It was because that abominable existence was subtle and clever, unlike his appearance.

"What is the probability that one of Asura's fragment will parasitize Grid?"

"None. He can't stand divinity. He can't cling to Grid and the people around him, so Grid should hurry...?"

Agnus abruptly stopped talking. It was because the divinity surrounding Grid's body suddenly shook greatly. The feeling of a burning flame caught Agnus and Lauel's attention.

"What?"

"This..."

Grid rushed to the window. A dark sky appeared outside the window. It was a sky that swallowed up not only the starlight, but also the moonlight. It looked like it had been painted with black paint.

"We're too late." Agnus frowned.

"Ah." Lauel sighed.

The growing darkness was swallowing the city's lights. It was dark all over the place. Only the area with the Overgeared World retained its light.

It was an occupation.

The moment Grid and Lauel realized it, six types of lights shone throughout the city.

There was silver for Mercedes' sword energy, gold for Saniel's divinity, purple for Braham's magic power, the dark blue color created by Zik's runes intersecting, the green from Piaro's Natural State, and the five colors that indicated Nefelina's attributes.

The apostles of Grid resisted the darkness that engulfed the lights and illuminated their surroundings. They were a lighthouse to guide the frightened people.

Grid was a bit relieved as he sensed the soldiers and knights who gathered around the apostles and started to lead the people. His orange divinity soared above the spires and suddenly swelled up like the

sun. It flashed from the highest point of the Overgeared Castle and lifted the darkness. It reached the small light from the apostles. In the end, the combined light formed a path. At the end of the path was the Overgeared World.

It was a wonderful sight. The people were reminded that this was a nation established by Grid and felt relieved. Their fears were dispelled. They followed the path of light to the Overgeared World. Then, as if to laugh at them—

“.....!”

A red moon appeared in the center of the black sky. It seemed to wriggle strangely before slowly opening its eyelid. A huge eye that had a panoramic view of Reinhardt with one glance. Tens of millions of people felt like they made eye contact with it. The same was true of Grid and the apostles.

Lauel murmured, “The hell moon...”

The world message confirmed it.

[The hell moon has awakened.]

Tens of thousands more eyes emerged around the huge pupil that was moving back and forth. The entire surface of the moon was made of eyes. They were compound eyes. There were countless pupils within the tens of thousands of pupils. Some were spinning around, some moved up and down and some moved diagonally as they took in every inch of Reinhardt.

People got goosebumps. It felt like the hell moon they saw during the Great Human and Demon War had evolved even further.

Agnus also showed an expression of surprise. “What are all those eyes?”

There was no one who didn’t know the hell moon. They had experienced the Great Human and Demon War and learned.

A moon with countless eyes—each eye embedded in the moon observed the ground and it was also a weapon that fired rays to annihilate the target. Therefore, it was an object of fear. The old hell moon alone made people feel the fear that they couldn’t handle it.

Meanwhile, the moon that rose at this moment had hundreds of thousands more eyes. The sight of the eyes reminiscent of a dragonfly’s compound eyes moving back and forth to search for prey was unrealistically horrifying. It was an apocalyptic sight that was beyond the disasters that humanity had ever imagined.

“Shit.” Grid involuntarily cursed. It was because the countless eyes gradually turned red. There would soon be a downpour of light. It would make no distinction between men and women and the elderly and children. It would easily destroy the civilization that had been built up. There would be holes in the bodies of tens of millions of people. The corpses would pile up as high as a river and the blood would form a river.

Grid fell into a panic. He failed to find the best response in the face of a sudden crisis. It was right that he should’ve thrown himself out to save the people in front of him right away.

It was only two seconds after the hell moon appeared. Rays of light started to pour down. It poured down on all sides without a single gap.

Grid used Shunpo. He emptied his head and used all the skills he possessed to extinguish even one more ray. He immediately realized that it was an attempt with little results. The number of rays and the range was so large that even the skills that could be used within his range of view couldn't handle it.

Just then, the ground rose from all sides. Arches instantly formed and piled up to form a dome. It was a roof large enough to cover the entire city called Reinhardt. It was an umbrella that blocked the pouring rays.

-Hurry.

The voice of Garion, god of the earth, spread throughout the city. It was relaxed, not impatient. It was a gentle and warm voice. The people were encouraged by her attitude and started rushing again.

"Good." Grid stopped the rampage of skills and gave Garion, who would be watching him, a thumbs up. Reason had been regained from the very beginning. In the first place, he didn't lose it. He was just agitated for a moment and missed the timing while looking for the best method.

Moments later, the bombardment of rays stopped and the dome was lifted. The black sky and hell moon once again became the backdrop of the city.

Grid first examined the people. Thanks to the leadership of the apostles, tens of thousands of people had completed entering the Overgeared World. However, it was only a small fraction of the population. There was no more room for people to evacuate due to the limited area of the Overgeared World.

'If the bombardment stops again, I have to stop it with the apostles.'

No matter Garion's strength, it would be difficult for her to use the same large-scale power again in a row. It was the same with the hell moon. It was discovered during the Great Human and Demon War that there was a limit to the number of its bombardments.

Grid thought this and glared at the hell moon. He raised his spirit with the intention of taking on the countless eyes alone. He recalled Hayate, who once captured the attention of the dragons, and took on the responsibility as if imitating Hayate.

-Great. You are already an Absolute just based on your attitude.

Grid's eyes widened. The pressure from the voice that was suddenly heard was terrifying. For a moment, his legs were weak and he almost collapsed. In fact, many people fainted.

[The 1st Great Demon of hell, 'Baal,' has appeared.]

[All willpower has been lost.]

[The resistance of all attributes except the divine attribute is fixed at 0%.]

[Demonic energy resistance is fixed at -200%.]

[Critical hit resistance, weakness resistance, and evasion correction effects are fixed at 0.]

[The buffs in effect are released and all buffs are disabled. The same is applied to items.]

[The passive skills in effect are released and all passive skills are stopped. The same is applied to items.]

[You can't set a target when using skills or magic. Targeting skills and magic are changed to non-targeted skills and magic.]

[The skills that receive the absolute hit correction will lose the correction effect.]

The Absolute of hell—Baal's presence wasn't something that humanity could afford. Even the apostles were pale, while Grid's fingers trembled slightly. His body that moved in the opposite direction of what he was thinking and his slowed movements were unfamiliar.

Out of all the status abnormalities that Baal caused, even Grid couldn't resist the 'fear.' Even the chief gods under the three gods couldn't fully handle Baal's status.

—This was even though it wasn't hell. No, maybe this was an absolute verdict unrelated to status. It was sufficient considering Baal's share of the worldview.

-A while ago, I set a new rule in hell.

Under the hell moon, Baal opened his mouth while his appearance was half-covered with a veil of shadows that moved like wildfire. At first glance, the corners of his mouth were curled up like he was amused.

-Admission is free, but you must pass the test to exit.

-It is simple. Fight the demons standing in the way and win. You humans have an appreciation for the arts, so you will be able to enjoy it together. Aren't we both drawn to this primal and instinctive game?

-Then let's start the game.

Baal disappeared into the shadows at the same time as his unilateral declaration. This allowed those freed from the debuffs to breathe while Grid was briefly mesmerized. It was due to the strange sight that unfolded in the sky.

[The Asura Road has been opened.]

The numerous eyes of the hell moon started to project the landscape of hell. The images of people struggling in the even more horrific hell were broadcasted onto the sky like it was a screen. It was a sight that could be seen anywhere on the continent...

Will you sit still or come down to hell and rescue them?

Baal forced humanity to choose.

The full-fledged prelude to the hell episode was opened with Baal's first attack.

Chapter 1644

'What passage did he use?'

It was after Baal left.

Reinhardt was in turmoil, but Agnus was the one who was most shocked. Based on what he knew, Baal couldn't appear on the surface. He learned that Baal could only appear by a fragment of his consciousness into a specific subject and borrowing their body. Yet the Baal just now was real.

An Absolute who had a figure that was perceived differently depending on the player's inclination and mood. The 1st Great Demon, Baal. He came as an immense fear to Agnus today.

'He even sent the hell moon to the surface to make it hell.'

Where did Baal get the demonic energy to emerge on the surface? Could it have something to do with the hell moon, which appeared in a more threatening form? The hell moon was sent to the surface, so hell's demons and demonic creatures must be greatly weakened. It would be the same for Baal. In a situation like this, wasn't holding humans hostage and luring Grid putting himself at risk?

Agnus was filled with many doubts and tried to interpret the situation, but it wasn't easy. He was gradually becoming nervous. The emergence of Baal meant some denial of his knowledge and information. It was hard to stay calm after knowing that the knowledge and information he truly believed was wrong.

Laue saw his confusion and explained like it was trivial, "Baal's information often turns out to be false."

The opponent was the demon among the demons. It meant he was the most distant being in the world from trust and belief. Most of the information related to him was false.

"You... do you think that Baal was able to come to the surface from the beginning?"

"Would Baal be any different from Zeratul and Raphael, who can enter and exit the surface like it is their bedroom? If Baal's authority is greater than theirs, he will only be superior, not inferior."

Baal and Raphael stood on opposite sides but were clearly different beings. The master of hell was Baal, while the master of heaven was Rebecca, not Raphael. Baal's status was beyond Raphael's from the time he betrayed Yatan and seized hell.

Just going to and from the surface? Laue guessed that it would've been easy from the beginning. Even so, it was obvious why he had been quiet so far.

'It is because the situation wasn't ripe yet.'

The principle of Baal taking action was related to the pursuit of pleasure. He must've waited happily until there was an environment where he could enjoy himself to his heart's content. Now was the moment he had been waiting for.

'Can we afford it?'

Laue's expression darkened as he raised his head.

All sorts of events and accidents were taking place in the sky that was projecting the situation of hell. Blood burst out, followed by pained screams.

