

Overgeared 1661

Chapter 1661

The god of war—Ares was very fond of his alias.

It wasn't because he was obsessed with the title of 'god,' but because he purely liked the word 'war.'

He admired generals from an early age and watched all the movies where soldiers were active. Then he came across the classic Korean movie, *The General's Son*. He was fascinated by the street fighting and couldn't take his eyes off it for a while, but...

Eventually, he shifted his attention back to the world of generals commanding an army. He looked away for a while, so he realized the value and was even more fascinated.

This was when *Satisfy* was released. It was set in an era of war where the focus was on actual combat and not a button to launch nuclear missiles. He was naturally interested. In order to become a 'general' that didn't exist in the class column introduced by the S.A Group, he believed in *Satisfy's* high degree of freedom and enlisted in the military.

He might've started out as the lowest ranked soldier, but he dreamed of becoming an incomparable general. He didn't outwardly express his dreams. He didn't want to be put into the same category as the ordinary military enthusiasts. He pretended to be indifferent on the surface and acted like an uncle who lived according to the flow.

However, he worked harder than anyone else, earned the alias of a god of war, and eventually became the founding king of a kingdom. He recalled the time when he was at war with the Saharan Empire.

It was a time when Valhalla's elite 5th army was repeatedly defeated by an army led by the Red Knights. The atmosphere in Valhalla at the time wasn't bad. In particular, he judged the empire to be a much easier opponent than the Overgeared Kingdom. It was because he discerned the capabilities of the 1st knight, who was in control of the military power of the eastern part of the empire, a fierce battlefield at the time.

Mercedes—she possessed a powerful swordsmanship as rumored and was a death god in the battlefield. The incident where the 1,000 elite troops led by Scott and Luck were defeated by her alone was still talked about as a nightmare in Valhalla. Yes, it was just one person. The commander-in-chief, Mercedes, drove away thousands of troops without using any of her own troops. She took the lead and crushed the enemies with pure force.

It was at this point that Ares realized that Mercedes wasn't a good general. It was due to her own tendencies, not because she had flaws in her ability to move the troops or her strategies. She was a warrior based on overwhelming martial talent. For her, there was little reason to use the army and Ares properly penetrated her psychology.

He reduced the scope of the battlefield. He led the eastern army of the empire to take her orders on the same battlefield as her. As expected, the enemy's active force was reduced and the Valhalla Army performed better than expected. They might have been eventually defeated, but it bought enough time to fully grasp the empire's strength and gave them the opportunity to pursue the next step. In any case, the conclusion was—

“This is her essence,” Ares insisted as he lay in the hammock and looked up at the sky. It was a sky that showed the violent image of Mercedes smashing everything around her with a giant sword of light.

“It is in her nature to get rid of a crisis before it happens, rather than sitting still and responding to a crisis.”

There was no sense of crisis in his amused expression as he sipped on a cola-flavored drink. It was in a situation where the Asura Road opened by Baal caused chaos on the surface and the hell expedition repeatedly struggled. He had a relaxed attitude even after hearing the news that a dragon appeared and nearly destroyed the world.

It was because the rumored Dragon Slayer handled the dragon and he believed in Grid and Mercedes when it came to the hell situation. They had fought together as enemies or colleagues, so he was confident that he knew the strength of this couple better than anyone.

“Can I call them a married couple?”

“Isn’t it okay as long as you are careful in front of Empress Irene and Empress Basara?”

“Haha, yes. I don’t want to seem hateful to the other wives, so I have to be careful.”

Ares crushed the 22 ounce iron cup with one hand and stood up. The cup crumpled like a wad of tissue paper and fell onto the sandy beach. Ares’ eyes caught something ‘running on the sea’ as he started to make his way to the shore.

“There are 300 people who have mastered the water walking light footwork technique.”

The followers of the Martial God—those who had been training in the East Continent started a large-scale activity. They crossed the Red Sea toward the West Continent and seemed to be moving under Zeratul’s oracle.

It was unfortunate. A god who threatened the human world by taking advantage of the chaos caused by the worst demon called Baal.

‘There is no one who is right. After this, the only god who can be trusted is Grid.’

If Grid hadn’t advanced to the myth rating—

If there were fewer opportunities to get a glimpse into the reality of the gods who didn’t feel a sense of crisis—

The 2 billion players would’ve been in a great crisis even after winning the war against hell. It was highly likely that the gods, who hid their essence, would take advantage of them. They would be divided into those who doubted the gods and those who didn’t. Simply put, they would’ve been hit hard by the stab in the back and fall into a desperate situation. They would’ve only noticed the reality of the gods after losing most of their strength to resist.

“That friend, Grid, he is really amazing.”

“So suddenly?”

The sandy beach started to shake as Ares reached the shore. It was the aftermath of tens of thousands of horses lining up behind him. It was the continent's strongest cavalry, armed with the Overgeared Empire's weapons and armor. They radiated the same energy like they were one. Their momentum was so great that it made the followers of the martial god hesitate for a moment.

The moment the 300 followers stopped moving unexpectedly, a tsunami occurred. Waves that soared like walls rushed toward the shore.

Ares and the mounted soldiers weren't bewildered. They stared at the rapidly approaching waves without any fear. The followers showed off the water walking light footwork technique again and were getting closer on the waves.

"Are they surfers?" Ares burst out laughing before giving a command, "All forces, annihilate."

There was one reason why Ares went to the front himself the moment he heard about the massive advance of the followers of the martial god. It was in order to win.

The army he directly commanded was four times stronger than usual. A huge 13 buffs were stacked up. Additionally, the name of one of these buffs was none other than Peerless General.

Ares made his dream come true.

""Catch her...!""

A demon who had been implanted with the soul of the Sword Saint—he noticed that Mercedes's sword energy had changed. No, it wasn't appropriate to say that it had simply changed. It felt closer to uncovering what had been hidden. It felt like they opened a box that shouldn't have been opened.

""Is it right to chase? Wouldn't it hate it if we invaded its territory?""

The chatter of the old demons gradually grew faster. It could be that their vocal cords, which had hardened due to long years of silence, were finally loosened, or it could be because the situation was tense.

""It isn't the time to argue about that. It is a conflict, so it is right to cooperate.""

The more the demon with the transplanted soul of the Sword Saint spoke, the more the expressions of the other demons shook. It was a bizarre reaction. It had to be so. The thing that lurked beneath them was a monster. It was a monster made up of millions of souls. It wasn't in the realm of understanding, so it couldn't be opposed. Then what did it mean by a conflict?

""Che.""

The demon with the soul of the Sword Saint eventually went out alone. He left behind the demons who weren't ready to rush forward and jumped underground. Was it because he had a strong sense of duty alone? No. His soul was hoping for a fight with Mercedes. It was an instinctive attraction.

Duguen, dugeun, dugeun!

At the deepest underground of hell...

A red sphere lurking in the darkness was pulsating. It was like the heart of something. However, it couldn't be. It was ridiculously huge. It would be hundreds of times larger than a dragon heart.

How long had she been falling? The moment that Mercedes landed on the ground, a shockwave shook the entire underground. She was as small as an ant as she stood in front of the red sphere. Her gaze failed to capture the sphere with the strange eyes. It wasn't a problem. Even though she knew this would be the case, she got closer. Her Keen Insight had already finished the analysis of the sphere.

'The hell moon.'

This was the original form of the hell moon. Like the moon that shone on the surface, this red sphere was being projected onto the skies of the surface and hell. It was something artificially created, unlike the real moon in space.

'It is a huge chunk of flesh.'

It was at the moment Mercedes defined the identity of that something... A faint light started to appear all over the chunk of flesh. It was a red light that flowed like blood. In the sky, an infinite number of bloodshot eyes were visible. Each one was someone's soul. Was it depicted as bloodshot eyes because there was a strong resentment?

Mercedes was thinking with a heavy heart when a red light shot at her. It was filled with a very threatening force.

Mercedes remained silent. There was no evasion or defense. It was because she knew there was no need for it.

Kyaaaak!

The light shot was the soul of a woman. The memory of a woman who lost her child screamed and pierced through Mercedes without causing any damage.

"It is a low-grade trick," Mercedes spoke coldly.

A trick—the previous attack was just a deception. If the person wasn't Mercedes, it was highly likely that this would've been perceived and reacted to as a powerful threat before being subjected to some type of linked attack. The red flesh was discreet and cunning in a way that didn't fit the huge mass.

Duguen, dugeun, dugeun!

Did it understand her words?

The flesh pulsated even more violently after hearing Mercedes' accusation and shot out multiple lights this time. It was seen as a baptism of red beams in the eyes of the people. However, each light was perceived differently with Mercedes' Keen Insight. The wave of an innocent child, the killing technique of a cruel murderer, the awkward swordsmanship of a nameless soldier, the hand plow of a farmer, the magic of a magician, the embrace of an old man who missed his children, etc. Some were threatening, some were warm, and some were sad.

Mercedes was generally expressionless except in front of Grid, but now her expression was changing every moment. She accepted the light with a faint smile and frowned slightly when it cut off. It was a scene that couldn't be understood at all from the perspective of a third party.

“This monstrous person.”

Then a sword rose from below Mercedes' feet. The demon with the soul of the Sword Saint had arrived at the scene.

“Let's fight fairly with swordsmanship,” the demon spoke with a cracked voice and his sword energy raged fiercely.

It was a swordsmanship with a trick that made it difficult for Mercedes earlier. There were thousands of possibilities for the sword, so it was difficult to respond even after she read it with Keen Insight. It was because it was a swordsmanship that transformed in real time as soon as it was read with Keen Insight.

Mercedes' giant sword, which still contained a huge light, cut that swordsmanship in an instant and disrupted it. It was an unchallenged force, an overwhelming violence.

“Get lost.”

There was nothing awkward about the harsh words that flowed from her lips. It was surprisingly well suited to her noble face—the demon had this thought as he leaned slightly to the side and kicked off against the ground. He lost one shoulder from being cut by a sword and shot out faster than an arrow. The two hilts held in one hand stood out. He used skillful hand movements and crossed the two swords like scissors. It seemed to have the momentum to work properly.

However, was it really a threat? Mercedes, who was habitually wary of any swordsmanship she had never seen before, suddenly got rid of her vigilance. It was a law that everything was relative. No matter how strange and threatening the swordsmanship, it was enough for her to suppress it with greater force.

It was a belief instilled by the conquering sword energy of a dramatic victory. Mercedes recovered her sword and swung it again. Then her sword energy cut the space horizontally this time. It cut the demon's sword energy from above and below in half and reached the demon's neck.

The demon hurriedly tilted his body to avoid it and was forced to pull out his secret technique.

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“Space Sword.”

It had to be tolerated even if this space was destroyed and 'that' was touched. It was urgent to get rid of the monster wearing a human mask and who grasped the reality of that...

The demon who received the soul of the Sword Saint made a decision. There was just something he had overlooked. It was that Mercedes had witnessed the complete Space Sword several times. It was Sword Saint Kraugel's Space Sword. The Space Sword he was using could be more powerful than Kraugel's one, but it couldn't be perfect. The demonic energy that had accumulated in the demon who lived since close to the beginning was strong, but the soul transplanted into him was nothing more than a fake.

'It isn't Muller.'

Then why did he believe that Muller's soul was transplanted in him?

Mercedes threw the shield and plugged it into the wall. Then she used the handle as a rod. She held it in one hand and turned her body to dodge the Space Sword. It was a feat that happened in an instant. The entire backdrop behind her was split in half, making it even more gorgeous.

People cheered and the demon's face crumpled.

""You avoided it?""

The Sword Saint had to cut the target. The representative technique for proving this law was Space Sword. It was an ultra-wide range technique that cut down the center of the world by taking the target as the vanishing point rather than the ultimate target. The moment the world was cut apart, it was natural for the target to be cut with it.

However, it was avoided. The demon belatedly noticed it—the world wasn't exactly split in half, it was split diagonally.

'I got the vanishing point wrong.'

How could he make this mistake?

Mercedes spoke to the demon who was criticizing himself, "It is natural that you can't do it right."

""?""

"You're not a Sword Saint."

""That... this is something I know myself. It doesn't make sense as a provocation.""

He had been transplanted with only a very small part of the soul of Sword Saint Muller. He could only understand and use the techniques of the Sword Saint. He wasn't actually a Sword Saint.

'This is why it is impossible to be perfect and it is natural to make mistakes.'

How he dealt with the mistakes was important...

The demon sublimated the enemy's provocation into enlightenment and smiled with satisfaction. He calmed his mind and heart. Then his composure was broken right away.

"The soul you have been transplanted with isn't the Sword Saint."

"" ...What?""

The demon's eyes shook. The colors of his pupils, which were half blue and half red, gradually turned red all over. Blue seemed to symbolize intelligence and red seemed to symbolize anger.

""Once again, it is pointless. It is useless no matter how much you provoke me...""

"The Sword Saint cutting the world isn't an abstract expression. It is real."

Mercedes stomped her feet lightly. It was a gesture that indicated to the land that had been split by the demon's sword.

"It isn't scribbles like this."

