

## Overgeared 1671

### Chapter 1671

Hayate's Dragon Killing Sword was a weapon crafted by gathering sword energy. Baal's demonic sword was similar. Baal's magic power wasn't just a medium for using magic, but also the medium that made matter real. It was a type of energy that came from a mental image. It was a technique that was also a symbol of an Absolute.

Couldn't he make armor if he could make a sword?

The black light that shot out in all directions as Baal was facing Drop Dragon Pinnacle Link Kill Wave was a sign of the destruction of the armor that wrapped around his body in real time. It was armor made from the mental image of a strong self-defense. It was the mental image of the Absolute of hell. Yet it was pierced. It was torn apart.

"....."

Baal's original body had a different weight from his fragments of consciousness. He didn't show any ugliness like coughing up blood. He slowly raised his body while swallowing the gushing blood.

The wide field of view spread out in front, behind, to the left, and to the right as he confirmed that his fingertips were slightly trembling. He looked again at the senses that were spread throughout hell and found that this trembling was real, not false. It had been a long time since he had seen his heart personally.

Baal stared at the wounds on his chest that were recovering quickly with the power of super fast regeneration and immediately smiled.

"Finally."

Baal felt a joy that was more intense than the fires of the hell river. It was because the tension he had been longing for had finally arrived after so many years.

"I found the right toy."

Baal had witnessed more deaths than anyone else. In a contradictory manner, he dreamed of death as he watched every being, who died and fell into hell, yearning for a new life. Didn't even these insignificant beings realize that life was precious after dying?

He naturally developed a curiosity about death. The unfulfilled curiosity degenerated into twisted desire. Baal wanted to die. If he couldn't die, he wanted to feel a near-death crisis once again. For example, like when he confronted Beriache. It was in order to realize that he was alive.

[It is nasty nonsense.]

Bunhelier heard Baal's story and made an expression like his ears were going to rot. Grid didn't even respond. From the beginning, he didn't have the expectation that Baal would have a special story. It was because Baal was pure evil. It was different from the situations of three-dimensional characters who had detailed stories. It was just garbage. He had to be erased.

Would Baal's death accelerate Satisfy's ending? The ending...

Where was the ending? Did the world he live in have an ending?

"...The world."

"?"

"It is a world without you!!"

The yelling Grid once again unfolded a sword dance. From a single sword dance to a five fusion sword dance, he almost went on a rampage. He was influenced by the madness and gained the debuff 'unable to identify the enemy.' Even so, he consciously avoided the use of Revolve in the midst of the confusion.

[What is this guy doing?]

Bunhelier struggled in a startled manner. It was because Grid's sword was stuck in the middle of his forehead. That's right. Grid couldn't distinguish between Baal and Bunhelier. He even forgot that he was enjoying the effects of Dragon Knight and mistakenly thought that the existence he was standing on was also an enemy. It was the influence of the madness.

Grid felt like he was fighting two Baals. He couldn't tell what was real, so he just attacked and tested it randomly. Whether it was because of the madness of Baal's craftiness, Grid had no way of knowing.

"You have done something crazy like embodying demonic energy with divinity, so it can't be helped. It is a situation where you should be considered lucky that you didn't degenerate into a demon god."

The sword dance that reproduced the power and characteristics of an old dragon—it was powerful, but the side effects were too great.

Baal clicked his tongue and moved his fingers. Long fingernails rubbed against each other, releasing frost-like fragments. A chill filled the area. A bone-chilling cold came unknowingly. It was a temperature that was hard to experience in hell where a river of hot fire flowed. The master of hell was denying the ecosystem of hell.

"It is still too early. Come when you are a little bit better."

Among the legends, the reason why Sword Saint Muller was so highly regarded wasn't because his swordsmanship had reached the realm of being unsurpassed. The perfection of technique was something that ordinary humans, so-called craftsmen, could do. The biggest existence in hell that lost to Muller was Hell Gao, the 9th Great Demon, but the reason why they couldn't forget and feared Muller was purely due to the 'Heart Sword.'

Heart Instant Kill—the realm of cutting the target as soon as they made up their mind. In other words, Muller was someone who completed the mental image. It was like the Absolutes such as Baal and Hayate.

".....!"

Black ice trapped Grid. Grid froze without even being able to scream. His breathing stopped and the loss of health was uncontrollably fast. The items he was equipped with stopped functioning altogether. The

dragon armor was no exception. Even the items made of Greed, which had infinite durability, stopped functioning due to the frozen effect.

It was Baal's mental image.

[Hey...! Hey!! Wake up!!]

Bunhelier, who had been struggling while swearing at Grid for going on a rampage, glided. He shouted at the frozen Grid a few times. However, it was useless. Grid couldn't shake off the ice of death wrapped around him. It was even after becoming a knight of an old dragon and raising his status by several levels.

I lent you the back of this body, but you are hit by something like this?

Bunhelier was offended and felt like his own value had been decreased. His ego was so hurt that he gritted his teeth badly. However, he couldn't swear at Grid.

'It is natural.'

Grid—this guy was a lot younger than a hatchling. He was young even for a human being and had only been a god for a few years. In fact, it was fortunate that he didn't make a crying sound like a newborn.

Was I relying on this guy?

Bunhelier realized it again and laughed at the absurdity. Then he uttered Dragon Words.

[You are great.]

He didn't make a promise he wouldn't keep. He also didn't attempt to increase his self-world by demeaning others.

Bunhelier—an evil dragon who was unable to train his Dragon Words because he broke the oath of the covenant every time. For the first time, his Dragon Words were used for the benefit of others. It was quite strange. Awkward and unpleasant emotions welled up, but it wasn't particularly difficult. Bunhelier merely acknowledged Grid. It didn't take any effort to do this.

The effect appeared immediately. The truth acknowledged by an old dragon, who had existed since the beginning, became providence. Cracks started to appear on the surface of the ice that froze Grid. They were cracks that cut off death.

"You did something pointless."

Baal frowned for the first time. He didn't like Bunhelier's intervention. He had predicted Grid was at his limit.

It was understandable. The candy that Grid was biting in his mouth had melted away and his consciousness wasn't intact. During the rampage, his wounds had increased quite significantly. It was minor compared to the wounds Baal had suffered, but it had to be taken into account that Grid's body was weak compared to Baal.

Baal's skin was as hard as dragon scales. Instead of absolute defense, he had the ability to recover and proliferate at a very fast speed. On the other hand, Grid was a human being. His physical condition wasn't significantly different from humans at the transcendent level.

Yet he was in a ragged state. He was a toy on the verge of breaking. It was impossible for Bunhelier, who forced Grid to move, to look good.

“Bunhelier, don’t overlook the reason why I am keeping you alive...” Baal took a step back as he spoke coldly. No, he accelerated two and then three steps. He gradually moved back and replaced 80% of the magic circles he was creating with defensive technique.

A rain of battle gear fell toward him. Each one had the power of a mental image. Then the high canyon rising to his left and right caught his attention. It was the Sanctuary of Metal. It was the mental world opened by Grid, who came to his senses thanks to Bunhelier’s Dragon Words. He had suppressed it due to the thought that it would’ve been useless before he received the effects of the Dragon Knight, but now it was different. He believed in the elevated status from riding an old dragon.

In fact, Baal failed to block Grid’s mental world.

“A canyon of black iron...”

Is this your mental world? It is a world of lifeless metal. You are more desolate than me.

Baal had a surprised expression on his face, only to notice it one step late. The energy that rose from the center of the canyon—it was the energy released by the heart of the Red Phoenix.

Grid’s mental world was warm. It was different from Baal’s mental world that was frozen cold.

“Haha... Kuhaha!” Baal finally burst out laughing. He felt a certain fate with this toy he expected to be in a position to confront him. It was so much fun that he was ecstatic.

“However, it is too early.”

Baal stopped laughing and made a serious expression.

The canyon of black iron—black iron alone couldn’t do much harm to him. This person obviously needed more time. Baal was convinced again and extended the hand holding the demonic sword. Baal made sure his field of view captured Grid, who was restoring his breathing while staring at him, and the stupid old dragon carrying Grid on his back.

“One Million Army Massacre Sword.”

Undefeated King Madra—a human being who was expected to be chosen as an archangel. Yet surprisingly, he didn’t ascend to heaven. Perhaps it was due to lingering regrets, but the soul that remained on the surface for some reason was captured by Pagma.

Thanks to this, his soul ended up in the depths of hell and the knowledge and skills he accumulated during his lifetime belonged to Baal. The sword energy with supreme power stretched out. It was a sword energy that would cut everything that entered Baal’s field of view in a single breath. The canyon of black iron was cut without being able to resist, exposing a cross-section. The canyon turned into a plain.

Bunhelier’s absolute defense, magic, and scales were also cut helplessly. Bunhelier looked at the sword energy heading toward his neck and glimpsed death. It was Grid who protected him.

Valhalla of Infinite Affection—this was the form the cut black iron canyon took. Hundreds of thousands of copies of Valhalla rose in front of Grid and Bunhelier, protecting them from the sword energy. Every time they were cut and broken, they were reshaped and protected the two of them.

‘Khan, I actually knew it.’

I realized that your armor is gradually becoming useless. The bigger the world I lived in, the stronger the enemies. The increasingly difficult reality forced me to take off your armor. The reason I couldn’t make new armor and wrapped myself in your armor is probably because I want to rely on you.

The first friend I ever made. The family member who only cared about my safety until the moment you lost your breath. Your affection and kindness still sustain me.

“...What?”

There shouldn’t be anything that couldn’t be destroyed. This was the Undefeated King’s swordsmanship. Yet the armors that made up Grid’s mental world weren’t easily cut. Even if they were destroyed, they immediately reformed.

Baal noticed it. The fact that this was the source of the mental world that Grid relied on the most.

Grid shot through the fragments of armor that were broken and assembled repeatedly. He gained acceleration due to the Breath he fired from his hands. He moved in front of Baal, whose movement was restricted in the aftermath of using One Million Army Massacre Sword.

“Serve Dragon Pinnacle Wave Kill Link.”

This time, Baal was cut from the beginning.

## **Chapter 1672**

There was a sense from the hand when fighting. Most of the time, it was a sensation that was accompanied by the sentiment such as ‘this attack has properly hit.’ It could be felt in classic games that used a keyboard or mouse. Even without knowing the exact specs of the opponent, they could often have a hunch that the target was about to fall. Most of these sensations were based on the experience accumulated.

In that sense, Grid’s foundation was very solid. It was because he had fought countless enemies.

Why did others use the phrase ‘he overshadows the years’ when evaluating Grid? There was nothing wrong with it. It was thanks to the fact that he gained a lot of experience in a short period of time. Grid’s one year was more valuable than someone else’s 10 years or 100 years. This was the greatest strength of those who used persistence as a weapon.

Grid met many enemies stronger than himself even after becoming a god. Nevertheless, he didn’t fall into a sense of collapse or frustration. As always, he resisted without knowing how to give up. This all became experience.

‘It isn’t enough.’

Therefore, he felt it. Even as he tore Baal's body to shreds, he noticed that Baal wouldn't die. Baal's health gauge was depleted in a single breath, but this amplified his anxiety instead.

'This... something is definitely wrong.'

The current Grid was in a full buffed state. Except for the Sweet Candy that had just melted, all the other enhancement effects were stacked on top of each other. It was from the active skills such as Duke of Amplification to enhancement potions manufactured at the Reidan Alchemy Facility. Additionally, his status had risen significantly due to the effects of Dragon Knight. This meant he could activate all four hidden symbols attached to Cranbel's Horn.

The Serve Dragon Pinnacle Wave Kill Link that tore Baal's body to shreds could be called the strongest sword dance ever. There was a high probability that it would be the strongest sword dance of all time. This would be the first and last time he boarded an old dragon. But...

Was it enough to kill Baal with a single blow? Grid was convinced this wasn't the case. He declared that Baal was unnecessary to this world, but he didn't deny Baal's power.

[The target has received 33,333,333,333 damage!]

At the same time, the total amount of damage inflicted emerged in the notification window. A chill went down Grid's spine. It was because he came up with a keyword that pierced Baal's essence based on the numerical figure that shouldn't come out: Deception.

Baal had betrayed even the god who created him. From the standpoint of the existence who deceived his sister, Beriache, who was born on the same day, and his closest subordinates who trusted him, it wasn't strange for him to deceive others.

"Did you notice? I wanted to see you rejoice. It is a pity," Baal's flesh, which had been torn to tens of thousands of pierces, squirmed and spoke with a 'mouth.' The sneering laughter that emerged had a terrible pitch.

Grid frowned. The messages indicating that most of his buff effects were over or coming to an end were filling one side of his field of view.

Bunhelier grasped Grid's state and stopped flapping his wings. He slowly retreated from Baal.

"Was it a mimicry?" Grid asked this question when he recalled how Amoract had been obsessed with Yura and relentlessly sent a mimicry until Baal established a new law in hell. Then Baal's ridiculing laugh grew louder.

"I have already confessed my desire to experience death."

He was afraid of death, so he put forward a mimicry. Baal's squirming and giggling flesh quickly gathered at a single point. Then it took shape again. The sight of Baal being resurrected without a single wound made Bunhelier groan. Baal shrugged and swept back the hair flowing past his horns, neatly arranging it. "There is no need to be discouraged. It is because a while ago, you definitely killed me. It just doesn't mean much."

[Don't talk to him.]

Bunhelier hastily interrupted Baal's words. He was concerned that Grid would fall into despair and cause a greater upheaval.

