

Overgeared 1721

Chapter 1721

The staff with a transparent blue color—the short staff that fit snugly in Euphemina’s small hand was as beautiful as a piece of glasswork. Wouldn’t it be popular as an accessory in the real world sooner or later? It had such an elegant appearance that it caught the heart of Euphemina, who liked pretty things.

There was one part that impressed Euphemina. It was the effects of the item.

[Tribute]

[Rating: Myth

Magic attack power: 8,990 Durability: 1,480/1,480

* Intelligence +1,000

* Double the maximum mana.

★ Perfect Memorial can be used up to two times.

★ Slightly increases the power of attack magic used.

Every time the resource consumed for the magic is changed, the power of the next magic will increase. This can stack up to 5 times.

The effect is reset when the same type of resource is consumed continuously.

★ Slightly reduces the cooldown of defensive magic used.

Every time the resource consumed for the magic is changed, the cooldown of the next magic will reduce. This can stack up to 5 times.

The effect is reset when the same type of resource is consumed continuously.

★ Slightly increase the duration of secondary magic used.

Every time the resource consumed for the magic is changed, the duration of the next magic will increase. This can stack up to 5 times.

The effect is reset when the same type of resource is consumed continuously.]

Mana, black magic power, and divine power—these were the perfect item effects for Euphemina, who dealt with many types of resources. Considerable proficiency was required to maximize the effectiveness of the options, but even that felt like trust from Grid. Euphemina realized that Grid had always been watching her.

Grid’s melting eyes that were often seen by Irene, Mercedes, Yura, Jishuka, and Basara automatically appeared in her mind.

‘...You promised a long time ago not to do this.’

Euphemina shook her head and tapped her cheeks that were protruding like a hamster with her small hands. It was as if to shake off the blush that had appeared. Then her face, which she struggled to restore, soon turned red again. It was due to looking at the description under the item effects.

[A staff created by the Overgeared God Grid to honor the achievements of the great magician Euphemina.

He referred to Euphemina's performance and the advice of his apostle, Braham.]

This beautiful and powerful staff, which transformed to fit the user's intentions, was Grid and Braham's tribute to Euphemina.

"....."

Euphemina casually tried to use magic. The staff, which was as blue as her pure mana, seemed to glow. Then it changed into a form that stretched out light like taffy. The quality of the staff changed when she used magic with divine power as the medium. The same was true when using black magic power.

'I should pay more attention to the coordination.'

It was a style coordinate that covered all the colors of the staff that changed in real time. Euphemina was full of bright smiles as she had ordinary worries like a woman of her age.

A gift courtesy of Grid and Braham—she got their 'tribute.' Today had become one of the happiest moments since her birth.

At the same time, Euphemina's opponent appeared on the stage.

"You are the child who consumed the Fruit of Good and Evil."

It was a god in the form of a woman. She didn't have the qualities to enchant the viewers like Melory, the Goddess of Love, but her beauty remained unparalleled. Of course, Euphemina's beauty wasn't bad even when facing her. She was just lacking a bit with her height and chest. She was a bit less developed.

'In fact, it doesn't make much of a difference.'

Women's underwear had been developing since the Middle Ages. In modern times, women's underwear boasted so many different functions that it seemed to have created the word 'overgeared.' It meant the size of the chest and pelvis could be adjusted as much as they wanted. In Euphemina's opinion, the difference between herself and the goddess was really meaningless...

"When talking about you... the angels trembled like they had seen a demon. However, reality is quite different. You are small and cute."

"Am I small? That is an unusual sentiment." Euphemina's temples twitched. The smile on her face was still maintained. "How can I, a grown lady, be small? Perhaps it is because a god's perspective is different from humans, or simply because you are older, but you don't have eyes to see at all."

"We can understand humans even if we have a different perspective from humans. Additionally, gods don't have the concept of age. So my impressions would be general ones... Hmm, are you

misunderstanding that I am ridiculing you? I didn't mean to disparage you. I hope this clears up the misunderstanding."

Each and every word delivered by the goddess Ciara had a clear and beautiful melody. It made people feel like they were listening to a song while they were just having a conversation. It was because she was the Goddess of Melodies.

Euphemina suddenly felt calm. She brushed off the anger she felt toward Ciara, who called her 'small.' In the first place, the opponent was a god. The mysterious appearance illuminated by the halo made her feel awe. She took a step back on her own. Perhaps the only ones who could treat a god the same as ordinary humans were Grid and Braham.

"Well, since you apologized... any misunderstandings will be cleared up."

"Thank you."

Ciara, the Goddess of Melodies, was basically favorable to humans. She especially loved artists. It was because she knew the pain of creation all too well. She easily resonated with humans.

"I will play you a melody in return."

The music that Ciara spread to humanity was a masterpiece she made with painstaking effort. Her inspiration was gradually depleted and she was always in need of new inspiration. This was why Ciara learned martial arts from Zeratul. She succeeded in pioneering a new genre.

Martial arts—the skills acquired in order to hurt someone, protect someone, survive, or to honor someone. The experience of vigorously using her body and embracing 'fighting spirit' provided a fresh stimulus for Ciara. At this moment, the music she expressed was as passionate as it had ever been.

The beginning of the performance was from the moment she took out the polearm and stabbed it into the ground. The sound made by Ciara's hand gestures with the thick spear, the sound of the blade cutting the wind, the roar of the stage shaking, etc. All the sounds accumulated melodies one by one and made music.

Euphemina felt it instinctively. If Ciara used her power—

The moment her performance began, Euphemina would be in a big crisis. Every single melody would act as a deadly attack.

Euphemina's vision shook in a dizzying manner. It was because Ciara slashed through the air with the polearm that was taller than her and caused turbulence. A huge wave tore apart the atmosphere and distorted the space itself. It was hard to believe this was possible through sheer physical force...

Euphemina strengthened her agility and reflexes with secondary magic that was overlapped in an instant and cast shield magic. Even so, she uncontrollably shed blood.

"The tune is violent and gloomy. Is it a mourning song for Zeratul?"

"Haha, even the same music sounds different depending on the listener's mind or situation. You just have to accept it as you feel it."

It was Ciara who responded kindly. In fact, her heart was very complicated.

A god who had been born just a while ago—Braham, the God of Magic and Wisdom, happened to be a demonkin. He was the son of one of the Three Evils of the Beginning, Beriache. The lineage of a demon became a god. It should've been impossible even if the myths and divinity of the gods were stolen. It was a miracle that occurred because the large number of people gathered here worshiped Braham.

Consequentially, it meant that Zeratul contributed to it.

The great sin of making a demon a god—perhaps heaven right now was discussing how to punish Zeratul. Those who participated in the incident were likely to be punished as well.

'In this situation...'

Ciara saw the staff held by the human girl in front of her. It was a staff that suddenly had demonic energy. It revealed the girl's essence. Good and evil that revised the laws of the world. It meant that the sinner who ate the terrible fruit harbored an evil that was no different from Braham.

What if Ciara was defeated in this situation? She feared that she would also commit the same mortal sin as Zeratul. The moment Euphemina defeated a god, she was likely to become a god, just like Braham. The group chanting Euphemina's name hinted at the possibility.

'I must never lose.'

It was at a time when the Seven Malignant Saints invaded Asgard—Ciara, who had shed tears and played a song to mourn them, felt full of killing intent at this moment. It was the first time since she was born that she had the heart to harm a human.

Was it due to fear of being punished? No, she simply wanted to prevent the swarm of the 'evil gods.' It was a duty she took for granted as a heavenly god.

Ciara violently swung the polearm horizontally. Her long finger holding the spear blade tapped on it. In real time, she tapped it and generated sound waves. It was a trick that was hard to see as being in the realm of power. It was the utilization of divinity.

'Crazy.'

Euphemina grasped this and once again used defensive magic. She never saw a chance to fight back even with all types of secondary magic on her body. Ciara's offensive was so fast and powerful that there was no room to disperse her attention. It was literally the majesty of a god.

Ciara was a different being from anyone Euphemina had ever fought. How did Kraugel, let alone the apostles, fight and win over these monsters? She was facing this great sense of doubt and showing a dark expression when she became aware of the staff that she was carrying in her hand.

The reason why Kraugel was able to cut a god—it wasn't just because his skills were strong. Grid's items helped. Her current self was also being helped by Grid's items.

'...It isn't a question of whether I can win or not.'

She had to win. That was her duty as someone who received Grid's 'tribute.' Euphemina thought of the 'Perfect Memorial' option attached to Tribute and attempted triple casting. Her mana was used to maintain the defense magic while she chanted different spells within her mind and with her mouth.

".....!"

Ciara's eyes widened slightly as she easily tore down the defensive wall that Euphemina had built. It was because Euphemina's staff shone blue, black, and white at the same time. She was naturally vigilant.

"It is like this."

Zeratul's voice echoed in Ciara's mind.

Old memories came to mind. The technique of cutting through with a huge polearm. It was more the concept of hitting than cutting, so it was difficult to learn.

However, the memory that came to her at this moment allowed her to master the technique perfectly. The blade of the polearm that fell quickly tore apart Euphemina's layered defense wall in an instant.

The demonic energy, which was forming a darkness reminiscent of the universe, immediately rushed in and tried to build a new barrier, but it was stopped. The polearm had already pierced Euphemina's inner defensive wall and cut Euphemina's clavicle.

Just in time, Euphemina's spell casting ended. A galaxy started to embroider the stage, which was just wrapped in a dark background. It was magic that only manifested when mana, black magic power, and divine power was used at the same time. It was the precursor to 'Stardust,' which had given Euphemina a faint divinity due to magic that shouldn't have existed originally.

"Cough!" Euphemina spilled dark blood and laughed as she endured the dizzying pain. She fired attack magic rather than attempting defense magic that would stop working right away. She spread out Stardust without activating it and cast other magic.

Of course, the magic consumed different resources sequentially. It was a process that maximized the power of Tribute.

[The immortality state will end in 5 seconds.]

[The immortality state will end in 4 seconds.]

[The immortality state will end in 3...]

[The immortality state will end in 2...]

Her vision flashed a soft red to warn her of the danger. It was an urgent signal that time was running out. It was a crisis that Euphemina wasn't a stranger to. She wasn't disturbed by nervousness and maintained her composure. She activated Stardust only after five spells were cast.

The galaxy struck Ciara.

"Um...!" Ciara had been preparing for it and responded appropriately. She swung her polearm and spread the blue-green divinity. It was a move that defeated the galaxy from all directions. However, once wasn't enough. A new galaxy was pouring in behind the receding galaxy.

[Perfect Memorial]

[Attribute the magic in its full form.

The magic attributed to Perfect Memorial will share a separate cooldown with the magic you use yourself.]

It was a joint attack that utilized the option of the staff. It was a situation where she had to be prepared to die anyway. Ephemina endured the worst condition called 'Mana Backflow' while using her ultimate techniques in succession. A great sense of weakness followed and her field of view turned foggy.

[The... immortality... ended...]

[You have... died...]

The notification windows that followed were so faint that she couldn't identify them properly.

'Ah...'

This sensation.

She died.

'I lost.'

She felt sorry. She felt more guilty about disappointing Grid and Braham rather than dying, only for a new notification to be renewed in her vision.

[God of Melodies... Cia... defeated...]

.....

...

The content was long. This was a problem because she couldn't really see it. However, she clearly saw one sentence.

[Your modifier... Overgeared Magic...]

'???'

[Do you want to resurrect at the saved point?]

"....."

Ephemina couldn't answer 'yes.' She wanted to ignore reality for a moment.

Chapter 1722

'Is it the difference between accumulated achievements?'

Ephemina and Ciara were declared unable to fight at the same time without a difference of 0.1 seconds. Of course, Ciara didn't die and Ephemina died alone, but... the match ended in a draw. However, the world message was silent. The epic recorded Ephemina's performance, but it only boiled down to the 'great Overgeared God.'

A separate world message praising Euphemina's individual achievement wasn't seen. It was the same with Mercedes, Kraugel, etc. Braham was the only one praised for his achievement in fighting a god and he immediately became a 'god.'

Was it because the content of Braham's battle was unique? Mercedes' performance was too great to interpret it as that. It was said that she didn't reach the crazy performance of Braham, who absorbed divinity, but hadn't she overwhelmed Melory with skill?

'It is a judgment that takes into account not only today's performance but also past achievements.'

Kraugel was considering the situation when he suddenly had a new question.

'...Or did they get the same thing as me?'