""Scribbles? How insolent.""

The demon knew—the trajectory of the sword he just used went around all of hell. It really cut the world. It wasn't at a level that could be disparaged as scribbles. Eventually, the blue color completely disappeared from the demon's eyes. The way he roared and rushed like a beast made him seem like an ordinary demon.

The rumors buried in his memories were messing with his mind. They were the rumors that Muller was still alive. It was a rumor that shouldn't be true. If Muller was still alive, then the fragment of the soul transplanted into the demon wouldn't really belong to Muller.

There was a series of nervous noises. It was a scream that emerged every time the demon's sword collided with Mercedes' White Tiger Sword. The quality of the weapons themselves was different. Moreover, the current White Tiger Sword was filled with the dramatic victory sword energy, thus the demon couldn't bear it completely. The more he couldn't overwhelm her in swordsmanship and the more the wounds on his body grew, the stronger the doubts that arose in the demon's mind.

""If it isn't the Sword Saint... what is it?""

What was this in his soul...? The demon was unable to bear the fear and finally asked this question, only to become stunned.

Mercedes' transparent eyes were turned to the huge piece of flesh behind him. That was her answer.

""This... it can't be...! Absolutely not!"

The demon acknowledged that Mercedes' eyes could see through the soul. In fact, she wasn't deceived by the soul bombardment of this chunk of flesh. Therefore, he couldn't deny Mercedes' answer. He just refused to believe it.

""My life shouldn't be insignificant...!""

The demon lived in the Age of Mythology. It was the era when Yatan stayed in hell. At that time, hell was a shelter for the dead who hadn't ascended to heaven. The demon sympathized and cared for the dead according to the will of God. This was until God disappeared all of a sudden one day.

Eventually, around the time when Beriache was expelled and hell was deformed, the demon entered seclusion. He denied the new hell. Even so, the reason he accepted Baal's request to protect this place was for the sake of the future. In order to fight on the side of his God who would one day return, he coveted the power that Baal had given him in return for fulfilling the request.

In silence, he cut off communication with Baal and worked hard to train his strength. Yet that power was fake? Then the years he endured were meaningless...

""Kuek...""

A dark shade appeared on the wrinkled demon's face. It was a total defeat. The fact that he was unable to subdue a swordsman with swordsmanship further increased the suspicion that filled his mind. He had long lost his composure. He wasn't able to fully demonstrate his incomplete skills.

Mercedes added a cruel truth to him, "That chunk of flesh can fuse souls."

The souls fired earlier when the flesh attacked were independent individuals. However, Mercedes saw traces left in those souls. They were like traces left on torn paper. No, to be more precise, they were traces that had stuck to something and then came off.

"The soul implanted into you is also a work that was made."

Perhaps the souls of the swordsmen who were killed by a Sword Saint were fused with the souls of unnamed great swordsmen? This was why it could create a soul that remembered the techniques of the Sword Saint and vaguely imitate it. It was scary and horrible.

"That is why I have to get rid of it," Mercedes persuaded the demon. It was a situation where even a little bit of help might not be enough to win, so she felt a certain sense of betrayal when she saw the demon's inner thoughts.

"" ""

The demon couldn't easily answer. Despite feeling the same sense of horror as Mercedes, as well as a terrible sense of desolation, he didn't have the courage to antagonize this chunk of flesh. It was because he knew the truth that Mercedes didn't know.

""That... it is better not to touch it. It is because that thing is probably a god.""

"A god?"

""I noticed at first sight that it resembled Demon God Sitri.""

Demon God Sitri—a god who screamed and wandered, created by the accumulation of souls who lost their place.

""If it was Baal who made it... the usage of it would definitely be dangerous. Maybe it is linked to Demon God Sitri. The moment you harm it, the pain and anger might be transferred to Sitri. This can be an opportunity to awaken Sitri into a cruel being. Then hell would really be over.""

The demon didn't think that Baal would use it to make himself a god. It meant he understood Baal's personality very well.

"It could be a vessel for creating a completely new god. Then I have to get rid of it."

""A new god... isn't that impossible even for Baal?""

Baal was a direct descendant of God Yatan and the ruler of hell. He wielded great power, but he wasn't omnipotent. If even the heavenly gods weren't omnipotent, how could the child of a god be omnipotent? It was the demon's idea that it was impossible to create an entirely new god.

However, he couldn't convince Mercedes.

“I think I have to get rid of it now.”

Now wasn't the time to drag things out. No matter the reality of this thing, it was true that it was currently performing the role of a hell moon. It was the culprit that turned the surface into an Asura Road. This was the overriding goal of this expedition and Mercedes had an obligation to get rid of it. To be honest, she didn't care what happened to hell.

“...You aren't a character who needs a conversation.”

The demon clicked his tongue and stepped to the side. He had lost the will to fight Mercedes. Originally, his anger and resentment had been directed at Baal for many years. He had just turned away while waiting for the right time, but now he couldn't turn away any longer.

“You should hurry. Five of the six demons above have long become Baal's henchmen.”

The ones with the souls of human legends like himself. No, the old demons who had been transplanted with false, fused souls. They also longed for the hell of the past and held a deep resentment toward Baal. However, this had changed over the years. They were intoxicated by the easily acquired power and forgot about the past. They would never be as easily persuaded as himself...

The demon advised and Mercedes nodded. She was no longer hindered and ran toward the chunk of flesh. The chunk of flesh fired the souls to resist, but it didn't stop her. It was cut by the sharp and huge sword, and writhed bizarrely. It was incompatible with Keen Insight, which distinguished between souls. It happened as Mercedes was gaining momentum...

[Do it, in moderation.]

One of the cut pieces of flesh took a human form and attacked Mercedes. Mercedes immediately sensed killing intent and twisted the trajectory of her sword to fight back. However, the latecomer's technique wasn't easily blocked. In exchange for acting first, she was cut first and flew far away with her shield.

“.....”

Mercedes' expression hardened as she got up and wiped the blood from her mouth. It was because the human figure formed from the chunk of flesh resembled Grid at first glance. However, he had fangs that came down, white skin, and red eyes. It was a deceitful and demonic figure. It was the blackened Grid who once roamed through hell.

[Killing intent. I, kill you.]

“.....!”

Mercedes hurriedly extended her sword. She was wary of the layers of souls around the blackened Grid's body. It was undoubtedly powerful. He used not only swordsmanship, but also magic. It was noticed that at least dozens of souls of great swordsmen and great magicians were accumulated and attached to him. He showed a martial power that transcended legends.

'Ugh.' It was the moment when Mercedes swallowed down a groan after being hit and coughed up blood again...

“...Let’s end this.”

Grid’s eyes sank coldly as he floated above the river of reincarnation. The Sanctuary of Metal was unfolded. The 100 God Hands that were moving dizzily stopped in unison and grabbed swords. It was a spectacle that couldn’t be seen anywhere else.

The already tired Eligos felt shock. To be honest, he was fascinated. Grid’s high charm and dignity stats combined with the situation to exert a powerful effect. However, Eligos didn’t show it. He asked in a calm tone, “Why are you in a hurry to win all of a sudden?”

“I have a place to go to.”

“...Then just go. I will let you go.”

“You want to hit me in the back of the head, but it won’t work.”

“You can sign a contract with me if you don’t believe me. You know that a demon bound by a contract can’t lie.”

“.....?”

At the Dog’s Mouth that connected hell and the surface...

Eligos, the Black Knight who guarded the river of reincarnation where souls were bound—one of the strongest beings in hell and who overshadowed the concept of hierarchy was now requesting a contract from Grid.

It was a crazy situation that even Baal couldn’t have predicted.

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There was one reason why Black Knight Eligos was ranked 20th—it was due to the belief that the right to protect the 20th Hell, Dog’s Mouth, lay only with himself. He was concerned about another demon other than himself taking care of Dog’s Mouth. He feared that the doorway between hell and the surface would open and close on a petty whim, turning hell into a cheap marketplace.

Therefore, he didn’t yield his position or seek ascension. He just stayed in place with Cerberus.

Why did he have to put in such effort? It was because Eligos was surprisingly a worshiper of hell. Hell was the source of a great being like himself. He had a very strong sense of pride. Yet at some point, he became fascinated by Grid.

The ability to control the trajectory—Eligos’ power to neutralize all the enemy’s tactics while exerting his own armed might as an absolute law was beyond the natural course of things. His innate talent was so outstanding that he was exceptional enough to be counted on one hand among all those in hell. Even Baal and Amoract respected him.

Those Eligos himself considered to be his enemies were rare. Apart from undefeated beings like Baal, Amoract, and Leraje, and some unknown beings, he believed he was close to invincible. However, he had the feeling that the Grid he encountered today was more in line with the word ‘invincible.’

The one who wore dragon scales as armor wasn't easily cut. Even if it was barely cut, it quickly recovered again and again and exhausted Eligos in reverse. It was both mentally and physically.

Eligos glimpsed the 100 black-gold hands that moved non-stop while using Grid as the source.

Metal that never broke—the world's most powerful substance that could be subdued and restrained, but couldn't be bent or broken.

That's right—in Eligos' eyes, Grid looked like metal, not a living being. There was a corner of him that found it futile to resist. The problem wasn't the armed might, but the difference in thought that fighting against such an opponent itself was a loss.

At this time, Grid seemed to be in a hurry to win, showing that his heart was urgent. The question of whether he needed to fight spread like inspiration in Eligos' mind.

"...Make a contract?"

"Yes."

Usually, when it came to a contract with a demon, there was a strong perception that the soul had to be sacrificed. However, it was completely different in reality. Based on what was shown in the relationship between Yura and the red demon, it was more common for a demon's contract to be conducted in a more simplified way. Usually, when a demon offered a contract to a human, it was because they were in a bad position.

How shameful would it be to ask for a soul when they had given up their pride and offered a contract? The rumor that a contract with a demon required a soul was a type of prejudice spread by incompetent black magicians.

"Perhaps the urgency has something to do with the moon."

Grid was communicating with his apostles in real time. Mercedes was Grid's knight, lover, and family. The environment of hell and the distance from here were interfering with communication, but he vaguely noticed the situation she was in. It was the same logic as that.

Eligos, one of the monarchs of hell, was faintly aware of the events taking place somewhere in hell at this moment. He put himself in Grid's position.

"If you want to leave, I will let you go. I will sign a contract, so you can trust my promise, and the content of the contract is simple. I won't harm you unless you harbor the intention of harming my territory. As an added bonus, I will send you to the place you want to go in a single breath."

"Isn't that one-sidedly advantageous to me?"

Grid's vigilance grew even deeper. The content of the contract could be interpreted as a favor to him and it was very suspicious.

"I'm afraid of you," Eligos told him honestly.

".....?"

"...I also feel sorry for Cerberus who is groaning."

Yip, yiip...

The huge Cerberus, who was almost like a dragon based on the size of his body, made a groaning sound. He turned his three heads and looked at Eligos with resentment. It was as if he was scolding Eligos to not talk nonsense. Eligos ignored it. Eligos stroked his neck and urged, "Isn't it convincing? How long are you going to hesitate when it is so urgent?"

"Yes, I will accept the offer." Grid didn't hesitate for long. He nodded the moment he confirmed there were no problems with the contents of the 'Contract with Eligos' that appeared in front of him.

"It is a great choice." A smile spread across Eligos' face.

All of this was being recorded in the Overgeared God's epic.

Cerberus, the mythical monster who had been guarding the entrance of hell for eons, was frightened by the majesty of the Overgeared God and withdrew...

An extraordinary passage was added to the 20th epic that was hard for anyone to believe unless they witnessed the situation themselves.

The more she exchanged blows with the blackened Grid, the more the sword energy of dramatic victory shook like it was going to be extinguished. The remnants of the scattered sword energy couldn't gather again and dissipated. The sword energy that soared up for tens of meters was reduced to the level of just covering the White Tiger Sword. In a series of successive battles, an unexpected and formidable enemy appeared and Mercedes's physical strength soon reached her limit.

[It wasn't, wise.]

The blackened Grid spoke as if to rebuke Mercedes. He seemed worried. Of course, this couldn't be the case.

Mercedes deflected the sword of the blackened Grid and was filled with doubts. 'That's right. It wasn't wise.'

Mercedes' original purpose was to locate the hell moon. It was right to report it to Grid the moment she found out where it was. Dealing with the moon was something that could be done after Grid and the apostles joined. However, Mercedes wasn't satisfied with just finding the location of the moon. She dared to go underground, and in the end, she tried to get rid of the chunk of flesh herself.

It wasn't a big problem until she went underground. Until then, Mercedes had been acting on the basis of rational thinking. It was because she was the only one who could grasp the horrible identity of this chunk of flesh. Mercedes felt the need to pinpoint this accurately before bringing Grid and the apostles here.

The problem happened after that. Mercedes became obsessed with the chunk of flesh. She was overcome with the anxiety that she needed to get rid of that red chunk of flesh right away. She lost her composure without being aware of it. It had to be so.

I'm scared... Sad... Help me... It hurts... I'm cold... Save me...

