

Overgeared 1731

Chapter 1731

The stage that was in the form of a coffin—it was around the time when the huge tomb where the myth of Martial God Zeratul was buried was gradually colored black and slowly rose to the sky.

Six more legends were born in the Overgeared Guild. The protagonists of this glory were Huroi, Pon, Laella, Vantner, Haster, and Eat Spicy Jokbal. They all became legends based on their own achievements.

Huroi's words became more powerful and Pon's spear became more complete. The thing that the words and the spear used by the two men had in common was that they were difficult to dodge, defend, and counterattack. Of course, Huroi was currently one step ahead. He had built up transcendence even before he became a legend.

Laella had the dignity of being the master of a major facility called the Overgeared Magic Tower. She obtained the qualifications to create her own magic formulas and added the reputation of 'prestigious magic school' to the Overgeared Empire.

Vantner's bald head shone even more brilliantly. In addition to easily blinding the enemies, he reflected the sunset divinity of the Overgeared World and spread it more widely. Vantner didn't admit it, but he became a beneficial person with his existence alone.

Haster grew rapidly the moment he accidentally started to combine the knowledge of the Red Sage with the power of Heroic Story. In the first place, his growth environment was very good. He learned a lot from working with some of the best talents like Chris, Zibal, and Hurent at the No Offspring Tomb. Before that, Grid gave him special training.

Eat Spicy Jokbal had many achievements from the beginning. The dungeons he created were still being used in various ways right now. Considering Eat Spicy Jokbal's past performances, it wasn't strange that he had become a legend. Of course, the limit of the Dungeon Master's growth was known to be the unique rating.

Nevertheless, no one questioned how he broke through the limits and became a legend. It was an era in which legends and transcendents coexisted, and normal classes became legends. In an era like this, arguing about the potential of a particular class would only prove that they were a person lagging behind the flow.

Unfortunately, it wasn't all good news. Regas was troubled by a class change problem. It was because rather than opening up the 5th advance class, he returned to an Asura, the third advance class. It felt like he had been encroached upon by the class called Asura. It made him even more conscious of the existence of Asura in hell.

Meanwhile, the Demon Slayer used the only beautiful glass castle in hell as a base and was on a winning streak against the great demons. She weakened Baal's influence in hell little by little. It was to the extent where Baal had to come forward himself.

However, Yura took advantage of the characteristics of the crystal castle and continuously evaded Baal's pursuit. Baal, who was rarely angered, became furious. He seemed agitated when he heard that Grid

had become an Only One God and this served as a huge advantage for Yura. The very act of the Absolute of Hell being conscious of the Demon Slayer raised her status little by little.

On the other hand, the Sword Saint of the current age left to meet the Sword Saint of the previous generation and he had already smashed several dimensional gaps. It was evidence of a series of fierce battles.

The aftermath was severe. The scattered dimensional fragments gave birth to monsters that had never been seen before in the world. The apostles became busy due to this. Surprisingly, Jishuka was just as active as the apostles. The scene of her Breaking Evil Arrows dominating the sky and easily purifying the monsters was breathtaking.

“Agnus!”

The human who was originally supposed to be the enemy of humanity had long lost the malice that had replaced evil. He got in touch with a tower member, which was far from the world, and realized a new power. However, he didn’t use it carelessly.

“Die...! You trash! Die!”

He didn’t resist the power of a legend wielded by those who were once powerless and harmed by him. He just silently endured it. Yes, it was the power of a legend. In rare cases, legends were born among players who weren’t part of the Overgeared Guild. They didn’t become legends from their own achievements, but instead inherited legends by using class change books. Nevertheless, this wasn’t a basis for disparaging their achievements.

The world was once again entering a new era. As usual, Grid accelerated the flow. The moment he became an Only One God, the Overgeared World and the gods of the Overgeared World became stronger. As a result, the ‘dimensional status’ of the surface rose to a great extent.

At a ruined mansion...