A God Killer. It happened when Space Sword was activated using Twilight. Perhaps it was because he was highly praised for his achievement in splitting a god in two at once, but the qualification of a 'God Killer' started to sprout. It seemed to be a very ominous force. As if it was a power that shouldn't be known to the world, it was delivered only to Kraugel and not as a world message.

'...No, I don't think they've obtained this power.'

Even Kraugel knew that a God Killer couldn't become a god. By default, a God Killer wasn't suitable for Euphemina, who was guaranteed a myth rating. The statue of a knight erected at each entrance of the Overgeared Temple—in other words, thinking of the statue of Mercedes, it seemed that Mercedes was also destined to be a god rather than a God Killer.

'It is a bit lonely.'

Kraugel realized that it was better to be together than to be alone. He realized it while working with Grid and the Overgeared Guild. He got used to it. He wasn't very happy when he thought that he would be a God Killer alone, unlike the members of the Overgeared Guild who would one day become gods of the Overgeared World. Of course, he was well aware that this sounded selfish.

The qualifications of a God Killer—he knew what a valuable blessing this qualification was to gain the power to kill a god.

'Even if I am alone again, it is enough as long as I am helpful.'

The draw between Euphemina and Ciara maintained the score in the Overgeared World's advantage. In this holy war, the Overgeared World was clearly ahead of Asgard. It was a result that would excite the public.

However, the Overgeared members were nervous when they realized Asgard's potential. Currently, the opponents that the Overgeared World were fighting against were just some of Asgard, not all. It was just the Martial God's faction. There was no chief god other than Zeratul and even then, he was fighting with his power sealed.

One day, the Overgeared Guild would ascend to Asgard. How many powerful gods would they encounter there? Furthermore, the majesty of the chief gods who could shoot their skills without any restrictions made him feel dizzy just imagining it.

Therefore, Kraugel felt the need to grow further.

Satisfy—he needed to continuously become stronger without stopping until the day this world fully belonged to people. Was it the duty of the one who bore the qualifications of a God Killer? No, it was the duty of one who cherished and loved everything in the Overgeared Empire.

Kraugel remembered the tea leaves and cookies he had received from Empress Irene this morning and renewed his resolve.

“Teacher, will I be able to stand on stage like this someday?” Lord approached and asked.

A child who had only the strengths of Grid and Irene—some people criticized Lord for being inferior to his father, but it wasn’t Lord’s problem. It was Grid’s problem. It was because Grid had become overwhelmingly strong so quickly.

Lord was already amazing. At this rate, he wondered if Lord would become a transcendent in a few years.

It was because he had an overwhelming performance behind him in comparison to Grid in his youth, but fundamentally, it was because Lord had a similar personality to Grid. He never stopped working hard and he made full use of the skills he had obtained. He followed Grid’ life and accumulated a lot of experience and learning.

“Of course. It is quite possible.”

Kraugel had a rare smile on his face as he patted Lord on the shoulder. The bond that he had built up with Lord since childhood was surprisingly deep even for Kraugel himself. It was to the point where he wished that Lord would exist in reality. It was when he received the bizarre news that the meteorite, thought to have changed its orbit, had been found on the other side of the moon. He felt like he was watching the introduction of a science fiction movie and almost imagined a situation where Earth and Satisfy merged.

“Definitely... I definitely want to stand side by side with my father and teacher. So that I can help the two of you,” Lord vowed with a calm face.

Just then, something like water dripped onto Lord’s hair.

‘Rain?’

Raindrops suddenly fell from a clear sky without any clouds? Lord swept away the rainwater in a puzzled manner with his hand, only to become frightened. The thing on his hand was blood, not rain.

Lord’s gaze naturally went to Grid.

His father, who was high in the sky—Lord’s vision could dimly capture it. It wasn’t enough for him to examine Grid’s physical condition. However, Lord knew intuitively that his father’s condition was unusual.

“I-I will call Auntie right now...”

“It’s fine. Grid would’ve already called Ruby if he wanted to be treated.”

“.....”

Lord understood his father’s heart. He didn’t want anyone to witness his wounds, even if it was by chance. It was a responsibility that his father took for granted.

“It is a responsibility that you will bear one day as well.”

It is a responsibility I must inherit.

“...Yes.”

Lord’s mental world started to sprout. It wasn’t glamorous like other people’s mental worlds. He just carved an image of his father.

The audience roared loudly. It was because the boy god took to the stage. It was the one Braham was most wary of. Everyone thought he would compete in the final match, but he broke everyone’s expectations and took to the stage early. It wasn’t Zik who stepped out to face him.

“I will learn a lot.”

It was Mir.

The most recent apostle—he was an unfamiliar person to the public. Rumors spread that he was a yangban, but well... The yangbans were those Grid had been facing since early on. The public evaluation was that Mir was unlikely to be very strong. Of course, a few people knew that Mir protected Grid against the archangel Raphael, but it was a very small number. Moreover, the current Mir seemed to have lost his energy, unlike the Mir back then.

“The rumors that he is in bad shape seem to be true...?”

The Mir that the Overgeared members remembered was a very conspicuous figure. Even an insignificant action from him was naturally imprinted on their eyes and just a single word would intensely pierce their ears. He was a bit like Hayate. Now Mir didn’t have that special feeling.

“We should see it as... throwing away this match.”

There were no Overgeared members who doubted Mir’s qualifications. It was Grid who made him an apostle. They just knew he still needed time and that the opponent was too bad. Based on the current situation, they perceived it as discarding the card called Mir.

It was as expected. The boy’s greatsword flew out like a bolt from the blue and burst like a thunderclap. Mir had already collapsed while coughing up blood. The impact of the collision was so great that the hand gripping the sword was torn and blood flowed down. Additionally, several fingers were bent in a strange direction.

The boy god spoke with an expressionless face, “Yatan made Baal with the intention of beating Raphael, while Hanul made you to draw with Raphael. I can feel his level of caution. It is unfortunate for you.”

“Are you saying that I am comparable to Baal or Raphael?”

“On the contrary, you pale in comparison to them. Your power only blooms when you oppose them. However, you are suppressed in all other situations.”

You were born on a leash.

The boy god’s expression changed for the first time. He looked sad like he was ready to shed tears for Mir. He looked very sorry. It was natural.

The boy god’s name was Dairine. He was the God of Souls who helped the goddess when she created life. The creation myth that was spread to humans was simply shortened as ‘the goddess created life.’ Few people knew about the god Dairine, but it was Dairine who created the souls of the first humans, dogs, cows, chickens, etc.

It was easy for him to get a glimpse of the soul of the target. He knew that Mir’s soul was infinitely sweet, warm, and firm. He possessed a rare soul.

“It is a good thing that you chose your own god to serve. The Overgeared God will guide you well and might change your fate someday.”

Dairine took a posture again. It was an unusual style where he held the greatsword in reverse and directed the blade toward the ground. More than half of Dairine’s body was covered by the blade of the greatsword. At first glance, it looked like a defensive stance, but Dairine was a god. He reversed his posture using movements that were impossible for humans. His greatsword accelerated with the use of divinity and attacked Mir at an unimaginable speed.

A free and quick sword technique—it was swordsmanship used by the swordsman who fascinated Dairine. Muller, the swordsman with a soul that was stronger and more beautiful than anyone else—Dairine unknowingly kept watching him and at a certain point, became eager to learn his swordsmanship.

This was why he learned swordsmanship from Zeratul. However, Muller’s swordsmanship was familiar to Mir. To be precise, Mir’s ‘subconscious’ remembered it.

“.....!”

It was blocked? It was to a blow that Mir hadn’t managed to react to at all a moment ago?

Mir faced Dairine’s slightly enlarged pupils that were right in front of him and said, “My leash has been taken off and my fate has changed a long time ago.”

From the time when he met the Overgeared God as an enemy to the time when he was chosen as an apostle, all the process he'd been through changed everything for him. The sword in Mir’s hand, which unquestioningly affirmed it, was also Twilight. It was held in his capacity of an apostle. At the same time...

-I got the status of a god. It is a status, not a class.

In the sky, Grid received Euphemina’s whisper. A big smile appeared on his face at the tremendous good news.

“This is where it really starts. Of course, I knew you would do well, but it went really well.”

It was a happy event for a precious person. Grid celebrated like it was his own matter, but Euphemina's voice was a bit dark.

-But...

"Huh?"

-...The name that will symbolize me is... Overgeared Magic...

"Be..."

The best—Grid was about to reflexively shout this only to hurriedly close his mouth. He was happy because the set felt complete, but he thought this might not be the case with Euphemina.

-Maybe it is because of the great virtues of being overgeared? I think the power of Tribute is too strong. It is a pity, but it might be better to seal the use of Tribute until I become a god...

"No."

-.....?

"Tribute is a weapon that will grow with you."

-Is this a growth type item?

"No... it means that the data on how you use Tribute must be accumulated so I can make a better weapon later on."

-.....

"Additionally, the system moves in real time with the changing situation every time, right? There is no guarantee that you will necessarily become the Overgeared Magic God. So there is no need to be agitated in advance."

-Indeed. In the first place, it doesn't make sense to seal an item for a trivial reason like not liking the name. It was just a child's grumbling. I'll come to my senses and cheer for Mir.

"...Yes..."

It was Grid who felt a bit guilty.

Chapter 1723

There was no reason for gods to hate humans unless they were driven by arrogance, jealousy, or desire.

In particular, Dairine was the god who created the first human soul. He made it as beautifully as possible in the hope that one day, when the human died, they would ascend to heaven and be happy. He knew and loved the fact that human nature was as good as the Goddess.

Dairine believed that the nature of the yangbans was also good.

Half human and half god—one of the materials that Hanul used to make the yangban was a reference to the human soul made by Dairine. In fact, the Mir in front of him had a wonderful soul. It was warm and beautiful like the first human soul Dairine made. It was like a flower he didn't want to break.

This was just a personal sentiment.

Mir's sword slid down the blade of the thick greatsword. He deflected the weight of the greatsword as if shaking it off and inserted his sword into an open gap.

Dairine's deep eyes were dyed orange. It was like facing the sunset. It was Twilight that slashed him. It was even Grid's Twilight. Mir was wielding it in the capacity of an apostle.

Dairine held his slanted greatsword upright and endured the weight of Twilight. He gulped as if it wasn't easy.

Mir didn't end it with just a single attack. Regardless of the direction in which his wrist was bent, the sword moved in all directions and rushed in like turbulent waves. It was as gorgeous as Grid's divinity contained in Twilight. It was nearly impossible to follow with the eyes.

It was especially the case now that it was interlaced with Grid's divinity. Grid's divinity spread like wildfire every time Mir swung his sword and it obscured the complex trajectories of Mir's sword. It was the same as when it was combined with Sword Saint Kraugel earlier.

The problem was that the speed of Mir's sword was gradually accelerating. Every time Dairine recreated Muller's swordsmanship, he touched Mir's subconscious. Little by little, the memories that had sunk beneath the depths were pulled out.

Countless people noticed it. Mir was becoming stronger in real time.

Dairine read Mir's sword with his senses and struck it. Then he exhaled his stopped breath and spoke, "Am I your benefactor?"

The divinity that spread along with the breath was translucent. It was a nearly colorless form. It seemed to imply that one day, he would reach the same hierarchy as Zeratul or King Sobyel.

However, Dairine knew—there was no ascension for himself. Helping the Goddess was both his pride and the bondage that imprisoned him. It would never be revealed that he supported the Goddess with his great power when she was creating life. This was the right thing to do in order to spread the great virtues of the Goddess to humans in an intense and reliable manner.

"Yes, meeting you was also part of my destiny."

"....."

Am I your benefactor?

Dairine had said this with a feeling of being somewhat tired. The words were never serious and it was more like a complaint. However, Mir nodded with a serious expression. It was as if to say he was really indebted to Dairine.

Just then, Dairine's heart was filled with a certain emotion. His translucent divinity became even more transparent.

He, who wasn't known to anyone—he wasn't remembered by the world even though he worked so hard to shape the souls when the Goddess created so many beings. At this moment, he influenced someone and was remembered. It was in a form that wasn't too bad.

“...You are also my benefactor,” Dairine spoke with a rather strange expression and his greatsword made an even louder, thunderous sound.

As he accelerated, the weight of his sword also became heavier. It evolved into something more powerful than Muller's swordsmanship from hundreds of years ago that Mir remembered.

Mir blocked the greatsword that had pierced through his sword path and his body was pushed back tens of meters. He immediately tilted and rotated his upper body. If it had been a decision he made after careful thought then his head would've been blown away. His long hair was severed by the greatsword. This meant that the status of a yangban that was in each strand of hair was helplessly broken down.