The baptism of souls shot by the chunk of flesh wasn't easy to avoid. It was because it was very fast and the number rushing at her at the same time was in the tens and hundreds. The best Mercedes could do was to distinguish between the dangerous and non-dangerous souls and avoid the attacks of the dangerous souls.

Souls that didn't harm people—the souls with no aggression and simply harbored a grudge were accepted without being avoided. It was obviously the best solution. This best solution was the problem.

Mercedes unknowingly fell under the influence of the souls. The pain, anger, and sorrow of these souls were engraved onto her soul and she developed a grudge against hell and this chunk of flesh. It gave her the strong willpower to get rid of it.

The pincer attacks of the blackened Grid and the chunk of flesh were very threatening. The armor that Grid had made and put on her was repeatedly torn apart. The flesh that was revealed through the cracks in the armor was red, not white.

Mercedes was already covered in blood, but she was more concerned about Grid than her own situation. 'My Liege, this—it is dangerous.'

It wasn't an object that could be targeted by distinguishing the forms of the rushing souls. No matter what form it took, the baptism of souls from the chunk of flesh was equally threatening in the end. During the battle, damage was bound to accumulate. Even Grid and the apostles wouldn't be able to withstand the mental blow.

Additionally, the more the chunk of flesh was cut, the more enemies there would be. The chunk of flesh was able to use the flesh that had fallen from its body to realize the master of the soul.

...Wait, master of the soul?

Mercedes' expression was filled with surprise as she blocked the sword of the blackened Grid and exchanged looks with him. She watched the eyes of the blackened Grid shake when they had previously only seemed cold.

[You should have, run away.]

".....!"

The blackened Grid was a byproduct of Grid. It was just a trace of Grid's clone that had blackened and wandered through hell without perishing. However, he was gradually getting smarter. His years of wandering through hell grew longer and he started to question his own existence. He tried to perceive himself as 'I' and not someone else's byproduct.

Did he have a soul since then?

The blackened Grid raised his knees to Mercedes' abdomen as she was feeling shocked by the realization. Then he wrapped his arms around her neck. He squeezed her neck tight and whispered.

[Mercedes, I saw you, through the eyes, of the moon.]

The soul of the blackened Grid who had been killed by Grid and fell back to hell—his soul was held by that chunk of flesh and he often peeked at the surface. Every day that the hell moon remained on the surface, he kept his eye on the life of the main body that was his origin.

What that guy hated and what he loved—he watched with jealousy all the time but he sometimes felt empathy.

[I love, you.]

Chill.

[After this, you will, be mine.]

Mercedes felt the hair all over her body stand up. She struggled as she felt the twisted emotions of the blackened Grid, who tightened his grip around her neck like a giant snake. However, the blackened Grid's obsession was beyond her imagination.

[For, ever.]

Die.

Die...! Die!!

Your soul will be with me, trapped in that eternity...!

It was around the time when the cry of the blackened Grid, tinged with madness, gradually grew louder...

““You?””

She heard the scream of the demon who believed that he had been transplanted with the soul of the Sword Saint. He had lived for a very long time, so he shouldn't be surprised by anything. Therefore, this astonished response was strange.

Mercedes was gradually losing consciousness without grasping the situation when her body suddenly floated in the air. A breath of the thick air of hell flowed into her lungs. She came to her senses and took a falling posture. She landed on the ground as gracefully as a butterfly, regardless of her wounds.

Then she saw it. The appearance of two Grids confronting each other.

“Good job, Mers.”

Grid's breathing was a bit rough as he spoke with his back to Mercedes. It was proof that he was quite tired. On the other hand, the distorted face of the blackened Grid was full of relaxation. The red chunk of flesh was giving him more souls.

[Grid, I glimpsed, your life.]

Gasp.

Some of the fragments of flesh that had been cut by Mercedes earlier flew and were caught in the hands of the blackened Grid. They quickly took on the shape of sword and armor. It was a form that closely resembled the equipment Grid was currently armed with.

[The stronger you became, the stronger I became.]

A black energy started to spread around the blackened Grid. It looked like demonic energy at first glance, but it wasn't.

""Divinity...!""

In the midst of the astonishment of the witnesses—

[I deserve, to take away, your life.]

The Sanctuary of Metal was opened. A canyon where there was a chill rather than heat, where there was despair rather than majesty—it was the mental world of the blackened Grid.

Chapter 1664

He was born unwanted. He didn't know who he was and he didn't learn how to live. He had no choice but to be shocked when he barely reached the surface after wandering aimlessly through the hell filled with violence and malice.

Society, culture, nature, and affection. Things that weren't in hell. The surface was overflowing with concepts that he had never learned or experienced.

It was unfair. Anger boiled up on its own and burst out.

In the end, he was killed. It was the end of the filth that emerged from nothingness. It was a life he never wanted to go through again.

However, the world was cruel to him. He had a soul. Due to that, his death wasn't the end. He was once again stuck in hell. He was swallowed by the ball of red flesh. He lost the sense of self that was his only comfort and became a part of the chunk of flesh rather than 'I.' This caused him to develop greater resentment and anger.

It was at that time that the Great Human and Demon War broke out. He became one of the eyes projected on the surface's moon and was able to observe Grid's life. A perfect life that he couldn't even imagine. He envied Grid.

[I will, take away your life.]

The Sanctuary of Metal used by the blackened Grid was red. The canyon, which seemed to have been built out of hardened blood rather than metal, spread out everywhere. There was no straight path. The hundreds of thousands of paths that stretched out like blood vessels were all precarious slopes. A vast majority were cut off along the way, while others were blocked by the walls of the canyon.

It was different from Grid's sanctuary, where there was a path that passed through the canyon rising to the left and right. Grid had firm convictions, so he knew the path to go. Meanwhile, the blackened Grid was going through chaos. He was blocking his own infinite possibilities.

"That... he is inferior."

It was on a road that was too cramped for even one person to stand upright. Mercedes stood with her back to Grid and spoke calmly. She was releasing pressure that was howling like a beast and it seemed like she would curse, but her breathing had calmed down. She barely persevered.

How dare this person imitate her liege's mental world and divinity, defiling her liege's life? It felt like her ears would rot at the heinous declaration of the blackened Grid and she wanted to spit out curses that told him that he was trash. The problem was that Grid was nearby. She put up with it because she wanted to look innocent as much as possible in front of Grid...

'She is cute.'

Grid stared at the back of the trembling Mercedes and smiled. Now, he was close to being sensitive even in relation to the opposite sex. He was able to see through Mercedes' inner thoughts because he had experienced it with Yura, whose eyes shone on rides even though she tried not to show it outwardly.

Grid took a step forward. He stood boldly on the crumbling slope that couldn't even withstand the weight of light steps.

"You tried hard."

".....?"

[.....?]

Both Mercedes and the blackened Grid looked bewildered. It was because the person that Grid praised was the blackened Grid. In this moment of silence, Grid reviewed Mercedes' report again. It was information relayed through sound transmission as soon as he arrived at the scene.

First of all, this mass of red flesh was the body of the hell moon. It was projected onto the moon through some magic, while the souls held in the chunk of flesh acted as eyes that looked all over the surface. It seemed that the souls used their instincts to chase after the memories of their lives. It wasn't known if the hell moon was like this from the beginning, or whether it took away the role of the hell moon from a certain point onward.

Additionally, there was a type of inconsistency in the type of soul caught by the flesh. From infants with a weak self-consciousness to famous, great figures in history, all types of human souls were trapped in the mass of flesh.

Why use an unspecified number of souls instead of selecting the souls of powerful beings? It was easy to guess. It was simply to gain the 'eyes' to look at a wider variety of places. Thinking a little deeper, it would be to build up divinity. The reason why the blackened Grid had divinity after separating from the chunk of flesh was because it was highly likely to be worshiped by those souls.

The blackened Grid was simply a being derived from Grid and the concept of divinity wasn't something that could be easily built up. Therefore, Grid could tell that the blackened Grid had been working hard on its own.

"You... you must've tried to become like me while observing me. The other souls worshiped you because they witnessed you acting like that."

What effort could be done while in a soul state? Mental discipline? Did he make Grid a virtual enemy and repeated the shadow boxing? In any case, it wouldn't have been an ordinary effort. He must've been worshiped as a hope and an example to the other souls.

'If you resemble me, then you deserve it.'

Grid was feeling a strange sense of pride when the blackened Grid growled out toward him.

[Don't talk, nonsense.]

The blackened Grid didn't seem to know his condition. He didn't understand the essence of divinity, so it was natural that he didn't know it. He seemed to believe that everything he had came from Grid. It was like denying himself.

"It is bittersweet."

Grid drew his sword. He stared at the red chunk of flesh that was behind the blackened Grid.

'How many gods are inside it?'

There wouldn't be much of a reason behind the fragments of the chunk of flesh turning into the blackened Grid. It wasn't that it watched the blackened Grid carefully and gave him a chance. It was closer to the feeling of simply taking out a card that suited the situation. Grid made a guess while feeling the mental world of the terribly indifferent chunk of flesh and used Item Combination.

The blackened Grid responded immediately. Swords made from fragments of the chunk of flesh—they were put together one by one and looked exactly like Grid's divine swords. The sight of a bunch of veins protruding from the swords that intertwined with each other and wriggling at the end of the sword was bizarre.

[You, are smiling.]

Did he have the awareness that this was nothing more than trivial imitation? The complexion of the blackened Grid became even paler. It was as if he couldn't bear the shame. Yet soon, his eyes sharpened like a knife. Unlike his fierce air, the hand holding the hilt loosened. The posture of standing quietly with relaxed shoulders seemed good for performing a sword dance at any time.

Grid didn't feel any dislike toward him. When they met in the past, Grid was displeased with the way this person looked like him, while also feeling sympathy and disgust for the way the clone resented him. Now the blackened Grid was just pitiful. The fact that he had become a god in some form was also a bit praiseworthy.

"For your sake as well, I will surely purify hell."

There were countless souls who hadn't been reincarnated and were bound to hell. It wasn't just Pagma and Alex. The vast majority of those Grid knew directly or indirectly were suffering the same pain as the blackened Grid. The soldiers who had fought alongside Grid, and also their families, were screaming as they were trapped in this chunk of flesh or the river of reincarnation. The existence of the blackened Grid harshly showed that reality.

"Sky," Grid declared himself as the sky.

He rode the Breath that was shot backwards and rushed toward the blackened Grid. He took the lead using the Serve sword dance, which depicted the sacrifice of the Overgeared God. It was a sword dance he only recently learned, so it was unfamiliar to the blackened Grid.

Grid seemed like he was stumbling, so when the blackened Grid saw Grid approaching, he responded with surprise. He also used the Sky sword dance before starting to unfold Pinnacle. He lowered his sword with all his might, while hoping to make Grid regret the distance he had given up.

However, his sword couldn't reach Grid. He was overwhelmed by this secret technique and froze for a moment. Then he was pushed back. The Pinnacle sword dance was canceled at the casting stage.

Grid ascended. He pushed his shoulder forward against the blackened Grid's solar plexus and at the same time, he swung the sword in the opposite hand from the bottom up. The great power of the dragon weapon, which couldn't be replicated even by the red chunk of flesh that produced divinity on its own, combined with the Dragon sword dance to erode at the dark energy of the blackened Grid.

He was soon cut.

[.....!]

The blackened Grid became dizzy. It was the sense that its existence was cut off after being denied. It was the pain he felt when his divinity was damaged.

Grid had always endured. It was from the moment he became the Overgeared God to the present. There were few moments that were comfortable for him, who fought until he was ragged every time. The luck that others saw as being easily obtained was actually gained because he endured such pains.

Therefore, only Grid could understand the blackened Grid. Had all the souls caught the red chunk of flesh developed like the soul of the blackened Grid? He was certain it was a no. It would only be a fraction of the blackened Grid. This guy deserved respect.

"I will let you ascend to heaven later, so stay dead until then."

[You...!!]

The canyon melted away. The blood that was flooding it changed into hundreds of thousands of weapons. They all aimed at Grid and fired. It targeted the rear of the defenseless Grid, who was exchanging blows in real time with the blackened Grid.

Of course, Grid was in a state where he had spread out his artificial senses in all directions. He was using the God Hands orbiting around him to operate the particles of silver thread in real time. He felt the traces of the approaching weapons. He grasped the form, trajectory, and intent behind them.

The blackened Grid also knew it, so he swung his sword more and more. He used the Revolve sword dance to buy as much time as possible. He forced Grid to focus on him. He calculated the fact that Grid had a total of 30 God Hands.

Divine objects that couldn't be realized even with the Sanctuary of Metal—no matter how freely they moved, how could they handle the heavy rain of weapons, which was dozens of times more than them? It was physically impossible.

'I can inflict heavy damage or cause him to consume the rain of battle gear.'

That's right—the blackened Grid was inducing a war of attrition. He planned to take advantage of the fact that his physical strength was infinite as long as he had the red chunk of flesh behind him. There was just something he overlooked.

[.....?!]