Fear had spread throughout the world.

“Does this make sense?”

At the S.A Group’s shareholders meeting...

The angry shareholders became furious. It was because Satisfy’s environment changed overnight. It didn’t matter if it was day or not. If they looked up at the sky from anywhere on the continent, they would see a bizarre and terrifying moon. A red moon with countless eyes.

What about the videos being projected in the sky? A real-time slaughter in hell was being played. It was really pandemonium. It wasn’t a landscape that could be endured with a sane mind.

Some shareholders who viewed Satisfy as a metaverse rather than a game showed greater rejection. To them, Satisfy was another world in which social, economic, and cultural activities were carried out in a much faster and easier manner than in reality. Regardless of the background story, it was a space where the value grew only when daily life was lived. Now that daily life had completely collapsed.

Ordinary people with common sense couldn’t accept the world that had changed overnight. How many people in the world would want to have dates, do their hobbies, or have a business meeting under a sky full of terrible sights? In fact, Satisfy’s connection rate was showing a noticeable decline.

“This time, it doesn’t seem like a problem that Grid can easily solve. I don’t know much about the game, but that existence called Baal isn’t ordinary.”

“That’s right. The moment that Baal appeared, Reinhardt’s army that was famous for its strength fell down like dominoes. Needless to say, the ordinary people passed out.”

“Looking at the video posted on the Internet of the players who were at the scene, the debuffs are quite significant. I even saw Grid stagger like he was about to fall. Director Yoon-nim, did you see it?”

“Ah, that...”

The purpose of the shareholders in coming here wasn’t to socialize. They came together to hold the company accountable and urge the company to come up with a solution. Criticisms poured out and the anger became contagious. They didn’t swear, but their loud voices were like the grandstands in baseball stadiums.

They didn’t understand it no matter how much Director Yoon Sangmin explained the situation. The thing the shareholders wanted was a declaration of the end of the situation. They didn’t want to hear any background explanations or excuses.

The silent Chairman Lim Cheolho finally turned on the microphone. “We don’t interfere with Satisfy.”

It was actually the worst answer. The expressions of the shareholders crumpled like paper and they started to protest fiercely.

However, Chairman Lim Cheolho’s expression was still. The hell episode might’ve opened decades earlier than scheduled, but he still crossed his arms in front of the large pile of reports because there was solid rationale for it. “Trust the players as always.”

“What players... based on the briefing earlier, the difficulty of hell is too high. Are we supposed to rely only on Grid this time?”

“Grid alone can’t solve it.”

The shareholders were even more upset by Chairman Lim Cheolho’s resolute remarks.

Grid couldn’t solve it? The shareholders, who had regarded Grid as their last hope, started to say it was all ruined.

Chairman Lim Cheolho opened his mouth again, “Strictly speaking, Satisfy isn’t ruined. Even if the players lose and fail in the war against hell, another story will begin anew.”

The end was nothing more than a device that signaled a new beginning.

Hell, Asgard, the Hwan Kingdom, and the dragons—Satisfy would return no matter which faction was ultimately victorious. Even if it happened to start over from scratch. It was okay even if humanity won and saw the ‘ending.’ It was because the end of the story didn’t mean the end of Satisfy.

The story that took place after that was enough for people to create a new one.

The world changed in an instant. The sky that showed the current state of hell haunted the minds of the people. They were worried their family or friends would be among the many who died horribly in the fight against the demons.

Ordinary people who lived a life far from fighting felt anxious. It was a gory movie that was playing above their heads all the time. There were few places they could look at. Fortunately, they couldn’t hear any sound.

“Crazy bastard.”

Immediately after Baal left, General Asmophel and the soldiers took care of the people. Lauel and the nobles appeased the confused people.

This allowed Grid to focus on his role. He soared into the sky and got as close to the hell moon as possible. Numerous bloodshot eyes swept indifferently over Grid. They rolled around non-stop and spread the situation of hell to the entire world. It was an even more unrealistic sight up close. The sky was infinitely segmented and screened.

“He is a really crazy bastard.”

Curses kept popping out. It was impossible to withstand the urge to swear. The humans in hell were taken hostage, while the moon, which should’ve been in hell, was moved to the surface and used to relay the reality of hell. Baal’s power and intentions were extremely abhorrent. He stole the sky and the ability to rest from all beings on the surface. Humanity was exposed to a fear and disgust they had never experienced before and were no longer able to live a normal life.

Then Grid used Item Combination. He combined Gujel’s Dao and Cranbel’s Horn. It was a fusion of dragon weapons.

A huge amount of energy was released. The entire area around him was distorted like a whirlpool. It was a power that even Grid couldn't handle at the moment. He eventually grabbed the long hilt with both hands. His arms were trembling.

Grid combined this with the field of view skill to aim at the evil moon. He clearly engraved the hell moon in his eyes, squeezed out all his strength, used his buffs, and swung the sword. It was a blow belatedly followed by a sound. By the time the explosion spread, an orange divinity had already filled the sky. Nevertheless, it couldn't reach the hell moon. It seemed that even if he used a field of view skill, he was unable to cut down the moon in space.

A new sight entered the eyes of the disappointed Grid. Very small shadows were approaching and touching the moon. They were the meteorites that Braham had pulled down. Braham designated the target as the hell moon and used Meteor.

...But nothing happened. The hell moon existed steadfastly without showing a single movement.

"I can't smash the moon with my magic," Braham said as he clicked his tongue and glared at the intact moon.

"....."

Wasn't this too violent to be called a magic attack? There were too many things to tackle, but Grid kept his mouth shut.

Just then, Mercedes came to his side with her silver wings. Her transparently glowing eyes analyzed the moon and videos.

.....!

The hell moon shook a bit, unlike when it was hit by Braham's Meteor. Finally, it trembled. Screams seemed to reach all the way to where they were.

".....!"

".....!"

The faces of Grid and the apostles were filled with admiration. It was because some of the eyes of the hell moon started to shed bloody tears and some of the videos filling the sky started to turn off. The perfect sky suddenly appeared through the cracks in the videos.

However, new videos soon appeared and filled in the gaps. There were too many eyes on the hell moon. The damaged eyes were quickly replaced by new ones and the videos that were turned off were repeatedly turned on.

"Stop. Stop it," Grid whispered as he grabbed Mercedes' hand and pulled her into his arms.

Gasp, gasp... Mercedes' wildly gasping body was trembling. Her eyes, which were more transparent than glass, became blurred and veins bulged around her trembling eyes.

"This... it isn't here," Mercedes explained as she leaned against Grid's chest with a pale face, "It is still in hell... it is using the moon of the human world as a mirror."

This was why Grid's attack didn't reach. The hell moon on the surface was nothing more than an illusion. In the first place, it couldn't be targeted by the field of view skill. The moon that Braham's Meteor struck wasn't the moon of hell.

'Then Braham... did he just use Meteor on the real, innocent moon?'

By the time Grid realized it, Braham's face was already red. He was very sensitive to the word 'troll,' so Grid didn't bother to point it out.

"...We have no choice but to go there in person."

Grid's judgment was quick. He declared that he would accept Baal's invitation. It was the moment when the apostles nodded as if they had been waiting...

"Of course, we should do so."

A welcome voice was heard. Grid looked up at the sky and made eye contact with the smiling Biban. There were the tower members behind him.

Legends from the previous eras—the great heroes who protected the world behind history had come forward.

One by one, the people who were in a panic and couldn't come to their senses started to gain courage one by one.

"....."

Betty was staring at Agnus.

Chapter 1645

Were they carrying an invisible rock? Most of the people walked around with their heads lowered. They were afraid the scenery of hell that was projected into the sky would enter their vision.

Nevertheless, there were a few people who dared to raise their heads and gaze at the sky. They carefully watched the scenes that others said were scary and unpleasant. They were the rankers with a high reputation in each region. Most of them were fighters. They were people who enjoyed the fight itself or struggled to get something. This was a huge opportunity for them.

"Playing an active role in front of everyone watching...? There can be no better stage to build up my fame."

"There will be a personal camera the moment you enter hell. Even a small performance will make you stand out more than in the Great Human and Demon War."

There was a lot of speculation that the final boss of Satisfy was Baal. His force was that high. Moreover, this incident caused by Baal was very threatening. Based on the atmosphere alone, it seemed like an event that would determine Satisfy's fate. It wouldn't be strange if humanity was defeated when following the flow of this story.

The level of attention was bound to be high, apart from those who were walking around with their heads lowered. It was a large-scale event that was incomparable to the National Competition and was at least above the level of the Great Human and Demon War.

In short, it was a situation that all of humanity would be paying close attention to. What if they went to hell at this time and played an active role? They would surely become heroes. Being heroes meant money. The named rankers proved it from the very beginning. Didn't they say that the money from commercials alone was tens of billions of won a year...

It was a bonus that there were countless scandals about the actors or actresses they appeared on shows with.

"This is a really huge opportunity."

"We are going to be the second Grid."

How many people in the world wanted to become the second Grid? There were many people in the world who called themselves the second Grid the moment they did anything. There were many people, regardless of their age or gender, so it was very funny. Even so, no one expressed it.

The rankers who formed a cooperative group together—it was right to respect their great ambition to cross the line together in the future, rather than laugh at them.

"Huh...?"

The western mountainous region dominated by the slash-and-burn farmers. The high ranker Musashi had been ruling this territory that received less attention from the Overgeared Empire due to its low value. Now he cocked his head. He was a German-British man whose terribly red hair didn't match his ID. His hair fluttered in the wind like a flame and it naturally caught people's attention. His outfit was also very fancy. Gold sheets or jewels hung from every piece of equipment he wore. The rumor that he controlled more than 30 small and medium-sized hunting grounds and received admission fees from people seemed to be true.