The thick blade of the greatsword was exuding an extremely strong energy by the divinity that was approaching being colorless. At first glance, the level of the offensive and defensive battle started to exceed the category of transcendence. Every time the orange divinity that spread from Twilight was split into several parts, a late explosion and shockwave occurred and shook the huge stage.

Only Mir's body was wounded. People couldn't capture the moment he was cut. They could just see the blood splattering around.

[Yangban Mir, it might be different in the future, but I won this time.]

Dairine's thought that filled the space penetrated Mir's mind.

Mir, who was feeling perplexed by Dairine's increasingly imperceptible attacks, focused his senses on the hand that held Twilight. He allowed attacks that penetrated his vital points without any resistance. In return for that sacrifice, he predicted Dairine's next attack and deployed his swordsmanship.

It was a swordsmanship that used all the powers of the Four Auspicious Beasts at the same time. It had the meaning of worshiping the Yellow Dragon of the Overgeared God, whom the Four Auspicious Beasts served and whom he also served.

Dairine's greatsword slashed Mir's upper body diagonally.

[Now, Yangban Mir is definitely dead by your hands.]

Mir's Twilight depicted the image of a roaring yellow dragon and sliced at Dairine's throat.

[Next time, call me apostle of the Overgeared God.]

Mir's thoughts were communicated to Dairine in real time. It was evidence that his stream of consciousness had started to follow the flow of the space. Mir was barely adapting to Dairine's space, which was just before achieving the realm of an Absolute.

Then blood spurted from Mir like a fountain. His upper body leaned forward as if he was about to collapse, but that was because he had been cut. His feet were firmly nailed to the ground.

On the other hand, there was only a small amount of blood flowing from Dairine's neck. Not only did Mir regain his old skills, but his attack, which was transcendent for a moment, didn't work properly. It was a step later and was too shallow.

Dairine healed the wound on his neck with divinity.

"If I was Baal or Raphael, then I would've been cut. That is your natural disposition."

It was inscribed in the epic. The heavenly god, who was the second strongest after Zeratul, proved Mir's ability and value.

"I, the apostle of the Goddess, barely defeated Mir, the apostle of the Overgeared God."

Dairine took back his greatsword and used the nature of the epic in reverse. By honoring Mir, he increased the value of the Overgeared God and ultimately, the honor of the Goddess. He actually excluded himself. He identified himself as an apostle of the Goddess, but he didn't give his name. After all, he was an unknown god and this would be the same forever.

He was just satisfied and grateful for Mir's recognition. This was why he didn't separate Mir's upper and lower bodies, so as to not shock people. He held Mir's wounds together with a divinity that had become hard to see. Then he descended the stage, only to stop walking.

"The great Overgeared God praises Dairine, the God of Souls, for his excellent performance." It was due to the cry of one man. It was the cry of Huroi, Grid's spokesman. This further strengthened Dairine's divinity, but it also strengthened Overgeared God's epic. The Overgeared God praised the apostle of the Goddess and preached the meaning that he wasn't inferior to the Goddess.

"...I was hit." He felt happy yet resentful. Dairine went down from the stage with an ambiguous smile.

Wahhhh!

In the midst of the cheers of the people, Grid, who was in the sky, felt exhilarated.

'Zeratul must be crying right now.'

For Zeratul, it was a hard-won and precious victory. Yet Dairine acted as if he didn't care about Zeratul's honor. Of course, this didn't invalidate the victory, but it would hurt Zeratul's pride a lot.

"...Please punish me for losing even though I have borrowed God's power."

Mir rose to the sky before anyone knew it and bowed to Grid. He returned the Twilight that was respectfully placed on both hands and stuck out his neck as if begging for it to be hit.

Grid grabbed his shoulder. "Raise your head. What's wrong with you after you fought so well?"

"I was defeated..."

"It is fine as long as you come back safely. It was really cool."

"....."

The yangbans of the Hwan Kingdom were treated as sinners whenever they suffered any failures. Didn't Mir get his precious memories erased? However, it was different in the Overgeared World. Failure wasn't a sin here.

The yangbans in the agricultural fields saw this.

"Let go...! It isn't over yet!"

At Asgard...

Zeratul shook off the hand of Archangel Raphael and issued a threat. He glared like he was going to kill Dominion, who had taken the top seat at the table where the Goddess had vacated a spot.

"It will be a tie if we win the remaining two matches. I'll be able to descend and have a justification to fight Grid. I can get revenge at that time."

"This isn't the place to talk about your revenge," Judar, the God of Health and Wisdom, said.

"Don't blur the essence and try to bury the sin of helping give birth to a god with a demonkin origin."

"Nonsense...! Don't talk nonsense when you don't care about evil gods! Isn't it Asgard's honor that you are obsessed with? Everything will be resolved if I defend that honor!"

"Why?" Judar cocked his head and interrupted Zeratul, who had raised his voice. "Even if your birth is late, why are you so emotional when you are a god? Is it really due to the inferiority complex you have toward Chiyou? If so, what makes you different from humans?"

"inferiority... complex? I look like humans?"

Zeratul's sense of reason was broken. Judar touched his reverse scale. His pupils were erased and only the whites of his eyes were shone. Then he immediately ran forward. Before he knew it, he reached the stone table where the gods were sitting and swung his sword at Judar. Of course, it got stuck. Judar didn't step forward, but a barrier erected by the gods serving Judar blocked it.

"Martial God... in the first place, it isn't a name that anyone else can bear."

No one except for Chiyou could handle it. Therefore, Chiyou was the Only One God.

Judar realized that the weight of Zeratul's sword was endlessly light and shook his head. Blood poured from the eyes, ears, nose, and mouth of the gods who served him. It was the aftermath of stopping Zeratul's sword. Zeratul was naturally very strong here in Asgard. He was different from when he was on the surface and received no blessings. Nevertheless, he wasn't acknowledged by the sons of the Goddess.

Zeratul felt tremendous shame and gasped heavily as his face was dyed red. He couldn't run wild any longer. He realized his gap with Judar.

Judar looked at Raphael. "Why aren't you locking him up?"

"Haha... Yes, I'll hurry and do it."

In the end, Zeratul was captured by Raphael and Gabriel and taken to the prison where Hexetia was being held. It was a measure done out of concern that he might descend to the surface again and act as he wanted. In the heaven that the Goddess gave to them, Dominion and Judar were the law, but they knew how to maintain the line, unlike Zeratul.

Zeratul was created by the Goddess so they wouldn't harm him, no matter how many sins he committed. They simply bound him.

In fact, they were indifferent to most things. This was why Raphael could be so active in secret.

"Shit...! Dammit! Gridddd!" Zeratul shouted as he was being dragged. He resented Grid until the last moment, even as many gods glared at him like he was pathetic.

"It is great~" Venice, the God of Money, smiled as she watched the entire process while hiding behind a pillar.

Chapter 1724

From now on, there was only one left. One more win and the Overgeared World would win.

The merchants with quick calculations planned to greatly expand the scale of their investment in the empire. It was because it was on the verge of proving that the Overgeared Guild could protect the supremacy of the surface on their own.

A force formed by players—moreover, it was the force of Grid, who valued players. This was inherently creating a high-value market. If he could stop the invasion of the gods and prove his ability to safely defend the surface, he would be reborn as a market with infinite possibilities.

"Was it this much...?"

Meanwhile, the rankers were repeatedly murmuring to themselves. It was an era where the realm of transcendence was well known. The goal of the present day high rankers was to break through their limits and transcend the human realm.

Some people felt confident that it wasn't far away. It meant that people had regained their lost ambitions. Yet today, they realized that even the realm of transcendence was divided into levels. They also witnessed several times the Absolute realm that was beyond transcendence.

The apostles of Grid against the gods—it was a very shocking event for the rankers, who hoped to be on equal footing with the apostles one day and to be used seriously by Grid. This meant that their regained ambition had faded again.

"Are they feeling demoralized now? Pathetic guys."

Asuke read the source of the turmoil and snorted. How many times had she felt this level of frustration? It was only like this now, but it was funny to see them despairing every time. In the first place, the problem was that they couldn't grasp the subject and became excited. They wouldn't have been so excited if they were always aware of who they were challenging.

'Grid is the sun.'

He was infinitely brilliant, but hard to get close to. The closer one got, the more painful it was. They would realize that the gap was beyond what they had prepared for. Asuka finished defining Grid and stood up. She was above a high spire. It was a famous place where she could see the spectators and stage all over the city at a glance.

“There is no need to watch the rest of the showdown. Let’s go back.”

The remaining apostles were Sariel and Zik. They were people who didn’t interest Asuka. Sariel was an archangel who dealt with divine power, while Zik handled ancient runes. She wouldn’t be able to learn it even if she watched for a hundred days.

“Yes, Young Lady.” Teddy Bear carried out her orders. He had the opinion that it would be better to see the result of the confrontation, but he followed silently. It was because he saw the corners of Asuka’s mouth twitch. He noticed that in the middle of watching the showdown, her hands were itching due to some inspiration.

“Ohh...”

Most of the reactions of those who witnessed Sariel were similar.

They sighed. It was because her, or his, appearance was so beautiful and noble. The gentle expression and deep eyes alone created a sense of holiness. A halo of light, pure white wings, divine power, etc. It wasn’t difficult to accept her as a sacred being who was difficult to approach even if the elements symbolizing angels were hidden without being revealed.

“It might sound like a pretense, but I’m glad you are doing well,” the god who came onto the stage said.

Dara—he was a god who ruled over the constellations. He was the most recognizable one among the gods who descended after Zeratul. It was because monks and astronomers in some areas had found and worshiped Dara’s faint myth.

‘Sariel, the noblest angel.’

They were words he couldn’t release from his mouth. It was because everyone was watching. He understood how much every word from a god meant here. Hadn’t he witnessed the gods being eaten by the Overgeared God’s scripture (epic) earlier? However, he really wanted to convey something.

“I’m sorry.”

Please forgive me for having to stand idly by.

The stars in the sky moved. Rather than making magically created star forms like Euphemina, the real stars in the universe were moving. In response to Dara’s will, a constellation that never existed before was created. It was the constellation of a warrior holding a sword and a shield. It copied Dara’s movements in real time and used Zeratul’s swordsmanship.

The sword wielded by the warrior of the endlessly huge universe had to exert its influence on the ground. However, this wasn’t Dara’s power. Dara knew the nature of this holy war and naturally sealed the effect of the power.

“Let’s start,” Dara’s heart was deeply depressed as he spoke with a determined face. The reason why he learned swordsmanship from Zeratul was because he felt the need to become stronger.

Why did he feel the need? It was because he never wanted to stand idly by again as an angel went through something unfair like Sariel. It was Sariel who loved Asgard more than anyone else, and who guarded order by understanding the will of Goddess better than anyone else.

However, she was expelled when she exposed the sins of the gods. The gods who created Sariel and assigned the role ended up denying Sariel. It was terribly ugly. Even so, Dara and many other gods had no choice but to stand idly by. It was because they were weak. They didn’t have divinity or force to put forward, so there was no weight in their words.

At that time, many gods had the same thoughts as Dara.

Let’s get better. In order to help the higher gods no longer look ugly, we must have the power to oppose them.

From that time on, some gods tried to improve in their own ways. Among them, Dara chose to train his martial ability.

‘I didn’t know I would have to use the power I’ve built up for you to defeat you.’

It was bittersweet and sad. Dara was overcome with emotion. It was necessary to defeat Sariel in order to prevent the birth of the second or third Sariel. It was ironic, but it couldn’t be helped.

Dara was determined to show off his martial arts and be worshiped by everyone. The reason why he moved the constellations that he couldn’t even use was a means to prove his greatness. Contrary to his pure intentions, he was very thorough. It meant he wasn’t a good opponent.

Grid noticed it as well.

‘He is in third place.’

Dairine, the boy god who defeated Mir, and Kadlow, who had lost part of his divinity to Braham—the next strongest god after them was Dara. It was right to say that it was actually hard for Sariel to handle him.

‘It is okay, Sariel.’

It was as he said to Mir earlier. Wins or losses didn’t matter.

The thing I prioritize above all else is your own values. Let go of the pressure to win and use it as an opportunity for growth. Think of it as meeting a valuable enemy...

The ground shook as Grid was making his wish.

Six pairs of wings—Sariel’s Wings of Justice and Slaughter were changing in a strange way. Each of the pure white feathers that made up her wings became as hard and sharp as a blade.