It was that Greed multiplied infinitely. The mass of Greed that Grid always floated above him was enough to make a flying ship, so depending on the altitude, it could appear as a black sun. Yet in order to get a flying ship, it was better to receive help from the giant brothers. It had to be set as a long-term project.

Therefore, Grid consumed the surplus Greed in a different manner. An additional 70 God Hands were produced. Now there were a total of 100 God Hands that Grid possessed, including the God Hands spreading out the artificial senses. The sight of them spinning at the same time and releasing a sword dance... it was spectacular.

The blackened Grid seemed to see the power of a 'ruler,' which was different from that of transcendents or Absolutes. It was overwhelming.

[Re, ign...]

Thousands of swords were stabbed into the body of the blackened Grid, who was watching the sight with wide eyes. The sight of him being stabbed like a hedgehog by the weapons he made in his own mental world proved that his mental world was imperfect.

However, in the end, he didn't fall. It was because the source of the blackened Grid was Grid. He was filled with persistence. He started a five fusion sword dance with his pierced bodies and Grid told him in response, "One day, start over as 'you.'"

[Shut... up! I...! You will be...!]

They were the same. If they fought with the same sword dance, then Grid wasn't a match for him. The opportunity would come to him, who had the upper hand in recovery. It happened the moment when the blackened Grid noticed that the strides and sword path of Grid were the same as his own and completed the sword dance with hope...

Step.

Grid took a further half a step.

[.....!]

Grid's six fusion sword dance swallowed up the blackened Grid's five fusion sword dance, splitting apart the dark divinity and cutting the red canyon in half.

A glowing sunset divinity flooded the world.

Chapter 1665

[Cough...! Kuaaaack!]

The blackened Grid was swept away by the storm of the six fusion sword dance and let out a sharp scream. Due to the help of the red chunk of flesh, his torn body was being repaired in real time. Thanks to this, he could at least let out a scream.

He didn't feel thankful at all. It was because this terrible pain was being repeated. He would've been happier to die immediately.

'It is terrible.'

Grid's heart sank even further. The red chunk of flesh was forcibly holding onto the souls of the dead and wielding the souls to its heart's content. It used the souls as constant eyes, while producing weapons like the blackened Grid, and ultimately, using it as a tool to produce faith.

In many ways, it was a villain. Grid wanted to explode it right away and kill it. Putting his personal feelings aside, he felt an obligation to get rid of it.

'But...'

The situation wasn't favorable. That was a 'world.' It was to the extent where it made the captured souls the inhabitants of the world to produce faith. This meant Grid wasn't confident about handling it alone. He couldn't attack recklessly even if he glimpsed some odds of winning. It created weapons like the blackened Grid from its cut off flesh. He didn't know what type of monsters would appear after the blackened Grid.

It was a situation where the six fusion sword dance was consumed to defeat the blackened Grid alone. Then what if more monsters popped out? Just imagining it was terrifying...

"We have to step back first. I alone can't offer much help to Your Majesty," Mercedes insisted. Her closed lips and long eyelashes trembled slightly. She looked like she was trying to hide her anger.

"All I can do is distinguish between the types of souls that it shoots out, but even that doesn't mean much..."

Even a non-threatening soul caused damage to accumulate every time it touched the body. Mercedes had experienced it for herself. She still vividly remembered the sensation of the resentment of the souls gradually encroaching on her. It was an emptiness that she didn't want to go through twice.

The premise of waging a long-term battle against this red chunk of flesh was to not allow a single soul to shoot at them. It was impossible for Grid who was operating 100 God Hands. It was because the number of souls held in the flesh was immeasurable. Even if only some of them were fired at the same time, they contained the principle of 'always hitting the target.'

It wasn't just Grid and the apostles. The tower members and Overgeared Guild members needed to gather together to have any hope of resisting it. Grid would be freed when there were more shields to receive the souls instead.

"Um... Does this thing have a weakness?"

"The soul that becomes the core is the weakness."

It was a place where a soul like the blackened Grid was born. The red chunk of flesh naturally had a soul. It was the root of the chunk of flesh that set it apart from the souls forcibly captured. However, it was difficult to track it even with Keen Insight because it changed the location in real time and erased its traces by repeatedly fusing with other souls.

[The blackened Grid has been defeated.]

[The five fusion sword dance performed by others will inspire you...]

[The possibility of creating a sword dance has opened up.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has ri....]

.....

...

At the same time, the blackened Grid died. It wasn't annihilation. The body was erased, but the dark soul remained. He was absorbed into the chunk of flesh again. It was unfortunate seeing him trying to resist. Then the fragments of flesh that made up the body and weapons of the blackened Grid fell to the ground. The way they moved and were drawn to each other in a wriggling motion resembled the regeneration process of slimes.

""That...?""

The demon who believed he had received the soul of a Sword Saint—he had a bewildered expression on his face ever since Grid broke in. He had stiffened without being able to shut his mouth when he saw Grid using the six fusion sword dance.

Now he suddenly came to his senses. He pointed at the pieces of flesh that started to unite as one.

""Sword Saint...! It is the Sword Saint!""

Since when could anyone be called a Sword Saint? Grid thought that Biban and Kraugel would be very offended. It was the same for Muller, who would be underground...

'...No, is it true that Muller is dead?'

Grid suddenly had doubts. At this point, he wondered if it was right to believe that Muller was alive. According to Chreshler, the reason that Muller wanted death was because he wanted 'rest.' However, death wasn't rest. Hell was degraded by Baal and the reincarnation of souls was blocked.

Did Muller not know about this? It was impossible. It would make no sense if the person who saved a myth predator that civilians didn't know about wouldn't know what was lurking after death. Muller must've realized it at some point—the fact that being dead was worse than being alive.

Should he ascend to heaven with no memory and become a soldier of the gods, or fall to hell while retaining his memories and suffer for eternity? Would he have accepted death easily if he knew these were the only options available after death?

‘Many of Muller’s records were lost, but in the end, Muller wasn’t forgotten.’

It was true that in the distant past, Muller had prepared for death. The evidence was that a large number of records related to him were erased. Nevertheless, Muller wasn’t forgotten. This was evidence that at some point, Muller had rejected death. Of course, this was just speculation.

However, Grid could be sure that the owner of the new body that the flesh was creating wasn’t Muller. It was because Muller wasn’t cheap enough to make an appearance in the world through this type of process.

“‘S-Sword Saint...! Muller?!’”

The demon’s thoughts were different. He kept making a fuss. Contrary to his serious appearance, he was quite a thoughtless guy.

There was a flash of light in Grid’s eyes as he was clicking his tongue. It felt like lightning speed. At first glance, it resembled Mercedes’ Keen Insight, but it was completely different. It was far from mysterious and very daunting. It was Overgeared God’s Observation.

[Once you check the target item, your understanding of the item will increase greatly. You can confirm the stats value and options and copy them.

However, in order to copy the item, you must use an item that you have created yourself as the material.

Additionally, the difference in rating of the target item and the item used as the material must be within one grade and the item used as the material can’t be recovered.]

Etc, etc.

At first glance, it was Pagma’s Eyes with just a name change. However, the effect was strengthened a bit. The cooldown time was drastically reduced and the applications had become more extensive. The name of a god was included in the skill name, so evolution was inevitable.

[You have failed to contemplate the target.]

‘As expected, it didn’t work.’

He was inspired by the fact that the fragments of flesh had formed weapons. He tried to see if he could contemplate the chunk of flesh itself, but it failed like he was trying to eat for free. It happened the moment Grid was feeling regret...

[You have succeeded in contemplating the target.]

It was when the flesh had fully taken a human form. The information of the armor and sword that this person was equipped with was dug out in detail using Overgeared God’s Observation.

‘Elder’s Falchion’ and ‘Elder’s Armor’—they were legendary items with very high performances. They were somewhat inferior to what Grid made himself, but they were much better than the items that were dropped by bosses. Grid didn’t feel much excitement about the performance itself. However, the

problem was in their item information. They were described as the sword and armor used by a Sword Saint Killer.

'A Sword Saint Killer?'

Was a Sword Saint actually a punching bag? The only special ones were Muller, said to be the strongest Sword Saint; his teacher, Biban; and Kraugel, a genius who Grid admired. In fact, a Sword Saint wasn't much different from normal legends.

Elder rushed toward the thinking Grid. He greatly tilted his upper body and the sword that was launched was extremely fast.

Blood oozed from Grid's eyes. It was the feeling of being cut at the same time that he read the sword with the artificial senses. Grid would've suffered a serious injury if he hadn't read the information of Elder's sword in advance. It was the information that it 'increased in length' in the event of an attack.

Elder's face was pierced. He believed in the function of the weapon and showed a loophole where his upper body was tilted when the distance wasn't enough. This meant he allowed Grid's Kill sword dance that was used when Grid moved forward with Shunpo. The narrowed distance turned Elder's elongated sword into a weakness. It didn't advance enough and only the lower part of the sword barely touched the corner of Grid's eye.

'Immortality.'

Elder didn't die even though his face was partially damaged. It was a respite obtained by immortality. It was evidence of a legend from a long time ago. The red chunk of flesh quickly healed his wounds.

Elder staggered while bleeding and his movement of recovering the sword itself acted as a threatening swordsmanship. It grazed Grid's side, but it was somewhat lacking in power. It wasn't enough to penetrate the dragon armor.

Grid's large hand covered Elder's face. Elder was slammed into the ground on his back. Grid looked up as he completely suppressed Elder with his knee. Then he stared at the red chunk of flesh. Some of the 100 God Hands were restraining Elder's limbs. Exactly five seconds later, the struggling Elder was beheaded.

A simple legend couldn't go against the Overgeared God at all. The legends of the distant past were being forgotten in the era where the standards were rapidly rising.

""Uh..? Uhh?""

The demon, who read Elder's sword energy and believed him to be a Sword Saint, was now completely dumbfounded. Grid's overwhelming force was unrealistic for him. It was like this when he thought of the myth of the Overgeared God that he vaguely heard.

'Is this the level of someone who became a god just a few years ago?'

The sight of the 100 black-gold hands using swordsmanship just a little while ago was replayed in the demon's mind. Unknowingly, he felt awe toward Grid and his feelings were recorded in the Overgeared God's 20th epic.

“Let’s retreat. We’ll have to join our other colleagues,” Grid looked away from the chunk of flesh and urged Mercedes while barely enduring it. In his heart, he wanted to wage an all-out battle with the chunk of flesh right away. It was a situation where the hell moon that was being projected to the surface could only be eliminated by destroying the chunk of flesh. He naturally had to fight it and get rid of it.

Grid’s wish was to get rid of it as soon as possible to make Irene and the people, who were still suffering at this moment, feel comfortable. Yet as stated before, there was only a small possibility of winning on his own. It was also a problem that he already consumed one of the six fusion sword dances. He needed to proceed a bit more calmly...

“Yes.” Mercedes nodded. She witnessed Grid, who was cold with anger for the first time in ages, and her heart pounded in a manner that didn’t match the situation.

‘Are they both crazy?’

The demon read the pink airflow with his keen senses and clicked his tongue. Meanwhile, the red chunk of flesh took back Elder’s soul and was once again taking on the form of another human being. Thousands of souls were being scattered like a torrential rain, as if the chunk of flesh was yelling that it wouldn’t let them go. It was blocked by the God Hands using the Revolve sword dance.

Every time the cooldown ended, they joined together and raised a barrier. They even used Tai Chi as a last resort when their barrier was pierced and it was often useful due to the nature of the soul. The souls with an aggressive nature were subdued by the softness. A soul was a spiritual concept, not a physical one. Meanwhile, the God Hands themselves resembled Grid and were surrounded by divinity. They could interfere with any concept.

‘Will I get an offer to appear in a martial arts movie like this?’

Grid went beyond the level of implementing Satisfy’s techniques in reality and started to implement the techniques of reality in Satisfy. There was no controversy over him. It was because many players had already shown such changes.

Chapter 1666

Grid’s apostles had a common characteristic—they showed greater value in team play. It wasn’t because their character was suitable for assisting others. It was simply that their abilities were extraordinary.

The energy of nature ruled by Piaro energized his allies, while Mercedes’ shield skills and chivalric code instilled a firm belief while protecting them. Braham’s very existence benefited all allies who used magic power while being a disaster for his enemies. Sariel’s divinity erased the fear of their allies, while Nefelina...

...In any case, among the apostles, the one who harmonized the most with their allies was Zik.

The time when he was Zikrefector, not Zik—in other words, from the days when he was just the ‘incarnation’ of the seven malignant saints, he mastered all types of martial arts and magic and was praised as the grandmaster. He basically boasted extensive knowledge.

He had a wisdom that could see through providence and could perfectly understand the structure and psychology of human beings. On this basis, he provided a buff suitable for each of his allies. He even

adapted to the changing situation in real time. As a result, the Overgeared members who were in a party with Zik experienced a miracle.

[The meaning of the rune written on you has changed.]

[The attack power increase buff is released and your evasion rate has increased.]

“.....!”

The buffs that changed in real time were also a type of hint. The Overgeared members could perceive what type of situation they were in based on the contents of the changed buffs. It was the same for Peak Sword. He had cut the body of the demon who got close to him before hurriedly bending down, preparing to draw his sword again. He didn't understand what was going on, but he rolled forward first before taking a look. There was a feeling that he looked somewhat unseemly.