Bunhelier recognized Grid as someone with a shared fate. He understood that if something went wrong with Grid, it would go wrong with him as well. He was seriously injured due to Nevartan and recognized the fact that he was being pushed by Baal. It was already overwhelming enough to endure the pressure of the entire hell that seemed to reject him. He hoped that Grid would buy time, at least until his wounds were fully healed.

"Does it have anything to do with why people perceive you differently?" In fact, Grid was calm. Far from being frustrated, he showed no signs of agitation at all. It was because he predicted the current development from the time he cut at Baal.

Bunhelier found it strange, but Baal laughed as if he was satisfied. "That is it. As long as you fear me, I won't die."

Baal had appeared in history in all sorts of ways. Grid had also encountered him several times. It wasn't the real Baal, but the fragments of Baal's ego. In other words, it was only a small part of him. Even so, it came as a great fear to humans. Human fear turned into something that made up a part of Baal. It was also intertwined with his ability of proliferation. It was the cause behind people perceiving Baal differently. Baal became one, but also many.

[As expected, humanity must perish.]

Bunhelier murmured as he immediately understood the reality of Baal. It wasn't nonsense. It was serious. He thought it would be good to be cruel to humanity who interpreted his attitude at will.

'I won't die with Baal.'

Grid's expression as he stared intently at Bunhelier was gradually becoming calmer.

Baal's head cocked at an angle. "You aren't acting. You aren't agitated at all. Surprisingly, do you have a personality that gives up quickly?"

Baal's pupils were repeating a slow rotation to the left and right, only to suddenly stop. They slightly expanded to represent his mood. He was excited. The reaction that was hard for even an Absolute to understand was interesting and enjoyable in itself. Grid raised the sword and gripped it.

[The duration of Overgeared God's Rage has ended.]

[The cooldown time of Duke of Amplification hasn't ended.]

[The duration of Belial's Power...]

[The duration of Berith's Power...]

.....

...

It felt like he was weakening in real time. Naturally, Baal also felt it. Absolutes were, in other words, top predators. In Baal's case in particular, he easily recognized beings other than himself as prey. Hunters were sensitive to changes in their prey.

"No. I was desperate."

Had Grid lost his dreams and hopes? Baal had expected him to be a great toy, but he ended up following the same path as others.

"It is a real pity."

This halfway power became poison.

If only he didn't have the power to kill me yet.

If he hadn't realized my infinite power, he would've struggled while feeling hope.

"I missed an interesting sight..."

Baal suddenly shut his mouth as he was speaking. It was because he found the divinity around Grid to be unpleasant. Since when did it become so dazzling? Wasn't it just as precarious as a lantern in front of the wind? It was just trying not to be swallowed up by the demonic energy of Baal and Bunhelier...

[In the end, God punished the king of the demons.]

"If one of your sources is the fear of human beings—"

"What...?"

One step, another step.

Baal started to step back. Was the rain of battle gear pouring down again? No, the sky of hell was quiet. There wasn't a single star and there was only the red moon in the dark sky. The reason that Baal took a step back was simply psychological pressure.

"It is enough to erase the fear."

[The king of the demons trembled and turned away from God.]

"...It is a scam. This is an obvious distortion."

Baal had only lost his body once. He quickly restored it and obviously put pressure on the Overgeared God. Grid was on the verge of falling into the abyss of despair. However, the humans on the surface who witnessed the situation with their own eyes didn't accept reality and instead distorted it.

They worshiped the Overgeared God just because he killed Baal once. They shook off a great deal of the fear they had harbored.

This... it was clearly wrong. It felt like the whole world was working together to scam him.

Bunhelier's voice permeated the bewildered Baal's ears.



[Certainly. He deserves to shine so much in the eyes of human beings. Grid is the one who got the approval of I, the great old dragon, Bunhelier. He climbed onto my neck and cut you down. From this point on, it doesn't matter what the outcome is.]

The Grid reflected in the eyes of human beings must have been infinitely holy. He would've shown a brilliant future even if he was defeated by Baal in the end. However, Baal didn't kill Grid right away. Far from killing Grid, he stood there and spoke to Grid. This allowed humans to interpret the results in the way they wished.

The aftermath was great. Baal's status was damaged in real time. His life, which would've reached infinity, would've also been greatly reduced.

[You said you wanted to die, so you tightened your own noose.]

"Stupid dragon." Baal finally had a serious expression. He was agitated to bring out his usual radical thoughts in front of the party involved. At this moment, Baal was different from usual. He didn't enjoy the situation that was happening and regarded it unpleasantly. It wasn't because he was afraid of death, but because it was too absurd. Honestly, he was flustered.

...It was a mistake. He was sure there would be people who misunderstood him as someone with all bark and no bite, like Bunhelier. The unimaginable shame made Baal's face redden.

Baal's demonic sword was swung hard. It was a manifestation. The sword rotated wildly and the area quickly expanded. Baal was in the center of a storm. It was a storm of black frost.

"Get lost."

Baal was the ruler of hell. Just as Grid grew stronger in the Overgeared World, Baal's demonic energy and mental world were strengthened in hell. It exerted an influence that was close to perfect. The moment Baal created the great frost storm, all the invaders except for Bunhelier froze in place.

Fortunately, the targets frozen by Baal's mental world couldn't be interfered with by anything other than Baal. The tower members, apostles, Overgeared members, and players active in all areas of hell, escaped the fate of dying immediately. They didn't lose their health, unlike Grid who had been frozen earlier.

No matter how great Baal's mental world was, it couldn't kill targets that were hundreds of thousands of kilometers away. If that was possible, he would've been proclaimed to be 'omniscient and omnipotent,' which even the gods of the beginning were reluctant to mention. It was like those heavenly fools.

"I will admit my mistake this time."

".....!"

The people looking up at the sky from the surface, as well as the viewers watching the scene from outside the game through the media, felt a chill go down their spines. Baal's gaze seemed to be looking at 'me.' Then the storm that Baal wielded again blew away the frozen bodies of the invaders

It was a gesture to banish them from hell. He had the power to detain them in hell, so why shouldn't he have the authority to banish them?

[Kuock...!]

Bunhelier's hastily outstretched tail wrapped around the block of ice containing Grid. He also intended to be expelled. He knew what type of harassment he would face if he was left here alone.

[Baal! It will be different the next time we meet!]

Baal looked at Grid, not Bunhelier, as if he wasn't the one talking. Trapped in the ice, Grid's eyes were staring straight at Baal. His eyes were as sharp and ferocious as the eyes of a raptor aiming for prey.

[The Asura Road has been closed.]

The hell moon, which was projected into the sky of the surface, closed its numerous eyes. The landscapes of hell scattered and vanished.

Irene's face lit up as she put her hands together with Lord's while praying. The heroes returned one by one and a huge shadow colored Reinhardt black. It was the shadow of a dragon. The dragon returned with Grid on the back of his neck.

The wide-eyed people were dumbfounded. They were the people who didn't know about Grid's actions because they were active in hell. In particular, the king of the half-draconians, Bunsdel, passed out with his mouth foaming.

### **Chapter 1673**

"It is ordinary."

Those who were active in hell were burdened with all sorts of restrictions. They couldn't escape, they couldn't use movement skills, they couldn't communicate over a distance, etc. The tower members even experienced the debuff where their stats dropped dramatically. They suddenly entered hell, so they didn't have a chance to raid Hell Gao. They weren't in a perfect condition. Therefore—

"Hell is no big deal. It is rather trivial compared to the surface where transcendents and dragons roam," Biban muttered nonsense.

It was around the time when the Asura Road was closed and the heroes returned one by one. In the midst of those who felt relieved, delighted, or moved, Biban alone spoke indifferently.

Jessica poked him in the side to make him notice, but it was useless.

"T-That..."

The king of the half-draconians, Bunsdel, frowned. Biban's dismissive attitude, which was unlike everyone else who was covered in wounds or burns, was very unpleasant. The hell expedition was active, no matter how big or small. Some of them might be relatively less active, but they shouldn't be blamed. It might be a small performance, but it was true that it was definitely helpful. Additionally, they all suffered the same risk to their lives.

Bunsdel had been with them in hell, so he knew it well.

Half-draconians, a species with the lineage of Evil Dragon Bunhelier—Bunsdel was their king and recognized humans as an inferior species, but he respected those in the hell expedition. He couldn't get over the nonsense of Biban, who seemed to deny their hardships.

"I heard that there are many humans who become senile when they get old. This is exactly the case with you. How pitiful your life is for you to grow old with no shame."

"What?"

Biban's eyes widened when he heard the sudden harsh words. In fact, Biban was also dejected in his own way. He had thrown himself into hell with the determination to die for humanity, but he couldn't even properly meet a demonic creature, let alone a demon. The hell he experienced was a surprisingly calm and peaceful world. It was after properly killing the 6th Great Demon, Valefor, who had interfered.

It was because there was no one blocking his path in hell. It was natural. For the demons and demonic creatures of hell, the Sword Saint was one of the few objects of fear. Wasn't Biban the teacher of Muller? The demons heard rumors that he killed Valefor and deliberately avoided him. They ran away with the thought that they would die as soon as they encountered him.

This was why Biban wandered around without meeting demons. After overcoming one crisis, he only enjoyed peace and had no choice but to misunderstand hell. Of course, he would've doubted the situation if he was a person capable of normal things, but there were some flaws in Biban's wisdom.

"Now I can see that you are a half-draconian. Your founder and I are in the same hierarchy, but you don't recognize people and are presumptuous. Even if you have the madness that resembles your founder, you are definitely crazy."

"Do you know who my founder is to talk nonsense like this? He is the evil dragon, Bunhelier. Don't you dare insult him. He is wicked, but he isn't as crazy as you."

It was an explosive situation. It was while they were returning home in glory. As people warmly welcomed and cheered for the hell expedition that returned unharmed, the two Absolutes cooled the atmosphere. That's right. From the perspective of the general public, Biban and Bunsdel were Absolutes. They were god-like beings who could kill or save a person with a single, careless gesture. Many people wouldn't be able to bear it if they fought in the middle of the city.

"I beg you, please calm down the Sword Saint..." Lauel politely requested of the tower member near him. It was the 6th Seat. It was the fighter, Ken, who had the most aggressiveness among the tower members.

"Why? All those who have inherited Bunhelier's blood deserve to die anyway."

"Not necessarily..."

"Huh? What is that on your wrist? Why do traces of a dragon repeatedly appear and disappear?"

"Ah, that is the black flame dragon that is sealed in my soul..."

"I need to interrogate you."

"Wait. Wait a moment. I was joking."

The people enthusiastically cheering for the return of the heroes, Biban and Bunsdel who were ready to fight right away, Nefelina who was terrified for some reason, the frightened Lael, Jurene who absurdly appeared with great demons, the dozens of memphis that Betty brought with her, etc.

The scene was a mess. It didn't calm down at all and the commotion only grew. It wasn't much different from when the Asura Road was opened. Just then—

Kuwooooh!

A huge shadow appeared over Reinhardt. It was the shadow of a black dragon.

"Waaahhhhhhh!"

It was finally the return of the protagonist. The people who had witnessed the performance of Grid and Bunhelier from the surface cheered and welcomed them. So much blind faith and affection poured out that it was reminiscent of a gathering of fanatics.

The wide-eyed expedition members were dumbfounded. They suffered from the hell penalty of being unable to communicate across a distance, so they weren't exposed to Grid's epic. Their position was different from Grid, the protagonist of the epic.

"Bunhelier...!"

Apart from Fronzaltz, the other tower members screamed and took a battle stance. Somehow, the great demons who stood by Jurene's side also prepared to fight in response to Jurene's will. They had trembling expressions on their faces, but they couldn't refuse.

"Calm down." Fronzaltz, the highest ranked tower member with the exception of Hayate—thanks to God's Circle, he denied some of Baal's laws and was exposed to Grid's epic. Therefore, he tried to calm down the tower members. It was just that they couldn't be easily calmed down.

It was the appearance of an old dragon. It was also the old dragon Bunhelier, who was considered the second most dangerous after Nevartan. Bunhelier's atrocities were famous among the tower members. He wasn't communicative like the gourmet dragon, nor did he value his dignity like the fire dragon. He was no different from the insane dragon.

"Founder...! Our founder has appeared to punish the ignorant!"

Bunsdel was trembling. Who in the history of the half-draconians had faced their founder? Based on what Bunsdel knew, they were the first. He was greatly moved by the sight of the founder who appeared the moment the madman insulted the half-draconians. However, this only lasted a moment.

'Will he harm human beings?'

A moment later, Bunsdel's face turned white as he remembered that Reinhardt would become a sea of fire and the Overgeared Empire would perish in history. He didn't want to see the people he had defended die. He was also afraid of the Overgeared God's rage. Confusion grew inside Bunsdel.

Then Prime Minister Lael suddenly fell to his knees and bowed his head while hundreds of knights raised their swords in unison. The people and soldiers who filled the city bowed in a near-fierce manner. It was like they were receiving the Overgeared God.

It was understandable. They saw a great dragon. Bunsdel was both proud and concerned about the response from the humans.

'Please think of them in a good manner....?' Bunsdel was bowing his head in a prayer when he stopped.

In the solemn atmosphere, the murmurs of the tower members were growing louder. Bunsdel and the tower members had to see it. The person riding on the neck of Bunhelier, who was gradually getting closer.

It was Grid.

"....."

Bunsdel was shocked in many ways and literally fainted. The half-draconians rushed to him and wrapped around him to support him, but they were one step late. Everyone witnessed the ugliness of the king of the half-draconians fainting with a foaming mouth. Even so, few people cared.