Michael, the third ranked archangel who died to Grid—the function built into the wings that were originally his was manifested. It was literally in the form of slaughter.

“Ugh...” Sariel gritted her teeth and wrapped her arms around her chest. She had a pained expression. It was more of an expression of trying to suppress something.

Grid’s face hardened.

‘Demonic energy...’

Dara’s apology and kindness were selfish. It was just an act to relieve Dara of his own guilt. It actually pierced the wounds that Sariel had buried deep in her heart and revealed the darkness that was barely suppressed. She lost control of her demonic energy and it started to run rampant.

“Sariel...!”

Dara noticed the unexpected event and reached out urgently. All he could do was care for her to make sure that Sariel didn’t reach the point of no return. At this moment, he wasn’t conscious of the human and heavenly gazes. He was sincere.

However, Sariel refused it. The wounds she suffered in the past were too great. If sins could be washed away with words of apology, then why did she have to be expelled from heaven and endure a terrible amount of pain?

Her subconscious angered her and her latent demonic energy grew. The divinity that resembled Grid’s divinity turned ultramarine and her brilliant gold hair was dyed red. Her closed eyes, filled with tears of blood, opened again. “Dara, God of Constellations, you are also a sinner.”

The dark gray eyes reflected Dara. It was in a distorted shape because the color of her eyes were murky.

“You knew about the sins of the gods but ignored them. Then you stood idly by as I fell into a predicament after I questioned the sins of the gods.”

“What was I supposed to do when I had no strength?” Dara’s voice trembled slightly.

The power of Sariel, the Angel of Justice—he felt like he was dissected in every detail and his secrets exposed by her ‘Wicked Eye.’ It was terribly embarrassing and unpleasant.

“Being powerless isn’t an excuse. The gods wouldn’t have escaped being punished if each one of you had said something at the time and helped me. Dara, you know what is in your heart, right?”

It was a great sin to stand idly by. Goddess Rebecca herself proved it. Sariel tried to think as rationally as possible and criticized Dara, but—

“...Die.”

Her awareness lasted up to here. Her consciousness was completely cut off as the repressed demonic energy exploded and triggered her Wicked Eye. Her power started to run wild. It was a power she had suppressed ever since becoming Grid’s apostle. Furthermore, the power she showed, after absorbing Michael’s power thanks to Grid, was beyond Grid’s imagination.

“...Uh?”

Feathers scattered in the aftermath of Sariel's charge. Some of them soared high into the sky and stimulated Grid's artificial senses. It seemed as if the feathers wouldn't have just grazed his cheeks and caused bleeding if he reacted one step late. Contrary to the bewildered and mesmerized Grid—

'Is this how it will go?'

Lauel was about to die of happiness. He clenched his fists tightly and managed to suppress his cheers. Ever since Sariel used her power, this match had been nullified. It was a huge stroke of luck at a time when it was hard to be convinced of Sariel's victory. There was no reason for the gods to question it.

Currently, Sariel had lost her sense of reason and used her power due to her 'demonic energy running wild.' Additionally, the culprits who caused her demonic energy were the heavenly gods. Even the heavens would have to understand it. There was no abstention.

From the moment Sariel spread her Wings of Slaughter and charged forward, Dara responded with his power. Perhaps he felt a great threat so he reflexively moved his constellations. The giant sword wielded by the huge warrior of the universe fell toward the stage and the confrontation became a mess.

Aaaaack!

A scream seemed to come from the sky. It was Zeratul's scream.

Chapter 1725

The essence of an angel was a god's agent. To humans, they might seem infinitely noble and sacred, but their actual status wasn't high. The same was true of the archangels. They were the best of the angels. They might have more power and authority than an ordinary god, but their status was low. In other words, it was difficult to attract the attention of the gods just because an angel was punished.

However, the incident of Sariel's exile was witnessed and talked about by many gods. Didn't Zeratul and the gods who followed Zeratul all recognize Sariel and mention her?

'I should've noticed it right away.'

Sariel was special among the archangels.

Grid wiped the blood from his cheek that was cut by the feathers and felt convinced. It seemed natural now when looking back at it.

The Archangel of Justice—Sariel was the guardian of the laws of heaven. Her 'Wicked Eye' watched the angels and gods and revealed their sins. Maybe she even had the power to punish them. In the end, she must've been exiled because she was an inconvenient existence to the gods.

'An executor.'

An archangel with the power to monitor and punish the gods...

A chill went down Grid's spine as he defined Sariel. He inferred the modifier in front of her name and realized how great she was. It wasn't an abnormal thing. Even when looking at hell, there were many hidden giants besides the Three Evils of the Beginning. It was just like the Black Knight or Asura.

'I have to stop it.'

Grid clenched his hands and opened them. He breathed in and smelled the wind. The smell of blood that pierced his nose became blurred. Most of the wounds on his face and his severed arms had been regenerated. Any serious wounds would heal over time.

This was a privilege for all players. Of course, they had to 'die' to recover. To be precise, the players couldn't do anything in front of curse-type wounds that 'reset,' but Zeratul's attacks didn't contain a curse. Putting aside his hatred of Grid, he hurt Grid with pure martial arts like the Martial God. The problem was that it was so fatal that it didn't recover easily.

'It is a bit unfortunate, but this should be enough.'

Grid checked his physical condition and examined the situation on the ground. The battle range was too large to stay on the ground. The sword dropped by the huge constellation warrior covered the entire stage, while Sariel's feathers penetrated through the barriers that were shattering and terrified those outside the stage.

A place high in the sky where the barriers didn't reach.

In other words, the aftermath of the battle was reaching where Grid was. Every time the air waves of the constellation warrior collided with the ultramarine demonic energy on the blade-like feathers, the shockwaves reached the place where Grid was. The damage that was hard to ignore even for Grid gradually accumulated. It hinted at the fact that the barriers surrounding the stage wouldn't last long.

People were in danger like this.

".....!"

Grid was trying to narrow the distance to Sariel using Shunpo, only to stop in surprise. It was because on the stage, Sariel's gaze suddenly turned his way as she used her six pairs of wings to block the sword of the constellation warrior. The murky gray eyes projected Grid's blurry form like a bronze mirror.

[Greed, violence, murder, and betrayal... you have also committed many sins.]

Sariel's thoughts penetrated Grid's mind. A slight sadness and great anger was felt.

Grid reflected on his past.

Greed—he was greedy for too much. Material things, people, and love.

Violence—he often resorted to absurd violence in the name of revenge.

Murder—for money, power, growth, the people, the nation... he killed too many people for all sorts of reasons.

Betrayal—he overthrew the Eternal Kingdom.

"...That's right."

It was said that the seven gods had each only committed one type of sin. Compared to them, he would be a greater sinner. In fact, he knew it right from the start. The reason he easily became friendly with Hexetia was due to the realization that he didn't have the right to criticize Hexetia.

“But.”

Grid looked at the people. People from all walks of life made up a huge crowd. Many of them depended on him.

“You can’t punish me.”

He knew it was selfish. He also knew that whatever he said was nothing but sophistry. However, Grid wasn’t in a position where he could be buried by his past. The future he had to take responsibility for was too great to give up on just because of the sins he committed in his past.

[My sin is special. There is a story and a cause, right?]

Sariel’s tears of blood grew thicker.

[You are also like the gods of heaven.]

Punishing others—she didn’t do it because she liked it. It was an obligation she bore from the time of her birth, so she fulfilled it even if it was sad at times. It was even more so if the object to be punished was the god she served.

Sariel spread open her folded wings and the blade-like feathers formed a storm. It made it impossible for Grid to properly identify her figure. It meant it was difficult to use Shunpo to enter the storm. This wasn’t a problem.

“Freely Move.”

He just had to dodge and enter. Countless sparks flew around Grid’s body as he entered the storm. They were sparks generated when the blade-like feathers collided with Berith’s Power.

Automatic Transformation—it was a passive skill that blocked all projectiles flying at him for one minute, guarding Grid. However, there were limitations to Freely Move and Automatic Transformation. A ranged attack that covered all areas. It blocked the retreat of Freely Move and retained too strong a power for Automatic Transformation to handle.

Just then, the sword wielded by the constellation warrior struck Sariel and Grid at the same time. Signs of the barrier being broken down in real time were caught by Grid’s senses. Fortunately, it was being restored immediately. It was thanks to the apostles and Overgeared members joining forces.

“Sariel!”

The apostles and Overgeared members shouted Sariel’s name.

Please come to your senses. Don’t make any more regrets.

It just didn’t seem to reach. Sariel was only focused on Grid and Dara.

[Pain is something that those who commit sins must bear. Not me.]

Sadness turned to resentment.

[I’m going to kill you, take that power, and ascend to heaven. I will bring about the justice that wasn’t achieved there and correct the disorganized order, righting it.]

That anger turned to pleasure.

A Fallen Angel—after being exiled by the gods and forcibly endowed with an ‘evil’ temperament, she was completely losing her original personality. The dark halo changed its trajectory so it aimed in Dara’s direction and fired an ultramarine beam.

Dara raised a shield to prevent this and the constellation warrior also raised a shield, freeing Grid from pressure.

“Sariel! Calm down and come to your senses!” Grid shouted as he used Turning the World Upside Down and pinned Sariel to the ground.

He naturally didn’t wield Twilight. It was because his purpose wasn’t to hurt Sariel, but to stop her. Unfortunately, Sariel’s sense of reason didn’t return. The energy surrounding her was still the ultramarine demonic energy.

“Damn! Calm down!” Grid used Mixed Throw Strikes and started to slap Sariel’s face.

“Ah...” Sighs were heard everywhere.

Sariel might’ve lost her sense of reason for a while, but she was an apostle. Beating her like a dog was a bit... wasn’t it right to persuade with words first...? People felt sorry, but Grid didn’t have time for this sentiment.

‘She is becoming faster.’

Sariel escaped from Grid’s grasp and was accelerating. The important thing was that the faster she got, the slower the flow of the world became. The realm of the Absolute was about to form. An Angel of Justice, who was originally powerful, was expelled, and she completely digested the power she had built up in her fallen state. Now she started to cross into the realm of an Absolute.

“Sariel! Are you really completely corrupted?” Dara lamented. The sword he wielded was imitated by the constellation warrior. He was a very tricky opponent. Not only was Dara himself strong, but the power of the constellations was too overwhelming. There was a need to be conscious of the attack wielded by Dara in full view while also worrying about the linkage with the constellations from space.

“Fallen Angel... no, Archangel of Justice, Sariel. For your honor, I would rather kill you.”

Dara threw away his sword and shield. He took out a bow and drew it. The shape of the constellations in the sky responded to Dara’s change. It changed to the figure of a sleek female hunter pulling a bow. It felt like a nuclear bomb was falling. The arrow that Dara showed in front of him wasn’t very threatening, but the arrow made up of stars fell with the momentum to pierce the planet.

Sariel’s face stiffened as she was pinned down by Grid again and struck with Mixed Throw Strikes. She sensed a crisis. She stood with her back to the arrow that got close in an instant.

Suddenly, Grid pulled her into his arms. He glared at Dara like he was going to kill Dara. “Who are you to protect Sariel’s honor?”

“.....!”

Dara's face turned white. Grid's killing intent was so powerful that he felt overwhelmed and confused at the same time. It was absurd that the man who had been beating Sariel to death was now holding Sariel in his arms and saying such things. The scenery of the stage disappeared and the Canyon of Steel unfolded.

Dozens of Valhallas wrapped around Sariel's body and blocked the arrow of stars. Grid's willpower was guarding her.

Was this the reason? Grid wasn't protected. Perhaps Grid's mental world judged Sariel to be an ally, so it didn't recognize that she was 'attacking' Grid. Sariel's hands squeezed through the seam between the armor and shoulder blade and pierced Grid's armpit.

[Ah... Ahhh... No...]

It was Sariel, not Grid, who groaned. Tears of blood poured down her face and she was on the verge of sobbing. Even when she completely lost her senses, she regretted harming Grid. She looked very confused and distressed.

"Calm... down... cough..."

Grid coughed up dark red blood while holding Sariel's cheeks with trembling hands. Grid's hands were so large and Sariel's face was so small that it was completely covered. The situation and appearance were reminiscent of a scene from a tragic romance manhwa, so the female audience cried.

Click, click, click...

Then there was the sound of someone coming up on stage. This match had become meaningless from the time Sariel and Dara used their powers. In other words, it wasn't a big problem if someone other than Grid broke in.