-In any case, it doesn't matter because you already don't know dignity.

He was angry from Iyarugt's scolding, but in any case, Peak Sword trusted Zik. He knew that the buff Zik gave him was based on a clear idea.

It was as expected. A magic bombardment fell on the place where Peak Sword had just been. The problem was that the direction in which Peak Sword rolled was included in the bombardment range. Fortunately, the evasion rate increase buff meant he avoided a fatal injury. However, Peak Sword's face turned deep red.

'I shouldn't have rolled.'

If he was going to get hit anyway, he would've rather stayed still or cocked his head to the side. Then he would've looked as cool as Grid or Kraugel.

“Cool!”

Contrary to Peak Sword's concerns, the reactions of the others were good. It was because from the perspective of a third person, it seemed like Peak Sword had rolled and escaped the magic. Thanks to Ruby, who healed him while praising him, Peak Sword calmed his anger.

He widened his stride and took a lower posture. Iyarugt was drawn from the sheath. Blood swirled around the transparent red sword.

It had already cut. The swiftly drawn sword split one side of the battlefield in half. The target demon's body was split from side to side and the demons around him turned to gray ash as they ran. The buff applied to Peak Sword also returned to the attack power increase buff right away.

Peak Sword gave a thumbs up to Zik in the distance. “Hey! You are the best! You are really the best!”

Would this cry be heard? The battlefield was very noisy and the distance between Peak Sword and Zik was too far.

Zik's gaze was to the front, not the side. From the beginning until now, he had been advancing while staring at the toad at the end of the enemy's formation. Nevertheless, he constantly gave new buffs to

all the Overgeared members scattered throughout the battlefield. It was as if he had eyes attached to each and every Overgeared member.

At this point, they wondered if he had the same vision as Jishuka. It was a vision that could see the entire battlefield.

Just then, arrows fell. As if shot from the clouds, the baptism of arrows fell in a straight line, not a parabola, and was like a torrential rain.

A faint smile appeared on Zik's face as he made his way along the path that was opened.

'It is comfortable.'

He remembered the days when he roamed the battlefield with his six companions before he received the stigma of the seven malignant saints. His companions always paved the way for Zik and with their help, Zik was able to defeat many of his enemies.

In retrospect, the enemies were all innocent. It was because the war that Zik and his companions fought was by no means a holy war. It was nothing more than lowly violence that was wielded to fill the god's stomachs.

Therefore, Zik didn't deny the moniker of Seven Malignant Saints. He wielded enormous power in the days when he was behind the Saharan Empire, but he didn't change the history associated with the Seven Malignant Saints. It was because they committed too many sins to claim that the Seven Malignant Saints were wrongly framed.

That's right—Zik's ultimate goal wasn't to appease the vengeful spirits of his colleagues. It was just an incidental wish. His real purpose was pure, just as he stated before Hanul. It was to condemn the despicable gods and create a world that was more beneficial to humans.

Therefore, he was a hero. A great hero was supporting Grid. A god who didn't put the words 'holy war' in his mouth and existed solely for the sake of humanity—Zik hoped the Overgeared World would cover the entire world.

"Croak...! Your arrogance is skyrocketing!" Chepardea exclaimed ferociously. One of the human beings he should be most vigilant about—while he acknowledged Zik's skills as one of the Seven Malignant Saints, it wasn't the same when it came to Zik's ideas.

"I've seen countless human beings with the same eyes as yours! They are the eyes of a fanatic! Croak!"

He saw it at the Yatan Church. The humans who served Yatan, the one who abandoned hell a long time ago, rather than the great Baal, the new master and only king of hell. The people who were completely misled by Amoract had no answers. They didn't argue about right or wrong and only blindly believed in Yatan. That was the case with Zik now.

The upright look in his eyes without a single doubt was so annoying that it made his stomach ache. Zik spoke as he finally succeeded in narrowing the distance with the one who reacted more sensitively than necessary, "You have doubts."

"What nonsense...?! Croak!"

Chepardea's long, thick tongue moved downwards. It smashed and dug into the hard ground. Shortly thereafter, it soared up from Zik's feet.

A pus-like mucus was emerging from the bumpy skin on his large face. It was a mucus with a strong toxicity. Not a single drop touched Zik. It was because one of the many runes surrounding him had the meaning of immunity.

"What type of alienation do you feel in your relationship with Baal?"

Zik moved his sword and cut off Chepardea's tongue. The blood that gushed out like a fountain turned into a foggy mist and was sprayed. It was a bloody fog that blocked the enemy's vision and senses, poisoning them.

Chepardea's body was made entirely of poison. Ordinary people would die just by breathing in the same space.

However, Zik knew that Chepardea had crossed the continent with Agnus, Baal's former contractor. Originally, every path that he walked should be filled with human corpses, but this wasn't the case. Calling him Baal's right arm was a bit mild.

"Or are your instincts starting to reject Baal?"

"Stop talking nonsense, croak!"

Chepardea couldn't understand it.

On what grounds does this person use to sever my relationship with Baal?

Baal is great. Only Baal can claim to be the master of hell and deserve my allegiance. I am ready to dedicate everything to him.

...Wait? So what is the difference between that fanatic and I?

Chepardea's big eyes fluttered as he felt great doubts. There was a worry that he would explode from the way his body was bulging and rolling around.

"Do not serve a deceiver."

Even the heavenly gods had deceived humans. Would the master of hell be any different? Considering Baal's disposition, there was a high probability that most of Baal's close associates were in a miserable position like the Seven Malignant Saints of the past.

This was what he thought and expressed in words. He didn't have expectations that Chepardea was a good being. This advice just came from a simple sense of similarity. However, his hands didn't show any mercy. Zik had a golden opportunity to catch and kill Baal's closest subordinate, which Zik couldn't miss.

Of course, Chepardea's resistance was also intense. He used the mucus that surrounded his body to cause Zik's sword to slip off. He immediately regenerated the severed tongue and spread open a net. It was used so that even one attack from the demons could reach Zik. He even summoned three great demons skilled in magic in an attempt to destroy Zik's runes.

At first glance, he saw through Zik's tactics, which seemed invincible. This was why it was hard to ignore old beings. The experience and wisdom accumulated from a long life couldn't be ignored.

"....."

Zik was worried that the time would be delayed when he suddenly made eye contact with Yura.

Nod.

There was no need for any conversation. The two of them weren't particularly acquainted, but they knew each other well. Zik noticed the relationship between Grid and Yura and had been keeping an eye on her. Yura had heard a lot about Zik from Grid. It wasn't difficult to guess what the other was thinking as long as they were on the same battlefield.

Zik's sword pierced Yura's abdomen.

".....?!"

".....!!"

It was a completely incomprehensible situation. It wasn't just the Overgeared members. Chepardea and the great demons were astonished as well.

'Black magic...! Yes, he must've been subjected to black magic! His Highness Baal has helped! Croak!'

It happened as Chepardea interpreted it as positively as possible...

Zik's sword, which had just pierced Yura's abdomen, ended up piercing Chepardea's large back. It contained immense power. Runes were wrapped around the Saharan Sword, Zik's sword that pierced Chepardea. They were runes that made up destructive words. Not only was Chepardea's mucus easily destroyed, but his skin and bones were split apart like tofu. Even the regenerative power was suppressed.

"Cowardly, bastard..." Chepardea barely managed to speak as he coughed up blood. He belatedly discovered that there was a black hole opened in front of Yura's abdomen. It was the application of the Hell Leap skill. Zik's sword, which he thought had pierced Yura, had actually only been swallowed up by the Hell Leap where the destination was Chepardea's back.

From the standpoint of the victim, it was a perfect collaboration that could only elicit curses. It was cowardly even from the perspective of a demon.

"I can see why my god likes you."

"I understand why you are trusted."

Zik and Yura's swords crossed with Chepardea in the center as they praised each other. It happened the moment when Chepardea's eyes were turned upside down as he was cut into three parts...

"Wait."

A hand protruded from a crevice in Chepardea's severed body.

Duguen!

The atmosphere of the battlefield changed. The bodies of all the Overgeared members and the kings of the different species, stiffened like stone statues.

Zik's eyes narrowed. Who should be protected? A single word filled his mind as he contemplated Yura, Jishuka, and Ruby at the same time—annihilation.

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

Shock and horror—the Absolute of hell, who appeared while tearing apart Chepardea's flesh, made everyone lose their minds. However, Baal wasn't interested in the invaders. He only put his fingers into the head of Chepardea, who was smiling at him even at the moment of death, and wriggled around in his brain.

"It is no fun if you die like this."

"Ugh...? Baal...! Baaaa!!" Chepardea's eyes had lost their light and were dying, but now they suddenly widened. His gaze filled with anger and hatred was directed at Baal, not Zik. "You..! To God Yatan...!"

The memories he had forgotten filled his mind. It was along with the memories of being ridiculed and murdered hundreds of thousands of times by Baal. However, Chepardea felt more desperate and angry about the insults that his master had suffered than the pain he had suffered. He hated himself for cursing and forgetting his true master.

Baal's expression hardened. "It doesn't change no matter how many times it is repeated."

This was the end. Baal, who trampled on Chepardea's efforts, dragged his body to the ground and burned it with the flames of hell. Then he disappeared without a trace.

"That bastard is ignoring us now...! Oof oof!"

Vantner was shouting in a thunderous voice when he was suddenly silenced.

[The meaning of the rune written on you has changed.]

[The abnormal status resistance buff has changed to the 'silence' state.]

Surprisingly, it was done by Zik.

".....!"

The dumbfounded Vantner tried to argue with Zik, only to stop. He noticed the cold sweat that was pouring down Zik's body like rain. It was even more shocking because he knew Zik's strength. Baal felt like a wall that was endlessly high.

Chapter 1667

The tower member, Betty, succeeded in healing the wounded Memphis. Later, she encountered Chepardea while escaping with Agnus and Noe. It reemerged right after his death was confirmed, so they wondered if it was a setting where they were brothers. However, based on the consistency of his abilities and habits, they confirmed it was the same individual.

The appearance of Chepardea, who scoffed at Agnus and Betty for being 'broken toys,' was different from his miserable appearance just before he died. He showed a strange appearance of praising Baal, who killed him a little while ago, before being killed by Betty and Agnus.

Meanwhile, the tower member, Abellio, joined the tower member, Ken, by chance. The great demons avoided Ken and the demons who advanced without hesitation were annihilated every time Abellio made a stroke with his brush. Looking at the movement path, it was estimated that they would soon encounter Grid's group in the south.

Meanwhile, the tower member, Jessica, was in pursuit of the great demon Barbatos. Barbatos, who was sniping at Abellio, fled shortly after Jessica appeared and showed a weakness in his sniping ability. It seemed that an effect of Echo Magic acted as a counter.

The tower member, Radwolf, succeeded in taking over the sky. The magic power bombs from the army of magic machines covered the dark sky of hell with a pure white light... all types of flying demons folded their wings and died. A total of three great demons set out to intercept Radwolf, but they failed. The instantaneous acceleration ability of the magic machine that Radwolf was boarding was at the level of a transcendent and he was presumably using Shunpo. Additionally, based on the level and firepower of the armor, there was no disagreement in the assessment that it was an anti-dragon weapon.

The tower member, Fronzaltz, killed the 9th Great Demon. He stayed in the 9th Hell and searched the area. It looked like he wanted something...

Several demon armies rushed out to suppress him, but he didn't care. Several experts agreed that Fronzaltz' strength was likely to be the second highest among the tower members.

The tower member, Jurene, was having a long conversation with the great demons in the 20s. The conversation couldn't be listened to, but it had a very friendly atmosphere that didn't fit the bloody landscape of hell.

The tower member, Biban, continued to wander around the remote regions. He was personally proving that there were many different types of landscapes in hell and didn't show any battles for a long time. It couldn't be confirmed if the demons were avoiding him or if he was avoiding the demons.

The apostle of the Overgeared God, Zik, joined the Overgeared members and succeeded in ensuring the safety of the crystal castle. The atmosphere that cooled down after Baal's brief appearance was restored (?) quickly due to Vantner and Peak Sword.

Huroi spread propaganda through Euphemina's magic and succeeded in communicating the situation to the people. Players who were hiding all over hell started to move to the crystal castle in droves.

The Overgeared God's apostle, Nefelina, was lurking in a corner of hell. Her location was similar to the location where players were hiding, so it seemed her intention was to help people escape...? Maybe it was due to the Dragon Fear that the hatchling could release imperfectly, but the demons didn't come near her.

The Overgeared God's apostle, Piaro, was engaged in farming in hell... There were already four areas of hell filled with golden wheat fields and acted as milestones for players. It was confirmed that one of the trees he planted was exceptionally large and had a red fruit that demons were obsessed with.