It was because everyone's attention was focused on the Crazy God and Crazy Dragon. There was no way their attention would be distracted just because the king of the half-draconians showed an ugly appearance.

"Now he is riding an old dragon..."

"It is also Bunhelier."

The tower members grasped the situation and laughed. Their gaze toward Grid resembled when they looked at Hayate. Their eyes were filled with infinite respect. Age wasn't an important concept when it came to respecting someone.

A very warm atmosphere was being created.

"T-Traitor!" Then Nefelina shouted with her small fists clenched. There was resentment in her voice.

It was a natural reaction. To her, Bunhelier was the enemy who made her father insane. From the moment she was born, her purpose was to kill Bunhelier. Yet Grid, who was believed to be her only companion, returned while riding on Bunhelier's neck. An overwhelming sense of sadness and betrayal came over her...

Her mind was so dizzy that her vision became hazy.

"....."

People looked at Nefelina with bewildered expressions. It was shocking to see a hatchling shed tears like chicken poop. There were many people who sighed with pity at the sight of the big, round eyes filled with tears. It was because Nefelina's appearance was that of a small, cute girl.

Now most people knew who she was, but they still dared to feel sorry for her.

"Nefelina, you misunderstood."

Grid jumped down from Bunhelier's neck, approached Nefelina, and comforted her.

“It is true that I worked together with Bunhelier, but we didn’t become friends. So let’s kill him together later. Yes?”

“Kuek... Uwaah!”

Was she relieved? Nefelina lost her dignity and started to cry as she hugged Grid tightly. It was definitely a father-daughter relationship.

As people were feeling moved by the friendship that transcended species, Bunhelier’s expression had become rotten.

[As expected, I have to kill everyone here...]

This was Bunhelier, who felt the need to wipe out humanity. Yet a death notice was issued in his presence. The existence of the tower members also offended him. Initially, the cooperative relationship with Grid was temporary. At this point, he felt it was right to kill them all.

[.....!]

Bunhelier was alone in the midst of humans when his expression suddenly hardened. It was because he read the form of the still weak magic power contained in Nefelina’s heart.

[You—Nevartan’s child...?]

It happened at the same time as his realization...

Bunhelier spread out his wings and hurriedly flew up.

Flash!

Just then, a light that appeared in the distance caught the attention of the people. Some transcendents noticed the wavelengths that the light produced. They felt the shockwaves that shook the clear sky, which regained its blueness after the hell moon disappeared, drawing nearer.

“A Breath...!”

The tower members had a lot of experience fighting dragons. They soon felt the presence of the Breath and dispersed. Yet along the way, they changed their behavior. It was because they remembered the faces of the countless people at the scene. In the end, they changed their direction and ran toward the Breath.

All the magic that existed in the world was unfolded throughout Reinhardt. They were the magics that the tower members cast to stop the Breath and the magic that the apostles and Overgeared members cast to protect the people.

[Insane Dragon Nevartan has appeared!]

It was the worst case scenario.

The faces of the tower members paled. They had just returned from hell and were in an exhausted state. There was no one who wasn’t nervous about an enemy that was difficult to deal with appearing at this time.

Grid's tension was the greatest. The person who consumed the most strength was none other than Grid.

In the midst of the turmoil—

“Father!” Nefelina screamed.

The body of a giant dragon that was bigger than Bunhelier appeared there.

#### **Chapter 1674**

People didn't know much about dragons. They couldn't afford to study and understand the transcendent species that could destroy human civilization with a single flap of their wings. This had a huge impact on players as well. The information about dragons depicted in literature and quests that players could access was limited.

However, everyone knew about the Insane Dragon. An incredibly ferocious and powerful dragon. In other words, it was the Insane Dragon Nevartan who made up the image of a dragon that was passed down to people.

Nevartan's recognition was unique among the dragons. Neither the Fire Dragon Trauka, who occupied the dwarf city of Talima, nor the Gourmet Dragon Raiders, who was known to enjoy human food, were Nevartan's opponents in terms of awareness.

It was because Nevartan's activity level was the highest among the dragons. It was only a few activities in a hundred years, but it was many times more than other dragons. He caused all types of incidents, but the content was inconsistent. In some cases, the people at the scene weren't all wiped out. This was the reason why many dragon records, which were only a few in human history, used Nevartan as the main protagonist.

“This... what should we do...?”

The hundreds of thousands of people who gathered to welcome the return of the heroes all panicked in unison. Apart from a very small number of people, they couldn't keep their sanity. The madness was contagious.

People started to mistake their colleagues, friends, and family as the demons and monsters they feared and attacked them. If it hadn't been for Sariel hurriedly scattering their divinity to calm them down, an unprecedented situation would've occurred where fratricide would cause the capital to collapse.

‘What is his condition?’

Grid quickly searched Nevartan's large body, which seemed to overlap with the distant hills. He recalled the fact that Bunhelier was seriously injured when he fell to hell. It was right after Bunhelier had fought against Nevartan. Based on the fact that Bunhelier's condition was much worse than it seemed, there was no way Nevartan could be fine. Both sides must've been seriously injured in the aftermath of the battle.

“...He is fine?”

Grid was so flustered that he let out a shrill noise. Contrary to his expectations, he couldn't find any wounds on Nevartan. He almost wanted to argue with Bunhelier. Grid turned his head to the other side and found Bunhelier, who had become just a dot.

Did Bunhelier feel the gaze? Bunhelier's voice was directly transmitted to Grid's mind.

[What?]

It was an imposing attitude like he felt no shame at all.

Grid couldn't reveal his feelings to Bunhelier, who questioned him. The one in the unfortunate position now was Grid.

"Great old dragon, Bunhelier! I need your help!" Grid's voice rang out loudly. He had obtained the reward for the 20th epic he wrote in hell and his status had risen by a huge four levels. Grid, who had risen in status to a level comparable to when he was riding a top dragon, praised Bunhelier in front of the humans who served him and asked for help. It was even next to the Overgeared World. He had qualifications of the chief god.

The aftermath was great.

Bunhelier trembled. He felt the sensation of his status rising a level, just like when he absorbed the demonic energy of hell and became an Evil Dragon. Of course, from Bunhelier's perspective, it was a reward he deserved. How hard had he struggled in hell with this human on his back?

[You are crazy.]

They were words that Bunhelier had heard the most in his life. He never thought he would be saying this to someone else. Bunhelier frowned at the emotion he felt and blamed Grid.

[Asking for help when you just announced that you would kill me? Do you have no such thing as shame?]

"....."

[In the first place, I have no reason to help you. Keep in mind that our alliance was only temporary.]

The flapping of Bunhelier's wings didn't stop as he snorted. He moved away in real time. He didn't use any magic like teleportation. He wanted to avoid grabbing Nevartan's attention.

'I am lucky. I can't miss this opportunity.'

It was shortly after arriving on the surface. Bunhelier was stunned when he felt Nevartan's presence rapidly approaching. He, who had existed since the beginning, had to face the crisis of death three times in one day. It was once to Nevartan, once to Baal, and once to Nevartan again. He felt more skeptical than ashamed. He was naturally afraid at the thought of losing the eternity he had enjoyed.

Nevertheless, he survived. To be exact, he was saved.

'He became distracted after knowing about his child.'



Nevartan's child. A dark smile spread across Bunhelier's face. It was because he thought he had great luck in exchange for losing his honor. The luck naturally referred to Nefelina.

'A child... it is a child. There must be plenty of ways to take advantage of it.'

Nevartan's mind inherently fluctuated. He was always crazy, but there were occasionally times when he overcame it and became sane. Was it a coincidence that he came to his senses the moment he met his daughter? There was no way. The affection he had for his daughter was real.

It happened at the time when Bunhelier's evil smile was growing deeper...

"Isn't this a chance for you?"

[.....!]

The flapping of Bunhelier's wings stopped. It was to avoid being swept away by the wavelengths that occurred right in front of him. The gray light that rose like a haze gradually became solid. It took the shape of a sword. It was a sword imbued with the will to kill a dragon.

[Dragon Slayer 'Hayate' has appeared.]

"Why don't we join forces to seal Nevartan?"

He didn't say to kill. He avoided empty words as much as possible. He showed his sanity in order to persuade Bunhelier. Bunhelier's breathing became rough.

[Judging from your attitude, it seems that the time has come for the world to perish. A Dragon Slayer is asking the dragon to cooperate? The one who was hiding not long ago isn't ashamed and is able to act proud...]

"I gained courage from Grid. Additionally, Grid is here as well."

[.....]

"You can't be unaware that this is a chance that will never come again."

The Tower of Wisdom tried to curb the proliferation of the insane dragon iron. It was because they were wary of situations that would happen when the Insane Dragon's energy was revealed to the world.

Nevartan was a common target of the old dragons and they were attracted by the energy of the Insane Dragon. The longer Nevartan was active, the more likely it was that a war of dragons would take place. This would result in a disaster of continental proportions.

The Insane Dragon... it was right to return him to his lair as soon as possible. It was especially noteworthy that he was still unharmed even though he had often been attacked over the past several hundred years.

'Nevartan must be the strongest among the old dragons.'

This was how he ended up unharmed. Now that Nefelina was drawing his attention, it was an opportunity.

Was it due to a desire to recreate a dragon's death throes? The Dragon Killing Sword was crying out viciously. Bunhelier stared at it in disgust and quickly shook his head.

[It can't be done.]

".....?"

It was an unexpected answer. Wasn't it Bunhelier, not anyone else, who most wanted Nevartan to be sealed? It was Bunhelier who drove Nevartan to hell and drove him insane. Based on this grudge, he was chased by Nevartan for hundreds of years.

Then why was he rejecting this great opportunity? The reason was simple.

[I don't want to admit it, but that guy's level is a bit higher than mine. The difference is like a sheet of paper. It was because of the black dragon's innate power that uses all attributes skillfully and uses it as the law. Even the madness is accepted as a power. He is a very cunning guy.]

A berserker—Nevartan became stronger the more he was hurt and he recovered faster. It was a structure where he was forced to suffer damage when fighting. The one who was already superior had evolved even further...

[Besides, he doesn't have any appreciation for the arts, just like most dragons. It means he is very different from me, who silently watches your cute actions and enjoys it as a joke.]

Cute actions? Joke? Wasn't it pretty desperate to put it this way?

Bunhelier swung his tail at Hayate, who was feeling puzzled as he recalled the moment he fought against Bunhelier

[Get lost.]

"....."

Hayate's well-groomed eyebrows twitched slightly. It was because Bunhelier's tail literally pushed him away. It was a far cry from a murderous attack. It wasn't something that the Evil Dragon Hayate had seen and heard about would do. He couldn't believe it even after experiencing it himself.

"Was the time you spent with Grid special to you?"

Hayate noticed the change in Bunhelier. The realization that he had been used by Baal would've played a major role. The experience of him and Grid relying on each other while feeling a sense of crisis about how to survive this difficult world must've been great learning.

[.....]

Bunhelier made a subtle expression. In fact, he was just tired. He wanted to get away from Nevartan and take a break. However, this made Hayate misunderstand him. He judged that this was the only way he could quickly leave this place without having to collide with Hayate.

It was as expected.

Flap.

Hayate no longer stopped Bunhelier's flapping wings. He was a hero who tried to protect even one more person, so struggling to win the favor of an Evil Dragon was like grasping at a straw.

Bunhelier wanted to laugh at Hayate but for some reason, laughter didn't come out. He quietly left the scene.

"....."

Hayate's attention focused on the ground after Bunhelier left. Nevartan's condition wasn't like his usual self. The time he stayed sane was much longer than expected.

\*\*\*

It happened as Hayate was trying to persuade Bunhelier after sensing the appearance of the old dragon...

"Father..."

On the ground, Nefelina and Nevartan were enjoying their reunion. In fact, it was too subtle to express it as a reunion. The Nefelina that Nevartan remembered was an egg that had yet to hatch. To be honest, the father and daughter met for the first time today. However, Nevartan recognized instantly that Nefelina was his own flesh and blood.

[Poriororderporonopitonojiodebe.]

".....!"

".....!"

The people who were watching their situation held their breaths. Nevartan didn't show any signs of aggression after shooting the Breath when he appeared. However, people didn't forget that he was insane. They were wary after he chanted a strange spell and prepared a defensive posture.

It was the same with Grid. He ran straight to Irene and wrapped himself around her.

Toddle.

Then a life-sized kid wearing sunglasses made of ether came forward. It was the king of the evil eyes. "As expected of the one who reigns supreme even among dragons, you learn the principles of the world as soon as you are born. Do you know me, an evil eye?"

"....."

Grid stiffened as he took back the barrier he made with the God Hands.

Poriororderporonopitonojiodebe—he remembered that it wasn't some spell, but the name of the evil eyes king. It was a name he hadn't heard in a few years, so he had forgotten about it.

...To be more precise, he didn't forget it. It was that he didn't remember it in the first place. His name that appeared in the status window of the evil eyes king was 'king of the evil eyes.' The real name was missing due to the limit on the number of characters in the name field.

Grid only heard the name when the king of the evil eyes first introduced himself and at that time, Grid didn't have a very good memory. Thus, he couldn't remember the name in the first place. He usually used the words 'hey' or 'friend' rather than the name, so he had less chances to remember...

"You just have to remember it from now on."

Irene said with a smile after reading Grid's uncomfortable expression and understanding the situation. She held Grid's hand tightly as if comforting him not to be so disappointed, but her fingertips were trembling slightly. She tried not to show it, but unfortunately, she couldn't fool Grid's senses.