It was something people couldn't take an issue with. It was just the strong enjoying the rights they deserved. Yes, Musashi was a strong powerhouse. If only 3,000 strong players in the world could be counted, then there was a high probability that he would be mentioned. He was such a person.

"What... is this?" he murmured with an absent-minded expression. It was the expression of a person seeing something he shouldn't have seen. It was a frightening reaction. He was someone who never lost his composure even when seeing the video of Baal appearing in Reinhardt. Now he suddenly reacted violently and the impact was great.

The moment Musashi became agitated, anxiety quickly spread among the people belonging to the same guild as Musashi.

"What is going on?"

Another high ranker who couldn't see what happened was questioning it, only to stiffen. It was because in one of the videos in the sky, people were dying one after another. The ranker who participated in the great demon raids during the Great Human and Demon War were being slaughtered by mere demons?

This wasn't supposed to happen. Players had grown rapidly since the Great Human and Demon War. They gained so much experience and even had the cooperation of the Overgeared Guild. One simple example was that the high-end items previously only distributed within the Overgeared Guild were released on the market. The Overgeared Guild, who rejected outside players before the Great Human and Demon War, started to cooperate under the banner that 'humanity is one.'

Yes, most of the players who took the elevator down to hell were great people. They deserved to hunt the demons in hell. So what was this miserable appearance? The high level and Overgeared Guild's items were being overshadowed and trampled on in a disastrous manner. It was an even bigger shock because there was someone Musashi considered a rival among them.

"That... does this make sense?"

Musashi had very good eyes. He had invested heavily in insight because his main focus was on counter skills. Due to this, he noticed it. The skills that the demons used... they were very familiar. Skills that symbolized particular rankers. The techniques that made them known were being used with the bodies and magic power of the demons.

It was a completely unexpected blow that hit him properly. He could accept the reason why the rankers were helpless.

'How is this possible?'

The stronger the skill, the more difficult the conditions of use. They had to gain skills by taking a specific path and being promoted to the right class. It was also greatly influenced by their stats and the weapons used. The sight of a demon holding a club while using human fist techniques, a bare-handed demon using human swordsmanship, or even using demonic energy as a replacement for mana was bound to feel strange.

'How is this difficulty level set?'

He was reminded of Baal's words that a new rule had been set in hell. It ignored the existing laws, so the newly set difficulty level could be considered a hardcore level. This made Musashi shrink back. He was frightened because he could see many things.

"Musashi?"

It was only a few steps to the city where the warp gate was located. They would be able to reach their final destination of Reinhardt in less than 30 minutes. Then one of the captains of the group, Musashi, suddenly stopped and didn't move.

Musashi hesitated as the eyes of numerous people focused on him. "This probably..."

It seems like it isn't possible. The situation is more serious than I thought. If we go to hell like this, we are more likely to be killed like dogs. Let's step back and watch the progress.

...He wanted to say this, but he was afraid his honor would be lost.

It happened at this moment...

[The founder of Echo Magic, 'Jessica,' has emerged.]

[The one who takes reality as a canvas, 'Abellio,' has emerged.]

[The one who smashes a great mountain with his first, 'Ken,' has emerged.]

[The one who trains monsters and demons, 'Jurene,' has emerged.]

[The one who breaks the chain of reincarnation, 'Betty,' has emerged.]

[The ancient wise sage, 'Radwolf,' has emerged.]

[The ancient wise warrior, 'Fronzaltz,' has emerged.]

[The teacher of Muller, Sword Saint 'Biban,' has emerged.]

World messages emerged one after another. Some familiar names were mixed with unfamiliar names. The thing they had in common was that they were all unusual. Biban and Jessica instilled such an awareness.

First of all, Biban. He was known as the teacher of Muller, the greatest Sword Saint of all time. Players who had reached the minimum level of great swordsman would've come across his records and felt envious.

Next was Jessica. She was a legendary great magician of a past era and was the founder of the famous Echo Magic. The theory of Echo Magic contained the logic of 'creating multiple magic with one spell,' so it was often rated as the best magical theory of all time.

Those who appeared with them could never be ordinary. The modifiers were no joke.

"An acquaintance in Reinhardt said that they came to see Grid?"

"What are tower members?"

"Tower?"

Dragon Slayer Hayate was well known, but the Tower of Wisdom was still unfamiliar to people. The tower had still kept itself a secret. However, at this moment—

[The Tower of Wisdom, which has been defending humanity behind the veil, has declared that they will fight against the demons.]

The tower revealed its identity out of its own volition. They knew that danger would come from provoking the dragons, but they still came out for the sake of humanity.

"What are you doing? Go quickly!" the previously intimidated Musashi urged the group. He was full of energy and his voice was strong.

Similar things were happening all over the continent.

It was really exquisite timing. Grid was very happy and thankful that the tower members came to him as people were gradually losing hope. But...

"Isn't it dangerous to leave?"

The duty of the tower members was to be on the lookout for dragons. No one could handle it if the dragons were active while they were away in hell.

“Don’t worry. Sir Hayate will keep his position.”

Biban wasn’t very comfortable as he explained it. Based on Hayate’s personality, it meant he would almost never sleep and would stand guard. Therefore, Biban and the tower members were intent on responding even more aggressively to this incident.

Grid’s attitude was the same. “Let’s settle the situation as quickly as possible and return.”

Baal was too strong. Grid and his apostles couldn’t completely resist the debuffs, so it would be the same for the tower members. Grid made a realistic judgment. Rather than aiming to kill Baal, the priority was to stop the function of the hell moon. The morale of humanity could only be restored when the landscape of the surface returned to its original state. There was a high possibility that the currently active Asura Path would end when the hell moon was removed. It meant that he could save those trapped in hell and use them as an extra force.

Of course, this was all just a hypothesis so far. Nevertheless, Lael and Grid decided that this hypothesis was very realistic. What if stopping the function of the hell moon didn’t improve the situation? If that was the case, it meant the possibility of humanity winning would be infinitely close to zero. There would be no answer. However, there would always be answers in Satisfy. Grid and Lael were the best duo who found more answers than anyone else. They believed in their own judgment.

“Depart.”

In front of everyone watching, the apostles except for Sariel, the tower members, Grid, and the gods of the Overgeared World all stood in front of the hell elevator. Grid’s inventory was full. He took all the potions made in the alchemy facility and packed the materials necessary for blacksmithing. During the battle in hell, he planned to repair or make new items for the apostles and tower members.

[The 20th epic of Overgeared God Grid has begun.]

[It comes from the mouths of those who watched him go to hell.]

The temples of the Overgeared God scattered all over the continent radiated a soft light. They were prepared to record the epic that would be added line by line in the future.

[.....]

The old dragon, who had existed since the beginning of time, opened his eyes. The pure white membrane split open and revealed the universe. The longitudinally torn pupils were the first chaos and the circles dotted in the iris were like countless planets derived from chaos.

The moment the old dragon slowly raised his head and unfolded his long tail, a raging wind occurred in the huge lair. The aftermath was terribly great. The great mountain where the lair was situated and the forests surrounding the great mountain shook as if they had been hit by an earthquake. The birds and beasts were startled and immediately abandoned their homes to flee.

[...Things are interesting...]

The dragon's expression was calm as he let out a long breath and checked the scenery outside the lair. However, the smile that his snout made looked twisted and wicked. He was suited for the moniker of evil dragon.

Chapter 1646

Not long ago, Hayate had told Grid, "I only recently realized that most of the top dragons, who are inherently threatened by the old dragons, can make rational decisions."

He said he learned a lot based on the story of the Crazy God and Crazy Dragon and he planned to leave the tower to embark on a long journey.

"I will visit and talk to the top dragons who have maintained their dignity and settled in one place for a long time."

He would persuade them to understand and coexist with each other. It would not be easy, but he smiled as he said it would be better than blindly confronting them. He even promised to help with the recruitment of the human gods during the journey.

Then today, the situation changed rapidly. Baal caused a proper incident. Hayate was forced to return to the tower in a hurry and the tower members told him that they wanted to help Grid.

He naturally allowed it. The essence of the Tower of Wisdom was to protect the world from threats that humanity couldn't respond to. It wasn't just about being obsessed with dragons. In his heart, Hayate also wanted to go to hell with them. However, he couldn't leave the surface empty, so he stayed alone in the tower. He didn't express it to the tower members, but he was worried about the evil dragon Bunhelier.

A dragon that cooperated with Baal in the distant past and swallowed demonic energy—Hayate was concerned that the Asura Path that spread on the surface might provoke him. That concern became a reality. The energy that blossomed from the end of the world—the unbelievably powerful and ominous aura captured Hayate's mind.

'He has woken up.'

An elegant demeanor—a bitter smile spread across Hayate's face as he placed his hand on the pommel of his sword.

'It must be Baal's intention.'

A thousand years after the tower was born, he had a new dream and planned a trip. It was a pity that he would die before he could even start properly. Still, it was fine. Even if he died, Grid remained.

He felt some lingering regrets, but there was no worry. For the first time since he was born, he wasn't afraid of death.

Time was running out.

Grid's party clearly recognized the situation. Just before boarding the elevator, they saw hundreds of humans in a crisis on their own being broadcasted in the sky. They had to hurry to save even a few more lives. The lives of those currently trapped in hell weren't just their own lives. The more they died, the stronger Baal's power became. Therefore, it was necessary to rescue them, even if it was just for the sake of the cause.

"It is said that logging out is possible within hell."

Immediately after the incident, Lael logged out without hesitation. The quick-witted Yura logged out in advance and had been waiting for his call. He received a lot of information thanks to this.

"However, as you know, it is impossible to log out during a battle. They said that it is very difficult to find the timing to log out."

It meant that the enemy's offensive continued non-stop.

"In the first place, avoiding the crisis by logging out isn't the solution."

Baal set a new law in hell. The beings who entered hell couldn't escape from hell through any means or methods. It meant that even if they avoided the crisis in front of them by logging out, they would be stuck in hell for the rest of their lives.