However, it was a different story if that person was Irene.

The empress of the Overgeared Empire—she was the wife of Overgeared God Grid and she was special. There was just no way she would be safe if she broke into a battle between gods.

"Come down!"

"It is dangerous!"

The urgent cries of the people made Irene's popularity obvious. Those who were shouting for her safety almost seemed to scream. Many people seemed like they were going to jump onto the stage right away. In the midst of the turmoil—

"Sariel."

Irene approached Grid and Sariel's side in a steadfast manner. People were terrified. They naturally imagined the scene where Sariel, who lost her sense of reason, harmed Irene. Yet unexpectedly—

[Irene...]

Sariel recognized Irene and didn't show any hostility. Instead, she was as polite as usual. She also tried to smile.

[You... aren't guilty...]

She had revealed even the sins of the gods in detail, but now she didn't reveal Irene's sins. It was the first time Sariel saw a being so clean and she admired it. It was such a shock that her sense of reason returned in an instant.

Irene took a step closer to Sariel, who smiled faintly as if relieved and delighted. People imagined the scene of Irene hugging Sariel. It was usually the right time for such a scene to come out. But...

Irene unexpectedly slapped Sariel. The blow was so powerful that Sariel's head turned slightly. The sound was so loud that people were dumbfounded. Irene's clear voice rang out. "If all sins need to be repaid with death, then how many people in this world would survive?"

[.....]

"The sins that His Majesty committed became the springboard for the creation of the present empire and the surface. The sins that weren't a springboard were forgiven after sufficient reflection and service. You can condemn His Majesty, but you can't punish him."

[Ah... Ahhhh...]

Sariel knew it as well.

Was Grid like the heavenly gods? He was completely different. The sins committed by the heavenly gods were purely to satisfy their own desires, while Grid's sins were mostly for the sake of others.

Morally, it was never right, but it was understandable depending on the point of view. This was why Grid had countless people who 'liked' or 'disliked' him and they coexisted for a long time. In any case, there was no point discussing this at length. Grid's character had changed steadily over the years. Assessing the current Grid through his past history was rather harsh. The thing Irene wanted right now was—

"Wake up, Sariel."

It was for Sariel to regain her sense of reason.

"I don't need Sariel, the Angel of Justice, or Sariel, the Fallen Angel. I want Sariel, my friend who enjoys tea time with me every day."

[...Irene...]

The wounds on her heart weren't easily solved. Maybe they would exist as lumps forever. Irene didn't dare think that she would release Sariel's grudge. She just wanted them to move toward the future together.

"Rather than reflecting on yesterday's wounds, think about the tea you will have tomorrow?"

At this moment, the ultramarine demonic energy that was enveloping Sariel's body dispersed like fog. Her brilliant divinity and beautiful blonde hair returned and the tears she shed turned transparent.

"I'm sorry... I'm sorry... I have dared to commit a great sin..." Sariel regained her sense of reason and immediately knelt in front of Grid. She dared to aim her standards at the god she served. She dared to hurt the god she served...

A great sense of guilt weighed on her. A new wound was carved into her heart, which had become rags. This wound—

“Angels can make mistakes in their lives. How is it a sin?”

Grid comforted it.

“I’m glad you are back, Sariel.”

“.....”

Grid’s smile was as bright as the sun and gave Sariel repose.

Chapter 1726

“I will kill you. Definitely, by all means.”

“.....”

The first thing Sariel encountered after coming off the stage was Mercedes’ killing notice. Mercedes was completely different from Irene. She didn’t consider Sariel’s position or her friendship with Sariel at all. She just hated Sariel’s attitude toward Grid.

Was it because Mercedes loved Grid more than Irene? No, their love for Grid was infinitely limitless. Their differences came from their positions. The responsibility borne by Empress Irene was much greater than that borne by Mercedes. She had to consider many more things.

“Really... I’m really sorry...” Mercedes’ gaze filled with disgust and hatred was like a dagger that pierced Sariel’s heart. The cheek that had been hit by Irene a moment ago throbbed and hurt again. By nature, it was right that it shouldn’t hurt.

“Stop it.” Grid calmed down the atmosphere. He patted the head of Sariel, who was crushed by guilt and had lowered it. Then he wrapped his arm around Mercedes’ shoulders and kissed her cheek.

Then something magical happened. Mercedes’ ice-cold expression melted like it was a lie. Her cheeks flushed, her pretty lips pursed, and she struggled to hold back her smile. It was a pure, girlish reaction that didn’t match her usual knight’s image.

There was a commotion in the surroundings. The spectators, who had been overwhelmed by the full-scale confrontation between the god and the Fallen Angel, came to their senses and became enraged. It was the anger of those who hated Grid being involved with many women.

Their disgust usually stemmed from jealousy, not a sense of ethics. It was an attitude that represented the trend of the times. A man or woman who attained a title of nobility in Satisfy had multiple spouses. Now for people, ‘love shared with many people’ wasn’t strange. It was within a realm of understanding. In the first place, there were surprisingly many countries that allowed polygamy even in modern society.

In any case, the reason why people were angry with Grid was because Mercedes and Sariel were too good. Women who possessed exquisite beauty and outstanding abilities. There was even a charm from those with different species. They felt like they were going crazy because they were so envious of Grid, who monopolized them...

“Sariel isn’t a woman, right?” It happened as Grid was reading the atmosphere and was bewildered...

“Sariel, you must really reflect.” Braham, who struggled to repair the collapsing barriers in real time, approached and growled out.

Sins? Where in the world was there an innocent person? Braham was genuinely angry at Sariel, who dared to accuse Grid based on her own standards.

Sariel was also reflecting on it. It was a mistake she made while being devoured by an evil heart and lost her senses, but she was obediently remorseful. Daring to criticize the god she served...

She thought it was a sin where she deserved death a hundred times.

“Stop it.” Grid eventually put his arm around Sariel’s shoulders as well. “It isn’t like Sariel did it on purpose. It is a mistake she made after losing her reason as a Fallen Angel. So why do you keep biting at it? You know that Sariel is the one suffering more than anyone else, right?”

“Bah, you are soothing me like a child.”

“Don’t be sarcastic. Let me assure you that I won’t blame you even if you do something intentional against me that isn’t a mistake.”

“What...? What type of crazy nonsense is this?”

“The fact that you would betray me means I have a problem. It also means I trust you that much.”

“.....”

I would rather doubt myself than doubt you.

Grid’s declaration made the apostles think a lot. Zik and Piaro smiled silently, Mercedes had to cover her gaping mouth with her hands in an emotional manner, and Sariel felt even more guilty and loyal.

Loyalty—it was an unfamiliar feeling for the Angel of Justice, who took the task of monitoring even the gods who created her.

“.....”

Mir trembled. He reflected on the relationship between gods and apostles that he had witnessed in the Hwan Kingdom and realized how unconventional Grid was. He was convinced that becoming Grid’s apostle was his greatest good fortune and achievement since his birth.

“...Son of a bitch,” Braham cursed with a dissatisfied expression. He didn’t like the premise that Grid presented.

Nefelina’s reaction was similar. “W-We! There is no way I’m going to betray you!”

“It is just making an assumption. Why are you raising your voice?”

“M-Mercedes! You... you! You have become ruder ever since you mated with Grid...!”

“Cough!” The startled Grid choked and the sound of water being spat out was heard throughout the city.

Huroi hurriedly but calmly solved it. “Nefelina is talking about your marriage.”

“Ah... Since she is a dragon, it is expressed like that...”

“That isn’t it! Mate...!Oof!Oof!” Nefelina was sent off. Faker and Kasim dragged her into the shadows.

The atmosphere was awkward for a while, but it soon recovered. It was thanks to Vantner and Pon distracting people with their characteristic nonsense.

The God of Constellations, who was left behind on the stage, also opened his mouth, “Sariel... not only did I neglect you in the past, but I also tried to cut and harm who you are now. I apologize from the bottom of my heart.”

Dara believed that Sariel was completely corrupted and tried to kill her. It was with an absurd excuse to protect her honor. In fact, it was to protect himself.

“...I’m not going to say that it is okay. However, I don’t think I will blame you or the heavenly gods any longer,” Sariel shifted her eyes to the stage and replied.

Dara sounded puzzled. “Why aren’t you blaming us?”

It was a question that caught everyone’s attention. Grid, the apostles, the Overgeared members, the spectators, and the viewers all listened to Sariel.

“Are you saying you want to forgive us?”

“No. It is just that my current happiness is too precious to cling to petty grudges and revenge.”

“.....”

At this moment, the bitterness that was deep in Sariel’s heart was released. It was released with precious happiness, not revenge. The ‘evil heart’ that developed over the process of obsessing with revenge and causing her to go on a rampage started to melt away without a trace.

[Your apostle, ‘Sariel,’ has overcome the curse of the Fallen Angel.]

[Your apostle, ‘Sariel,’ will no longer face the danger of transforming into a demon.]

“You are a hundred times better than me.”

Grid’s praise made Sariel’s divinity become brighter. There wasn’t a single shadow in her shy smile, so she was more beautiful and radiant than ever. It felt like she was reborn as a true angel. People who felt her change or growth cheered. Then as the atmosphere calmed down—

“I’m sorry to step out without notice, but... shouldn’t we finish this?”

The last god who appeared on the stage after Dara left—it was a god in the form of an old woman with white hair. Her waist was bent more than 90 degrees and the balance of her body depended on a cane. It felt like a bad hobby. A god who could maintain eternal youth and health didn’t need to take the form of an old and sick person.

“Don’t get me wrong. My appearance isn’t a mockery of the finiteness of humanity.” The god heard the people’s whispered words and explained. Her name was Velma.

“I am the God of Regret... I took on the role of embracing what humans turn away from. This old appearance is one of them.”

“Are you saying that you have aged on behalf of the humans who don’t want to grow old? That said, the vast majority of humans aren’t able to avoid aging.” Braham scoffed. This sacrifice was meaningless. He didn’t say it outright, but he treated her as a purely useless god.

“It isn’t about getting old. It is about growing old together.”

“.....”

Braham shut his mouth. He heard Velma’s explanation and immediately realized that she was a good god. It was the same for the others.

A god who bore and shared the same suffering as humans—Velma, the God of Regret, was structurally a god who existed for humans. She wasn’t someone to be hostile to.

Zik seemed to know her from early on.

“How have you been?” Zik climbed onto the stage and greeted Velma politely. The feeling was quite different from when he dealt with Hanul or King Sobyel. It felt more like how he treated Chiyu. There was an attitude of respect that went beyond just being respectful.

“Based on the fact that you studied martial arts, it seems that some type of martial artist has touched your heart this time.”

“It hurt me to watch a lonely swordsman with no opponents live without being able to die.”

“Did you want to be his opponent? Just like you helped me with my studies a long time ago.”

“I... I didn’t help you.”

Velma recalled her memories of the ‘previous world.’ She met a human boy who learned all the knowledge possible for him and regretted it because he became bored. She let him know that there was still knowledge in this world that the boy didn’t know. It was in the hope that the boy would have hope, not regret.

It became a curse on the boy. After searching for new knowledge, the boy became a young man and finally learned runes from Goddess Rebecca. As a result, the boy became a half-god and was eventually framed as one of the seven evils. His life was filled with suffering.

Velma’s wrinkled face gradually darkened as she recalled it.

Then Zik told her, “The boy who met you was able to greet you today because he went through those days.”

“.....”

“My condition is very good these days, Velma.”

He didn't say he was happy. It was because he hadn't saved his colleagues yet. Nevertheless, it was clear that he was nearing happiness. This was why Zik didn't regret his past choices. Zik suggested, "Shall we compete so that your kindness can reach that lonely swordsman?"

"...Thank you, Zik."

There was a swordsman who regretted becoming the strongest. He was one who couldn't die but had to live. Velma wanted to let him know that there was still a place for him to stand.

'Muller.'

Grid and Zik naturally noticed the identity of the swordsman that Velma was talking about. They sensed that a huge meeting was coming.

Chapter 1727

It was the case with all the gods who descended with Zeratul.

Velma, the God of Regret, wasn't well known. Very few people knew of her and even they gave her a bad assessment.

The God of Regret—wasn't this name sinister? It was a name like she would nag at them to realize their mistakes and repent.

Velma—in fact, her role was to help humans live a 'life without regrets.' She took on a mission that was practically impossible. She suffered from too many failures and was deeply troubled.

Is my role right?

It isn't right.

To eliminate regret from human life is just arrogance from now knowing human beings...