Grid gently wrapped his hand over her little hand. He adored her strong heart that pretended to be fine in order to reassure the people. The conversation between Nevartan and the evil eyes king was continuing.

[I have watched from afar as you searched for my egg.]

"...Why did you keep me alive?"

[I knew your purpose. I thought you were the right people to protect my egg and I was right.]

Nevartan slowly raised his arm. A long, large finger, that was around the same size as two spires of the Overgeared Castle put together, was carefully placed on top of Nefelina's small head.

[I'm glad you hatched safely.]

"Father..."

[I don't like this name because I feel a sense of distance. Call me Papa.]

"P-Papa..." Nefelina's tears finally flowed down like a waterfall. Contrary to her worries, the father she had long imagined was kind and warm, so she was happy. There were many things she wanted to say. She wanted this moment to last forever. However, reality was cruel. Nevartan immediately prepared for the goodbye.

[Beware of Trauka. Unlike Bunhelier, he isn't stupid and he is also very obsessed with power. The moment you become an adult dragon, he will try to eat you. Try to hunt before that.]

A voice as warm as Sariel's divinity spread throughout Reinhardt. The appearance of a father caring for his daughter. The position of the father, who was forced to leave soon due to his madness, made people's eyes redden.

[It isn't easy to keep you by my side, so you must be careful with yourself.]

"Yes..."

[But there must be limits. Unfortunately, you aren't likely to lay my eggs. If I think you are really in danger, I will eat you before you become an adult dragon. Until that day comes, try to increase your strength as much as possible so that there is less inferiority.]

"...???"

"...???"

This was a bit...

Did they hear it incorrectly? People doubted their ears.

Meanwhile, Nefelina wasn't flustered at all. She slowly nodded like she had foreseen it. "I understand. If that is for the best. I will work hard."

[Yes, that is good. I love you.]

Nevartan's giant claws stroked his daughter's head again. However, Nefelina could no longer smile. Then a dark shadow fell on the little girl's face. There was a hand pulling at her.

"Stop the nonsense."

It was naturally Grid's hand.

[You...]

Nevartan looked at Grid for the first time and responded like it was difficult to understand.

[Why are you intervening?]

"It is a family matter."

[Family...? My daughter? Ahh, are you dreaming of being the founder of a new species, like the human females who were with Bunhelier? Forget it. The dragon god species is an inferior product that isn't much different from the half-draconians. Besides, my daughter won't have any reproductive capacity until she becomes an adult.]

Don't listen.

Grid whispered and blocked Nefelina's ears with both hands while staring at Nevartan.

"Are you saying this because you are crazy?" he asked in a cold voice. It was while pondering on Braham's words that there was a chance of winning if he lured Nevartan to the Overgeared World.

Nevartan's golden eyes slowly darkened.

[My dear daughter. Stay as far away as you can. I wasted my time on a fool and my madness is about to take over. It seems that this place will disappear today.]

The death sentence was dropped.

## **Chapter 1675**

It was a touching father-daughter reunion. The sight of Nefelina crying emotionally at the sight of her father made Grid's nose feel clogged.

Nevartan's will to overcome his madness for a while also made Grid become solemn. A curse placed through the cooperation between the Absolute of hell and the heavenly gods. He overcame the most powerful curse in the world with his determination to talk to his daughter. It was the willpower of a father that deserved to be respected by everyone.

That's right—Grid clearly felt the love and affection between blood and flesh. He forgot about the precarious situation for a moment and cheered for Nefelina with a happy heart.

Thus, he tried not to see it. The desire that slowly filled Nevartan's eyes as he scanned his daughter.

Grid pretended not to hear. The sophistry of eating his daughter, who was unable to bear his eggs.

Grid believed it wasn't sincere. Wasn't this right after showing true affection? He thought that Nevartan was affected by the madness and was speaking nonsense against his will. Then Grid saw Nefelina's expression and was forced to admit it. Nevartan hadn't fallen to madness yet. He was uttering disgusting nonsense with a normal mind.

Grid felt a boiling rage. Of course, he didn't show it outwardly. He was reminded that dragons were a different species from humans. He tried to understand because he knew that the common sense and morality of humans shouldn't be enforced on them.

He realized that provoking Nevartan would endanger tens of millions of people and their loved ones. He even considered the fact that he wasn't confident what Nefelina would face hundreds of years in the future. It meant he was thinking very realistically.

"Stop the nonsense." However, he couldn't stand it. He pulled Nefelina to his side because she looked so sad and distressed.

Grid remembered. Nefelina had lived with humans from the moment she was born. It wasn't just him. Irene and Lord also treated her as family. The Overgeared members were her friends. A dragon's standards shouldn't be placed on her.

Would she suffer pain in the future that would come hundreds of years from now? Was it at a time when he didn't exist? This didn't give him a reason to turn away from her. He felt a duty to take responsibility for her to the end since she lived a human life because of him. Additionally—

-How long are you going to just watch? Why don't you try to win when there is a chance?

Braham was urging him to kill a dragon. The Overgeared World was located in the heart of Reinhardt—in that place, Grid and the apostles were rapidly strengthened. It might be a bit inferior to Baal, who showed off his invincible majesty in hell, but there were also the tower members here.

-Make the tower members your believers. If you make them inhabitants of the Overgeared World and you fight together, killing a dragon isn't a dream...

Braham's eyes as he persuaded Grid again were filled with anger rather than the desire to kill a dragon. Before he met Grid, the only one he loved and admired in the world was his mother, Beriache. Therefore, he understood and sympathized with Nefelina's pain. It was because he also had the experience of being abandoned by his mother. Of course, she had good reasons behind her abandonment. He was exiled due to the tragedy of killing his kin.

On the other hand, Nefelina did nothing wrong. She was forced to make sacrifices simply because she was a child. The heart that dreamed about revenge for her father was thoroughly trampled on. She was miserable.

For the first time, Braham felt pity for the hatchling who only ate all the time.

[It seems that this place will disappear today.]

Nevartan looked at Grid's provocative gaze like it was hard to understand, before suddenly making this declaration.

The heart of the empire—it was a declaration that he would destroy this place full of the history and connections that Grid had built up.

Grid shouted, "You don't understand Nefelina's feelings!"

[Understanding my child's feelings? It is an unnecessary act. I gave birth to that child, so she belongs to me. It is my right to treat her according to my will.]

"What is the difference from parents who ignore their children's dreams and only let them study?!"

Did South Korea still have such an environment these days?

Some players clicked their tongues while Nevartan's golden eyes quickly became black. The focus disappeared. At first glance, it was like a gaping hole. No sign of intelligence could be seen in it. It was tainted with complete madness.

"Now." Braham gave a signal. He added his characteristic arrogant expression that made it seem easy to lure someone with no sense of reason.

Nevartan's giant hand struck at Grid. It didn't contain anything special. It was close to an action of simply dealing with an annoying bug. However, it was insanely fast.

Grid barely responded by using all his buff skills and crossing the dragon weapons in front of him. He faced Nevartan's hand without avoiding it. There was no way to avoid it. There were still countless people behind him. The Overgeared members and knights hadn't finished evacuating all the people.

"Ah...!" Screams burst out from everywhere. It was because they vaguely witnessed the bizarre bending of Grid's waist. The moment he confronted the dragon's hand with his swords, the back of his head was almost touching the ground. They wondered if he would die with his body folded back. This was what he showed when he fought Baal.

People sensed Grid's crisis.

"Uh..? Uhh?"

It was different for the people who stood behind Grid. Thousands of people clearly witnessed it. It was the sight of Nevartan's hand slowly being pushed back without crushing Grid.

"...Ohhhhh!" Grid's shout of concentration grew louder and Nevartan's hand moved away from the ground. The two dragon weapons were enduring the strength and weight of Nevartan's hand and pushing it away.

[Power of Not Knowing Defeat]

He wasn't aided by Saleos' power. He couldn't win against the top three great demons, gods, and dragons with Saleos' power. It would be a tie at best. The force that was currently sustaining Grid was the reward for writing the 20th epic.

[God has proven that he is unbreakable.]

Grid couldn't withstand the power of the demonic sword wielded by Baal. Every time he exchanged a blow with Baal, he groaned as his arms bent or his back was heavily bent back. Baal's sword would eventually crush Grid along with his sword and armor and Grid looked as precarious as a flower.

People thought that Grid would break, but he never broke. He gritted his teeth and held on. In the end, he wasn't defeated by Baal. The narrative of that time, which was witnessed by all, sustained the present Grid.

Grid wasn't broken. He stood up to an overwhelmingly immense force and wasn't crushed by it. Such a law was established. It was a law made by one passage of the epic.

In the end, Grid completely shook off Nevartan's hand and leaped forward. He headed toward the Overgeared World.

Kurarararara!

Nevartan chased after him while shooting a Breath. The Breath's shockwave ruined the city's buildings. Fortunately, the buildings were empty. Everyone had gathered in the square to welcome the returning heroes. The collapsed buildings were immediately restored by Garion.

Grid used Shunpo and immediately rushed into the Overgeared World. At the same time, the Breath hit him. The Breath's speed caught up with the speed of Shunpo.

"Grid!!"

"Your Majesty!"

Those who witnessed Grid being swept away by the Breath screamed. Most people imagined Grid turning into ashes. However, Grid stood intact in the place where the Breath passed through. Only a few drops of dark red blood poured out. Serious injuries such as the loss of certain body parts were avoided.

Things were different now compared to when he lost his arm in the aftermath of Cranbel's Breath. Grid was currently armed with the dragon armor. After writing the 20th epic, he became a lot stronger than before. Additionally, Nevartan didn't use Dragon Words. Behind Cranbel's Breath seriously injuring Grid was the power of Dragon Words. Grid was under great pressure at the time and had all his stats reduced by nearly half.

On the other hand, he wasn't influenced by Dragon Words when he was hit by Bunhelier's Breath in hell or at this moment. He survived because he endured the Breath without being under a weakening effect.

'A being who moves by instinct can't use Dragon Words.'

The Insane Dragon—Nevartan was crazy. Rational judgment was impossible. The fact that he followed Grid without delay proved it. This guy entered the Overgeared World on his own. He entered the divine world and wasn't much different from Martial God Zeratul, who descended to the surface and suffered humiliation.

"It is absolutely a lizard."



Braham, who had already arrived in the Overgeared World, performed the magic he had prepared. It was magic that was unfolded with purple magic power. Magic power with the power of a mental image aimed at a being who could naturally resist magic.

The spear of light that was created was so huge and sharp that it pierced Nevartan's body diagonally. Nevartan stiffened for a moment and coughed up blood. Then a meteorite fell toward Nevartan's head. All types of great magics were linked together without a time difference.

The title of the 20th epic was 'Hell.' Just like Grid, the narrative of the apostles who were active in hell was also recorded in the epic. The 20th epic was a means of strengthening not only Grid, but also his apostles. It was easy to understand if one thought of Hayate, who was included in Grid's epic and regained his full skills.

"Decoy."

Nevartan was angered after being successively hit by magic and his wrath turned in the wrong direction. He was deceived by the clones created with Braham's magic power and shot Breaths at them. The Breath's momentum was weaker than before. Even if he was an old dragon, he couldn't quickly adapt to the environment of the divine world that was born not long ago.

On the other hand, Braham's magic was far more complete than when he used it outside the Overgeared World. The clones created by his magic power had the same characteristics as Braham and Grid. It was enough to trick this insane lizard.

"G-Grid...!"

Nefelina had an anxious expression as she chased after them to the Overgeared World. There was no certainty in the voice that was calling Grid's name. Was it right for Grid to fight her father for her? Everyone was in danger because of her...

Her trembling voice was filled with doubt, anxiety, confusion, and sadness.

"It will be okay," Grid answered with a smile. The sunset divinity that spread throughout the Overgeared World was gathering at the tip of his sword.

-The cooldown time of all skills is removed for the Overgeared God and his subordinate gods within the Overgeared World.

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

It was the dimensional effect of the divine world. It was also an indication that the Asgard conquest was impossible, so he didn't feel very comfortable. Still, in any case, Grid was almost invincible here.

"Serve Dragon Pinnacle Wave Kill Link."

Penetrating head-on.

"Drop Dragon Pinnacle Linked Kill Wave."

Striking down and piercing through.

“Transcend Linked Dragon Pinnacle Kill Wave.”

Creating a new sword dance and striking up. This was possible thanks to the deity gained as a reward for the epic.

“Serve Dragon Pinnacle Wave Kill Link.”

Penetrating again.

“Drop Dragon Pinnacle Linked Kill Wave.”

Pressing down again.

“Transcend Linked Dragon Pinnacle Kill Wave.”

Striking up again.

It couldn't be repeated endlessly. The sword energy that almost seemed infinite due to the fast recovery speed was now quickly depleted. The continuous use of the six fusion sword dance was burdensome.

Kurarararara!

Nevartan didn't lose momentum even though his scales were brutally shattered and his limbs severed. He opened his huge snout and fired a Breath at Grid right in front of him. Grid was slowed down in the aftermath of the depletion of sword energy, but his complexion didn't change. The Dragon Killing Sword that shot up under his feet stopped the Breath.

“I joined the Overgeared God Church.” Hayate stood behind Grid and smiled softly while the apostles and tower members were lined up on his left and right. The protagonists of the 20th epic—they were also residents of the Overgeared World.