"The only method identified to get out of hell so far is to die. Yet when looking at the reviews left by the deceased players, there is a 100% chance that those who are killed will lose their skills. This means it is hard for them to offer up their lives blindly..."

This was why the players trapped in hell couldn't die. The skills of the dead were absorbed by Asura's fragments and transferred to Baal or Baal's subordinates.

"It is known that the skills will be taken away, so I guess there will be a fuss."

"Yes, there are many people looking for flights to the S.A Group's headquarters in order to protest."

'It serves them right. Those beggar jerks.'

What S.A Group? Please be surrounded by protest trucks and have the entrance of the parking lot blocked...

Grid cursed sincerely. It was absurd no matter how much he thought about it.

The last class quest of Pagma's Successor. It was to save Pagma's soul. How could he clear this? If Grid hadn't reached the myth rating and if he hadn't obtained the apostles, tower members, and human gods—if he was just an ordinary Pagma's Successor, he would've tearfully given up the quest.

'At least 10 years... no, I would've only set up a large group in 20 years to attempt it.'

It was a class quest that most players could only challenge when they reached a high level. Was this really the right design? Grid didn't think so. He suspected that they were aiming for him and raised the difficulty of the class quest. The S.A Group had long been obsessed with balance and would block a player's path. Although maybe he grew to this point because of the backlash he received from the S.A Group...

“It is said that the neutral areas throughout hell have lost their safe zone function as the statues of Yatan were destroyed... that doesn’t mean there are no answers. The crystal castle is still in good shape, so we can use it as a shelter.”

Inside the elevator that descended quickly, Lauel stood beside Grid and communicated the situation non-stop. They were companions for many years. Lauel had lost his combat capabilities in the aftermath of investing his stats in political power. He was reluctant to fight on the battlefield, but he couldn't help it this time. It was an urgent situation. Time was running out to organize the information that Yura had obtained and to pass it onto Grid. It was best to do it himself and deliver it.

“We need to rescue people, gather them in the castle, and then reorganize our power. However, most of the groups have been pushed out of the front lines and dispersed. This means the difficulty will be very high. Rescue is possible only when we know where they are located, but it is difficult to find where they are hiding...”

“Don’t worry about searching for people.”

The elevator felt cramped because it was loaded with magic machines. Braham cut in proudly from where he was standing proudly alone in the center.

“You’ll be able to find them with the magic of me and that woman.”

He glanced at Jessica. He showed that he was willing to cooperate with Jessica. It was a very surprising attitude considering Braham’s usual personality. He seemed to be acknowledging Jessica’s skills. However, the tower members weren’t at a rank where they needed Braham’s acknowledgment.

“That guy has no courtesy,” Biban whispered in Jessica’s ears, but his voice was so loud that it entered everyone’s ears. Well, he wouldn’t have deceived the hearing of the people here even if he spoke in a low voice in the first place.

“It is understandable. He is the child of Beriache and the strongest magician of all time. It is natural to be arrogant considering his background. He is probably around the same age as me.”

“What does age have to do with having no manners? Tsk tsk.”

In the end, Biban clicked his tongue. In fact, he didn’t like Braham from the start. Didn’t Braham proudly cross his arms and occupy the center the moment he boarded the elevator? This habit would’ve been corrected right away if Braham hadn’t been Grid’s apostle.

Braham snorted.

“You are frivolous. It seems there is a flaw in your wisdom that doesn’t match your rank. I can see why you were overtaken by your disciple.”

Braham had a strong first impression of the tower members.

Previous legends and transcendentals—weren’t they the ones who supported the Dragon Slayer? Additionally, he was told that they had helped Grid several times. He naturally appreciated them and liked them. However, his heart became cold the moment he saw Biban’s sword.

The dragon weapon created by Grid—his stomach cramped at the thought that this bastard occupied the most precious treasure in history that even he hadn't been gifted with yet. It meant that his liking disappeared like it was a lie when it came to Biban.

"What...? Frivolous? There is a defect in my wisdom? Say it again."

"You are frivolous and ignorant. Now you also have bad hearing? Once again, you deserve to be overtaken by your disciple."

"Y-You...!"

From his strong body to his intelligence, magic, and appearance, Braham was perfect in every way. There was just a problem with his reactionary personality. He had improved to the level of a gentleman compared to when he was a scumbag in the past, but he had a bad personality from a general point of view. He used his innate intelligence and magic power enhanced senses to analyze the weaknesses of his opponents and dig into them without hesitation.

Biban couldn't handle him. He would have to use violence to beat Braham.

"This vampire, demonic bastard..."

The tower members eventually had to restrain Biban from grabbing his sword and Lauel whispered to Grid, "Will it be okay? They seem to be on bad terms?"

"It's fine. Agnus and I are getting along well. Will those who are older than us be more childish than us?"

"....."

"....."

Braham and Biban clearly heard Grid's voice and took back their killing intent. They knew it was shameful. The situation seemed to have calmed down, but this was actually a miscalculation.

"Your eyes... Shall I dig them out?" Agnus suddenly growled. He seemed annoyed that from before the elevator until now, Betty had been staring at him without blinking. His attitude of swallowing down his swear words was quite commendable. He wasn't intimidated because Betty was a powerful being. It seemed he was unable to treat her like that because she was a girl.

"Eyes. Shall I give them to you?"

".....!"

Agnus was frightened. He would be abnormal if he wasn't surprised when seeing a girl shoving her fingers into her eyes.

"...Will it be okay over there?"

"Probably..."

By this point, Grid was also slightly exhausted.

Nefelina was clinging to his arm and trembling because she was overwhelmed by the spirit coming from the tower members.

Abellio had drawn a puppy with a brush with the sense of playing with a grandchild, but he fell into deep thought after seeing the puppy disappear when it was read by Mercedes' Keen Insight. Zik was discussing runes with the giant brothers and raised his voice in a rare manner.

The fighter Ken was proposing to Garion. It was questionable if he was doing this even though he knew she was a god.

It was complete chaos. It was no different from a market.

"They... they are great people, right?" Lauel asked again for confirmation, but Grid couldn't answer.

He just smiled slightly. He felt very reassured by his colleagues, who didn't show any signs of nervousness despite descending to hell. He was convinced that once they joined the expedition active in hell, they would create a party that didn't fear anything in the world. Yes, they wouldn't be afraid of Baal either...

Ding!

At the same time, the elevator stopped descending. The automatic opening and closing device made by the giants activated and the door opened. The group led by Grid stepped proudly into hell.

[A random teleportation has occurred.]

It was a large magic circle that greeted them. The black magic that only fully functioned in hell activated as soon as it read the aura of the visitors. Apart from Braham, who quickly grasped the structure of the magic and destroyed it, everyone in the party was engulfed in light and scattered throughout hell. The place where Grid fell...

"Overgeared God...?"

It was the river of reincarnation.

The blood-red eyes of the hell moon watched him.

Chapter 1647

"Hmm."

Braham smiled as he was left alone. The black magic that worked upon detecting the presence of an intruder—it was great when seeing it himself. It was perfect without a single margin of error. Since it was perfect, it was solid and fast. It worked under the set conditions, so it was normal to not be able to respond to it.

Even so, he reacted. He even succeeded in breaking it down in a breathtaking manner. He was the only one in the group who did so. This proved his unrivaled ability among the most powerful people.

He was quite pleased. His great pride had grown even more.

'In particular, I am far superior than that retired swordsman.'

Braham was in the realm of achieving magic with his willpower. The act of looking back on his memory naturally gave rise to the Memorize magic. The sights he glimpsed a short time ago came to mind as

vividly as a photograph. Braham looked closely at Grid, the gods, the apostles, and the tower members in the picture.

It was the moment when they entered hell and the black magic was triggered. Grid responded immediately. He was faster than Braham in terms of reaction speed alone. However, he failed to activate Duke of Wisdom, so he just pulled Lauel and Nefelina to his side. Almost immediately afterward, Mercedes, Piaro, and Zik responded. It was with the same timing as Braham. However, it took some time to activate Keen Insight, while Piaro was close to an outsider when it came to magic.

Zik was the only one who responded properly. The rune was immediately rotated to complete a word. It was a word he didn't understand... Zik demonstrated a miracle and intervened in the magic coordinates applied to himself. He reversed the trap. Even when he was a mere incarnation, he was praised as a grandmaster by reaching the peak in most fields. Now that he retrieved his true body and harnessed the power of a half-god, he was so excellent that he made Braham alert every time.

'...The tower members?'

Most of them were like the apostles. They were very quick. Their response was as fast as the unit that divided one second into dozens of segments, but they couldn't find a way to respond to the magic. No... that was just what he thought.

'Those ignorant people.'

A chill went down Braham's spine. He noticed that faint cracks were carved on the images of the tower members contained in Memorize. There were signs of the magic itself being hit.

Abellio wielded his brush, the giant brothers used artifacts, Jessica used magic, Ken used his fists, Jurene gathered his magic power, and Betty tried to stop the black magic by cutting off the flow of magic power. That retired swordsman just cut it with a sword.

This meant that they attempted physical destruction, unlike Braham, who understood the principles of black magic and reversed them in order to invalidate them. As a result, they failed, but it made a difference. The black magic applied to them wasn't fully intact because part of the techniques were destroyed. At the very least, they wouldn't have fallen to a 'dangerous' place.

'They aren't just Sir Hayate's associates.'

Braham admired it in his heart, only to become startled. He was surprised at himself, who acknowledged the skills of others. It was a bit... unpleasant. It was to the point where he welcomed the uninvited visitors who just arrived.

"The insight of Sir Goron is amazing. It was said that only the son of the exile would remain and it came true."

"He got Beriache's wisdom and studied the magic of human beings. Magic of this magnitude would've been easy to read."