Agnus, who was being silently beaten by the intruders, opened his mouth for the first time, “If you are done, then go away now.”

He was on the verge of running out of health.

The rankers surrounding him scoffed.

“The guy who couldn’t do anything because he was afraid suddenly got into the mood. You rejected jerk.”

“You don’t want to die? This nasty guy... Ughh!”

The rankers fell in all directions. They lost their grip on the weapons they stabbed into Agnus’ body. Every time Agnus moved, the swords and spears stuck between his ribs collided with each other. It was a horrifying sight.

Agnus spoke to the rankers who momentarily shrank back, “You shouldn’t cross the line just because I let you vent your anger.”

The bridle couldn't be removed by itself. Therefore, Agnus silently accepted the hatred and anger of the people toward him.

The people who were damaged by him in the past—he didn't resist their retaliation full of resentment since they must've lost precious existences due to him. However, this didn't mean he accepted being killed by them. His goal was too great for him to suffer death and lose strength.

The 1st Great Demon, Baal—Agnus intended to deal him a big blow. He would surely see the face of the guy who believed in infinite life distorted by despair.

“You shameless bastard...!”

“Don't be scared! That guy already has low health!”

The rankers quickly regained their composure and boosted their morale. At the center of them was a player who became a legend. They confirmed that Agnus' health had fallen to the bottom and drew their spare weapons to launch a pincer attack. After a while—

“Ugh...! Y-You will see soon!”

“I will definitely get revenge next time!”

The rankers were robbed of their souls and ran away with these words. Agnus made a slightly curious expression.

“Are you really leaving with those lines...?”

The lines of a third-rate villain in a movie were actually created through thorough research...

‘...In any case, be sure to come back later.’

Someday, he would pay the price for his sins.

—But not now.

‘Even if it is you.’ Agnus' gaze shifted toward his feet. A man's head was rising from the shadows.

“Agnus, you have an immovable heart.” The being who emerged from the shadows spoke in a low-pitched voice. It was the appearance of Faker, who, according to the rumors, had obtained a ‘weapon that shows a high attack power only against specific targets’ from Grid. This allowed him to increase the efficiency of Kill List by dozens of times.

“One day, you were a murderer when I saw you. Another day, you were a desperate man in despair.”

Faker had been periodically monitoring Agnus. Today, he happened to come across Agnus smashing the rankers by chance. He saw Agnus refusing to die.

“Now you have another passion.”

Nyang!

The fur of the little memphis in the corner bristled. He was the one who didn't stay in hell and followed Agnus.

"Get lost!" The startled Agnus hurriedly exclaimed.

However, the memphis didn't listen and edged closer to Faker. He was ready to fight. He knew that the opponent was strong so he had to step up. He intended to sacrifice his life to help his benefactor.

"Keuk...!"

Agnus regretted not taking the memphis as a pet. He hadn't wanted to put the suffering memphis into a cage again, but at this moment, he regretted that he didn't have the authority to cancel the memphis' summoning.

"...You are trying to use the opportunity given to you by Grid and Lady Betty's care. It is the right attitude."

Faker stared in an expressionless manner at Agnus and the memphis before stating his appreciation.

That was the end of it. Faker was gone before he knew it.

'That ghost-like guy.' Agnus sighed and sank down in place. He was written in the Kill List and had suffered horrific deaths several times. He hadn't shown it, but honestly, just looking into Faker's eyes made his heart beat faster.

Nyang.

The memphis approached and rubbed against his cheek. This guy who never listened to Agnus' words.

Why did you chase after me instead of Betty or Noe...?

Agnus frowned and rose from his seat. There was no time to rest if he wanted to keep pace with this new era.

"I've packed my things, so I am leaving now. Follow me if you are idle."

Nyang!

The Overgeared World was becoming huge in real time. The entire area of Reinhardt was judged to be part of the Overgeared World. Additionally, more than half the East Continent beyond the Red Sea had been incorporated into the Overgeared World.