The Overgeared God's apostle, Braham, had an encounter with the great demon, Leraje. He wasn't at all intimidated by Leraje, who proclaimed to be the Supreme King. In the face of an unpredictable and fierce battle that was expected, Leraje instead guided Braham to her palace. Her expression of ecstasy and submission after placing Braham on the throne made her look quite silly. Of course, the experts argued that there might be some other hidden setting, but it was difficult to be convincing because they couldn't provide any evidence.

Overgeared God Grid and the apostle, Mercedes, succeeded in escaping back up to the ground after a great battle underground. It seemed that the raid of something huge and red would be saved for a later date. The demon swordsman who had a close battle with Mercedes followed Grid, so it seemed that Grid had succeeded in taming another monster.

...This was the current situation in hell. It was due to this that the shock and horror that Baal brought to people after he briefly appeared soon calmed down. The overall situation was good, except for the fact that Baal was too strong and the red chunk of flesh was too sinister.

The performances of the apostles and tower members were great. There wouldn't be any major problems as long as they didn't run into Baal. Yes, unless they encountered Baal...

However, was that really a normal wish? The master of hell was Baal. He was the goal of Grid's party. No, humanity's end goal would eventually come down to defeating Baal. So why assume that they wouldn't encounter Baal? It was too... maybe it was due to this vague wish?

The victory announcements repeatedly rang out, but on the contrary, people's anxiety grew. This couldn't continue.

"We will join the war."

Large crowds started to be attracted to Reinhardt. The rankers and players who were going to use the hell elevator rushed in like a tsunami at the last minute. The Overgeared Guild didn't stop them. Why would they refuse volunteers to fight with them?

The fact that Grid's group didn't intend to fight Baal right now wasn't particularly important. Those in hell needed help right away. They needed manpower so that players could safely evacuate to the crystal castle. The latecomers had stayed on the surface and closely watched the situation in hell so they could perceive the players' current positions and situations. It meant they could plan enough to know how to evacuate them.

"However, please keep this in mind. At best, you who are going as reinforcements shouldn't die."

Laella, the master of the Overgeared Magic Tower—she was Reinhardt's acting lord and cautioned the people.

"Your death will create a stronger demon."

Contrary to her worried expression, Laella's magic power was burning like a flame. It was as if she was going to burn and kill them if they went to help, died, and made things worse. It was actually a threat. Was it because she was an idol? There was a perception that Laella was almost the only kind person among the Overgeared members. Maybe it was just people's wishes.

Laella was also a member of the Overgeared Guild. She was even part of the former Tzedakah Guild. She also had a temperament of ruling by force. If she was kind and gentle like her external image, then she wouldn't have been able to become a ranker in the first place, nor would she be able to mix in with the rough Tzedakah Guild.

The people realized it again and hurriedly nodded.

Laella smiled gently at them and gave them one more piece of advice, "I am going to hand out anti-magic seals from the Reidan Alchemy Facility. The effect is strong, but it only lasts for 0.2 seconds. Use it the moment the elevator arrives in hell and the doors open. Then you won't be forcibly transferred."

They wouldn't be forcibly transferred... there was no certainty about this. The anti-magic seal created by the Reidan Alchemy Facility and the Overgeared Magic Tower was very powerful in return for being very restricted, but there was no guarantee that it would perform perfectly in hell. There was no forced teleportation during the time Laella was with the hell expedition, so there was no room for experimentation.

'If I knew this would happen, I wouldn't have come back first.'

Just before Baal came to the surface, Laella had returned there first. It was because the workload of the magic tower was so heavy that she couldn't be away for a long time. The reason she participated in the first place was to secure resources she needed for an experiment. It was a well-known fact that there were quite a few types of resources that could only be obtained in hell.

In particular, it was estimated that there were many beneficial resources for magicians. It was obvious from the constantly appearing magic tower quests where they could study new magic if they secured a certain resource. Among them, the 'fruit of good and evil' stood out in particular. Despite being a material item, it was classified as myth rated. It was said that the fruit was very red at night and green during the day...

Wouldn't it resemble that one?

"...Eh?"

Laella's eyes widened as she looked up at the sky again after putting the new volunteers into the elevator. Her eyes were drawn to a particularly large tree in the video of Piaro. It was a tree that was half as large as the world tree. At first glance, the great tree that seemed to support the sky had only one fruit. It was very red. She saw the demons rolling their eyes and rushing at the fruit. It was even though they knew they would be Piaro's prey the moment they stepped into the surrounding wheat fields.

"T-That...!"

"C-Crazy!!"

Laella was feeling astonished when the screams and groans of people rang out. Laella was surprised by the intense reactions and noticed it one step late.

A dragon appeared in hell. It was the Evil Dragon Bunhelier. One of his wings and his tail had been ripped off. The appearance of an Absolute that he had shown during his fight against Hayate had faded away.

Kurarararara!

“.....!”

“.....!”

The faces of Laella and the people turned pale.

“God!” Sariel screamed out a prayer while clasping her hands together. The place where the dragon appeared was above Grid’s head. The dragon even fired a Breath at Grid’s group the moment he appeared. It was such a quick surprise attack that they were worried if Grid would even be aware of it.

Grid’s party was swept away by the Breath. The faint smoke completely obscured the screen.

The situation was worse than people thought.

[Baal...!]

It was because Baal appeared in the spot where Bunhelier had emerged. He seemed to have rushed over after reading Bunhelier’s energy. It was shortly after killing Chepardea. It revealed why he ignored Zik and the Overgeared members on the scene and left in a hurry.

“You are a very unlucky guy.” Baal laughed when he found Grid, who had been hit by the Breath and turned into rags. He seemed to be enjoying the situation itself.

Grid’s response wasn’t much different. Grid hadn’t been able to hide his fear during his previous encounter with Baal on the surface, yet now he was smiling in this desperate situation.

“Let’s see who is the unlucky one?”

He was grateful for his high luck stat. Grid shook off the dust and raised his body. Then he tapped on his armor with a hammer. Mercedes and the demon swordsman weren’t by his side. They had left the scene with the God Hands the moment Bunhelier appeared.

“I’ve been thinking about it ever since I heard the words ‘Crazy God and Crazy Dragon.’”

The sight of Grid pulling out two dragon weapons and holding them caught the attention of Baal and Bunhelier at the same time. No matter how weak he might be, the figure armed with dragon weapons and armor was bound to shine in a special way.

“The most suitable dragons for the tale of the ‘Crazy God and Crazy Dragon’ are Nevartan and Bunhelier, the craziest dragon and the second craziest dragon. Isn’t that right?”

Grid’s gaze shifted to Bunhelier in the sky. Bunhelier’s eyes, which had been filled with anger and killing intent, slowly stabilized.

[I can’t deny it.]

Chapter 1668

The hell moon was always a full moon. It was because it was just artificially overlaid. The sight of the moon changing to a waning moon and waxing moon every time Bunhelier moved was unfamiliar.

“There are some people who will be quite surprised.”

Bunhelier was covered with obsidian-like black scales. From a distance, Baal admired the unrealistic appearance of the old dragon, which could be seen as a shadow covering the moon. It wasn't an overwhelmed look. Not the slightest bit of tension could be seen. It was an abnormal reaction.

Grid speculated more closely about the relationship between Baal and Bunhelier.

‘Is Baal superior?’

Grid hadn't logged out ever since arriving in hell. It was because it wasn't the promised time. He didn't know the situation outside. It meant he hadn't heard the news that Bunhelier suffered a great defeat by Marie Rose and that Baal was the reason for her fatal effect against Bunhelier.

Nevertheless, he had a vague guess. It was through the resentment, anger, and killing intent that Bunhelier was emitting toward Baal. Bunhelier had a clear hatred of Baal.

He wondered if Bunhelier had been hit hard in the back of the head and if it had something to do with the episode where Bunhelier was reborn as an evil dragon in hell.

‘I'm certain. In the process, Baal put some type of shackles on Bunhelier.’

This was the only way he could understand Bunhelier's anger. Then Baal's relaxed attitude even in front of an old dragon was understandable...

A huge shadow was cast around the thinking Grid. It was a shadow that grew as Bunhelier got closer.

[Baal, this guy played an insignificant trick. I knew from the beginning that you didn't take anyone in your eyes, but is it the point of deceiving an old dragon that existed from the beginning? Do you have ten lives?]

Bunhelier was agitated. Unlike the gourmet dragon and other top dragons, who were aloof and awe-inspiring, he clearly expressed his emotions. This attitude didn't feel cheap. It was purely overbearing. Grid became dizzy from the messages of his transcendent senses that reacted every time Bunhelier let out a breath.

Bunhelier's small actions and words were making his transcendent senses feel a sense of crisis in real time. Baal's expression as he accepted the killing intent directed at him was still calm.

“That is a strange question. Did you forget the insane dragon? I have been deceiving you for a long time.”

Baal was the size of an ordinary human, unlike when he appeared on the surface not so long ago. It was said that he had a different appearance depending on the viewer's mind. His pale, smooth-looking skin gradually became as hard as stone. The three horns on his head soared high and his body also grew huge. He wasn't inferior even standing side by side with Bunhelier.

Grid was watching him with an astonished look, only to become startled. He suddenly realized that the 'fear' abnormal status had been applied to him and gritted his teeth.

'Don't be scared.'

There was Bunhelier by his side. It was an old dragon with the momentum to kill Baal immediately. This was a golden opportunity to ride an old dragon as part of the 'Crazy God and Crazy Dragon' tale. It was a truly unexpected opportunity. Unexpectedly, a Baal raid might be possible.

He tried to control his mind several times, but it was useless. The fear that Grid felt toward Baal was a systemic problem. A source of evil that threatened even the transcendents and gods. Therefore, he couldn't help being afraid...

Besides, it was difficult to trust Bunhelier. Bunhelier read and responded to Grid's intentions, but this didn't translate directly to favor. This meant he could change his mind at any time depending on the situation.

First of all, he was an evil dragon. Simply put, he was a villain. He wasn't someone he could build up a trusting relationship with.

'Yet from my current perspective, he is the only one I can rely on.'

Bunhelier's position wasn't much different.

[Overgeared God... don't even think about betraying me. If you betray me, I will take everything away from you.]

Bunhelier landed right next to Grid and gave a clear warning. He also didn't trust Grid. However, he had no other option, so he slowly leaned his head forward while showing his dislike. It was so that Grid could climb onto the nape of his neck.

That's right—the contents of the Crazy God and Crazy Dragon story were also known to Bunhelier. It was the same for the other old dragons. However, there would be no old dragon other than Bunhelier who felt the need to become the main character of Crazy God and Crazy Dragon at this moment and in the future.

This fact brought Bunhelier a great deal of shame and skepticism. Still, what could he do? The moment he arrived in hell, Baal came to him as if Baal had been waiting. This meant it was an event within the scope of Baal's prediction. Bunhelier needed a variable that would make Baal's predictions go awry and that was Grid here.

This one who helped Ifrit deal a big blow to her father. Grid endured the Breath he shot as a test, as if this wasn't a falsehood. He didn't weaken the Breath's aura like Hayate, but endured it. It was more than a Dragon Slayer in terms of being tough. To be honest, this was the first time he had seen such a person. It would surely be helpful...

"I won't betray you," Grid declared.

Black blood spilled out every time he opened his mouth due to the aftermath of being hit by the Breath, but his expression was serious. It was a god's promise. It was to an old dragon who could fully understand the weight of it.

[I won't betray you this time either.]

Bunhelier read Grid's sincerity and also made a pledge. Would it be kept and sublimated into Dragon Words, or would it be scattered and reduced to a worthless thing as always...? Even Bunhelier himself couldn't predict it. He didn't mean to brag, but he himself didn't know in which direction his vicious heart would be shaken.

[One of the world's greatest and most monstrous dragons has bowed his head in front of the Overgeared God.]

All these scenes were being recorded in the 20th epic. Naturally, most of the scenes were interpreted in Grid's favor. Bunhelier simply bowed his head to let Grid board, but in the epic, it was portrayed as if he had submitted.

Grid felt embarrassed, but he acted brazen-faced.

'I'm not deliberately distorting it.'

Just as God wasn't the author of the Bible, the myths were originally written by humans. It would be funny if Grid directly corrected the contents. He didn't even have the authority to correct it in the first place.

[I will surely destroy humanity one day...]

Bunhelier noticed the situation and uttered scary words. Grid felt almost thankful that Baal made a surprise attack just in time to disperse Bunhelier's attention.

"Keuk."

He failed to get on Bunhelier's neck and crashed. It was difficult for him to control his body properly due to the fear abnormal status, so he was properly hit by Baal's surprise attack.

'Is swordsmanship the main force?'

Baal was similar to Hayate. Just like Hayata made the Dragon Killing Sword with energy, Baal crafted a black sword with demonic energy. It possessed an unchallenged power. The more he approached a subject that was beyond being powerful, the more status abnormalities that would occur. It was literally a demonic sword.

The most threatening aspect of the demonic sword was the debuff 'destruction of the status immunity.' The status immunity that he enjoyed and took for granted ever since becoming Pagma's Successor was gone and most of his immunity functions became weak.

'I knew this day would come eventually.'