"Hahaha! Braham! The son of Beriache! Your mother might've been an exile but she was one of the three evils of the beginning. Why did you, her child, study the magic of human beings? Don't you know shame?"

“The son of an exile can’t feel shame. He doesn’t have the roots.”

They were three demons. They were those who had the title of henchmen, but weren’t Baal’s familiars. In the very distant past, they were the ones who helped when Beriache was expelled from hell. They all had a mighty aura. Gamigin was better than all of them, but they were powerhouses, especially when considering that this place was hell.

‘They will be able to use frenzied demonic energy at their current level.’

The longer the fight, the more powerful the demonic energy. It was a type of technique practiced by a small number of high ranking demonkin. It had the disadvantage of only being able to be activated in hell, but it wasn’t a disadvantage at the moment since this place was hell.

“Seeing you trembling brings back memories. Your mother looked exactly like this when she was banished from hell.”

“It was a pleasure to watch the virtuous being that all the demons of hell looked up to become miserable in real time. Even now, so much time has passed, but a sense of pleasure still wells up when I think back on that time.”

“.....”

A scene from the past flashed in Braham’s mind as he stood with his head lowered. It was an image of his mother being cast out to the surface by sneering demons. This was just his imagination. The reality would’ve been much more miserable.

‘Ahh, Mother.’

Braham felt his fate.

Did Grid lead me here or did you send them to me? Did you arrange for me to get revenge for you and eventually transcend you?

“...That guy.”

It was just like when they isolated Beriache in the distant past.

The demons who laughed around Braham slowly frowned. They belatedly realized why Braham’s shoulders were shaking while his head was lowered. It wasn’t due to fear. He was laughing...

It wasn’t an illusion. Braham’s face as he raised his head confirmed it. The eyes of the smiling man whose chin was raised arrogantly were glowing red like his mother’s.

“You were just one of the thousands of soldiers that surrounded my mother. Now only the three of you are meeting me? The long years that have passed have made you senile.”

Braham’s magic power, which had sharpened like a knife, gradually turned dark purple.

The frenzied demonic energy—the technique that Beriache’s son, Braham, could use ‘naturally’ was already triggered. The quality of the secret technique was different.

“.....!”

“.....!”

Baal’s henchmen—they had already slaughtered dozens of rankers. They clearly imprinted their overwhelming power onto the human beings observing the conditions of hell from the surface. They were more powerful than any of the great demons who fought in the Great Human and Demon War.

This was why people lamented when they saw Braham confronting them. It wasn’t difficult for people to guess Braham’s defeat. Many people already closed their eyes after knowing that his beautiful face in the sky would soon be terribly ruined. Thus, it came as a bigger shock.

The sight of the purple flames rising from Braham’s fingers and spreading like a storm as it swept through the battlefield, and the surprised faces of the demons who retreated—the development pattern was completely different from what people expected.

The news spread in an instant. Those who tried to turn away from the sky slowly started to raise their heads.

“Are they completely encamped?”

“Gulp. Do we have enough food?”

The expedition team from the Overgeared Guild was evacuated to the crystal castle. They moved immediately after the incident happened. They believed in the judgment of Yura and Jishuka. Thanks to this, they avoided the crisis of being isolated in the field, but the situation wasn’t good.

A demonic army was besieging the crystal castle.

The sight of them hunting their own demonic creatures and cooking barbecue was far from common sense, but unfortunately, the smell of grilled meat was appetizing. A hunger that couldn’t be satisfied with jerky tormented the expedition. It was a curse. It had no influence on legends like Yura, Jishuka, and Faker, but it was enough to cause pain to non-legendary players.

“This... isn’t it a skill that high level chefs have?”

Hunger was classified as an abnormal condition. Vantner was frowning at the debuff linked to decreased stats and lack of motivation, so he noticed one step late. It was the moment when Laue’s warning that they would lose their skills and the words of those who died proved to be a definite truth. Their fear grew as the number of enemies increased in real time.

In the midst of the tension, someone raised their hand and asked a question, “This castle... the enemies can’t attack it, right? It is safe, right? Yes?”

It was a very cautious attitude. This person had to be careful.

Rose—she was a great demon, so she felt very uncomfortable in this position...

She thought that sitting on a thorny cushion would be better than this. It was absurd no matter how she thought about it. Baal caused the incident when she was visiting the castle to meet Grid’s succubi. She

was unexpectedly isolated in the castle where just making eye contact with the Overgeared Guild members made her feel numb.

Why did she have to be here...? She had already asked herself this dozens of times, but she had to interpret it as simply bad luck.

“It is safe. That is correct. The problem is that we can’t stay here like this. If we are going to stay still like this, why not just log out?”

In games, time was gold. There was no point in simply surviving. It was obviously a loss to sit here for a long time. Even at this moment, their competitors and enemies would be growing and eating at each other.

“Hmm...”

Rose was inwardly relieved. She was worried about what would happen if no one answered her question, but at least this person was kind enough to get along with her, even if he was bald. It would be better to hang out with good-looking men like Faker and Regas, but what was the current situation? It was fortunate that she was less embarrassed.

“Why do I feel dirty all of a sudden?”

It happened the moment Vantner was wondering about this...

The castle shook. The outside of the window was tinged with a colorful light that disturbed the eyes of the group. It was the aftermath of a magic bombardment.

“Ah, it is safe, right?” Rose asked again with a pale face.

Croak, croak, croak croak croak...

The cries of frogs were heard in the distance.

Chepardea and Baal’s familiars had joined.

Chepardea stopped the magic bombardment and spoke, “It is Dantalion’s legacy. It is natural that it is hard to attack. You don’t have to attack it. Croak.”

Dantalion was the wisest demon in hell. There were many demons who gained knowledge comparable to him, but Dantalion was the only one who made use of that knowledge. It meant he was a coward. He was despised by many demons despite being a great demon.

From the beginning, Chepardea had no intention of attacking the last bastion that the coward had made to keep himself safe. It was okay to isolate them. Human lives were so short that they would quickly become nervous. Eventually, they wouldn’t be able to endure it and would walk out on their own.

Chepardea urged the demons to be patient and the demons nodded obediently. It was originally rare for demons to cooperate, but this was an exception. They were clearly aware of the fragments of Asura that seeped into their shadows.

Baal made it public. The moment they realized that the fragments of Asura could act either as a bomb leashing them or a blessing to give them more power, the demons chose to be loyal to Baal. In the first place, Baal was the peak of the three evils of the beginning. He was the ruler of hell after Yatan. He just needed to step forward to become the focal point and there would be few reasons why the demons wouldn't follow him.

'There were many demons who rapidly became stronger thanks to the fragments of Asura. They easily killed the intruders scattered all over the place.'

Chepardea's round snout curled up as he thought. It was the scene of a large frog with his tongue hanging out and laughing. However, the demons remained silent and didn't ridicule him. There were few complaints. It was quite enjoyable imagining the trembling of their prey locked up in the castle.

Additionally, the Demon Slayer was among the prey trapped in the castle. A being born to exterminate demons—as a demon, the act of fighting, winning, and eating her would go against providence. It was an opportunity to be judged as killing the enemy and their status would greatly rise.

It happened as the gloomy laughter of the demons was gradually spreading...

"I came to the right place."

It was Zik who reversed the coordinates of the trap. The all-rounded talent who could compete to be the strongest among the apostles of the Overgeared God entered the scene.

Runes that combined to form words that meant destruction, massacre, and annihilation swirled, raged and sparked a bloody breeze. He knew he had to first secure the only base in hell.

Chapter 1648

The apostles were invincible and Grid was a god—this was the general public perception. It was also a play on words using the fact that Grid's identity was a god, but it was more referring to his actual strength.

It was after the Great Human and Demon War. People had witnessed the invincibility of the apostles from various angles. Additionally, Grid won victory after victory that was delivered in real time due to the epics written. Of course, Grid's actual win rate was very low, but... he had always benefited, so he seemed to always win from a third party's point of view.

To the public, it meant that Grid and the apostles were close to being invincible. They couldn't be distinguished from the Absolutes of dragons, Baal, Hayate, etc., and they were recognized as being part of the same hierarchy. Nevertheless—

"Will it be okay?"

"It looks too dangerous."

The people were concerned about the safety of the apostles. It was an unavoidable limitation. People didn't understand the invincibility of an Absolute and they couldn't even judge it. They made the mistake of recognizing the apostles as Absolutes, while easily thinking about defeat.

There was a reason for it. The environment surrounding Piaro was fire and ashes. It was hot, black, and empty. There was no energy of life from the sky and the ground.

Clatter clatter.

A ghost horse walking in the night sky circled overhead like a satellite. A blue flame lit up the deathly silent sky, while a red flame burned the ground of black ashes, erasing the traces of life. Piaro had fallen to this place.

A legendary farmer—it was the worst situation for him, who borrowed the energy of the rain and wind, the sun, and the earth, in order to show his abilities. People’s belief that Piaro was invincible was greatly shaken.

“Is there anybody nearby who can help?”

“I will quit the game if Piaro dies. XX.”

There were stars in every field. In particular, Satisfy was a game that billions of people enjoyed directly or indirectly. There were countless of the world’s brightest stars in Satisfy. There was naturally a fandom proportional to it. One of the most powerful fandoms was Piaro’s fandom.

An existence who had been with Grid since Grid was about to become the lord of Reidan—Piaro was the foundation that symbolized the Overgeared Guild and Overgeared Empire. Piaro was the reason why the still weak Overgeared Guild could withstand the invasion of the Seven Guilds and the great demons. He was the one who led the army and used all sorts of military tactics in all types of wars. It was rare to find someone who wasn’t fascinated by him.

Piaro’s popularity was the best without distinguishing between enemies and allies. The sight of him falling to a bad place and being surrounded by demons was enough to make people mourn.

“Piaro, the apostle of the Overgeared God. I have vaguely heard the name.”