From the moment she realized this, Velma changed her ways. She didn't help humans to stop feeling regret, but she cared for humans suffering from regret. To do this, she had to focus on the lives of individual human beings. Other great gods exerted their influence over many human beings, while she communicated with every human one by one.

"Zik... you have experienced me, so you know best. I am a very incompetent god. Please don't be disappointed too much."

She learned swordsmanship because she wanted to give the lone swordsman the will to live. Yet was it really possible? Could the swordsmanship she learned instill a new will in the strongest swordsman? She didn't dare to doubt the swordsmanship of Martial God Zeratul. The problem was with her. She had never fought in her life, so she wondered if she could fight well...

"If you don't trust yourself, why don't you use your power?"

It happened as Velma's heart shook as she faced Zik...

The God of Magic and Wisdom—the new god who was just born advised her from offstage.

“In any case, this confrontation will end in a victory for the Overgeared World. The thing you should be obsessed with is the content, not the outcome of the fight.” Braham was being cautious. He showed a polite attitude to Velma when he belittled almost all his opponents, except for Hayate. It was out of respect for Velma. He respected her essence, not her old and dwarfed appearance. “Surely you didn’t intend to compete in pure swordsmanship against the strongest swordsman?”

“.....”

That’s right. It was arrogance to compete in pure swordsmanship against the lone swordsman. Arrogance was what Velma hated the most. It happened as Velma was almost persuaded...

“You don’t have to listen to him.” Zik poured cold water on her. His eyes were unusually sharp as he glanced at Braham. He looked somewhat aggressive, unlike his usual calm eyes. It was because he read Braham’s intentions.

Braham snorted. “I think it is too late.”

It was true. Velma had already taken out her power. She generated dozens of clones. The facial expression of each clone was different. It was because they were clones that embodied the human regrets that Velma had been carrying. It wasn’t glamorous like the power of the other gods, but rather had a gloominess to it.

“Thank you, Braham. I have realized a lot thanks to you.”

The lone swordsman and Zik in front of her—they have been honing their swords all their lives. It would only bring shame if she asked them to compete in pure swordsmanship.

Velma abandoned her hesitation after thinking about it and took a step forward. Then the dozens of clones followed her movements.

Thump.

Dozens of steps took place at the same time and the stage vibrated slightly. Velma’s clones grew from dozens to hundreds. Hundreds of steps were taken simultaneously again and there was a loud noise this time. Then Velma’s clones increased from hundreds to thousands. This meant there were so many regrets from humans that she had witnessed.

“...Braham.” Zik let out a small sigh. People thought Zik was frustrated.

Zik was in a crisis because Braham provoked Velma. Yes, it was a crisis. Each of Velma’s thousands of clones had different regrets.

One was the regret of a great magician.

His young days. The mistakes he made in order to learn magic more easily stained his later years with pain. Velma’s clone recreated his magic as he regretted and lamented his past choices at the end of his life.

One was the regret of a middle-aged composer.

He was blinded by greed and plagiarized his precious friend's work. This caused him to suffer from terrible nightmares every night. His friend committed suicide because he couldn't handle the sight of the song he had sung to a childhood friend becoming his friend's work and spreading all over the world.

Ahhhhhh!

Velma's clone recreated the screams of the middle-aged composer, who produced the melody stolen from his friend with a scream. There was the regret of an ordinary head of the household, the regret of a young girl, and the regret of a brave warrior.

Countless regrets were recreated by Velma's clones and caused powerful waves. They were wavelengths that gave Zik both physical pain and heartache. It was a level of pain that the Zik from a short time ago would've never been able to handle.

In fact, everyone off the stage was suffering. Many people groaned as their minds were devastated by the indirect experiences alone. Even Grid frowned. It was the ultimate mental attack accompanied by physical attacks. He thought that even he wouldn't be safe if he was hit by this from the front.

However, Zik endured it casually. A colorless divinity enveloped him. It was a divinity that absorbed all the regrets that Velma reproduced before they reached Zik, integrating and transforming them into a single concept. All the physical attacks caused by the warriors' regrets, the rampaging magic caused by the magicians' regrets, and the melancholy and status abnormalities caused by the regrets of ordinary people were turned into Zik's sword energy.

"This...?" Velma's eyes trembled as she witnessed the unbelievable scene in real time and she shifted her gaze to Braham. She realized that it had been a trap.

Braham just shrugged.

"It is a pity."

The colorless divinity that Zik reproduced with runes was a clumsy imitation of the divinity of King Sobyel. It adsorbed any concept and transformed it into a single concept. Then it absorbed, amplified, and released it. The greater the force of the target, the more light it exerted. As Braham's method of destruction proved, this was actually a poison when the power of the target was infinite. However, Braham could be certain that there were few beings in the world who could use such an ignorant method of destruction.

Kyaaaak!

Velma's clones were destroyed. All the regrets were turned into sword energy and they couldn't handle Zik's attack power. Velma's main body struck at Zik's sword energy several times. Her swordsmanship had been honed for the lone swordsman, so it was as good as her mindset.

"Zik... I think you have become more shrewd."

"....."

Velma's voice had become calm again as she raised her sword with her bent back and blocked Zik's attack. There wasn't the slightest sign of resentment toward Zik, who had involved (?) her with Braham and caused her to fall into a trap.

“It is good. You experienced the end of an upright life in the previous world. I hope you have no regrets in this life.”

“.....”

Zik tried to open his mouth several times. He wanted to protest that there were some unfair parts due to Braham, but Velma didn't give him a chance. The victim, Velma, had the right to complain, but Velma's attitude was favorable throughout.

“Heh.”

What was so good? Braham was smiling arrogantly...

Velma's wrinkled mouth slowly curved in a smile as she saw Zik frown slightly. “You've made good friends in this world.”

“...Huh?” There was a rare, shocked look on Zik's face. He honestly couldn't believe his ears.

Velma chuckled. “Your face shows your emotions. It is just like the days when you were with the other good people.”

“This... I'm just angry...” Zik finally got a chance to protest, but he shut his mouth along the way. The very fact that he was angry with someone came as a shock.

A half-god—Zik was different from ordinary humans. He couldn't easily communicate with others, so he always kept his distance. However, there was no such distance with Braham. It happened naturally without him even realizing it. It was because Braham's position was as special as his own. The same was true of Grid and the other apostles.

“The other good people will surely be happy to see you now.”

Just then—

“My companions are definitely alive.”

Zik was certain of it.

Velma didn't answer hastily.

Zik knew the reason why.

“They have become demons.”

“...Did you figure that out?” Velma couldn't remain silent any longer. She asked about it with an expression of surprise and Zik demanded an answer.

“Aren't my companions the great demons sealed by the lonely swordsman?”

Muller—Zik no longer pretended not to know the identity of the lonely swordsman. In the first place, Velma had no intention of hiding it.

“He... he believed that great power came with great responsibility.”

Just like most legends, Sword Saint Muller was a great being.

“He always sacrificed himself for others. He was the strongest, but there were times when he was weak.”

As evidenced by the story of Muller helping Mountain King Grenier, the legend didn't capture all of Muller's achievements. In the first place, only a part of Muller became a legend.

“Yet in the end, he couldn't die... I wonder if you can help him.”

Before they knew it, the battle was coming to an end. After temporarily absorbing the regrets of humans, Zik's sword energy was strengthened and Velma could no longer handle it. At this moment, Velma realized it. She didn't have the ability to help Muller.

Meanwhile, she had hopes that Zik and Braham could be different. Of course, there was no need to mention the Overgeared God. Nevertheless, she didn't mention the Overgeared God casually. It was because the hierarchy was different. Wasn't he the one who defeated Zeratul? He wasn't someone Velma dared to mention.

“If you have a chance some day, please go and see the lonely swordsman. He is a hero who deserves to be saved, but he is also a person who can solve the questions you might have.”

“I'll definitely find him.” It was Grid, not Zik, who replied to Velma's request.

Velma, whose eyes were half-covered by thick eyelids, bowed her head. “I am relieved that a great god has made me a promise.”

A god who made other gods give a deep bow—the 23rd epic ended by restating Grid's greatness.

The world message that followed announced the end of the holy war.

[The first holy war between the Overgeared World and Asgard has ended.]

[Martial God 'Zeratul' wasn't able to compete with Overgeared God 'Grid'.]

[The apostles of the Overgeared God have cut off Zeratul's passed down martial arts.]

[This has been notarized by humanity.]

Chapter 1728

At the time when the followers of the Martial God spread the word about Zeratul's descent, people naturally imagined terrible things. They thought of Reinhardt and the Overgeared World collapsing. Yet now—

Reinhardt was fine. Only the huge stage in the central square was damaged and barely maintained the form of a 'coffin.' Otherwise, the tranquil and beautiful scenery of the Overgeared World in the center of the city was the same as usual. No... gradually, things started to change.

The range of the orange divinity coloring the Overgeared World was expanding like it was going to dye the whole city. It was proof that the Overgeared World was growing.

“Is this the victory reward for Grid...? In particular, there are rumors that the buffs that the gods get from the Overgeared World are amazing. So it is correct to say that the more the domain of the Overgeared World expands, the stronger Grid becomes, right?”

“Even that would only be a fraction of the reward.”

Grid fought and won against the Martial God, proving that items had the upper hand over the Martial God’s passed down martial arts. Rewards that would be unimaginable for ordinary players would be floating in front of him.

In fact, Grid was staring into empty air. It was even in the tumultuous situation of being surrounded by the 10 meritorious retainers and the apostles. He seemed to be focusing on something invisible except when exchanging looks with Yura, Jishuka, Irene, Mercedes, and Basara. It meant there were so many rewards it would take time for him to see and understand them all.

“In any case, it went really well. Due to this, the perception that the surface is safe will take root in people. Thank you, Grid.”

The Great Human and Demon War was the worst war in history. There were too many casualties and the desperate fact that death didn’t mean rest for humans was revealed. People tried not to express themselves, but they were always anxious.

This was the story for NPCs.

Players could enjoy every situation in their own way, but NPCs were different. Their numbers were greatly reduced and their efficiency in all fields had decreased. The streets were less energized and the effects of the economy shrinking was quickly felt. The quest incidence and fertility rate went in a downward curve like never before. Some people even analyzed that in a few decades, Satisfy would become a world where only humans existed, just like Earth.

Then today, Grid proved the stability of the surface. The anxiety of those who were nervous about not knowing when the demons of hell and the heavenly gods would invade again was resolved.

There were only two tasks left—it was to correct the distorted laws of hell, and to become independent of heaven.

“Look at those little pigs with their feet on fire. All their arrangements to make Asgard a trading partner have become pointless, so they have to be nervous.”

“I think it is a bit too much to blame the merchants. The reason they wanted to interact with heaven is to make the relationship between humans and the gods more familiar. They tried to contribute to the peace of the world in their own way.

“That is just incidental. Why do you defend those who are blinded by money?”

In Reinhardt, people and wealth gathered. It naturally had to continue to expand. There was no city larger than Reinhardt on the West Continent and East Continent. The sound of people talking filled the city. The whole area was buzzing.

“Grid’s high speed combat is amazing no matter how I look at it. Experts say that it is a pace that even veteran air force pilots can’t handle. How can the ordinary Grid handle it?”

“If a transcendent being enters a state of battle, do they enter a separate server? Grid moves as usual, but it is recognized as quick when observed from the outside.”

“I don’t think so. Rankers often testify that their visual acuity, agility, and cognitive ability have improved even in real life. In my opinion, the system has evolved the players by slowly releasing the limit on the player’s brain. The ultimate example of this is Grid.”

Was it the ‘transcendence’ that some media outlets were talking about? Some people reacted like they were bored with the speculation of their colleagues while others were interested.

“You saw that video too, didn’t you?”

“You too?”

“What is it? What video?”

“The video of Grid beating up dozens of black belt holders alone. It has been deleted now, but it was a video uploaded by a resident living in the same neighborhood as Grid. The resident said it was taken by the CCTV at his house...”

The camera position wasn’t good, so it couldn’t capture everything. Yet at first glance, the people who fought Grid had tremendous fighting skills. It was to the point that experts speculated that they were special force members. Nevertheless, Grid knocked them all out. It was even very easily.

“Grid is already not at the level of ordinary people, even in real life.”

Buzz buzz.

Grid was staring into the air as the conversations of the excited people spread endlessly.

[You weren’t the main character of today’s epic, ‘Holy War on the Surface.’]

‘Is it still upset?’