## **Chapter 1676**

Grid's status after the 20th epic had risen to a level comparable to when he rode a top dragon. This didn't mean that the need to rely on Dragon Knight was gone. It was because Dragon Knight's strengths weren't just limited to a rise in status. It was an increase in his stats by three times and the implementation of the Breath.

The biggest advantage of Grid riding a dragon was purely the 'getting stronger' part. The current Grid was weak compared to when he fought Baal. He used the immense power of 'skill cooldown time erased' with the effect of the Overgeared World behind him, but the power of each six fusion sword dance was incomparable to when he was riding Bunhelier.

Of course, Grid had performed the six fusion sword dance a total of six times. It was while keeping the Sweet Candy in his mouth. He momentarily demonstrated enough firepower to kill Baal of hell more than once. The problem was that Nevartan's defense and health surpassed Baal's.

The dragons were the ultimate of the giant and transcendent species. The old dragons were the pinnacle of the dragons. Regardless of the power of Absolute Defense, their stats themselves were the strongest in the worldview. The scales on their body mitigated all types of damage. They weren't opponents who could be easily harmed.

It was a completely different case from Bunhelier, who suffered severe internal injuries from Nevartan and was severely restricted against Baal. In fact, Nevartan was hit by the six fusion sword dance and was still unscathed. He restored his severed limbs at a visible speed while swinging his long tail to smash the temples of the Overgeared World.

The deep lake in the center of the Overgeared World repeatedly exposed its bottom again and again in the aftermath of the shock of the Breaths, which were being fired non-stop. The bodies of Grid, the apostles, and the tower members were drenched by the lake water that soared up high and poured down like torrential rain.

It was proof that there was no room to relax. Normally, the apostles and tower members didn't get wet even if they were in the middle of a rainstorm or a blizzard. It was virtually impossible for foreign substances to touch them when they freely operated energy and magic power.

However, they couldn't prevent the lake water from splashing and became like wet mice. It was because he was in a hurry to handle Nevartan's attack.

"Kuek...!"

Was it the effect of the insane mental image? Nevartan's Breath was different from that of other dragons. It stretched out in a straight line but repeatedly changed the trajectory along the way. The damage radius was greatly extended when it soared like a spinning wheel or sprayed in all directions. It was correct to express it as crazy beyond the anomalous level.

"Can't you stop his breathing?" Hayate's feet were tied up from trying to cut and stop the Breaths that Nevartan was constantly shooting. He couldn't help asking Biban this question.

Biban cocked his head as he made a huge stone sword by absorbing the fragments of the broken temples to his sword. "Stop his breathing? Nevartan's Breath?"

"Don't let him shoot the Breath."

"Huhu, if I could cut the neck, why would I choose to cut his Breath? It isn't appropriate for you, who is usually very serious, to joke in this situation. Did you become very excited after meeting strong comrades?"

"I see."

Hayate didn't bother to tell the story of Kraugel. It was because it seemed that Biban, who was getting worse due to dementia, would have a reaction that was hard to handle. He felt worried about Biban while missing Kraugel, who had been with him for a short time...

"Nevartan is adapting to the dimension." Mercedes' urgent voice was heard. Her Keen Insight had an accurate grasp of the situation as she relentlessly targeted Nevartan's side.

An old dragon. They were creatures that hunted the celestial gods until the 'convention.' Would it have been possible for them to run wild in Asgard if they were hampered by the dimensional effects? Asgard was a divine world that had existed since the beginning. It was a powerful divine world that was incomparable to the Overgeared World, which was established only recently. After adapting and

resisting Asgard's oppression, the level of the Overgeared World was too weak to forever suppress an old dragon, who had entered like this was his own house.

[The invader 'Nevartan' is destroying the ecosystem of the Overgeared World!]

[Be careful, the Overgeared World might perish!]

Nevartan was threatening beyond adapting to the environment of the Overgeared World. Every time he rampaged and destroyed a temple, the status of the god was dangerously shaken. In particular, the condition of the fishing god Lars was bad. It was the influence of the depth of the lake water becoming shallow as its bottom was revealed again and again.

The weakening of Lars, who had a rare healing ability, hindered the activities of his allies.

"I didn't think it was possible to resist the oppression of the divine world..." Braham frowned.

Hayate, a person who had already reached Braham's goal for a thousand years.

Grid, the strongest in this new era, was acknowledged by such a Hayate.

There was also Zik and Fronzaltz.

There were many strong people here whom Braham was forced to acknowledge. He judged that Nevartan could be destroyed by taking advantage of the dimensional effect of the Overgeared World. It was a misjudgment that happened because he didn't know much about dragons. Nevartan was far more powerful than he expected.

Boooooom!

Braham's body floated in the air. He was hit by the tail that broke through dozens of layers of magic shields and his arms and waist were bent at bizarre angles. His broken ribs dug into his intestines, causing terrible pain.

'Too fast...!'

It was possible for him to sense the crisis based on the divinity and transcendence he accumulated over the years, but it wasn't possible for him to react. He was already hit by the attack the moment he realized that an attack was coming. His immortality would've been consumed immediately if it wasn't for the shields that were deployed all the time.

"Is it to this extent when he is moving according to his instincts?"

Zik flew in while creating runes for recovery, regeneration, and acceleration and supported Braham.

Was it a coincidence? Braham became Nevartan's target as soon as he cast great magic. As a result, he was seriously injured and suffered from a magic power reflux. The timing was too exquisite to be called a coincidence.

".....!"

The surprised Zik left his position. The tail that had passed by after hitting Braham came back and devastated the area. Zik was able to react thanks to the runes of detection, navigation, and acceleration, but his expression was rarely dark.

For a natural hunter, instincts might actually be a blessing. In his opinion, madness wasn't a factor in weakening Nevartan. He didn't think there were any flaws in Nevartan's combat ability now compared to when his mental state was intact.

Fronzaltz said, "It is true that he has been weakened by madness."

He was indeed a wise giant. He read Zik's thoughts based on his expression and reaction.

"The fact that Dragon Words has been sealed is no different from having a limb amputated in human terms."

"Is it to that extent?" A look of surprise appeared on Zik's face. Braham's expression was no different as he hung from Zik's shoulder like a piece of laundry. He realized the greatness of Grid who had fought against dragons. He also gained greater respect for Hayate and the tower members.

At the same time, Grid was aided by Zik and Ken and was approaching Nevartan again. He triggered the Sanctuary of Metal and used the six fusion sword dances in a row. The momentum of lifting and smashing the undulating scales and digging into the thick flesh was fierce.

However, he failed to penetrate Nevartan this time. He was hit in the back by the claw that Nevartan swung and flew toward the canyon he had built in his mental world. He slammed into it and the entire Overgeared World was shaken.

Grid's back as he immediately jumped up again was projected into the eyes of Zik and Braham.

It was an always phenomenal defense.

Grid's voice entered the ears of Zik, who had flown and arrived near Grid. "Thank you for the assistance."

Zik's runes were mostly concentrated on Grid. The dozens of rune words helped Grid by forming sentences of different meanings in real time.

"We can't do it alone," Braham said as he got down from Zik's back.

Grid's expression was uneasy. The faces of the people currently attacking Nevartan along with Grid were all gorgeous. Weren't all the apostles and tower members gathered? Apart from Nefelina, who couldn't come forward hastily, and Hayate, who was concentrating on preventing the Breath, all the others were launching attacks against Nevartan. Yet it wasn't enough? The implications were too great to be accepted smoothly.

Boooooom!

At the same time, a huge sword that was tens of meters in size blocked the flying tail. It was the sword wielded by Biban. It served to offset the weight on the tail. Grid's sword appeared between the fragments of shattered and scattered stones and exploded with a sharp burst of sword light.

Nevartan's tail was cut off. Nevertheless, there wasn't a single person who acted recklessly. They already learned that the fastest regenerating part of a dragon's body was its tail.

Nevartan's tail immediately regenerated and fell toward the heads of the group. At this point, Grid was forced to admit it.

'He keeps getting stronger.'

It wasn't simply due to adapting to the environment of the Overgeared World. Putting aside the status he had lost, Nevartan was gaining dominance in all aspects of attack power, defense, recovery, and resistance.

"Bunhelier's assessment that Nevartan gets stronger the more damage he suffers is an unexaggerated truth."

Hayate aimed for the moment when Nevartan's tail and the Breath's paths overlapped and blocked it. Then he came to Grid's side and said this.

"The apostles and tower members should use their own means to survive."

The reason why Hayate was in charge of Nevartan's Breath was simple. The power of the Breath was too strong. It was difficult to cut or block it unless it was weakened by the Dragon Killing Sword. The other tower members and apostles had to put all their energy into it to handle Nevartan's Breath. It meant the efficiency was poor.

Hayate had wanted the others to destroy Nevartan with Grid while he faced the Breaths. However, he came to the conclusion that it was impossible. If it was like this, there was only one option.

"Overgeared God, cooperate with me."

Hayate's white clothing gradually lengthened. The coat that touched the ankle dragged to the floor like a cloak and fluttered like a veil. The dragon killing sword energy rose to the peak, glowed, and scattered.

Nevartan's consciousness was focused on Hayate.

"Now."

—!

Sound disappeared. The Dragon Killing Sword momentarily reached the speed of light and turned the area into a vacuum.

Grid was crushed by the immense pressure and was flustered. Even so, he gritted his teeth and somehow took a step. It was an effort to respond to the Absolute.

There were multicolored lights scattering in his vision. Nevartan's roar and the Breath he fired and the waves of the Dragon Killing Sword advancing toward him became entangled together and spread out repeatedly.

On the other hand, Grid's orange divinity was weak. It couldn't move forward in a world without sound. It was inferior compared to the Absolute. It was a world he hadn't reached yet.

Grid was feeling bitter as he had to admit this, only for his feet to step on something hard and squishy. It was Nefelina's back after she released Polymorph. A young dragon dozens of times smaller than her father predicted the path Grid would take forward and got in his way. It was a miracle that was accomplished after communing as Grid's apostle, friend, and family member.

[I...! I want to live with Grid!!]

Nefelina's cry spread clearly in the world where the sound had disappeared. It was willpower, not a live voice. It was Dragon Words.

[How did a hatchling...?] Nevartan was shocked. His eyes, which were black like there was a hole in them, returned to gold in an instant.

A hatchling used complete Dragon Words. The extraordinary image of his daughter, who overcame limits and achieved transcendence for the first time in dragon history, awakened his consciousness. It might be distorted from a human point of view, but his love for his child was real.

[Your apostle 'Nefelina' has earned the title of 'Transcendent Dragon.']

[Some of the stats of your apostle 'Nefelina' are unlocked.]

[!!! I am going to be with Grid!!!]

She was transcendent because she had lifted her limits. The sight of his still small and feeble, yet dignified daughter made Nevartan smile.

[I'll allow it.]

[You have boarded the transcendent dragon, Nefelina.]

[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 dying orange divinity rose like wildfire. It was the moment when Grid truly stepped into the world of the Absolute.

[Your union.]

".....?!"

Boooooom...

## **Chapter 1677**

From Grid's perspective, Nevartan's position was very ambiguous. He was Nefelina's father. They were forced to be hostile when Nevartan was insane, but Grid felt very reluctant to be hostile when Nevartan was sane. Of course, it was true that he didn't like Nevartan's way of treating Nefelina.

However, it was a priority to have a conversation. Humans and dragons were different from their species. Effort was needed in order to understand each other.

In the first place, Grid's emotions weren't lacking enough to hurt a father in front of his child. This subtle hesitation—

[I'll allow it. Your union.]

“.....?!”

Nevartan's words maximized it. It was expressed in his sword dance. There was a slight shake in the Drop Dragon Pinnacle Linked Kill Wave sword dance, which had been used to respond to Hayate's rising sword. It was a very small shake. It was at a level that even a passable transcendent wouldn't notice.

Yet Hayate noticed it. The light of the Dragon Killing Sword, which was falling toward the top of Nevartan's head, changed its trajectory and struck Grid's sword.

[The casting of Drop Dragon Pinnacle Linked Kill Wave has been canceled!]

An unchallenged power—the weight of the Dragon Killing Sword weighed down on the two dragon weapons and stopped the progress of the sword dance. The reasons why it was possible—

[The energy of the dragon slayer has greatly weakened the beneficial effects of 'Dragon Knight.']

[The energy of the dragon slayer has greatly weakened the power of 'Gujel's Fang' and 'Cranbel's Horn.']

[The energy of the dragon slayer has impaired the performance of 'Fire Dragon Ifrit's Arm,' 'Fire Dragon Ifrit's Shoulder,' 'Cloaked Dragon Cranbel's Pelvis,' and 'Cloaked Dragon Cranbel's Head.']

It was because of the power of the Absolute walking the opposite path to Grid, who interacted with dragons. Dark red blood flowed down the corners of Grid and Hayate's mouths. Hayate abruptly changed the trajectory of the Dragon Killing Sword while Grid failed to trigger the sword dance due to physical force. They both suffered serious internal injuries.

Hayate told the startled Grid, “Don't do anything you will regret.”

Hayate's clear blue eyes captured the image of Grid and Nefelina together. He was convinced that the bond between the two of them would last forever.

“I understand your position.”

“Hayate...” Grid was greatly thrilled. Hayate had always been like this since the moment they first met. He always understood and cared for Grid. The surface could be so peaceful because the only Absolute of humanity was such a person. Hayate was clearly good.

Grid was once again convinced while Hayate reacted in an embarrassed manner. “It is embarrassing. I also don't want to have a bad relationship with Nevartan.”