Baal’s henchmen, who kept appearing here, spoke in an expressionless manner.

“He was prepared to die together only with Belial.”

Demons competed with each other and cooperated. Right now, they were intoxicated on the sweet reward of ‘the more you hunt humans, the stronger you become’ and entrusted their backs to each other, but until just yesterday, they had been eating each other. There were many competitors around them right now, so they were relatively careless and indifferent on the outside.

The old subordinates who had been aiding Baal for more than a thousand years had long lost their passion. Would they be interested in mere creatures when they hunted the greatest of all time, Beriache? Everything in the world was insignificant for them, who had already fought and overcome one of the three evils of the beginning. They were even less interested in the surface.

They couldn’t distinguish between the time when the former 32nd Great Demon, Belial, invaded the surface and the time before and after the outbreak of the Great Human and Demon War. They knew only a small fraction of Piaro’s performance. In fact, it wasn’t even a performance from their perspective. All the information related to Piaro was dismissed as equivalent to the information that pine caterpillars needed to eat pine needles to live. This meant it was insignificant.

Unfortunately, Piaro didn't have any great achievements in the Great Human and Demon War. It was great that he could tie up the feet of the great demons in the 20s, but it was minimal compared to the performance of the other apostles.

It had been less than two years. Putting aside their liking for Piaro, the public was concerned. He was weak compared to the other apostles and now he had fallen to an unfavorable battlefield. They started looking around to search for anyone who could help him. They observed with open eyes the situation in hell, which they previously avoided because it was terrifying.

The cruel sights tormented their eyes and minds, but they didn't care. There were many people who would endure this much pain for Piaro's sake.

"Ah..."

Let's find it. The moment I find an apostle near Piaro, log out and post about it to the community. Someone from the Overgeared Guild will respond...

Those who looked up at the sky with such hopes soon felt despair. There was no one near Piaro, no matter where they looked in the sky that showed hell. The other apostles and tower members were all far away. They were also in a mostly isolated situation. Well, there was one. Lauel was nearby, but...

'Isn't this nonsense?'

...Lauel had long lost his reputation as a warrior. Few people remembered that he was the peak of the 1st generation rookies. It was natural. He had been away from the battlefield for too long. Looking back on the work he had done as the prime minister, it was likely that his stats had been remodeled to be closer to an internal affairs official. No, it was certain.

Sending him to Piaro would only be a hindrance rather than a help. The situation would just become worse if he was caught at the scene and taken hostage.

'We need to find someone else...'

Most people tried to ignore Lauel, but...

[Piaro is in danger alone, but Lauel is nearby.]

There were already many related articles posted in several large communities. It was posted unnoticed by people who had a relatively poor eye for reading the game. If they had to calculate the ratio, there were far more beginners than experts in Satisfy.

There were only a small number of masters who listened to the so-called experts. It was the same logic as this.

-UP.

-I will add a recommendation.

-Rise up, rise up!

-Heeeey, Overgeared Guild! Read this article!

People in each community started to click to recommend posts that they didn't notice...

It wasn't only a short time before it became the number one popular post.

Lael.

The only hope.

Lael who was near Piaro.

Overgeared Guild, look here.

Etc, etc.

All types of related keywords flooded the real-time popular posts on search engines and social media. The members of the Overgeared Guild, who were looking at external information while logged out, quickly caught onto the fact. Some of the Overgeared members of the hell expedition were activating the emergency contact network in turn.

"You say that Lael is near Piaro?"

Those logged in relayed the situation after hearing the news from the outside. It had been less than two minutes since the community's popular posts were registered.

Everyone's eyes turned to Yura. Yura had already taken action.

The Demon Slayer's magic that purified the demonic energy of hell—the unique bullet made using this magic power, the 'penetration bullet' that were in the shape of a 'bird,' was shot. It was a technique designed by Alex, who struggled in the unfavorable environment of hell, to cooperate with those who rarely helped him. It enabled communications.

It purified all demonic energy present in the path of the bullet and easily deceived the senses of the demons. Even if it was discovered, it couldn't be caught smoothly. In the worst case where it was caught, powerful debuffs would be sprayed.

There was an explosion at the same time that Yura pointed the gun at a gap in the open window.

".....?"

A sinister jade trail passed over the battlefield and the agitated demons all raised their heads in unison. The price for a quick glance was their deaths. Zik took advantage of the brief opportunity to take the lives of dozens of demons. Then he quietly brushed off the blood on Saharan's Sword. The unchanging expression on his face was horrifying for the demons.

Chepardea's mind was complicated.

'Why aren't they cooperating?'

The strongest from the previous era—Zik was the best among the seven malignant saints, a half-god who made the gods wary. The nose of Chepardea, Baal's closest subordinate, might be raised high into the sky, but he couldn't leave Zik alone. He devised a plan to take advantage of the enemy's power rather than directly colliding and taking great damage.

A magic circle was set up around the crystal castle. He was waiting for the magic circle that would trigger a trap that absorbed magic power the moment a 'human' stepped in it.

However, the humans trapped in the castle didn't intend to come out at all. They continued to pretend that they were unaware, despite Zik being isolated on the battlefield after coming to their aid. It was an incomprehensible reaction considering that humans were a race that cooperated easily, unlike the demons.

'Did they notice the magic circle?'

No... it wasn't possible. It was invisible to the human eye. It was impossible to decipher it even if the Saintess performed a miracle and noticed it. No one could figure out the identity of the magic circle unless it was a monster like Braham, who deciphered the magic circle installed at the entrance of the elevator in an instant.

Inside the castle, Rose was watching the puzzled Chepardea, who was gradually being pushed out of the front line little by little.

'That toad really doesn't know I'm here.'

The most important function of the crystal castle was 'protection.' It had all the laws favorable to defense. Thus, there was naturally the law of concealment. It was difficult to estimate the power inside the castle from the perspective of those invading the castle. Their presence was completely blocked, so there was no way of knowing who and how many people existed in the castle.

This was why the initially anxious Rose calmed down. Now she wasn't afraid. She cooperated with the Overgeared Guild to her heart's content. In order to gain the trust of the Overgeared members, she shared information and warned them about the magic circle surrounding the castle. It was all about doing her best to survive. There was no objection because she was in a position to form an alliance with Grid.

'It is the fault of those guys who stabbed us in the back first.'

Strictly speaking, it was Amoract who tried to stab Baal in the back first. However, it was Baal who actually put it into practice. She was isolated due to the bastard who changed the laws of hell and waged a full-fledged war without consulting Amoract. Therefore, she had no choice but to side with the Overgeared members.

Rose was rationalizing it proudly when Jishuka confirmed it again with her. "That magic circle has a cooldown of 33 minutes?"

"Yes. It repeats the cycle of 33 minutes of charging, followed by 3 hours of activation."

"Hmm... it is close."

Could they open the gates, go out to join Zik, and return to the castle in less than 33 minutes? Her beautiful brow furrowed as she recalculated the power of allies and enemies, the formations, the distance from the castle to Zik, and the status of her allies' skills.

It was only for a moment. Surprisingly, she soon relaxed. Jishuka had a smile on her face as she patted Rose on the back. "Shall we go out together?"

“...Where?”

“Huh? Of course, it is to save Zik.”

There was no invincibility in Satisfy. Even the invincible celestial gods had been shot down several times. The enemy’s reinforcements were also arriving in rapid succession. Zik couldn’t be active forever. They had to unconditionally rescue him and give him a break to rest. If Zik was killed—

It would be a disaster if a demon absorbed his power.

“Why me...?”

“Is that a question? Aren’t you pretty strong? Then we have to fight together.”

“However, I’m a demon. I might be bullied in the demon world later...”

“Is it time to think about the later things? You don’t have a veto right, so do what you’re told. Or I’ll shout to that frog that you leaked information about the magic circle before throwing you out of the castle.”

“.....”

Rose remembered the Tzedakah Guild that had been active a long time ago. The Tzedakah Guild only had a small number of members, but it grew its reputation based on the leader’s ruthless actions. It was comparable to the Seven Guilds in terms of fame alone. Jishuka was the leader.

‘This b*tch is the same as a runaway locomotive.’

Rose inwardly swore while nodding with a helpless smile. No matter how high her notoriety, it only worked among the public. She was close to a gentle sheep in front of the main force of the Overgeared Guild.

“Okay... since we are on the same side...”

Baal’s new laws were working against humans. Just like Grid’s succubi or the red-skinned demon Glant, who was contracted to Yura, the demons or demonic creatures who were already subordinates of humans were subjected to all types of restrictions. It was also impossible to communicate with Grid through the succubi. Rose had no choice but to overcome the situation she was in on her own.

“Now, everyone get ready. Let’s go in 10 minutes.”

At this time, the expedition led by Yura and Jishuka stood in front of the castle gates.

[The god who descended to hell arrived at the river of reincarnation. The demons were perplexed as he comforted the wailing souls with the warmth of his divinity.]

The 20th epic that was activated with Grid’s entry to hell—the first line was recorded in the temples. It was by those watching Grid from the surface.

Chapter 1649

‘What?’

Grid was engulfed in random transportation magic. He looked around for a moment to determine the location, only to become puzzled when he saw the world message.

[The god who descended to hell arrived at the river of reincarnation. The demons were perplexed as he comforted the wailing souls with the warmth of his divinity.]

Grid had just fallen into a trap. However, the epic glorified his actions and gave them great significance. It was embarrassing, but Grid understood the situation.

‘A large-scale epic.’

Originally, the epics had little regularity. The speaker and format changed frequently. Sometimes it achieved a melody that stimulated emotions, while sometimes it was just a dull history. It wasn’t strange that the way or style in which this epic was written was different from usual. It wasn’t given special treatment because it was the 20th epic.

The order had nothing to do with it. It was the peculiarities of the situation that undeniably increased the scale of the epic.