"Ohhh...!"

At the Overgeared Castle...

People let out cries of admiration as they were surrounded by warm divinity. They recognized that in order to fully see the flying ship in their field of view, they had to cock their heads despite the high altitude of the Overgeared Castle. The flying ship rose higher today than yesterday and it would be located even higher tomorrow.

People were pleased at the thought, but the expressions of the giant brothers, Radwolf and Fronzaltz, were dark.

“There is a lack of output.”

The flying ship that only Grid referred to as the ‘Overgeared Battleship’—Radwolf groaned about the huge flying ship that was called Zeratul’s Coffin or Martial God’s Coffin among the people. The Greed supported by Grid was used as efficiently as possible, but the condition of the flying ship was below expectations. The maximum altitude that could be reached with the current output was only 150 meters.

This was even before loading all types of weapons. Considering that walls that would need to be built like fortifications and the necessary facilities that needed to be installed, the weight of the flying ship would increase exponentially. This meant that the altitude would be much lower.

They had left the tower empty for several months but the performance was poor. It was close to a failure.

“In order to fully secure the visibility and safety of the commander, a castle will need to be built in the center... I don’t think it is possible in this state...”

It happened the moment that Ke ong was cautiously agreeing...

“For those who serve Lord Hayate, your knowledge seems somewhat shallow.”

A silver-haired man landed between the brothers Fronzaltz and Radwolf. He struck the space with magic, but there were no reverberations. The whole area was calm and the man’s cloak didn’t even move.

The God of Magic and Wisdom—the magic of the existence who was 2nd in the hierarchy of the Overgeared World was in a state where it didn’t reveal his presence.

The giant brothers, Radwolf and Fronzaltz, were surprised before bowing respectfully. It was a completely different attitude from when they visited hell together in the past.

Braham’s attitude had also changed.

“Greed is part of Grid. The proof is that it has continued to grow with each epic Grid wrote. Ever since he became an Only One God, its functionality has been greatly enhanced.”

He himself nodded and led the topic.

A nod—even that was the greatest humility for Braham. It was only after he became a god that he realized the sacrifices of the tower members even more and respected them more than before.

“I am considering that Greed’s growth has reached the ultimate peak.”

Grid had no room for further development. He was complete. The same was true of Greed. Now there was only one way to increase the power of the flying ship. It was to wait for the Greed left behind by Grid to multiply. The problem was that this wouldn’t be very effective.

The giant brothers, Radwolf and Fronzaltz, had already completed the installation of Greed where it was most needed. It was difficult to expect great efficiency even if more Greed was installed. It was also

necessary to take into account that as the amount of Greed increased, the mass of the flying ship would also increase.

“You seem to have misunderstood something. The growth of Greed isn’t over yet.”

“...Um.” Certainly, if the growth of Greed had ended, then Braham wouldn’t have revisited its potential. Braham seemed to believe that Grid could grow further in the future.

‘It is possible.’

How dare they judge the limits of an Only One God?

The giant brothers, Radwolf and Fronzaltz, reflected on themselves but didn’t react much. Even if Grid had room for further development, it was something that needed time. In the end, this flying ship would only be put into operation in the distant future...

“.....!”

The eyes of the giant brothers, Radwolf and Fronzaltz, which were as big as a bull’s eyes, widened. They were staring at the crystal ball that Braham had just pulled out. Light was flickering in the crystal ball. The explosions that occurred each time was a phenomenon purely caused by magic.

‘Did he materialize his mental world and take it out?’

The giant brothers, Radwolf and Fronzaltz, were shocked after noticing the identity of the crystal ball. Then they soon stiffened. It was because they figured out what the repeated explosions inside the crystal ball were stimulating.

The small specks of dust—they were fragments of Greed that released a faint golden light whenever they were stimulated.

“Magic forging...!”

“Is this possible...?!”

The giant brothers, Radwolf and Fronzaltz, let out shocked cries.

Flash!