Hayate also couldn't define Nevartan as an enemy with certainty. Before he was called an Insane Dragon—

Nevartan hadn't experienced madness and he lived a much quieter life compared to the other old dragons. Even after he became an Insane Dragon, it was rare for him to recklessly harm humanity and he always left behind numerous witnesses. This was why most of the literature related to dragons was about Nevartan. It might be a favor out of indifference, but it still couldn't be ignored.



[...It would've been quite dangerous.] Nevartan, whose head was tilted due to the shockwave caused by the collision between the Dragon Killing Sword and the sword dance, straightened his head and spoke. He felt the energy of the dragon slayer disrupting the binding of his scales and the circulation of magic power. Nevartan readily admitted that he would've suffered quite a bit of damage if he was stabbed by the Dragon Killing Sword and was hit by Grid's sword dance while his weaknesses were exposed.

[Good. At this point, you deserve to be with my daughter.]

Nevartan was wary of the madness that he didn't know when it might come back. He immediately turned around and flew high into the sky. It seemed like he was about to fly into space. He flew so far away he became a dot in an instant. Grid shouted after him, "Nevartan! I know how to fix your madness!"

[A method? I also know a method. However, who in the world can ask for her cooperation? It is futile. I hope you will be eager to cherish and love my daughter.]

Nevartan didn't delay for a moment. He said goodbye in a subtly softened tone and disappeared. Grid understood Nevartan's position while feeling great regret. How could they afford to have a conversation when it wasn't known when Nevartan's madness would strike again? What if they delayed time and there was an irreversible situation? Who would be held accountable?

The only thing that bothered Grid was that Nevartan didn't say goodbye to Nefelina in the end. He was afraid that Nefelina would be sad.

[Goodbye, Father.]

"....."

The worried Grid started grinning. Then he heard Nefelina's surprisingly bright voice and realized it.

'I hope you will be eager to cherish and love my daughter.'

Nevartan had already conveyed his feelings to his daughter. He loved her and wished for her to be happy. It was definitely communicated to Nefelina.

"You will be able to meet again someday. Until then, I am your father." Grid patted Nefelina on the head. He thought that the round back of her head was cute even when she returned to her main body. Then he called up the list of quests currently in progress.

[Marie Rose's Blood]

[★ Hidden Quest ★]

Get the blood of Marie Rose, the vampire duke, and give it as a transfusion to Nevartan, the insane dragon.

Quest Clearance Reward: Nevartan's madness is cured. Affinity with Nevartan will increase.]

It was a quest he got for satisfying the Gourmet Dragon Raiders. At that time, he only felt helpless about how to obtain Marie Rose's blood. Even if he gained the blood, he wasn't sure how to transfuse it to

Nevartan. This was no longer the case. He was still afraid of Marie Rose, but it was no longer an unrealistic quest.

‘Come to think of it, did Raiders want to help Nevartan?’

The maniac who took the world tree, the elves’ parent, as gourmet food in front of the elves. Grid didn’t like Raiders, who wanted to destroy the Hilgram family, who had been making food for him for a thousand years, simply because he was tired of the taste. He even wondered about the difference between this guy and the Evil Dragon p.

Then he realized it after meeting several dragons. Raiders was a really gentle dragon. He seemed subtly on the good (?) side based on human standards. It seemed rather natural for Raiders to show a favorable attitude toward his kin.

[Father...?] Grid suddenly came to his senses. It was because he heard Nefelina’s murmur. [W-We need to unite. Isn’t this pretty uncomfortable by human standards...?]

“What?”

[H-Huh? I-If you don’t mind, then I’m okay with it.]

“.....? Yes, I’m glad you’re okay.”

The conversation between Grid and Nefelina was subtly misaligned. It was because they interpreted the meaning of ‘union’ differently. However, Grid failed to notice anything particularly strange. The situation itself was joyful and exciting. He was worried that Nefelina would be disappointed after finally meeting her father, but everything went well.

She gained peace of mind by confirming her father’s love and would grow into a much better dragon in the future. In fact, she got the title of transcendent dragon.

‘It is unfortunate that it isn’t Overgeared dragon, but it can’t be helped.’

In any case, he would be able to ride Nefelina in the future. He could enjoy the Dragon Knight effect at any time. It happened as Grid was feeling a huge amount of joy comparable to when he became myth rated...

[The stamina of transcendent dragon ‘Nefelina’ is at the limit.]

[Nefelina can no longer carry you.]

[Nefelina needs plenty of rest.]

“.....??”

Nefelina’s large eyes suddenly turned into an X shape and her body drooped. Thanks to this, Grid fell off her back and started to fall to the ground.

‘Is this real?’

Only one minute—the time Nefelina could transcend a hatchling’s limits and carry Grid was only 60 seconds.

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“What type of compact car has a bad fuel economy?”

Grid had bought a luxury sports sedan for his first car and he had never driven a compact car. Thus, he complained based on prejudice.

“Grid, sometimes you say things that are hard to understand.”

“S-Sorry, I was talking to myself.”

Grid smiled awkwardly and Nefelina looked at him curiously. The tower members and apostles approached the duo, who had made an incredible achievement.

"Good work."

“You made even the Insane Dragon retreat...”

They all had strange expressions. They were reactions that seemed to have gone beyond the level of admiration or astonishment and were more like they had seen something bizarre. It wasn't much different from when they first saw Hayate. They noticed that Grid had risen to the rank of an Absolute.

“That... I'm sorry.”

Braham abruptly apologized. His arrogant expression was as usual, but he avoided making eye contact with Grid. It was inconsistent with having a clear conscience. It was natural.

Braham had almost killed everyone. His judgment that there would be a chance of winning if they fought in the Overgeared World was what led to the battle. What if Nevartan hadn't overcome the madness at the end? All of Reinhardt and the Overgeared World would've been in ruins.

Grid took his head as his head was slowly lowering due to being crushed by guilt. “It's fine. I would've fought anyway even if you hadn't persuaded me.”

In fact, there was a high possibility that Grid would've endured it... Putting aside the pitiful Nefelina, Grid was in a position to make composed and wise judgments. However, Braham had trolled more than once or twice. It hurt his mouth to point it out. Braham was already reflecting on himself so Grid could only hope he would be more cautious in the future.

‘I would just be nagging him if I say anything else here.’

In fact, it was shameless to rebuke Braham. It was Grid who decided that Braham's opinion was correct and became determined to fight Nevartan. Shifting the blame onto Braham now would just prove that he had a serious defect in his personality.

“Grid!”

“.....!”

It was after the atmosphere had been cleared. The eyes of Grid's party in the Overgeared World widened. They were impressed by the camp that the Overgeared members put together. The knights led

by Asmophel and the Red Knights, the peasants of Bland, the evil eyes, the magicians and UI Clan of the magic tower, and the tens of thousands of troops lined up with the Overgeared Guild as the leaders.

Fronzaltz admired the Breaking Evil Arrows that embroidered the sky like starlight.

“The extraordinary thing is their true determination to fight the dragon. Is this the power that one nation can have?”

In terms of armed force alone, it transcended even the heyday of a great nation. Putting aside Grid and the apostles, it wasn’t an exaggeration at all.

Yura, Jishuka, Faker, Chris, Haster, etcetera—there were many legends in the Overgeared Guild. Reinhardt wouldn’t take any damage even if the Yatan Church did the crazy act of summoning a great demon in the middle of Reinhardt. The problem was that even the Yatan Church was mostly friendly to the Overgeared Empire.

The world had changed so much. The people gathered here had changed it.

“Grid, let’s start with the granting of rewards according to merit,” Lauel, who had been staring in the direction where Insane Dragon Nevartan disappeared for a long time with a mesmerized face, belatedly came to his senses and told Grid.

His hands were still shaking. It seemed he thought the empire would be ruined today.

“Yes, let’s change places first. Prepare a banquet.”

The ceremony to grant rewards according to merit ended. The top 30 people in terms of merit at the time that the Asura Road closed were announced and rewarded. It was a large-scale quest with a high difficulty, so all participants benefited from it.

However, people honestly felt it wasn’t enough compared to the hardships they went through. The national treasury played a role in filling that deficiency.

The empire—in other words, Grid had a duty to continue to motivate people. It was because he didn’t want to be alone in this world.

After a while—

“You?”

At the square in front of the Overgeared Castle...

At the scene where hundreds of thousands of people gathered, including spectators, Biban found Kraugel and wondered, “Why are you here?”

Kraugel was sitting where the people who made achievements sat and looked puzzled.

“Why is Sir Biban here...?” Kraugel cocked his head and responded.

The tower members said ‘What reward can we get from our junior?’ and returned to the tower. Biban was the only one who stayed here.

“Hoh... Did I not do anything? In the eyes of the present day Sword Saint, is the Sword Saint of a previous generation a has-been?”

“You are misinterpreting things. Your personality seems to have become even more eccentric.”

The atmosphere gradually became noisy and Grid covered his face.

“Someone should do something about Biban.”

Thousands of stars filled the skies of Reinhardt even though it was still bright daylight. They were the cameras of broadcasting companies from around the world to capture the image of the heroes. It was peace that came after a long time.

## **Chapter 1678**

『 If Grid was from India, he would've been worshiped as a god in the real world. Additionally, the temple that hosts Grid would have a steady stream of tourists. 』

The world's first and the largest public broadcaster in the UK—the main news anchor of the broadcaster, which had built up the best recognition in the world due to its long history and strong public identity, became a hot topic. It was due to the reference of a god in reality in the closing comments of the main news.

It was shortly after a reporter relayed the scene of Reinhardt. He seemed deeply impressed by the performance of Grid, who corrected the order that Baal had broken and calmed the rampage of the Insane Dragon. He criticized South Korea's passive attitude by openly comparing the treatment Grid received in South Korea with the Indian sports star who had become a Hindu god.

The repercussions were huge. Once again, emergency lights were turned on for the South Korean government, who were trying to give a medal to Grid and win the favor of the people.

“Why did Shin Youngwoo go to the army so quickly? I would've given him a military exemption if he hadn't joined the army yet. Tsk tsk.”

“He must be a young man with a great sense of patriotism... Haha, should we build a temple?”

“In South Korea, the government took the initiative to worship an icon? Do you intend to be sworn at by tens of millions of religious people? It might be different if a civic group set it up...”

They were at a loss. Grid's performance in the past few years was incomparable to winning a gold medal in the National Competition. He went beyond simply announcing the name of South Korea to the world. How many times had he protected another world favored by billions of people?

His recognition was unrivaled and no great person in history was comparable to Grid. They wondered if there was a joke that Grid was right after Jesus and Buddha. Every time presidents, prime ministers, and stars from other countries visit South Korea, they earnestly requested to meet Grid.

Grid was the face and the pride of South Korea. He was a tool that the government had to actively use and in order to use him, it was right to give him the proper treatment.

“The medal and foundation named after Shin Youngwoo was created right away. He is also authorized to use the helicopter take-off and landing areas of the government offices at any time... what more than this can we do? What is the gift he desires the most?”

“What about tax exemptions?”

“Give an opinion that the public can understand. Additionally, have you seen his tax records? He is more likely to pay taxes that he doesn't have to pay.”

It was a transparent tax history where no effort to save on taxes could be found. Additionally, his donations increased every year. The thing Grid needed wasn't money. In the first place, he would've shot hundreds of commercials if he was the type to care about money. TVs and various platforms around the world would've been plastered with Grid's face.

“I think... we need to move the HID.”

“Huh?”

Suddenly, the name of the army's intelligence unit appeared. It felt out of context with the conversation. Operatives secretly dispatched to North Korea were suddenly mentioned as they were discussing what type of gift to give Grid so that the government could establish a side and make Grid a clear ally.

In the midst of the turbulent atmosphere, the chief of staff's words continued, “We need to thoroughly analyze Shin Youngwoo's tastes and figure out what he wants.”

“I... see...”

On this day, South Korea's most elite troops were dispatched around Shin Youngwoo's home. It was purely a government effort to analyze Shin Youngwoo's tastes. It was hard to give him a gift.

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All the incidents that occurred during the Asura Road were broadcast live around the world. It meant people closely watched who, where, and how they played. There were many witnesses who could tell if the ceremony to reward people on their merits was right or wrong.

The empire was obliged to evaluate the performance of the Overgeared members as objectively as possible. There was a risk of unnecessary backlash if they set up the merit ceremony and gave awards based on personal feelings.

“You've worked hard.”

This was the result. Not a single player received more than the apostles and tower members. Most were evaluated as having less merits than the kings of the different species. It was only Yura, Jishuka, Euphemina, Ruby, and Kraugel who were recognized for their performance that was above the king of the different species and received the Medal of Honor.

This alone was followed by enormous rewards. They had the right to use the Reidan alchemy facilities privately, the right to use the imperial warehouse, and became the owner of a large territory, which had several large cities.

The viewers were sufficiently convinced. If it wasn't for Jishuka's archery and Euphemina's magic, would the kings of the different species be able to enjoy moving through the enemy camp to their heart's content? It was impossible. Their ability to support from the rear shone at any time and in any situation. It was the same when Zik joined. Thanks to them, Zik's progress became easier.

There was no need to talk about Ruby's support ability. The holder of the percentage heal, who was considered the strongest healer in the worldview, had saved the lives of her allies several times. It was right to assume that the Overgeared members who received her assistance had at least 10 lives.

Yura? Without her, they wouldn't have been able to establish a base at the crystal castle. It was highly likely that all the players who were active in hell would've wandered around without finding a place to escape and would've been brutally wiped out. Her combat power was also comparable to the king of the different species. Her identity was the strongest in hell until the arrival of Grid's group.