It would be weird if one of the final bosses didn't do this much. He had a duty to overcome this trial. Stay calm. There was no need to despair. It was just the same conditions that most people felt.

It happened as Grid was controlling his mind...

Baal recovered the sword that had been swung sideways and struck at Bunhelier's Breath. Then he reached out his other hand and fired magic. Dozens of magic circles were unexpectedly created. It was impossible to destroy all of them with the effects of Duke of Wisdom and the Castration Eye.

Damage accumulated again to the falling Grid and Baal's offensive didn't stop there. He slammed down a huge heel and struck the top of Grid's head. Suddenly, his fingers, which were resting on Grid's shoulder, were tearing apart the dragon armor like it was a sheet of paper.

In the aftermath of the impact, his collarbone and shoulder blade were fractured. Grid's body leaned forward as his abdomen was torn apart by the demonic sword. Grid's mind went blank. It wasn't just due to the pain. It was because there was no time to think about anything.

Baal's unstoppable offensive was so swift and complicated. He mastered all areas of swordsmanship, martial arts, and magic, like Zik, but his power was beyond Zik's.

'What is this demon bastard?'

It was no wonder that the Absolute of hell was strong. Grid just hadn't expected that he would even know all these techniques? In the first place, wasn't the demon a being who neglected learning and depended on their innate power? Most of them were like this with the exception of a few special cases like Dantalion and Iyarugt. It was hard to understand why Baal would learn and train in something when he pursued pleasure.

Baal read Grid's eyes, which were filled with confusion and consternation, and explained, "Most of the history of humanity that remains on the surface are records of the winners. Many things were lost. On the other hand, hell covers the history of all the dead. It means I am more familiar with the knowledge and skills that humans have accumulated than you human beings."

He seemed to find it pleasant. There wasn't a single flaw in Baal's movements. It continued non-stop. He seemed to be a creature that lived in a single breath that lasted forever as he linked all sorts of techniques together without a time difference. He also appeared to have no joints.

All the attacks were coming from completely unpredictable trajectories. Grid wouldn't have been able to avoid a single one if it wasn't for his artificial senses and his transcendence.

[What are you doing?]

The ferocious looking Bunhelier frowned. Then Grid abruptly came to his senses. His urgency to stop the attacks meant his distance with Bunhelier imperceptibly widened. He felt a sense of strangeness.

Baal's body had become so huge that it was comparable to Bunhelier. His outstretched hands and feet reached a distance of several dozens of meters. Considering that Grid's location was initially beside Bunhelier, Baal's attack range should've included Bunhelier as well, not just Grid. Yet Baal's attacks only touched Grid.

Grid focused. He carefully observed the scene happening in front of him. Baal's massive body overlapped with Bunhelier's body every time he moved. Even so, Bunhelier didn't react to it. In fact, Baal's arms and legs were going through Bunhelier's body like ghosts without any physical force.

Did Bunhelier use any fluidization technique? No. Baal's huge body was just a fake.

Grid recalled it. The reason why Baal looked huge was because Grid was afraid of him. Baal's actual body wasn't as huge as Bunhelier's.

'Don't be fooled... first of all, I have to measure the distance properly.'

Taang, taang, tatang, tatatang...

Grid noticed the intervals in the impacts to his artificial senses. At first glance, it seemed to occur simultaneously. It was because Baal's arms were much longer than the range of his artificial senses.

Baal waved his arm just once and it felt like it had passed through the whole area of his artificial senses. The truth was different. There were a very small number of gaps. He only barely noticed it when he raised his concentration to the extreme. It was simply fast.

'3 meters, 1 meter...'

Grid estimated Baal's actual size and the length of the demonic sword based on the transmission speed of the impacts and tilted his head to the left. His command values were reversed due to the aftermath of the confusion abnormal status. His head tilted to the right.

Visually, it was suicide. It seemed like he was sticking out his head toward the demonic sword wielded by Baal. However, the blade couldn't cut or pierce Grid's neck. It passed by like an illusion. In fact, Baal's blade still wasn't in a position to reach Grid. It had just reached his earlobe.

He felt like he was in an environment where the ping bounced randomly while his body was moving contrary to his thoughts. Putting aside Baal's blows and attacks that penetrated his absolute defense, causing tens of thousands of damage, the difficulty and fatigue of the battle were too high.

Then for the first time, Grid's sword and Baal's sword interlocked. The demonic sword failed to cut Grid and was blocked by the dragon weapon.

"...The adaptation is fairly fast?"

Baal's eyes were half open. He obscured some of his pupils with his eyelids so they couldn't be seen. It was a habit unique to Baal. It was a reaction he showed when admiring something, but no one knew it. It was because he didn't usually feel admiration.

'How much strength does he have?'

Grid clicked his tongue. It was because he witnessed that the dragon weapon's body was slightly white. His loudly convulsing arms were an added bonus. He was laughing at the absurdity when Bunhelier appeared behind him. Hell was currently operating a magic that blocked most movement techniques, but the teleportation of an old dragon couldn't be sealed.

[Get on!]

Bunhelier urged. His voice was quite mild, unlike the beginning. Baal wasn't the only one who admired Grid's fighting abilities.

Grid leapt up. First of all, activating the Dragon Knight effect was the urgent priority.

"Where are you going?"

Baal caught up. He pressed the dragon weapon, still engaged with the demonic sword, with force and created a close-range battle. The magic and skills fired from a close distance approached Grid as an unstoppable threat.

Baal's smiling face, which showed his sharp teeth, approached right in front of Grid's nose. Then a Breath was shot from Grid's mouth.

Chapter 1669

A disaster was encountered and there was no chance of survival—this was the common idea of everyone. The dragon that appeared suddenly fired a Breath, Grid coughed up blood after being hit by the Breath, and Baal attacked. People watched the series of events that took place in an instant and naturally predicted Grid's death. The Evil Dragon Bunhelier, who overwhelmed Hayate, Marie Rose, and Kraugel and left leisurely.

Baal, the ruler of hell and the source of evil. Expecting Grid to survive when he was surrounded by the strongest in the worldview was something that even an Overgeared God Church believer couldn't do. In other words, it was a wish with no conscience.

Of course, Grid deviated from people's expectations as usual. He was hit by the Breath and attacked by Baal, but was still alive five seconds later. It meant he hadn't consumed his immortality yet. Bunhelier even bowed his head as if to pay homage to him. Finally, a beam shot from Grid's mouth. This...

By this point, he was already the protagonist of a courageous work...

No, what was this?! As people were feeling astonished, an explosion occurred around Baal's head. There was a cloud of dust. The effect was intense as a Breath was fired right in front of him. It would be a convincing sight even if Baal's head had been blown away.

However, there was a strong energy contained in Baal's demonic sword that was still interlocked with the dragon weapon. It didn't waver at all as it endured all the power that Grid had built up over the years, as firm as a great mountain. It was natural. Baal was one of the first beings created by the Gods of the Beginning. He was the ruler of hell, the last world where all living things would reach after they died. No matter what attack was tried, he wasn't an opponent to prevail against.

Grid knew it as well. He just didn't want to admit it. It was because he wasn't an individual. He had the hopes and fates of many people behind him. There was a sense that he shouldn't be denied in such a vain manner.

"...Ohhhhh!" Grid shouted. It was a reflexive reaction. It was an effort to encourage himself and to shake off his vague fears. He used the full buffs right away. He screamed and squeezed out all his strength, but he couldn't shake off Baal's demonic sword. He crossed the two swords held with both hands and pushed. It was just that Baal's demonic sword didn't move like it was nailed to the air. Little by little, it slowly dug into Grid's chest.

[The durability of Valhalla of Infinite Affection has decreased by 470.]

[The durability of Valhalla of Infinite Affection has decreased by 399.]

[The durability of Valhalla of Infinite Affection has decreased by...]

Sparks flew up noisily from Grid's chest. They were the tears pouring out of the armor that finally started to be cut and torn apart by the demonic sword. The choking smoke caused by the aftermath of the Breath's explosion was dissipating.

Soon, Baal's intact face was revealed.

"....."

His eyes were still half open. The man, who covered three small pupils with his lowered eyelids and revealed only one pupil like a human, stared at Grid. He had only Grid in his dark eyes.

Grid trembled. The fact that the ruler of hell was fully conscious of him. He felt a certain sense of fulfillment even in this urgent situation.

'He is conscious of me.'

Grid recalled Baal's behavior. This guy wanted stimulation. The greater the stimulus that threatened him, the more joy and excitement he would receive. Such a person was blocking Grid's path several times as if to prevent Grid from riding that dragon. The meaning was great.

[You have suffered 49,580 damage.]

[You have received the 'poisoned' and 'bleeding' abnormal statuses. Your health will continuously decrease and your weak points are easily exposed.]

In the end, the demonic sword opened up the armor and started to cut Grid's chest apart. It was precisely where the heart was. Fortunately, Grid was able to buy some time thanks to Skin of Transcendence.

Grid tilted his head back as much as possible. He ignored the screams coming from his broken bones and bent his waist more than 90 degrees. Baal was persistent. His demonic sword was still crushing the two swords that Grid had crossed in front of his chest. It dug deeper into Grid's flesh.

Grid didn't use Revolve carelessly. He considered the level of the skills that Baal used, the background from which he acquired the skills, and the fact that Pagma's soul was now in Baal's hands.

'This guy might also be able to use Revolve.'

The reason it was hard to react to a counterattack skill was because it was a sharp counter. Then what about a counterattack against a counterattack? It would be really hard to react to. It was an unpredictable trajectory even for the party who counterattacked the counterattack. Not only did it make the attack out of control, but it also added tremendous acceleration.

It was a systemic decision. A counterattack was precious for a reason. Moreover, the current Grid was experiencing the confused status condition. If he tried to move his body to the left, he would end up moving to the right. Even his senses such as hearing and vision would be perceived as opposites. If the average person was confused, then it would be difficult for them to even walk.

If Revolve was counterattacked in this state... Grid was convinced that he would receive a fatal wound regardless of his level of transcendence or his artificial senses.

“You are refusing to yield.” It had to be shaken off with pure force. He endured with such a judgment. Then in the end, his back bent at a strange angle and Baal ridiculed Grid, “I don’t think it is the time to hide this and that. Try to be a little bit more certain.”

Grid didn’t mean to just fight ignorantly. He naturally used the God Hands and magic. However, the God Hands couldn’t approach Baal after a certain distance. The demonic energy surrounding Baal’s body became tangible like the demonic sword and shook off the God Hands.

It was the same with magic. It had no effect and disappeared. The demonic energy worn by Baal thoroughly neutralized the lower level concepts. It was impossible to harm Baal with the God Hands that only had 30% of Grid’s stats and low to intermediate level magic.

[*Che.*]

A man with long, black hair broke in between the two of them. It was Bunhelier, polymorphed into human form. Grid could be swept up if he attacked with a dragon’s body or a Breath, so Bunhelier reduced the size of his body. It was the flow that Baal had forced. This bastard’s behavior that overlapped closely with Grid constrained Bunhelier in many ways.

“Are you really going to cooperate?” Baal was kicked away from Grid’s abdomen and left his spot.

Bunhelier’s hand, which swept through the afterimages of Baal’s movement, quickly turned into a dragon’s hand. In an instant, he narrowed the distance to the far away Baal. A loud roar burst out. It was an explosion that occurred the moment Baal’s demonic sword blocked Bunhelier’s hand, which tried to dig at his chest.

All the oxygen around the explosion point was burned. The air was crushed by the pressure of the explosion and pushed to the periphery in a series of shock waves. Even Grid had to build a barrier out of the God Hands in order to handle the aftermath. The fireball soared high and died down while the area entered a vacuum state. The surrounding air rushed to fill in this void, causing an airflow that created a mushroom cloud.

‘This is crazy...’ Grid’s pupils shook as he exhaled the breath that had been blocked. It was a clash of pure strength against strength, magic power against magic power. This alone caused a phenomenon that was like a nuclear explosion? Maybe he should say goodbye to the souls of Pagma and Alex forever...

Grid was feeling seriously troubled when Bunhelier shouted toward him.

[Avoid it!]

It was Bunhelier who had a black magic power at the tip of each of its six claws. The moment these spheres collided with Baal’s demonic sword, they caused an explosion that created the mushroom cloud. However, it was Bunhelier who suffered a lot of damage.

Baal, who appeared through the clouds, had only a line of blood flowing from his forehead while Bunhelier had one hand blown away. Baal’s strength and magic power didn’t only overwhelm Grid. It also clearly transcended Bunhelier. Of course, it had to be taken into account that Bunhelier wasn’t in a perfect state. Not only was Bunhelier at a disadvantage against Baal, but he was also seriously injured by Nevartan. Nevertheless, it was true that he was better than Grid.

No one thought that Grid, whose armor hadn't been fully repaired, would be safe from Baal's next attack. Millions of people watching the scene from the surface groaned or screamed. There were many who couldn't open their tightly closed eyes.

'There will be a celebration.'

Beijing, China.

Hao frowned as he watched the situation through the news. Unlike most countries that gave Grid absolute favor, China still tended to be hostile to Grid. It was because there was a sense of damage due to China's reputation being tarnished because of Grid.