The Greed installed all over the flying ship glowed in unison and harbored strong magic power.

Chapter 1732

“Wow... How far is it going to go?”

“A facility like that is flying... I can’t believe it.”

“I would say it is the Age of Mythology.”

The Age of Mythology—it referred to the era before history. In Satisfy, it came to mean the present. It was an era where gods lived with humans. Recently, a super large airship under construction in the Overgeared Empire had given sense to a new era.

A scene that had never been created with the previous science and magic was unfolding before the eyes of millions of people.

“...Why did he make it?”

“It looks cool...?”

Perhaps it was because the scale of the Greed-driven flying ship was so staggering. It was enough to build a city on this flying ship. It was definitely great, but people had questions about its use. There was no shortage of land to build cities on. Why should such a flying ship exist?

Was it advantageous for long distance travel? It was an era where the warp gates, the quintessence of magic engineering, was popular, so this wasn't a reason.

“Isn't it better to use it to create more God Hands?”

The essential problem was that Greed was used as the material. Greed was famous as a Grid-only item and it was also Grid's power. It was hard for people to understand why Grid, who should reign as an absolute power, would decrease his power by building the flying ship. On the other hand—

“Unbelievable.”

The giant brothers, Radwolf and Fronzaltz, were completely shocked. It was because the altitude of the Martial God's Coffin had risen sharply. It soared up to five kilometers in the sky in an instant. The speed was clearly transcendent. This meant that the output of Greed had become dozens of times stronger.

Braham's magic solved something that the giants' knowledge and skills couldn't solve.

“I'm ashamed to call myself a scholar,” Radwolf felt despondent and spoke to himself. He was ashamed of the years he had been praised as a wise giant.

Braham shook his head. “Without your wisdom, this flying ship wouldn't have been able to fly.”

Braham didn't try to please others. Every word he said was sincere.

“The arrangement of Greed is quite exquisite. If the design was slightly off, then this ignorantly large land wouldn't have risen.

“Haha...”

The gloom was lifted from the faces of the giant brothers, Radwolf and Fronzaltz, and bright smiles spread. It meant that the figures with high pride as the last survivors of the giants and the tower members were pleased with some praise.

Braham was a bit taken aback.

‘This is my status now.’

It was a position where those who served by the side of Hayate, the great Dragon Slayer, automatically honored him. The moment he realized it, the dreams he lost in the past started to sprout anew.

Conquering the world—the ambition to put all humans under his feet and use them as a tool for his mother’s revenge—it was a dream that he felt was helpless and gave up after he was stabbed in the back by Pagma and died.

‘...Let’s give up on it.’

Putting humans under his feet wasn’t what Grid wanted. This was something that a god who was born from the wishes of humans shouldn’t do. This was even if it meant giving up on getting revenge for his mother.

‘I’m sorry, Mother...’

“What is wrong with the atmosphere?”

For a moment, he had the wrong idea. Braham was reproaching himself when he raised his head at the voice.

Grid had descended. A being who defeated Martial God Zeratul and became an One God—he wore dragon armor all over his body and was escorted by hundreds of God Hands. He looked like an absolute figure only in appearance.

“Thank you for your hard work.” Grid’s attitude remained the same even if he became an Absolute. Grid bowed respectfully to Braham and the giant brothers, Radwolf and Fronzalt. It was with a smile on his face. “The Overgeared Battleship is much better than I expected.”

“Overgeared Battleship...?”

“Greed has finally evolved.”

Just a moment ago, Grid received a notification that Greed had evolved. The moment he had been waiting for had finally arrived after many years. Greed, which had grown steadily under the influence of Grid’s epic, was now complete. It brilliantly reproduced Grid’s ability even if it wasn’t in the form of the God Hands.

[Greed]

[A metal that symbolizes the Only One God Grid.

It has the habit of judging and moving on its own, and reproducing their master’s abilities.

Unleash half the power and speed of the master.

It can be used as a material for all things.