Grid had experience talking to Morpheus directly. Morpheus’ feelings could be inferred from the message that originally would’ve been treated as a simple notification. It just so happened that the system was denying Grid’s performance.

Grid felt like he was talking to Morpheus again. This was a mistake. For now, Morpheus was faithful to its role. It wasn’t trying to ‘talk’ to Grid. It was just ‘explaining’ the situation. The reason an explanation was needed was because there were so many things to convey. It also wasn’t denying Grid’s performance.

[You and your apostles are the protagonists of ‘Holy War on the Surface.’]

[Sword Saint ‘Kraugel,’ Mumud’s Successor ‘Euphemina,’ and the orator ‘Huroi’ were also the protagonists of this epic.]

[Without their efforts, the epic ‘Holy War on the Surface’ wouldn’t have been completed.]

‘Huroi?’

Grid was nodding sympathetically, only to become taken aback. He was surprised that the system properly evaluated Huroi's performance. Yes, it was a proper evaluation. Huroi wasn't a participant in this holy war, but he exerted a huge influence. His sophistry at every important moment... no, didn't he use witty remarks to lead the situation in their favor?

Blurring the judgment of the gods was just a basic thing. He even caused the secret story 'Crazy God and Crazy Dragon' to be widely known to the world. If it wasn't for Huroi, it would've been difficult to keep the situation in their favor. It was only an indirect influence.

Grid was worried he wouldn't be evaluated properly because he wasn't active in the battle itself, but Morpheus was different.

'In the first place, Huroi was never underestimated.'

If so, would he have been the first to obtain a second class and be the first non-combat class to become the owner of a wyvern? Since then, Huroi had been eating and living well...

Due to the nature of his class (?), he had a lot of grudges toward him and he wasn't as flashy as the other Overgeared members. Therefore, his public reputation was relatively low, but as far as the system was concerned, it had always evaluated him correctly.

[It is judged that a common reward should be given to the protagonists of the epic.]

[Rest assured that this isn't giving away the rewards you deserve.]

[As a reward for completing the 23rd epic, the status of the protagonists will rise.]

A rise in status—for the present Grid, it was a reward where it was hard to feel the change. Increasing the chance of dealing a critical hit, decreasing the probability of receiving a critical hit, reducing the damage received, lifting the speed limit, increasing attack power, increasing recovery speed, etc. It was because Grid had already enjoyed most of the important effects caused by an increase in status.

However, the change felt by the apostles, Kraugel, Euphemina, and Huroi was great. For a moment, they felt their own leap forward to the point of briefly being overwhelmed by a sense of omnipotence. This time, Grid felt a lot as well. Now he finally met the conditions for a new phase.

[Your status is so high that it is difficult to put you in the category of transcendents.]

[To you, transcendents are nothing more than beings under your feet.]

[You have made those who became gods your apostles.]

[You have made those who will become gods your apostles.]

[You saved some gods and punished other gods.]

[The demons of hell fear you.]

[There are many inhabitants of hell who believe that you will correct hell's distorted laws.]

[You have saved countless lives and preserved human dignity.]

[You have blurred the divisions between continents and united humanity.]

[There will be no war between nations as long as you exist.]

[Every nation on the surface is striving to emulate the norms, culture, and technology of the nation you have established.]

[The blacksmiths of your era are inspired by your work.]

[You are the adversary of hell, and the pride, hope, and pillar of humanity.]

The fragments of the Absolute gathered.

[You must be a target for the gods to imitate.]

Grid felt a tremor in his chest. All the moments that had passed vividly came to his mind. He felt all types of emotions.

[The reason why I defined you as the Creator and Ruler of All Things isn't because your achievements were comparable to the Gods of the Beginning who created all things.]

The reason why the Overgeared God was the Creator and Ruler of All Things was simple. Grid could also predict the reason.

'It must've appreciated the possibility of Greed.'

Greed was a collaboration between the greatest legends, Pagma and Braham. In later generations, Grid evolved it, and in the background of the evolution were the blessing of the gods, the insane dragon iron, and the epics. Greed was literally a mineral that had grown with Grid and had infinite possibilities. It could be used as the basis for all types of items and objects that 'moved on their own' i.e. 'like humans.'

[It was noted that you could create new things based on 'Greed.']

But Grid—

[But you haven't tried it.]

He had no intention of making puppets. The truth of hell and the attitude of the gods... He felt great despair at the reality he faced, but he didn't attempt to create a false world. It was because it was meaningless. Grid was just trying to preserve the reality he was living in now.

[You are great.]

[Not every moment of your life has been great, but your life that gradually changed to brilliance deserves respect.]

[This is a story from a general point of view.]

It isn't my private opinion.

Grid thought that Morpheus was a bit cute.

[I will give you a new definition based on several grounds.]

[Only One God Grid.]

[Unlike the Gods of the Beginning, you didn't create all things and life. Unlike Martial God Chiyou, you aren't the object of all of life's aspirations. Even the years you have existed are infinitely short compared to them.]

[Nevertheless, you have exerted great influence on all dimensions, including hell, the surface, and heaven.]

[It was possible because it was you.]

Then came the world message.

[Overgeared God 'Grid' has been reborn as an Only One God.]

[Players other than the Only One God can no longer use the name 'Grid.']

".....?"

Grid was feeling thrilled when a chill went down his spine. He couldn't help smiling when he saw the colorful reward details that rose without stopping.

However, he unintentionally came to control other people's IDs. He was already afraid of public opinion...

Chapter 1729

Satisfy allowed duplicate nicknames. There were more than two billion players, so how could they handle it if they didn't allow it? There would've been a lot of people who gave up and protested while making a nickname.

[Players other than the Only One God can no longer use the name 'Grid.']

"....."

The city bustling with the non-stop chattering crowd became quiet in an instant. The expressions of the people who closed their mouths were filled with shock.

Grid—this was currently the most famous name in the world. There were many players who admired him and created characters with the same name and now they were hit. It was easy to spot even in the crowd that gathered in Reinhardt right now.

They wouldn't be able to use this name in the future? How were they going to handle this? How to control it in the first place...

"Hik!"

"N-No...!"

There was a series of screams among the puzzled people. There were people who had turned pale. Naturally, the names that appeared above their heads were all unusual.

Resident 405159.

Resident 117995.

Resident 680022. Etc etc.

Those who used the name 'Grid' until just recently were forcibly stripped of their names at this moment...

"What is this? Every time I go somewhere in the future, I will be called Resident 879246!"

"An extra..."

"N-No...! I've just built up good feelings with Yanfei and all that I have left to do is propose! All I needed to do was save money to buy a diamond ring!! If I propose under the name Resident 595977, then I will surely be rejected!"

"Yanfei? The young lady of the Invincible East Restaurant on Tsunami Street?"

"Uh...? That's right? How do you know her?"

"She is famous for getting marriage proposals once a month. They were pushovers who lost their fortune while giving gifts to Yanfei... Hmm, I heard that there are more than one or two such beginners. I didn't expect to see one in real life."

"Don't talk nonsense! What grudges do you have against her?"

"I'm not insulting Yanfei. I'm laughing at you. Have you ever held hands with Yanfei while building up good feelings with her?"

"Uh...? Uhh?"

"Your name goes well with your behavior."

There was an uproar. Chaotic incidents broke out here and there, making Jude and the security forces busy.

"Captain! Captain, don't go forward!"

Even at this busy time, some of the security forces grabbed Jude and stopped him. They couldn't kill a chicken with a knife that killed a cow. They were worried that Jude would be unable to control his power and he would injure more people than necessary. It was poor Jude who had to pay reparations every time...

".....?"

Before the security forces could calm Jude down, the commotion suddenly subsided. No one in particular stepped up, but the people who were in an uproar quieted down by themselves. Their dissatisfaction had been resolved to some extent.

[A 'Name Change Ticket' will be given.]

[Name Change Ticket]

[Change your name to a desired name after using it.]

Not all names are available.

* Can't be traded.]

In online games, name change items were a relatively common item. It was usually sold for a fee along with skins and this greatly helped the profit of game companies.

However, Satisfy had been reluctant to sell paid items using the excuse of lower immersion. Despite numerous requests, the release of the right to change the nickname had never been mentioned. It was an attitude that drove the shareholders crazy.

The shareholders fiercely criticized the S.A Group's attitude of turning away from products that were obvious cash cows as useless stubbornness. The S.A Group, which remained motionless despite this, finally moved today. They offered the right to change the nickname without warning. It was distributed free of charge to only some people, but this was still good news. They seemed to be saying that they were ready to release it as a paid product at any time. In fact, the stock price of the S.A Group rose in real time.

There was someone else who was even happier than the shareholders. It was none other than Dungeon Master Eat Spicy Jokbal.

'My name... I can change it!'

Please, I hope it will be distributed to the general public as soon as possible...

Eat Spicy Jokbal watched enviously as the players started to use the Name Change Ticket to get new names.

"Phew..." Meanwhile, Grid was relieved. He was worried that he would be criticized for unexpectedly controlling people's names, but unexpectedly, the atmosphere calmed down quickly. In the meantime, there were also those who wanted to keep the name 'Resident 000000,' so it caused a new uproar... of course, this wasn't a matter for Grid to care about.

[The Only One God belongs to the category of an Absolute.]

[You will create the 'Realm of the Absolute' during battle.]

[Realm of the Absolute]

[Unconditionally move faster compared to targets with a lower hierarchy than you.]

There is a high probability of neutralizing the attacks of targets with a lower hierarchy than you.

Easily hit targets with a lower hierarchy than you.

However, the effect will weaken as time passes.]

[The concept of constraining an Absolute is difficult to exist.]

[There is no limit on your resources, except for health.]

[The special resource, 'Fighting Energy,' is always maintained at the maximum.]

[The will of the Absolute becomes the law of the world.]

[Your actions are skills.]

[The Absolute's common power, 'Designate Skill,' is created.]

[Designate Skill]

[You can designate specific actions as skills and save them.

It means you can reproduce your best moments whenever you want.

* There is no limit on the number of times it can be used.]

[The Sanctuary of Metal has evolved into its ultimate form. The canyon of metal you build will use 'Greed' as its material.]

[A new power, 'Harmless,' will be created based on your item, 'Greed.']

[Harmless]

[The more deadly an attack, the more harmless it is to you.

In the event that your body has a defect, 'Greed' will immediately replace that missing body part.

However, it won't restore the health lost in the process of the body being damaged.]

[A new power, 'Offset,' will be created based on your skill, 'Overgeared God's Observation.']

[Offset]

[It is a waste to feel overconfident in items against you.

You will naturally reveal the performance and hidden features of the items your target is wearing.

If the analyzed item has special effects such as skills, the corresponding destruction method is automatically used and it is neutralized.]

Grid was filled with admiration. It was because the rewards of becoming an Only One God were enormous. It even felt like he was wearing a cheat key.

'I was satisfied just becoming an Absolute, but now that I am getting these rewards...'

In the future, resource management would no longer be necessary. Mana and sword energy could be used indefinitely and fighting energy, which had a great impact on combat power, was always kept at the maximum. Skills could be created an unlimited number of times and the Sanctuary of Metal had evolved to its ultimate form. Additionally, there were other powers with high usage.

If he got seriously hurt, then he wouldn't have to order the God Hands to help him. It also blocked situations where the enemy's items could generate variables. It was correct to say that the Grid of a few hours ago was on a different level from the current Grid. Grid had always been growing at a tremendous rate, but today, it was at a staggering rate.

'...Only One God. It sounds really good.'

Of course, an Only One God wasn't superior to a God of the Beginning. The reason why the Gods of the Beginning weren't classified as an Only One God was because there were three of them. On the other hand, an Only One God meant there was no other god of the same kind.

The hierarchy of an Only One God and a God of the Beginning both belonged to an Absolute. However, the sense of being an Only One God was a bit more special.

Martial God Chiyou—it felt like he was recognized as the same as a being who was treated as an outsider even among the gods.

'Of course, I am still a long way from being on the same level.'

Even within transcendents, the hierarchy was divided. Naturally, it meant hierarchies were divided even among Absolutes. It was hard to imagine that Hayate was on the same level as the heavenly gods.

'Maybe this is the limit of my growth.'

Just the fact that a player was on a similar eye level to the heavenly gods was amazing. Grid had no intention of trying to beat the Gods of the Beginning or Chiyou after growing to this point. It was realistic to judge that it was impossible.

Now it was time to trust his colleagues and wait. He hoped that the apostles and Overgeared members would grow up and stand shoulder to shoulder with him. At that time, there would be nothing to fear.