Finally, Kraugel cut a dragon's Breath. He performed so well that the Absolute, Hayate, missed him and he astounded the world. Many people believed that their performances were greater than that of the apostles. It was largely because Nefelina brought down the average of the apostles. It was because she didn't really do anything in hell.

If it hadn't been for returning to the surface, putting Grid on her back and becoming the protagonist of Crazy God and Crazy Dragon, there would've been criticisms that she was a pet who only ate food.

Did he still want to be free? Grid stared blankly at Kraugel, who refused to accept a territory. Then he said with a smile, "I hope the banquet ends soon."

He confirmed that Kraugel's sheath was empty. Grid wanted to communicate with Kraugel again, just like when they created the White Tiger Sword. The desire to learn new things through the process of discussing and creating the sword with Kraugel sprang up.

He also understood why Kraugel wanted freedom. Kraugel didn't know his limits yet. He didn't want to settle down in one place until he reached the limit—it was at the time when Grid, who was the one who informed Kraugel of his limitations, was thinking arbitrarily.

"I'm sorry." Kraugel gave an unexpected apology. "I didn't protect the sword you tried your best to make for me."

"....."

Kraugel himself must be having the hardest time. He had lost the sword he had been using for so many years, the sword he had grown from the normal rating to the myth rating. For Kraugel, the White Tiger Sword would've been a precious treasure with all types of memories beyond a simple weapon. Yet he was apologizing to Grid.

'Why are there so many good people around me?'

.

Grid smiled and patted Kraugel's shoulder, hitting him with a bit of force. It was often an expression of friendship that a person did to a friend. However, Kraugel reacted with a serious expression. He was

almost frightened and dodged Grid's gesture. It was a reflexive action. It was because his Super Sensitivity perceived Grid's light hand gesture as a 'threat.'

Grid didn't know the situation and said with an awkward expression, "The sword... let's create a new one together. Don't take it too seriously."

"...Yes." Kraugel felt a sense of guilt. It was because Grid's expression looked so sad.

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"Does Kraugel not think of me as a friend?"

It was after the merit ceremony. The atmosphere of the banquet was heating up. Meanwhile, Grid escaped to the terrace and lamented. The rejection of his touch came as a great shock to him.

Yura was beside him. "He thinks of you more as a competitor than a friend."

Coincidentally, Yura also wasn't good at human relationships. She might have a good social life, but she had fewer friends than Grid. This meant she wasn't a person who could give advice on Grid's friendships. This caused Grid to have a bigger misunderstanding of Kraugel and his sigh deepened. It was while peeking at the scene of Kraugel laughing and chatting with Piaro on one side of the banquet hall. It was pleasant to see the older brother and younger brother getting along, but it was also unpleasant. He felt left out.

Just then, Jishuka came up behind Grid, linked her arm with his and told him, "You and Kraugel are peeking at each other a lot ~ Are the two of you the only ones with a flower garden in your hearts?"

"...Did Kraugel keep looking at me?"

"Yes, he kept doing it until just now."

Jishuka looked cute as she puffed up her cheeks like she was jealous. Grid couldn't help touching her cheek. Then he asked for the understanding of the two of them and approached Kraugel. "Let's go to the smithy right now."

"Yes." It was Kraugel who replied like he had been waiting. For the two people who moved non-stop, even one day of peace felt too long. They felt uneasy in their daily life and were busy looking for new tasks.

Grid was about to leave when Irene blocked him. She was smiling, but the twitching of her temples made Grid feel uneasy. "Your Majesty, do you intend to leave them alone?"

Her gaze was in the direction of Mercedes and Basara. Mercedes was uneasy because of how unfamiliar and uncomfortable her dress was. Basara was smiling as usual, but she didn't look happy as she drank alone.

"In particular, Her Majesty Basara took the time to visit us."

"....."

Grid secretly glanced at Kraugel.



Kraugel had already grabbed the drink he had put down. "Family comes first."

"The Sword Saint is indeed as noble as rumored."

Kraugel said the correct answer. Irene's smile while looking at him was bright. Kraugel sighed with relief and signaled for Grid to go ahead. The smile that spread across his face was far from ridicule. He seemed to be advising Grid to enjoy a bit more peace.

Grid smiled widely and turned to his family. He was frightened due to Sua, who followed Lord as a shield, but he had a fun and fulfilling time until the next morning. It was the day when love, not the smell of blood, spread around Grid. It was a day that he wanted to make part of his daily life someday.

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"Marie Rose ended up helping..."

The next morning.

Grid returned from seeing off Basara and sat face to face with Kraugel. Both of them were haggard. Grid shared too much love and Kraugel was affected by the aftermath of Garion tormenting him all night. Simply put, they were out of energy. Grid was happy, but Kraugel felt somewhat resentful.

Stop splitting apart the land.

He suffered a lot because Garion nagged him to seal the skill he was using. Kraugel tried to turn away from Garion, who was staring at him from a distance, and looked around. It was a smithy inside the Overgeared World. The structure was the same as the smithy during the days with Khan. Grid's longing for his memories with Khan were still intact.

"Khan... is he in heaven?"

Kraugel was the person with the most knowledge after Grid. He understood the principle of the creation of angels and naturally inferred where Khan was.

Grid didn't bother to hide it. "That's right."

"Then heaven is the target after hell."

Grid nodded like it was natural in response and placed Gujel's scale on the anvil. The new dragon weapon. It was the weapon material that would make Kraugel's ideals into a reality. It was also the material that would strengthen Khan's final work.

"Will you help me?"

"Yes."

Grid had seen Kraugel's back and Kraugel had seen Grid's back. They were the right people to trust each other's backs to.

Taang, taang, taang.

Every time they shared their opinions over the hammering, the friendship between the two of them deepened. The same thing came to their minds at the same time during the process.

White Fang—the dragon weapon that had been sleeping for a long time in Kraugel’s inventory. The performance itself was of poor quality, but the material was clearly Bunhelier’s fang. Meanwhile, the current Grid had the technique to smelt an old dragon’s fangs.

## Chapter 1679

The White Fang was the legacy of the Great Demon, Drasion, who was sealed by Sword Saint Muller. It was a weapon favored by the 11th Great Demon, so it was right that it was special. This meant it was too much to question the fact that a dragon’s fang was used as the material.

Yet in recent months, Grid’s perception had changed significantly. The great demons were no longer an object of fear apart from the Three Evils of the Beginning. He had accurately experienced a dragon’s combat power and the performance of the dragon weapons. It was hard to understand why the sword possessed by the 11th Great Demon and made from the fang of an Old Dragon had such a mediocre performance.

‘Everything would’ve been questionable if I didn’t know Baal’s personality.’

Drasion’s identity was the fallen angel, Sariel. Was it just a coincidence that the White Fang was in their hands? There was no way. It was likely to be Baal’s mischief. He must’ve given it to Sariel while knowing that the fang obtained in the process of driving Nevartan crazy would be a medium to attract Nevartan.

The reason? Was a big reason necessary? He just wanted to enjoy watching the comedy of a stupid fallen angel, who believed they were a demon, being eaten by the Insane Dragon.

‘Sariel was fortunate that they were sealed by Muller before Nevartan emerged.’

Grid had confirmed two days ago that Nevartan’s madness was contagious. If Sariel had been killed by Nevartan, Sariel’s unstable soul would’ve been distorted into greater chaos.

‘Did Muller know Sariel’s identity...?’

It was a plausible guess. Considering Muller’s track record of handing over his status to the Mountain King, he might’ve unexpectedly been deeply involved in the worldview. Wasn’t he the strongest Sword Saint ever? He had been mentioned by many beings even after his death, so Grid thought it was reasonable to give meaning to each action of his.

“Um...” Grid’s brow furrowed as he looked at the White Fang while immersed in thought. He didn’t know about the past, but there had never been rubbish like this. Bunhelier’s Fang, to be more precise, was simply at the level of a hilt attached to the ‘fragment’ of the fang. The reason it clearly looked like a ‘sword’ was because the shape of the fragment resembled a blade. It wasn’t known if this was a shape that Baal deliberately created or if it had been broken into this shape by accident.

One thing was certain: this was an ‘unspoiled material.’ There was no sign of anyone attempting to smelt or forge it with clumsy skills.

‘It is natural.’

Helmis, the only blacksmith in hell, was very talented. He would’ve realized that he couldn’t smelt the fang with his skills and didn’t touch it recklessly.

'He wouldn't have defaced a precious material with vain greed. It is because he was also a craftsman.'

Grid used the disassembly skill and separated Bunhelier's fang from the coarse hilt. Then he opened his mouth somewhat cautiously, "Kraugel, can I buy this?"

It was the material of an Old Dragon. It was arguably, in the worldview, the best material for item making that he might not be able to get again in the future.

Grid was purely greedy. Of course, he had a conscience, so he took Gujel's Dao and Cranbel's Horn out of the inventory.

"I'm not just going to buy it with money. In exchange for one of these swords... no, I'll pay with both."

Kraugel was a Sword Saint. All sword-type weapons could be handled regardless of the conditions of use and there were no restrictions at all. No, rather, he got a buff. Kraugel would naturally want the strongest sword made of an Old Dragon's material. The owner of the White Fang was Kraugel.

Grid knew that he was being greatly unreasonable. He just asked with the feeling of grasping onto a straw.

"Yes." It was an instant answer without a single thought.

"I understand. This naturally isn't enough... Eh?" Grid thought he would naturally be rejected and continued to speak, only to hurriedly close his mouth. He was dumbfounded.

Kraugel shrugged. The orange divinity of the Overgeared World moved along with his gesture. It felt well without any sense of strangeness. As expected, people had to be handsome.

"I was going to hand over the White Fang to you from the beginning. You are the only person in the world who can turn it into a valuable thing. How shameful would it be if I am greedy for it?"

"K-Kraugel..."

He is a man of deep thought. Besides, it is clear that he likes me rather than hates me...

Grid was thrilled when he realized this and reached out to Kraugel. Maybe it was because the scenery of the smithy that contained memories of Khan stimulated his sensitivity? Grid's eyes reddened and he tried to hug Kraugel. It naturally failed.

Kraugel avoided Grid's hug in disgust and continued, "I have no intention of taking away your weapons while using the White Fang as an excuse. It is enough and I will be grateful if you make me a new sword as planned."

"Hum hum..." Grid coughed in embarrassment and nodded. It was with a deep smile. His heart, which had been somewhat uncomfortable until yesterday, now swelled up and tickled.

This hell episode—people perceived that Grid and the Overgeared Guild had 'won' and 'succeeded,' but in reality, it was only half a success. Grid had no personal achievements other than closing the Asura Road and stabilizing the world. Not only did he fail to get rid of the hell moon, but he was defeated by Baal.

Fortunately, thanks to the fraudulent 20th epic, his status had risen greatly, the level of his mental world had risen, there was the creation of a new six fusion sword dance, and the ability to be unbreakable was obtained. However, that was all. Each reward was too great to disparage it as 'that was all,' but in any case, he didn't get any physical rewards because he didn't achieve anything. It meant he couldn't get any items.

He had built up an acquaintance (?) with the Insane Dragon Nevartan, the Evil Dragon Bunhelier, and Black Knight Eligos, and he could take comfort in the fact that Nefelina had evolved into a Transcendent Dragon. To put it bluntly, the epic rewards and the evolution of Nefelina alone were better rewards than gaining a few dragon weapons, but it was still a bit disappointing. Then he got the White Fang. In Grid's eyes, Kraugel looked like Santa Claus.

From this day, the collaboration between Grid and Kraugel began. Grid understood the ideals of the Sword Saint of this era and repeated the work of realistically envisioning it. It was clearly different from when the White Tiger Sword was made. Grid's current level meant he wasn't immersed in Kraugel's ideals. He also gave advice in return and gave a better direction.

Taang, taang, taang...

From the moment Grid's hammer started to strike the fang of the Evil Dragon, the divinity of the Overgeared World shook. It seeped into the fang like being sucked into a whirlpool. The sunset seemed to be engraved.

"Twilight."

Grid and Kraugel spoke at the same time. They named it without thinking. It was suitable as the name of the divine sword that would stain the fate of the enemy with darkness and finally bring them to an end.

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Morpheus's speculation came true after a long time. Grid fought Baal and didn't win. There was just one problem: the Overgeared God's epic recorded it as Grid's victory. It was obviously a scam, but it was out of control.

Grid gained all the rights of the winner. In addition to closing the Asura Road, he also received tremendous benefits as a reward for completing the epic. Additionally, there was the Fruit of Good and Evil. However, nothing was free in the world. It was the law of equivalent exchange.

Grid paid the price for working together with the Evil Dragon Bunhelier. In return for cooperating with Bunhelier in hell, he immediately pulled the aggro of the Insane Dragon as soon as he arrived on the surface. According to Morpheus' calculations, the probability of Reinhardt disappearing from the map of the Overgeared Empire exceeded 89%. This was the case even though Hayate and the other tower members gathered in Reinhardt. Grid would've lost countless things if Nefelina hadn't awakened.

However, Nefelina awakened in time. Thanks to this, Nevartan overcame the madness again. Grid defended Reinhardt without losing anything and got his hands on a Transcendent Dragon...

"Surprisingly, the win rate is low, but the results are always good."

The staff members of the operations team were tongue-tied after they checked the combat records that had occurred ever since Grid became a god. They estimated that Grid's win rate wasn't very high. There were many times when he didn't win when fighting someone. It was understandable given the level of his enemies.