Was it because they were robbed of a medal every time they met Grid in the National Competition? This was a very minor issue. The shameful thing for China was that a significant number of Chinese people changed to an orc and became Grid's people. Additionally, diplomatic damage was suffered.

In fact, the expression 'damage' was funny. They just failed when trying to forcibly undermine South Korea's sovereignty. In any case, the Communist Party wasn't very fond of Grid. This had been the case since South Korea became known as Grid's nation and exerted a great influence in the international community.

The people were also bound to be affected. There were still many people who hated Grid. If it was just a few days ago, cheers would be heard all over Beijing's city center. They would've felt a lot of fun watching Grid who was about to die. However, not anymore.

".....?"

Surprisingly, groans erupted all over the streets. There were many people who felt pity for Grid's plight and supported him. It was the power of Tai Chi. Grid, who learned Chinese martial arts one day and preached its greatness, won even the hearts of the Chinese anti-fans.

"I see... Grid, you thought this far and actively used Tai Chi."

Was it for the unity of humanity?

How far ahead did you look, Grid?

"He is truly a great man. I have no choice but to respect you."

It was at a time when people all over the world, including China, were cheering for Grid with one heart and one mind.

".....!" Baal's eyes were half open again. The demonic sword, which collided with the two dragon weapons, couldn't suppress Grid like before. It bounced off in a normal manner.

"Bunhelier!" Grid broke through Baal and shouted fiercely. He was biting a lollipop in his mouth. It was the greatest item in the reputation store that could only be used five times per account. It was the Sweet Candy. It increased all stats by 30% for 5 minutes.

Bunhelier responded. He instantly regained his dragon appearance and flew toward Grid. Baal's baptism of magic struck Grid's back dozens of times. The ragged armor was completely removed. It wasn't

destroyed. Grid took it off on his own along the way. He swapped to the Holy Light Armor to minimize the damage caused by the magic.

The price was harsh. He was cut by Baal's sword, who had been approaching since the time he shot the magic, and lost hundreds of thousands of health. Grid fired a Breath from the hands that stretched out backwards. The Small Breath didn't hurt Baal, but it gave Grid some momentum.

He quickly closed the distance to Bunhelier, who wasn't far away. Baal was persistent. He moved one step faster than Grid and blocked Grid's way. This was predicted. From the time he fired the Small Breath backwards, Grid was already performing the Serve sword dance.

A sword dance depicting the sacrifice of the Overgeared God. The dreams and wishes of countless people and the splendid determination of the wounded god who carried their fate caused even Baal to stiffen for a moment.

".....!"

It was only 0.2 seconds. Baal only flinched for this moment. However, even 0.1 seconds was an endlessly long time for Absolutes, who split it into dozens of units.

[You have boarded the Evil Dragon Bunhelier.]

[The effect of the only one title in the world, 'Dragon Knight,' is activated.]

[All your stats are increased by three times and your status is increased...]

[.....!]

[.....!!]

[.....!!!]

[...The target you are riding is an old dragon!]

[Your status has greatly increased!]

[Resist all status abnormalities that you are currently experiencing!]

"...Crazy God and Crazy Dragon."

An evil dragon joining forces with a god, a god who joined forces with an evil dragon. There were two guys here who were as crazy as he was. Baal laughed like it was ridiculous as one of his arms flew away. He was cut by the sword of Grid, who was riding on Bunhelier.

The earth shook.

Chapter 1670

The popular opinion was that it was rare for Baal to have any opponents. It was easy to guess based on Satisfy's worldview. The hundred of billions of souls caught in hell. No, he was perhaps a being that held and controlled more souls than this in his grasp.

Baal's importance was different from that of Martial God Zeratul, who simply had the setting of 'powerful.' If there was a day when Baal's death came, this would be proof that Satisfy's story was moving toward the end. He could never be an easy opponent and the real Baal was as powerful as people expected.

He was literally invincible. It was a level where he overwhelmed Grid and Bunhelier alone. It seemed impossible to defeat him even if the apostles, tower members, Hayate, and Marie Rose joined.

That had been the thought until just now. Blood rose like a fountain from Baal's right shoulder. His long arm was cut off along with the demonic sword in his hand and hovered in the air. It was done by Grid. To be exact, it was by Grid who climbed onto the neck of a giant dragon.

"...He is riding a dragon?"

People were shocked. Their response was the same, regardless of age, gender, or position. Shouting cheers was just the basics. A lot of them shot up or stomped their feet and a New York Times reporter even used the phrase that the earth was shaken. It was a truly shocking sight.

Hayate, Marie Rose, and Kraugel joined forces and barely managed to tie up the feet of the Evil Dragon Bunhelier. Grid was riding the transcendent being as powerful as the stats that were revealed in a previous National Competition. It wasn't at the level of fighting and winning. It was a concept far higher than victory and it was a shock. The expression that it was 'beyond imagination' was a cliché.

"Crazy. This is seriously crazy..."

Dragon Knight—the emergence of an only one title equal to Dragon Slayer showed a tremendous ripple effect. At this moment, Grid's appearance was nailed to the minds of everyone. The mythical figure scattering orange divinity on the neck of a dragon who was scattering black demonic energy.

People sensed it. They would never forget Grid's appearance that they saw just now. From now on, they would be plagued for the rest of their lives by the desire to resemble Grid.

『 This... isn't this more than a Dragon Slayer? 』

The commentators from different countries, who were mesmerized for a while, spoke very carefully. It was a question that denied Hayate, the Dragon Slayer who was believed to be the strongest human being. They would accept any criticism. However, no one criticized them. It was because everyone had the same thoughts. One who killed a dragon and one who ruled over a dragon. To put it bluntly, the latter would naturally be superior.

At this moment, Grid wasn't the Overgeared God.

Dragon Knight—people called Grid a new name. In fact, it didn't matter what he was called.

Blacksmith, emperor, god, dragon riding knight. No matter what, it was a name that meant Grid in the end. The present reached by an ordinary young man—in the end, he was Grid.

"Baaaal!"

Bunhelier's high speed flight. Grid completely controlled the speed that even Hayate barely reacted to. It wasn't possible just because his stats increased by three times. Grid was communicating with Bunhelier. They read each other's will and meaning.

Bunhelier responded immediately every time he felt that Grid's intentions were plausible. He flew in the direction that Grid desired. Thanks to this, Grid was able to quickly approach Baal. He safely pierced through the magic bombardment that swept in from all directions and slashed his two swords horizontally and vertically. It was a sword dance that was used on the dragon's body rather than the ground.

[The Dragon sword dance is newly interpreted.]

It was in the process of using Drop Dragon Pinnacle Link Kill Wave. It was immediately after neutralizing Baal's guard, who was using his severed arm like a sword while drawing dozens of magic circles, using the Dragon Breath. The moment he danced the Dragon sword dance after Drop, a notification window flashed in Grid's point of view. It came like a flash of lightning.

The new Dragon sword dance. Grid felt an obvious change. He had a feeling that he had to do the sword dance from the beginning again. Therefore, he retracted his sword.

[This monkey-like guy...!]

Bunhelier's rant followed. He fired the Breath according to the timing of the sword dance, but that guy Grid suddenly took back the sword. He thought this human was quite useful from the moment Grid got on his neck, but it was a misjudgment. He was ignorant like a god of insignificant human origin. He thought that missing this opportunity was like a monkey falling from the tree.

Grid ignored him and took the posture of the sword dance again. He forced Bunhelier to move forward once again. Bunhelier was forced to respond. Baal had recovered from his wound.

In the short time when Grid took back his sword, Baal stuck the severed arm to his shoulder while asking, "Are you still not in sync?"

Bunhelier took a deep breath and regained his composure while thinking that this guy was really unlucky. Once again, a Breath was fired according to the timing of the activation of Grid's sword dance. However, Baal didn't suffer from it twice. He previously confirmed that the Breath couldn't be weakened even after using all types of barriers and sealing techniques. Therefore, he slashed at the Breath this time by wielding the sword itself.

The trajectory of the dark sword changed dozens of times in the air. It was to repeatedly suppress, cut, and deflect the momentum of the Breath that was stacked five times. It was like watching a potter cutting pottery. It was enough to feel the spirit of craftsmanship.

In the end, the Breath's trajectory was completely twisted. It was divided into five stems and scattered in all directions without reaching Baal. In the eyes of people, it seemed like the laser that stretched out in a straight line was dispersed spontaneously just before it touched Baal. It meant they couldn't even properly see the sight of Baal wielding the sword.

Grid wasn't much different. If it wasn't for his transcendent senses recognizing Baal's sword energy as a threat or if his artificial senses hadn't read the flow of the wind, Grid would've also missed Baal's sword. Nevertheless, it was okay even if he missed it.

Grid had predicted that Bunhelier's Breath wouldn't have much effect. He anticipated it and was prepared from the moment Baal's arm was restored.

".....!"

Baal was astonished. It was because a Breath that was the same as the one he had just faced was right in front of him.

[What?]

Bunhelier was also surprised. 'His Breath' was shot from Grid's mouth, so it was natural to be surprised. Of course, the power wasn't perfect. However, it was a reproduction of an old dragon's Breath. Even if it wasn't perfect, it had a destructive power that was on a different level than the Breath that Grid had shot earlier.

It happened as Baal wielded his sword and cut the Breath again...

Bunhelier crouched down greatly. The nape of his neck that Grid was riding was angled toward the top of Baal's head. Grid had the top of Baal's head in his sight as he swung the two dragon weapons. Once again, it was a six fusion sword dance. It was just that the action was different from before.

To be precise, the Dragon sword dance had changed. It was completely different from the old Dragon sword dance, which tried to simply reproduce a dragon's momentum, or Pagma's Dragon, which admired the noble appearance of the blue dragon. This was the sword dance of Grid cooperating with an old dragon.

[The Dragon sword dance has evolved into the sword dance of the evil dragon.]

Evil Dragon Bunhelier—one of the old dragons that had existed since the beginning of time. At this moment, his very existence that was communicating with Grid at the same level was an inspiration to Grid. It was suitable to be used as the source for the new sword dance.

[Dragon - Bunhelier]

[A sword dance that recreates the power and momentum of the evil, old dragon, Bunhelier.

It causes his 'madness.'

Charges at the designated target, causing 20,000% physical attack and inflicting at least two status abnormalities. The status abnormalities that will occur are random.

If the target's status is low, then there is a 99% of instantly killing the target.

Skill Sword Energy Cost: 800

Skill Mana Cost: 50,000

Skill Cooldown Time: 1 hour.]

“.....!!”

People were dumbfounded. It wasn't because they witnessed Grid's twisted smile. Their attention was attracted by the sight of the orange divinity being dyed black and spreading like dragon wings, so they had no time to pay attention to the change in Grid's expression.

[What is this guy?]

Bunhelier's big eyes shook as well. He was evil, so he was sensitive to divinity. From the moment he first saw Grid, he was able to clearly define what type of god Grid was.

A god who existed solely for humanity. He was a noble and upright god, unlike the heavenly gods. Thus, Bunhelier felt an instinctive disgust. He was forced to work with Grid to kill Baal, but he could assert that Grid was the second most hated existence after Baal...

Yet at this moment, it changed. He felt a great sense of unity and sameness, as if he was looking in a mirror. Then Baal's voice was heard.

“I recognized it from the beginning.”

That you aren't normal.

The talking Baal fell down. He couldn't fully withstand the force of the evil dragon that Grid had reproduced.

Jingle...

The sound of bells was heard.

“What is your potential?” Baal smiled softly as he asked a question. It was in the same falling position as he was hit by the six fusion sword dance.

Ultimate Martial Art—it was often mistaken for Chiyou's favor, but its identity was far from a favor. The potential that would one day blossom. In other words, it was the future.

Baal was curious. What type of future would the person in front of him have to reach this point even though Grid couldn't even handle a part of his consciousness just a few years ago?

Grid and Baal's swords intertwined in a dizzying manner. It was so dazzling that people wondered if it would be like this if color was added to the flowing wind.

“Baaaal!”

Grid didn't answer Baal's question. He had no intention of responding to the conversation. Only his anger grew. It was so pure that it could be called the influence of exaltation or madness.

Yes. Grid purely hated Baal. He had been dreaming for a long time about the moment when he would catch and kill Baal. Now—

Now he got a golden opportunity that might not come twice and felt an obligation to get rid of Baal. Wounds started to appear on both Grid and Baal's bodies. It was caused by the shock waves that

occurred every time their swords collided. They weren't fatal to Grid. It was bearable. Baal's wounds were even more trivial. They were just scratches. However, these scratches were serious to Baal.

[Ultimate Martial Art has been triggered!]

Grid's ultimate move caused Baal to fall into a stunned state.

"...Hat!"

[The target has received 503,691,044 damage.]

Two dragon weapons pierced and tore at the chest of Baal, who was smiling with his eyes half open. It was Grid's six fusion sword dance, which had the effect of Dragon Knight behind him and showed the sword dance of the evil dragon. It only hit Baal at the end, but it exerted a formidable power on its own.