It contains the energy of the Insane Dragon, the magic of Braham, and the blessing of the Goddess Rebecca.]

‘Fortunately or unfortunately, the name hasn’t changed.’

He wondered if it would become gravurnium with the ‘g’ after Grid and the ‘ra’ in ‘Braham. There was a bit more regret than relief. He was looking forward to it being recognized as a work he had created with

Braham. However, the system seemed to have determined that Braham only played a small role in the final evolution of Greed. It was natural since Greed was infused with Grid's life itself.

"You can make a toast in celebration," Braham said with a confident look on his face.

It was something worth being proud of. It was because his magic contained in Greed was really amazing.

[★ If attacking with a weapon made of Greed, the legendary great magic 'Meteor' has a high probability of activating.

Deals damage proportional to your magic attack power and additional damage proportional to the health of the target to the target and all those within a 10 meter radius of the target. There is a high probability of damaging the target's body and a normal probability of crushing them or blowing them up.

Mana Cost: 80,000.

★ If attacking with a weapon made of Greed, the legendary great magic 'Disintegrate' is activated.

Deals damage proportional to your magic attack power and additional damage proportional to the health of the target. It also significantly reduces the target's magic resistance and critical hit resistance. The effect can be stacked.

Mana Cost: 10,000.]

"....."

A very long time ago—at the time when he changed to a legendary blacksmith—Grid imagined a brilliant future. He believed the day would come when he would wield a sword that dropped Meteor. It was an empty belief. In fact, it was impossible for a legendary blacksmith to produce a weapon that fired great magic that only Braham and dragons could use.

He had long given up on it. Yet it became a reality today. He was able to wield not only Meteor, but also another great magic called Disintegrate.

"I... have I become invincible?" Grid looked at the information of Greed and muttered with a puzzled expression.

Braham explained, "It is far from being invincible. In the first place, the reason why I took longer to attach the two spells was to hide the flaws."

"The flaws?"

"As you know, Meteor has a delay when it is activated."

Meteor involved meteorites. They were stars that fell from space. It worked by magic, but it was a physical phenomenon. The process took time.

"It is hard to hit the enemy unless you've completely subdued them. It is even more so when considering the level of enemies you will face in the future."

"So together with Disintegrate..."

“That’s right.”

Disintegrate was a spear made of magic. Unlike Meteor, it was manifested immediately.

“Instead, Disintegrate has a large delay after it occurs. It is because the magic power that is used to create the form of the spear has the property of returning to its original state. Only I can forcibly suppress that nature...”

It meant it was hard to use it successively. Meteor had the disadvantage of having a long preparation (casting time) while Disadvantage had the disadvantage of having a long delay (cooldown). Braham did the ignorant act of attaching two spells together in order to alleviate the shortcomings as much as possible.

‘This... the God of Magic and Wisdom?’

Grid clicked his tongue and pulled out Twilight. In order to really feel the effect, it was quicker to check it directly. The main material of Twilight was the fang of the Evil Dragon Bunhelier, but it also contained Greed like his other divine swords. There was a small explosive sound as Grid targeted one God Hand and swung Twilight lightly.

Was the aftermath smaller because it was swung lightly?

The giant brothers, Radwolf and Fronzaltz, were puzzled by the surprisingly quiet wavelength, but their expressions soon contorted in astonishment. They wondered why the targeted God Hand was vibrating several times.

There was a chain of shockwaves. Contrary to the impression of the giant brothers, Radwolf and Fronzaltz, Grid didn’t swing the sword lightly, nor was it just once.

Flash!

Before they knew it, a spear of light had pierced the God Hand. Then meteorites fell from the sky. There were as many as seven. They each had bright red flames and black smoke like a tail so the sky was fading.

“What...?!”

The giant brothers, Radwolf and Fronzaltz, were transcendent. They reacted sensitively to Meteor, which belatedly occurred. Radwolf took out his magic machine and wrapped it around himself, while Fronzaltz created a sword curtain and used it as a shield.