However, defeat wasn't a failure for Grid. Every time, he gained a lot from fighting, even if he lost. At this point, it felt like the entire universe was helping Grid.

"Grid's power comes from his high popularity," Director Yoon Sangmin explained to the employees who were laughing at the absurdity. The distorted epic was the result of the wishes of those who believed in and followed Grid, while the awakening of the Transcendent Dragon was the result of Nefelina's desperate efforts to help Grid.

Kraugel's heart that cared for Grid was also behind the birth of the beautiful dragon weapon called Twilight. Some people sympathized with Grid, saying that he always struggled alone, but surprisingly, Grid was rarely alone. The affection and kindness of people toward him always strengthened him.

"Grid himself knows it best."

Therefore, he had to overcome this trial well. The Fruit of Good and Evil that Piaro accidentally created in the environment of hell would really attract many beings. Millions of people would die. The moment Grid hastily embarked on the hell expedition, it was right to assume that Reinhardt would perish on that day.

'King Sobyel...'

What type of repercussions would be provoked by the child of the God of the Beginning, who would use any means and methods to completely corrupt his older brother, who had become a mass of red flesh?

A chill went down the spine of Director Yoon Sangmin.

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"Um..." Major Baek Changho was still puzzled. As a member of the army's strongest intelligence unit, he had performed numerous missions so far. However, this mission was special. Gathering information about the target, analyzing the target's tastes, and thinking about what type of gift to give? The target was Shin Youngwoo. In other words, it was a mission where he would've suspected there was someone with no common sense in the upper ranks, if it wasn't for the fact that the target was Grid.

Of course, there was nothing wrong with the difficulty itself. Major Baek Changho was also a master of psychological warfare tactics, He was confident that he could successfully complete this absurd mission.

'It is the same today...'

Shin Youngwoo's pattern of behavior was extremely simple. He went out at 5:00. He met Yura or Jishuka until 7:00 and went home after exercising. He met Yura or Jishuka at 19:00 and went home at 22:00 after dinner and a date. It was really the same every day, so there was no specific information to gather.

Shin Youngwoo's hobby was exercising, and meeting Yura or Jishuka seemed to be his only pleasure. At this point, it seemed best to report to his superiors, 'I think it is a good idea to build a public exercise space near the target's home.'

'Wait... did I miss something?'

Wasn't there something a bit strange?

'Does he usually have two lovers?'

Could it be that Shin Youngwoo's wish...?

".....!"

Major Baek Changho had an absurd expression on his face when he became startled and rotated his upper body. The process of reaching out and grabbing the target's collar was like a flash of lightning. It was in a situation where he allowed someone access right behind him. He got goosebumps and reflexively used the jujutsu he had been practicing all his life.

'Whoops!'

Throwing a person to the concrete ground would at least cause a serious injury. There was no possibility that the subject, who approached him from behind without any signs, was a civilian, but he couldn't commit murder without knowing who it was.

".....?!"

Major Baek Changho's face turned white as he hurriedly reached out to support the back of the subject rotating through the air. There was no sense of weight. It was someone's training suit that was overlapped on his palm.

'A pro!'

Major Baek Changho realized that the subject was at least the same level as himself and jumped like a spring while taking a defensive posture. Then he became shocked when he saw the identity of the subject. The person in front of him was Shin Youngwoo, the target of the mission.

'He noticed the surveillance?'

Let's say he made a hundred concessions and that it was a possibility. Then how did Shin Youngwoo get out of the house without their knowledge? Currently, 21 members were monitoring the target's home in real time.

Major Baek Changho's thoughts ended there. He was hit by Shin Youngwoo's kick that came in his blind spot and passed out. It was a Taekwondo technique commonly called a spin kick. It was a technique that Regas often used, so he tried to copy it.

"I doubt they are bad people..."

The suspicious people who had been hanging around the neighborhood since a few days ago—Shin Youngwoo couldn't stand by, so he dealt with them, but at least they weren't killers. If they had the purpose of hurting people, they wouldn't have reached out and supported his back just now.

"Hello? Is there a police station?"

Shin Youngwoo called 112. 21 people were knocked unconscious around his home. Surprisingly, their identities were the members of the Republic of Korea Army's elite unit. However, they couldn't handle the duo of Shin Youngwoo and Toon who were pushing the boundaries between reality and Satisfy...

## Chapter 1680

Grid had no intention of staying away from Khan's final work. It was only when he wore Valhalla on his body that he felt secure. The affection and goodwill of Khan, contained in the work, were used as a type of protection. It was ever since becoming emperor. It was common for him to take off Valhalla when wearing traditional clothes from all over the world as a courtesy, but this was why he always wore Valhalla in wars.

However, he knew from the very beginning that maintaining the original form of Valhalla was foolish stubbornness. Didn't he have a hard time when he fought Baal this time? Unfortunately, Valhalla's performance was far below that of the dragon armor. It was necessary to break this stubbornness. He couldn't commit the mistake of losing the current Khan by clinging to his memories of Khan.

'I can't let Khan be used by the heavenly gods forever. I have to become stronger and help him reincarnate by any means and methods.'

Taang, taang, taang...

Valhalla of Infinite Affection—the main intention of this work was the safety of the wearer. Khan designed Valhalla just for the safety and convenience of Grid. This affectionate heart was imprinted on Grid's subconscious mind and became the source of his mental world.

Grid had no intention of changing the basic structure of Valhalla. It was already complete and there was no need for it. He planned to maintain the shape so it didn't go against Khan's intentions, but he would replace the material with dragon scales. At first, he would start with the vital points and then progress little by little, savoring the traces left by Khan as slowly as possible. In any case, the quantity of dragon scales that he could obtain was limited.

'We've been making frequent eye contact since last time.'

Grid felt a presence when forging Xenon's scales and glanced out the window while waving.

Elnithana—she was one of the thousands of members of the Overgeared Guild. Her ranking was very average, but she was especially noticeable. It wasn't just because she was beautiful, but because the background was special. She came from the Ryan Merchant Group, a subject of intensive observation. She was heavily used by Lael because her mind spun quickly. It had only been a few months since she acted as Lael's aide, so she couldn't help standing out. Additionally, the name Elnithana was obviously taken from the name Nathaniel.

'It is the name of the Rothschild family of this day.'

There was no way she could be Nathaniel, but since she was from the Ryan Merchant Group, there was a good chance she had something to do with it. Lael had repeatedly insisted that he needed to keep her by his side to watch her. He had reached the stage where he was convinced that Rothschild was beyond the Ryan Merchant Group.

For Grid, everything felt unrealistic.

The greatest victim of Nazism—Rothschild was a family that declined greatly in the 21st century after suffering from massive wars and assets being divided. Many years later, rumors circulated that it had revived and regained its old wealth and power, but they were just rumors. Even if the rumors were true, why would they approach Grid through Satisfy? Originally, there were many conspiracy theories related to Rothschild in the past. There was even a saying that they were the dark curtain that dominated the world.

There was something absurd about being blatantly wary of them and doubting them.

‘In any case, Lauel said he would take care of it so I won’t worry.’

Elnithana had proclaimed herself a fan of Grid. It wasn’t just her. Those who hoped to join the Overgeared Guild had a great liking for Grid and the main figures of the Overgeared Guild. There was less chance that the word ‘fan’ was false. Grid didn’t dare to doubt her behavior of often watching him from afar.

‘She must want to find peace of mind by looking at me.’

How much would she suffer while working under a chuunibyuu boss like Lauel? He could fully understand her desire to look at him and purify her eyes and heart.

That’s right—Grid was now used to people’s goodwill. Additionally, perhaps it was due to Insight, but it was possible for him to vaguely see whether a person had disrespectful intentions just by looking into their eyes. In his opinion, the way that Elnithana was looking at him was very favorable and pure. He felt curious because she often looked very pitiful, but he didn’t feel uncomfortable.

Nefelina, who was spinning in place with an anxious expression, stopped and asked, “Are you really going back to hell right away?”

Grid nodded. “Of course.”

Baal weakened and Grid became stronger. The aftermath of the 20th epic was great. This wasn’t the end. Grid got the strongest dragon weapon of all time, Twilight, and was in the process of upgrading Valhalla. He could trigger the Dragon Knight effect at any time.

Nefelina’s Transcendent Dragon effect was limited to just one minute, but it wasn’t a big disadvantage. After all, Grid was in a position to aim for a short-term showdown. The only means by which he could kill Baal was the six fusion sword dance. It took a few seconds to perform a six fusion sword dance rather than a minute.

‘Of course, Baal had multiple lives, but the more he is killed, the weaker he will become.’

Grid was a player. His lives were endless.

‘It isn’t a loss at all if I die in exchange for taking Baal’s life one or two times.’

He didn’t have to worry about his level decreasing for now. Baal’s level and status were very high. The experience value gained in the process of fighting Baal exceeded the experience value lost by death. The fraudulent nature of the enlightenment effect acted as a shortcut.



'In the first place, the chances of dying are low.'

Grid's immortality was long. The emergency escape was also possible, so there was plenty of time to escape. In the worst case situation where he died, he was unlikely to drop items. The probability of dropping items was proportional to the infamy. This was why PK criminals were afraid of death.

Grid had a very high luck stat. The luck stat increased the probability of beneficial things happening and lowered the probability of harmful things happening. It was such a vague concept and was hard to trust because it was based on 'probability,' but Grid had been through too much. He now readily admitted that he was lucky. It was a bit bittersweet that even his luck was gained through effort rather than being born with it, but in any case, Grid believed in himself.

On the other hand, Nefelina's anxiety was extremely high. "By what means should I escape?"

Let's say that Grid escaped urgently... even if he died, he would be revived. Yet for Nefelina, death was the end, Once Grid died and she was left alone, what means could she use to escape from Baal's grip and to escape from hell?

"Believe in Yura," Grid reassured Nefelina, who was trembling as she imagined something terrible. Yura's Hell Leap had a different concept from the usual movement magic. Unlike magic such as Teleport, which used coordinates as a reference to move around, the dimension itself was distorted to connect the desired location and current location together. As such, Baal's ability that sealed all movement skills and magic couldn't block Hell Leap.

"She will protect us."

Somehow Yura would move them to the crystal castle. Of course, it wouldn't be easy to get the timing right, but Grid believed in Yura. It was because the Demon Slayer's senses would clearly feel the moment that Baal weakened.

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The lake that exposed its bottom every time Nevartan released a Breath was filled with water again. The temples that had been destroyed by Nevartan's tail and feet also clearly mirrored the process of restoration.

"....."

Kraugel was holding Twilight as he sat in the middle of the lake and meditated. It looked rather gorgeous compared to Grid's Twilight. It was because Xenon's scales were forged by being folded hundreds of thousands of times and layers of metal formed on the blade. The orange divinity that stained each of the layers reflected each other. It looked like the setting sun had been cut to the size of a blade and separated. It was so gorgeous that it caught people's eyes.

Every time the people rushing back and forth in the Overgeared World passed by the lake, they stopped and exchanged whispers. This sword was one of the two divine swords that Grid made a week ago and the beautiful appearance matched very well with Kraugel's appearance. They were full of praise. People's liking toward Kraugel, who was second only to Grid, was sky high.

'...Yes, let's stay here a bit longer.'

Kraugel, who was blocking the outside noise with deep meditation, slowly opened his eyes. In fact, his heart wanted to head to Muller's grave right away. He felt the need to protect the tomb from the subordinates of the Specter of the No Offspring Tomb, who seemed to be searching for Muller's body. He didn't know what was the worst case scenario that would happen if Muller's body was put into the No Offspring Tomb.

However, there were two things that bothered him. The first was the blind swordsman who claimed to be Muller's student. This ignorant and uncouth person might also know Muller's grave.

'In the course of tracing my tracks, he might've figured out that I was fighting the evil spirits of the No Offspring Tomb. He might've noticed that I will go back to the grave.'

There was a high probability that this person was waiting for him in the midst of the evil spirits and monsters of the No Offspring Tomb that rushed in like the fog. He didn't want to face this person yet.

The second thing was Reinhardt's safety. The tower members had returned to the tower and the apostles were immersed in their own matters. Piaro went on a trip with Laella and the Fruit of Good and Evil, while Braham left to meet Marie Rose. Mercedes left to visit her home, and Zik somehow moved to Cokro Island. Nefelina was scheduled to embark on the Baal expedition with Grid. The Overgeared members moved to their respective hunting grounds. Perhaps it was due to what they felt in hell, but everyone was desperate to grow stronger.

It meant that the only power remaining in Reinhardt was probably Sariel. Everyone seemed to have the vague belief that Reinhardt would be safe, but Kraugel's idea was different. The days when he was the sky above the sky—he used to experience a crisis in every one of his most reassuring moments.

Satisfy would never allow the player's carelessness. Of course, the Overgeared Guild was a thorough organization. Grid estimated that the time it would take him to fight Baal and return home was approximately 40 minutes. Lauel had plans in place for any eventuality that would occur in those 40 minutes.

Looking at the structures of the barracks that had been relocated around the Overgeared World in the past two weeks, he was reminded of the expression 'a heavenly fortress.' It was a form in which the troops could fight as much as possible with the buffs of the Overgeared World. It was a level that was impenetrable by any great demon or archangel.

Then what if the intruder's status was higher than expected? The Overgeared members would return immediately and join the battlefield, but it wasn't easy to communicate with the apostles unless it was Grid.

"Teacher!" Lord spotted Kraugel and ran over with a smile on his face.

Kraugel wanted to protect the bright smile of the family member of a precious friend.