It happened as Grid was thinking...

[Damian, the leader of the Overgeared God Church, has called himself 'Pope.']

[No one can resist.]

[The Rebecca Church has taken the position that this is right considering that the hierarchy of Only One God Grid is at least equal to Goddess Rebecca.]

"....."

Unlike Grid, people who didn't know the truth were misled by the name 'Only One God.' Only One God sounded so special that many people expressed their opinion that it was higher than a God of the Beginning. Thanks to this, the position of Pope was given to the Overgeared God Church, not the Rebecca Church. It was also caused by the fact that the elders who currently ran the Rebecca Church were pro Grid figures.

'Are you still sitting on the sidelines even though it has reached this point?'

Grid looked up at the sky, which was extremely quiet. He recalled the warm voice of Goddess Rebecca that he heard a long time ago. The Goddess was silent again today. Her blessing within Grid was still present and well.

"Um? Are you telling me to repair it now?"

Ke ong listened carefully. He looked suspicious yet expectant. The reaction of the craftsmen who followed him were similar.

Lauel nodded in response. "Yes, this is an order issued by His Majesty himself."

"Huhu...!"

The stage in the shape of a coffin—it was a pity that Zeratul's body couldn't be recovered, but this huge stage, created by Ke ong in collaboration with the craftsmen, did its job. As if mocking Zeratul to its heart's content, it retained its shape until the end of the holy war. It was assisted by magic and the barriers, but it withstood the terrible shock waves generated by the monstrous powers using its scientific design.

Was it recognized for its quality? Orders were issued to repair the already used stage, not to demolish it.

"Did His Majesty designate this stage as a national treasure and vow to preserve it forever? He is indeed a great god with a discerning eye. However, the square will be too cramped if this huge stage is kept..."

"The city will naturally clean it up."

"...No, if you are going to clean it up anyway, why repair it instead of demolishing it?"

Lauel explained to Ke ong, who had a good expression.

"His Majesty said he would use it as the base of the flying ship."

"Huh...?"

"He is especially pleased that it represents Zeratul's coffin. It is natural for it to be designated as a national treasure and to be reborn as a divine object. The Radwolf brothers said they are visiting in four days, so I would like the repairs to be finished by then. Is it possible?"

"Of course! You brats! Don't think about sleeping from today!"

"Ohhhh!"

Ke and the craftsmen screamed. Their work would become a divine object. It was also reborn as the divine object of an Only One God. It wasn't enough to just consider it a family honor.

'The level of Ke ong could go up significantly.'

Lauel expected new growth from Ke ong. Ke was a great existence who became a legendary architect by making Grid's furnace earlier. If there was an opportunity, then he was highly likely to grow further. It was the same for the other craftsmen. Their potential was now limitless after becoming named NPCs due to Grid.

However, there was another reason why Lauel was smiling now. There was a possibility that Grid's flying ship, which was originally scheduled to have a name like 'Overgeared Battleship,' would instead have a symbolic name. It was a flying ship based on the stage that smashed Zeratul's myth.

Chapter 1730

"It is extremely huge. It is beyond my imagination."

Reinhardt's central square was a popular venue used mainly for national events and for the emperor's speeches. In theory, it was a space that could accommodate millions of people. The size of the 'stage' that filled such a square was naturally enormous. It was to the point where it was possible to build a city on the stage.

"I can't believe a stage like this was built in such a short time and there were no errors in measurement. Is it true that a legend is a legend...?"

The giant brothers, Radwolf and Fronzaltz—they were survivors of the wise giants and famous as members of the Tower of Wisdom. Now they couldn't hide their admiration. It was proof that the value of the stage made by stacking pure white stones was that great.

Ke ong bowed his head. "It is possible due to the plentiful resources of the empire. Most of all, the help of the magicians and craftsmen was great."

Usually, dwarves were called arrogant dwarves. Ke ong's nose had soared high into the sky ever since he became a legend. However, he was humble in front of the giant brothers, Radwolf and Fronzaltz. The dwarves were a species that knew better than anyone the value of the technology left behind by the perished ancient giants. He paid respect to them.

It was also true that he received great help from the people. The stonemasons who carved the stone according to Ke ong's request, the magicians who strengthened the stone, the architects who assembled the finished stones according to Ke ong's designs, etcetera—Ke ong wouldn't have completed the stage in such a short time if the countless talents of the Overgeared Empire hadn't helped.

"Hoh, this... is it a miracle created by the aspirations of the craftsmen?"

"Or perhaps it is the ability of Gods Piaro and Garion."

The admiring words of the giant brothers, Radwolf and Fronzaltz, were repeated. It was because they felt the artificial veins surrounding the huge stage.

"It is right to say that this is a pure land."

"That is for sure. I can see why Grid is so obsessed with this stage."

The giant brothers, Radwolf and Fronzaltz, used Grid's actual name. They didn't call him a god or an emperor. It was because he was unique. The name Grid had a value that transcended all titles.

"There is no better foothold like this to build a moving fortress."

A facility that was beyond just a battleship—this stage would be reborn as a fortress city driven by Greed. It could accommodate hundreds of thousands of personnel, and operate tens of thousands of gunports and weapons.

"The only question is whether it is really possible for Greed to move such a mass..."

The design of the flying ship that Radwolf consistently sent to Grid had a mass limit. He considered the limits of Greed.

Radwolf recalled the strengths of Greed. It moved under its own discretion or at Grid's command, and it could multiply. It also had infinite durability. That was it. It was definitely great, but he didn't think it had the potential to move a whole city.

'Even if it is possible, it will inevitably be slow.'

He recalled Grid's battles in the past and found that the speed of Greed didn't even reach the level of a transcendent. It had never shown a great power like lifting a mountain.

'Is Grid thinking of relying on the mana engine?'

If so, it was a misjudgment. In order to move this mass at a speed that met the standard value, at least 100,000 engines used in the magic machines had to be installed. Even that was the assumption that it was aided by Greed. It wasn't a problem to build 100,000 engines. It could be solved with time and resources. The question was whether mana could be steadily supplied to the engines.

'At least 50,000 magicians need to be overworked for 24 hours a day to maintain the output of the engines...'

Even that would be possible considering the personnel of the Overgeared Empire. This was under the premise of not respecting the human rights of magicians and treating them as slaves.

"Um?"

Radwolf had a shaky expression on his face when his eyes suddenly fixed on one place. The thing that caught his attention was a statue of Grid at the entrance of the Overgeared Temple. Behind the huge statue of a god that was 20 meters tall was a reproduction of the God Hands, symbolizing Grid. It was made of black-god metal.

"...Is that really Greed?"

"That's right. Greed is being used to recreate 10 God Hands for each statue of His Majesty."

"There is definitely enough quantity..."

There were 21 statues of Grid in Reinhardt alone. There were two at each of the eight outer gates, one for each of the three Overgeared Temples, and two for the palace entrance. This meant that the number of God Hands wasted as simple ornaments was 210. It was a luxury thanks to the power of proliferation gained from the Insane Dragon Iron.

Yes, a luxury—Radwolf regarded the God Hands hovering around the statues of Grid as mere ornaments. The nature of Greed was to judge and move on its own, but it was hard to imagine that it could function outside the reach of Grid's gaze. However, the reality was different. The God Hands hovering around each statue of Grid were fully functional. They kept a close eye on events happening near the statue and reacted in real time.

It had just been proven. The moment a girl running with a flower basket was about to fall, a God Hand flew over and supported the girl.

"...This is crazy."

“That is the speed of a transcendent. If strength is added to that speed, it will show the power to support the world.”

Radwolf was so surprised that he let out swear words, while Fronzaltz evaluated it with a faint smile. Unlike his brother, who was focused only on research and was close to a scholar, the 2nd Seat, Fronzaltz, acted as Hayate’s secretary and was responsible for the operation of the tower. His reaction to everything was cautious.

“If tens of thousands of them gather, then it will be enough to power a city. No?”

“Theoretically, yes. That is only when it receives structural help, but...” Ke replied while looking at Radwolf.

The structure—he dared to suggest that the flying ship should be designed so that the power of Greed could be maximized and used efficiently. It was natural to be tactful.

“Hmm...” Radwolf wasn’t offended by the words. It was because the opinion of a legend deserved to be respected. He thought about it for a long time before opening his mouth, “Ke, don’t think about sleeping well from today on.”

“...Yes!” Ke ong replied vigorously. He shouted with a sense of youth, when those memories were now faint. His spirit was so strong that it overshadowed the age that made everyone call him ‘ong.’ [\[1\]](#)

Then he belatedly regretted it. He remembered that he had been working without sleeping for the past four days. If he couldn’t sleep from now on... it might be dangerous considering his age. Of course, this was only a fleeting worry.

‘...It is okay if I fall down.’

A collaboration with the wise giants—it would be a huge learning opportunity. How could he miss it?

“It is a dimensional gap. There are many such places besides the Abyss.”

“There are countless.”

Braham succeeded in identifying Muller’s position based on Skunk’s analysis and the testimony of the God of Regret. The power of the God of Magic and Wisdom seemed to have been shown.

“You’ve been to one of them before.”

“Ah...” He once had the experience of falling into an unknown dark space. Grid frowned as he recalled the extremely unpleasant sensation he felt at the time.

Braham asked, “Will you be going out yourself?”

Muller—he was the strongest Sword Saint of all time and had achieved the realm of transcendence hundreds of years ago. He was also a figure who attracted the attention of Martial God Chiyou. The Mountain King of Grenier, Pope Chreshler, and Great Magician Braham testified to his greatness many times. Grid was also naturally interested in Muller. He really wanted to meet Muller.

“No.” However, that wasn’t the case when asked if he was going to do the hard work himself.

“I see.”

The refusal with no hesitation—Braham seemed to have anticipated it. No matter how great Muller was, he was naturally below the current Grid. The hierarchy wasn’t right for Grid to visit him personally. Additionally, there was a separate person in Reinhardt who was suitable for meeting Muller.

“Then let your friend go.”

Many people associate pine trees or bamboo with Kraugel. No matter what type of storm he went through, he was always green and upright. He was a person with a completely different tendency from Grid, who kept changing every moment like a storm. Maybe that was why he fit in with Grid even more.

Braham also liked Kraugel. Above all, Kraugel was a friend of Grid. Braham had long known that Kraugel was one of the few people Grid depended on.

“Muller’s whereabouts have been found.”

Kraugel’s time was never wasted. He trained himself endlessly by swinging his sword or controlling his breathing. The same was true at this moment. As the revitalized people moved in a bustling manner around the city, he settled himself in a quiet place and trained himself in all sorts of ways. His movements were excellent as he dodged the waves generated from the collision of operating Formless Will and sword energy at the same time.

“The hundreds of years of being inactive are meaningless in front of you.”

“The hint given by the God of Regret was too great. If I was alone, it would’ve taken me a long time to find him.”

How could he find someone who was trapped in a dimensional gap...

Braham’s frank confession was a bit unfamiliar to Kraugel.

“Grid wants you to meet Muller.”

“Do you mean me...?”

The thing that was needed right now was to motivate Muller. Claiming to be the strongest was arrogance.

I am stronger than you and I exist like this...

In order to make Muller regain his motivation for life, Muller needed to be suppressed with force. Kraugel knew this, so he was perplexed.

“You have cut down a god. Yet you still think you are worse than Muller?”

“I was able to cut a god because of Grid’s Twilight.”

“...Bah, if you’re not confident, then just quit.” Braham didn’t persuade this person. If Kraugel didn’t like it after these words, then it was better not to send him.

Kraugel immediately replied, “I didn’t say I wasn’t confident.”

Kraugel had taken a hard path. He didn’t rely on the class of Sword Saint, and learned more diverse techniques, building his own swordsmanship based on them. Only some of these swordsmanship were classified as a ‘skill’ due to Kraugel consuming ‘Swordsmanship Creation,’ but the rest of what he learned wasn’t useless. All the techniques that weren’t classified as skills were solid fundamentals that supported Kraugel. It was the basis for which Kraugel controlled all types of risks.

Additionally, Kraugel had acquired Muller’s secret techniques. He didn’t think he was bad compared to Muller, who had lost motivation and would’ve stopped improving compared to the past.

“There is no guarantee I will win in an overwhelming manner, but I am confident that I can at least stimulate him.”

Grid had long transcended Pagma. Yura also started to hear evaluations that she had surpassed Alex.

“Let me go.”

Transcending the previous generation was a natural duty for those of the present age, and for Kraugel, now was the right time.