The giant flying ship tilted very slightly. The destructive power of the seven meteorites that fell in a row made it so. The flying ship wasn’t damaged or crashed due to Greed that clad it, but faint shadows appeared on the ground.

“It is definitely a bit disappointing.”

Unlike the giant brothers, Radwolf and Fronzaltz, who couldn’t close their open mouths, Braham clicked his tongue. Grid was taken aback by him.

‘A bit disappointing? Does he have no conscience?’

Grid's fingertips were trembling when he had been calm even when facing Martial God Zeratul. Just now...

He activated the realm of an Absolute and wielded his sword a total of 10 times. Disintegrate immediately triggered during the first sword strike and pierced the target, while Meteor fell toward the target with a slight delay. It was as Braham feared. Disintegrate had a delay after it was used and Meteor had a delay after it activated.

However, the power was too great to feel regret. Grid's current intelligence easily exceeded 10,000. If he went to the trouble of swapping some items, then it was easy to aim for 16,000. If he added a wisdom potion and buffs, then the expected damage value of Meteor and Disintegrate would probably be in the hundreds of thousands at the 'minimum.' If he activated a skill that increased the power of the skill itself, then the damage would probably be ridiculously in the millions.

This was calculated without taking into account the target's health value. The higher the target's health, the greater the power...

'I feel like I'm the protagonist of a manhwa.'

He felt like he had become a fraudulent character with a cheat key that shouldn't really exist. If it was known that he felt this way now, it would've caused a big wave in society, but... Grid didn't realize it...

"Good. It gives me confidence?"

Grid smiled and swung the sword again. Dozens of times, hundreds of times. He swung it nonstop. It seemed like fun, but the reality was different. Every blow was very heavy. It carried a great deal of responsibility and burden.

Grid had become so rich that someone could spend eternity wasting the money that he gained on an hourly basis. There was one reason why he didn't go on vacation and focused on Satisfy. It was because he was still desperate.

There was no room to relax. Grid calculated the average values of the magic. The delay after Disintegrate was used and the delay before the occurrence of Meteor was 3 seconds each. It was confirmed that the probability of triggering Disintegrate was 100% and the probability of triggering Meteor was around 61% on average.

'...What?'

Braham's complexion turned pale as he watched Grid, who was desperate without losing his original intention. Braham felt a sense of strangeness.

'How is this possible?'

Overusing the great magic that consumed a lot of mana? The realm of the Absolute was incomprehensible even to Braham...

Meanwhile, the world was in turmoil. Breaking news that hundreds of meteorites were falling over Reinhardt poured out from media all over the world. An analysis followed that the reason why Grid created such a huge flying ship was to prevent the bombing of the meteorites. Public opinion was formed to support Grid, who predicted and blocked the despicable attack of Asgard (?).

'Meteorites fell toward the Tomb of the Gods, so it is easy to misunderstand.'

Lauel smiled when he heard the news. He was already looking forward to the reaction of those who would see Meteor appearing in the place where the Tomb of the Gods would fly in the future.

The Overgeared battleship, the Martial God's Coffin, the Tomb of the Gods—Grid started to read the information of the flying ship, which people called by different names.

Chapter 1733 (Teaser)

[Flying Ship Made of Greed That is Under Construction]

[Rating: ???]

A ship under construction that is based on the stage where the myths of Martial God Zeratul and the gods who serve him are buried.

It is huge enough to build a city powered by Greed. The maximum speed easily exceeds the speed of sound.]

Why was the normally moving flying ship judged as unfinished? Was it because all types of weapons and facilities were yet to be installed? No, it was simply because there wasn't a control function. Currently, the flying ship was driven purely by Greed or Grid's will. It meant it couldn't play its role.

'It is as expected. It feels like I'm on flying ground.'

This was Grid's impression as he stood in the center of the flying ship.