[The 20th epic is starting.]

[It is a large-scale epic that has a ripple effect beyond the dimension of ‘hell.’]

[It can’t be predicted what will happen in the future so the content and outcome of the epic can’t be predicted.]

[There are many people watching you. Many of them are your believers, so they will evaluate your actions more positively.]

Rather than tempting him in secret, Baal provoked Grid in front of everyone. It was as if the souls caught in the river of reincarnation weren’t enough. He also took those active in hell as hostages. The skies of the surface were even flooded with the horrible landscapes of hell.

In effect, it was a declaration of war. Grid had little justification to turn away. He didn’t want to turn away. He went to hell with all the people watching. Most of humanity was watching him as he arrived at the river of reincarnation. The 20th epic was written through their eyes and mouths. It was different from the previous epics that used Grid and the central characters of the event.

“Hmm...” Grid kicked a stone at his feet. The stone couldn’t withstand the impact, turned into ashes, and scattered.

[A god has smashed a symbol of hell. The demons, who feel suffocated by this majesty, peered into their fate and trembled with fear.]

The world message continued.

“.....”

How many lines were they going to write? It happened as Grid decided to be careful with his words and actions, so he could become a Grid that was taken seriously...

“The Overgeared God...”

A large shadow fell over Grid's head.

It was a dog. The three-headed watchdog of hell—it was a mythical demonic creature that was the main body, or source, of the Cerberuses that sometimes appeared on the surface.

The first time he saw it in the past, he had been overwhelmed by its sheer size and magnificence. In fact, Black Knight Eligos, who was riding on the Cerberus, was also powerful.

[The 20th Great Demon, the Black Knight 'Eligos,' who guards the river of reincarnation, has appeared.]

[Eligos has denied life. Your race will change to the undead.]

[You have resisted.]

[Eligos often exercises his authority to interfere in the reincarnation of souls. Once killed by Eligos, there is a 50% probability that you will receive the 'no resurrection' punishment. If this penalty occurs, you can't reconnect for 24 hours.]

[Resistance has failed.]

[You have witnessed the mythical demonic creature, the Cerberus.]

[Facing Cerberus' six eyes, you have fallen into deep despair. There is a problem with your senses.]

[Your fire resistance, cold resistance, and poison resistance are greatly reduced due to Cerberus' breath.]

[You have resisted.]

It was at odds with his ranking. Wasn't it said that he was responsible for the river of reincarnation because he transcended the single digit great demons? Sariel said that he was one of the demons that the heavenly gods were wary of.

Eligos' presence had been so great that it caused Grid and the apostles to retreat. However, at that time, Grid and the apostles were badly suffering from the penalties of hell. It was before Braham had regained his strength and Grid and the apostles hadn't grown as they were now. There was naturally no Zlk.

"What courage do you have to set foot in the river alone?"

Eligos' question had a subtle meaning. He didn't even consider the possibility that Grid was forcibly transported here. It was such a naive reaction that Grid wondered if he was unaware of the current state of hell.

'I think it is true that he is acting independently.'

The 20th hell was the most important stronghold in hell. It wasn't just the river of reincarnation. The Dog's Mouth, which was the main gate of hell, was also here. It wasn't possible for just anybody to rule the 20th hell. Eligos had more than ordinary power and wasn't bound. Neither Baal nor Amoract had control over him. Of course, it was likely that he was politically close to Baal, who had transformed the river of reincarnation into what it was today. However, based on what Grid saw now, it seemed that communication had been neglected.

‘There is little room for meddling.’

It was hard to imagine Baal helping anyone in the first place. Grid looked around quietly before asking Eligos, “Will the river of reincarnation be purified if I kill you?”

“Purified? Are you talking about it going back to its original state?”

“Yes, just like when Yatan first made it.”

“That... it is naturally impossible. Just killing me won’t change it.”

An existence with the nickname of ‘black,’ which symbolized evil and demons—Eligos was very special among the great demons, but it was Baal who created the present hell. Just as the death of the great demons who ruled every territory of hell wouldn’t have any effect on hell, the death of Eligos wasn’t likely to lead to a change in the river of reincarnation or the Dog’s Mouth.

‘As expected, I have no choice but to kill Baal.’

Liberating the souls caught in the river of reincarnation is breaking the providence of this world. It was natural that interference wasn’t possible unless the existence close to a final boss was eliminated.

Grid felt it was unfortunate, but he was convinced. Then Eligos’ voice entered his ears. “But... apart from being purified, some souls will be liberated. For example, the souls which had their reincarnation cut off by me using my authority.”

Eligos’ attitude of speaking frankly wasn’t due to favorability. It was a simple provocation.

“It is a story of when you kill me, but is that possible?”

The reason Eligos’ nickname was the Black Knight was due to his armor.

The black helmet and armor—Eligos’ demonic energy was overlaid on it and created a much stronger defense. Eligos faced Grid as black all over without revealing a single piece of skin. He was like a shadow because even the glow of his eyes was black.

“It might’ve been on the surface, but you killed Gamigin. I won’t disregard your skills, so it will be despair for you.”

The purer the law, the more beautiful it was. Eligos’ black armor was more dignified than sinister. It made Eligos even more special. It was an appearance that overwhelmed the humans on the distant surface. All of humanity, the eyewitnesses of the 20th epic, were horrified. The image of Eligos depicted in Grid’s temples was as the worst and strongest demon ever.

However, Grid knew—the moment that Baal appeared in this epic, Eligos would lose the title of strongest and worst. Eligos’ position was around the four heavenly kings at most. Grid was only able to move forward if he passed through such an ordeal.

“Let’s start right away.”

Grid armed himself with two swords and gestured with his chin. He had no intention of saving his skills. It was right to view the possibility of Baal intervening as low and to do his best in every moment.

Eligos' helmet rubbed against the sword swung diagonally by Grid. It slipped on the back of the black gauntlet that was raised in a straight line. At this time, the tip of Eligos' spear was blocked by Grid's shoulder guards. The crescent-shaped tip was lodged at the nape of Grid's neck. Grid didn't shed a single drop of blood.

Cranbel's Head—the helmet's horns came down and wrapped around Grid's neck.

The usage of sword energy and divinity disrupted the demonic energy. The utilization of items deflected the spear with supreme power.

Both Grid and Eligos noticed that their opponent's skills were better than expected and their expressions hardened. However, both were armed with helmets. They couldn't grasp the other person's expression and silently continued their offensive. In the end, it was Eligos who shook a bit more. It was because Eligos' demonic energy was a concept that was consumed, whereas Grid's items could be immediately repaired at any time.

'The dirty tricks are excessive.'

Eligos saw Grid tapping on his armor with a hammer every time he widened the distance after a collision and Eligos couldn't help thinking of Baal. It was too wicked from the standpoint of the opponent.

Wasn't it a bit slow?

The people cheering for Piaro had a common question. It was because the demons' pincer attacks were swift, while Piaro was slow to respond as he was surrounded by them. In fact, the wounds on his body were increasing. The difference from what he normally showed was too great, even considering the environmental concerns. He seemed to be affected by a big debuff.

"Tsk, there doesn't seem to be anything to gain from killing this guy."

Baal's henchmen finally clicked their tongues. They already had low expectations of Piaro. Now they saw his skills weren't as good as expected and decided that the power gained from killing him would be low.

"I didn't want to come out because of this."

One of the henchmen revealed his true thoughts. He rebuked the other henchman who coveted the power of humans and emerged from seclusion. Then he paid the price for it. The henchman was talking with a dissatisfied expression when his face was swallowed by fire. It was a flame that seemed to be a mixture of the blue flames left by the trajectory of the ghost horse and the lava seeping from the ground. It soared strongly with bright colors and the power was terrifying.

Baal's henchman, who had been so arrogant, couldn't contain his screams.

"What?"

The demons and the people watching from the surface were dumbfounded. It was because it wasn't the demons who harmed their colleagues.

"It is like this."

The eyes of the demons and the people were all focused on Piaro. A fierce fire was surrounding Piaro's farming equipment as he talked to himself in a manner that was unsuitable for the situation. It was the same color as the flame that hit the henchman a moment ago.

The demons were astonished. It was because all the flames in the area were moving while following Piaro's gestures. The naturally occurring sparks acted like they were magic with a unified will.

'This was why his reaction was slow...'

Was it to communicate with the fire?

In the midst of the silence, Piaro frowned. "The power of burning..."

The power of the flames controlled by nature's energy exceeded expectations, but Piaro didn't like it. It was because his root was a farmer. He liked the land, the sun, the rain, and the wind. He wasn't emotionally fit to love the flames that burned crops...

It was as if in anticipation of his mood—

"Sir Piaro! I'm here!" At this time, Lauel rushed to the scene and created a rainstorm. His expression was full of pride and the black flame dragon on his forearm danced as if happy.

The power to cause climate change—his ultimate skill, which had been used as a means of trading for Rabbit not long ago, was used to help Piaro at this moment. It was natural for him to be happy.

"Very good," Piaro spoke with a smile. The hand plow he swung propelled the rain forward and the demons retreated sharply. Tens of thousands of seeds were spread in all directions and grain started to grow on the land that had lost its fire.

A golden wheat field was born in hell...

Even the god of earth wouldn't be able to perform such a miracle.

'He is god-level at a minimum. It is different from what I heard.'

Unable to be resisted—Baal's henchmen quickly corrected their assessment of Piaro.

Chapter 1650

The reason Baal's henchmen were arrogant was because they were living history.

The time when hell was a paradise for the dead—Baal's henchmen went through all sorts of battles. In the war against Beriache, they overcame countless obstacles and helped Baal. They might've never dared to confront Beriache directly, but it meant they contributed a little bit to her end.

They had to be proud of themselves. Most of the things they went through afterwards were treated as trivial. It was different from having dementia. Beriache's power was such a nightmare that it made it easy for them to treat the powerful presences and events they encountered later as relatively trivial.