A vast expanse of land in all directions—there was no expression more appropriate than 'land' to describe the current appearance of the flying ship without any facilities. It was a pure white land. Greed was mostly installed at the bottom of the flying ship, so it was difficult to identify it from the top of the flying ship.

'The last hurdle is troublesome... I can leave it up to the people to install the necessary facilities, but how do I mount the control function?'

It was easy to think of Greed as a living creature—a creature that couldn't be tamed by anyone other than Grid. He wondered if science could create a function to control Greed.

Radwolf spoke cautiously to the concerned Grid, "It isn't a problem to install controls that allow the movement of Greed to be controlled. There is just the premise that Greed should respond to it..."

"If that is the case, leave it to me."

Grid gave orders to Greed. It was an order to respond and move if a pilot, who had been licensed by him, tried to move the Overgeared Battleship. Greed naturally followed it. The result...

[Grid's blessing, the magic and wisdom of Braham, and the technology of the ancient giants has created the super-sized flying ship 'Tomb of the Gods'.]

The system determined the completion of the flying ship.

[Tomb of the Gods]

[Rating: Only One

The super large flying ship of the Only One God 'Grid.'

It is huge enough to build a fortress and a castle, as well as a city.

It doesn't consume additional resources, so the potential for development is endless.]

".....!"

".....!"

Brief information about the finished ship was released to the whole world. It was as if to attract people. It was obviously a favor of the system. In fact, Tomb of the Gods required a lot of manpower and capital.

"Creating such a huge flying ship..."

People cried out with admiration. Many people recognized the Tomb of the Gods as a land of new opportunities and immediately took action. Only one person—

"...Is it picking a fight?"

Grid was the only one who showed an uneasy reaction.

Tomb of the Gods—it was due to the name of the flying ship.

"What is with this name?"

The system's favor didn't reach Grid...

At the same time, at the S.A Group's headquarters...

"G-Group Leader-nim!"

"What is it? Is Morpheus crying again?"

"No. It is angry?"

[-_~^]

"....."

There was no intention of hiding it any longer. The operations team felt the need to familiarize themselves with Morpheus' emotional expressions.

The birth of a moving city! Tomb of the Gods caused tremendous repercussions.

It was after witnessing Grid defeating the Martial God. All the capital that the merchants planned to invest generously in the Overgeared Guild and the empire instead flowed into Tomb of the Gods. The process of technicians continued without an end.

A blank city—it was a land of opportunity for everyone.

(Happy) Departure Ceremony of the Tomb of the Gods (Event)

“...I understand that the festival is very grand. This isn’t a normal happy event, but a huge one.”

There were many vacant lots on the outskirts of Reinhardt. It was because there were so many mountains that Braham turned to dust in the past. The artificially created wilderness spread out endlessly. This meant it was a suitable place to anchor the Tomb of the Gods.

At the entrance of the dock...

Grid looked up at the banner and couldn’t help raising a question.

“Why is the font different only for the words ‘Tomb of the Gods’?”

They were exceptionally large and thick. It was even several times bigger than the words ‘celebration.’ The smiling Lauel replied in a bright voice.

“Isn’t it such a cool name? I paid attention to it in the hope that even one more person can see it.”

“...Yes...”

Wasn’t it uncomfortable that the name for the ship had ‘tomb’ in it, when it was a place where hundreds of thousands or millions of people would be active on or live on in the future? It was hard to understand Lauel’s genuinely happy mental state. He was worried about the future of Lauel, who had a taste that was far from normal.

‘I think he will probably marry a weird girl due to his strange taste...’

I should take care of him so he doesn’t get nagged at every day and die early due to anger...

The determined Grid took a step forward. At this moment, his figure immediately moved from the entrance of the dock to the platform. It felt different from Shunpo. No wavelengths were generated and he blended into the landscape as if he was there originally.

Thousands of people were astir. It was true even for the Overgeared members. The realm of an Absolute was still unfamiliar to Grid’s friends and colleagues.

“He feels like a completely different person.”