The 'fear' they felt at this moment was very extraordinary.

'Piaro, the apostle of the Overgeared God.'

‘God-level. He is an opponent that is hard to deal with.’

Of course, not all gods were powerful. Just as there were demons who were hunted by humans, there were also gods who weren’t omnipotent. However, they knew that most gods could perform miracles. Based on people’s faith, they often wielded a power beyond their strength. This was the case with Piaro today.

Piaro’s basic skills such as controlling the flames and his slow reaction were as weak as reported. It was just that the moment he succeeded in controlling the flames, he exerted a great deal of destructive power. It was an overwhelming power that was at odds with his lack of strength. Therefore, they judged him to be god-level.

‘An all-out battle is impossible, but... this doesn’t mean there is no way.’

The henchmen exchanged looks. It was in a barely noticeable manner. Like old men who had followed Baal at a reasonable distance and lived for thousands of years, their judgment of the situation was very quick. They understood that Piaro’s miracle was to borrow the power of ‘nature.’ Their top priority was to kill and eliminate the bastard who belatedly appeared and created the wind and rain. Then they plotted an operation to extinguish all the nearby flames.

They weren’t worried about Piaro’s interference. There might be a storm of wind and rain, but they were able to resist it to some extent as long as it had ‘attributes.’ Everything would be easier once they broke through the storm and killed that bastard...

The henchmen decided the direction without a conversation and scattered. Some moved on the ground, while another one soared into the sky and rode on the back of the ghost horse.

Hihing!

The wild ghost horse shuddered. It shook its head up and down in order to shake off the demon that had dared to climb onto its back. At this time, the henchman used flames.

The wheat field that shouldn’t exist in hell—he induced the blue flames of the ghost horse to pour down toward the golden land that was beneficial to Piaro. He predicted that the wind and rain that Piaro controlled would move to extinguish the flames. It was to create a path for his colleagues to easily move by limiting the path of the wind and rain.

‘The speed of controlling the flames is very slow. He has no choice but to move the wind and rain...’

The thoughts of this henchman stopped. It was because the weapon that flew like a thunderbolt pierced both eyes and penetrated through his brain. It was a weapon with a terribly bizarre form. It was a shape that greatly resembled a trident and it looked good to scrape at the target and lift them. It was a pitchfork. However, the demons didn’t know farming equipment.

‘Human beings have such cruel weapons?’

Wielding a weapon that looked like it could scrape off skin and flesh, and pull out every organ inside the body? The henchman who remembered the rumors that the surface was infested with humans worse than demons twisted his body violently. The leverage moved the pitchfork stuck in his skull, but he

didn't care. He just had to live and it would be possible to reattach the skull and regenerate the spilled brain matter.

Yes, it was enough to run away.

"...What?"

The henchman was stunned as he kicked the horse's back and jumped even further. It was because Piaro was above his head. It was a location that completely blocked his movement path.

'He is faster than me?'

Wasn't his physical ability far inferior to them?

This... there was something wrong. His brain was broken, so maybe he was mistaken about something. Despite his suspicions, the henchman swung his scythe. Then he realized he wasn't mistaken. It was because he distinctly felt the aura that the target released.

"This..."

Slash!

"Swords... manship?"

Piario had never abandoned his past. Just as he ended his bad relationship with Asmophel in some form, he also saved the hard-earned swordsmanship without abandoning it. It was sublimated by his farming technique. The farming equipment he wielded were weapons for overturning and preparing the land, growing crops, and cutting down the enemy.

It encompassed life and death. The techniques and symbolism contained in it was enormous. The Matchless Heart Technique added to its power.

The henchmen, who got a hole in his throat due to the hand plow that came down smoothly underneath the scythe, coughed up foamy blood.

"You made the worst move!"

The henchman, who previously dug underneath the ground and targeted Piario, rose up with a shout. He soared from the ground. The landscape of the huge wheat field behind their backs was changing. It lost its golden color after being covered with the aura of death and scattered as ashes.

During the time when Piario was aiming for the henchman in the sky, the henchman on the ground removed the wheat fields that would benefit him. They were indeed old men who went through all sorts of hardships. They immediately responded to the changing situation in real time and found the best move.

"This is no longer your territory!"

The word 'sanctuary' rather than territory filled his throat but he barely suppressed it. The henchmen noticed that the miracle that Piario was performing was greater than the miracles of the gods, but they didn't dare express it. They were wary that their 'recognition' might be misunderstood as faith.

The attacks of two henchmen pushed Piaro. They did their best from the beginning in order to provide an opportunity for their seriously injured colleague to recover. They had no intention of winning. They decided it was enough to buy time and they had sufficient ability to do this. It was because they were the protagonists who made hell what it was like today.

Hihing!

The ghost horse was startled by the swirling magic power and fled far away. Of course, it didn't forget to kick the demon bastard who previously rode it. The still seriously injured henchman screamed and was thrown to the ground. The problem arose from there. The henchmen's plan to find a way out by working with the colleague who was about to recover went wrong.

"That crazy horse bastard...!"

The color on the faces of the growling henchmen soon changed. It was because they saw the plan that underpinned the operation was on the verge of being implemented.

One of the four henchmen—the one who had been hiding his traces since earlier had arrived in front of Lael. The wind and rain would stop once Lael died. Piaro would weaken again and the escape route would open.

Everyone watching murmured to themselves as they grasped the intentions of the demons.

The demon's fist aimed at Lael's face. There was the loud sound of skin bursting. Flesh flew.

Lael's head wasn't split apart. It was the aftermath of the heart and chest of the henchman who attacked Lael being torn apart.

".....?!"

The demons were shocked by the unexpected situation. The 'Iron Wire of Bitter Grief' was held in Lael's undamaged hands. It was an item based on the Thorn of Deep Grievance. It inflicted damage proportional to the health of the target. The disadvantage was that it had a near zero chance of activating against named targets, but for those who weren't named, it was an almost deadly weapon.

Was it because there were so many of them? The fortunate thing was that Baal's henchmen weren't judged as being named.

[The number of uses of 'Cloth Armor Full of the Love of the Overgeared God' has been exhausted.]

Additionally, Lael was armed with Grid's items. It was armor to protect his weak body. The number of uses might be limited, but it had the ability to absorb a certain amount of damage. There was such a thing as equipment regions and there were a total of five pieces of armor that Lael could wear. He could somehow endure at least five attacks. How easy could it be to assassinate Grid's closet subordinate?

"You...!"

After a moment of hesitation, the henchman attacked Lael again, but it was too late. Piaro arrived after killing the other henchmen and decapitated this opponent, killing him.

“Huhut, it reminds me of the past. It is the days when I swept through the battlefield with you,” Lael, who gained a large amount of experience for the first time in ages, exclaimed with excitement.

He was ecstatic after seeing that he gained 12 levels at once and covered half his face with one hand. His eyes were filled with a brilliant light and the black flame dragon flashed.

Piaro didn't bother to block his actions. He was considerate to those who would be cheering on the surface.

Then Asura's fragments poured from the shadows of the dead henchmen. Four fragments absorbed the power of the henchmen. They wriggled and merged into one before staring at Piaro.

“I have to be prepared to die this time.”

“I can do that, but it shouldn't be you.”

“.....”

Abellio had been in a daze in the elevator.

Grid's loyal follower and lover—Mercedes, whom he only heard about in stories, was very pretty. There were no frills when it came to her appearance and etiquette, so he naturally became fond of her. He painted her a picture with the feeling that she was his grandchild's friend...

Then the whole thing was analyzed and destroyed. It was shocking because it was something he had never experienced even with a dragon. He was distressed because it felt like the skills he had honed over hundreds of years were denied.

“Cough, cough.” Abellio, who received a big shock to his heart, coughed up blood. The white beard that came down all the way to his abdomen was stained red here and there.

There were demons targeting him. It was an army led by the 16th Great Demon. Thousands of demons surrounded Abellio.

“Demons... in terms of aura alone, you are more vicious than a dragon.”

Abellio created a trickle of water from the brush he wielded lightly in the air and held it in his hand. He used the water to wipe his beard. The blood that was wiped away soaked the ground. At the same time, hundreds of the demons that were surrounding him were wiped out. They were twisted to death as if they had been squeezed by something.

It was the aftermath of Abellio using his beard as the canvas and depicting the blood on his beard as the battlefield. From the time his hands squeezed the battlefield, death was inevitable unless they were above a certain status.

“This old man is a monster...”

The 16th Great Demon felt pure admiration. Abellio was a monster even in the eyes of a demon. The great demon quickly realized that the rumors of humans fighting dragons weren't false rumors.

However, he wasn't particularly disturbed. There were small fragments of Asura even in the shadows of the demons. He had never appeared in public in order to hide his existence, but it was different now. The death of hundreds of demons was no different from summoning hundreds of Asuras... then why was this happening?

As the shadows of the dead demons remained silent and motionless, Abellio gave his opinion to the bewildered great demon, "The acting of hiding itself usually means you are weak. I think the fragments of Asura, hidden in the shadows, have a very low status."

"You... I will be sure to kill you here."

Maybe this old man was the most dangerous one.

The great demon made a quick judgment and immediately rushed at Abellio. However, Abellio's brush was already drawing Hayate. It wasn't as strong as the real thing, but this was a portrait of the Dragon Slayer.

The Dragon Killing Sword that scattered light made a thunderous sound. It was a picture of when he fought that dying dragon in the past. He sliced the great demon's club like it was a radish and dug into the nape of the great demon's neck. The shocked great demon backed away. Abellio predicted this and completed his second picture in time.

It was the portrait of the Overgeared God performing the Kill sword dance. A large hole was created in the chest of the great demon, who couldn't withstand the attacks of Grid and Hayate. The absurd miracle was being carefully recorded in the epic.