“Yes. Haha...”

The Only One God Grid was completely different from the previous Grid. It was to the point where even his colleagues who had been with him for nearly 10 years felt a sense of distance. Putting aside their pride at Grid, who was constantly getting stronger, their mood was complicated.

“Vantner.”

“Yes...! U-Uh...!”

The seats of the 10 meritorious retainers lined up behind the platform. Vantner stared blankly at Grid’s back before responding vigorously and getting up from his seat. It was an attitude with a sense of distance. His colleagues understood Vantner’s changed attitude and felt bitter.

The same seemed to be true of Grid. His somewhat stiff face revealed his inner sadness.

“Come a bit closer and sit down.”

“S-Shall I?”

Vantner’s expression relaxed as he pulled the chair forward. He was thrilled by Grid’s attitude of taking care of him and telling him not to feel a sense of distance.

‘Yes, Grid is still Grid!’

‘It is hard because it is dazzling.’

Grid’s somewhat stiff face finally relaxed.

The technique that symbolized Vantner, Sun Guard—it was a skill that reflected light with his head, blinding the target and causing a drop in accuracy and the cancellation of the skill casting. From the time he conquered the vampire cities, there was a noticeable increase in proficiency. Eventually, he mastered it and evolved it.

It was to the point where even the great demons in hell were blinded. This was the basis of Vantner’s new legend, ‘Guardian of Light.’ Now Vantner fiercely reflected most light even when he didn’t use a skill. It was safe to say that Sun Guard had become more powerful than before. It was even to the extent that it disturbed Grid’s vision slightly, so he brought Vantner into his own divinity.

“Lael.”

“Yes,” Lael, who had been happily watching the friendship between Grid and Vantner, responded with a big smile. It was a smile that would soon disappear.

“The scenery around here is so barren.”

“It is because Braham completely destroyed the ecosystem... however, there is enough food production to turn it into an agricultural area. Now that we are using it as a dock, a commercial area will be created and the landscape will change.”

“No, it is awkward that there isn’t even a river flowing, let alone a sea, even though it is a dock.”

“That... the name is a dock, but it is actually an airfield...”

“Let’s make a river.”

“...Huh?”

The site that was originally a mountain. It was a place where all the water veins had disappeared and it had become a desert.

“Let’s build a river.”

Grid kept talking nonsense with a nonchalant expression. Peak Sword started trembling.

The days in the army—he recalled the moment when thousands of soldiers were sacrificed because of a corps commander’s words that the mountain over there was annoying.

'After becoming an Only One God...'

'...Did he become an old man who likes to impose things on youngsters?'

It was a gathering of Overgeared members and there were no outsiders. The appearance that Grid showed here was close to the appearance of the real Grid. It was sincere without any pretenses. In the tumultuous atmosphere, Grid flicked his fingers and the gods descended.

It was Garion, the God of the Earth; Lars, the God of Fishing; and Dalvida, the God of Water, whom Mir had rescued three days earlier.

"Let's build a river here."

This was Grid's will.

"Yes."

It was fulfilled. A great and clear river started to flow on the barren wilderness...

"....."

At this point, wasn't Grid above the operators? The Overgeared members were seriously thinking this when Grid spoke to them.

"As you all know, the benefits that the gods gain from the Overgeared World are great. It is easy enough to perform such a miracle."

Yes, everyone knew the power of the divine world.

That was why it wasn't all good news.

"That is why we can't surpass Asgard."

How many gods lived in Asgard? No one knew for certain. They could only infer that it was a few hundred at least. The chief gods who led them would naturally be in the hierarchy of an Absolute. In terms of pure power, they overwhelmed the Overgeared World. Then what if they got buffs from Asgard? There was no chance of winning.

"This is why the Overgeared Battleship is so important."

"It is the Tomb of the Gods."

"Yes, in any case... the reason why I used that ignorantly large stage as the basis for the flying ship is for it to be recognized as a territory and to be included in the Overgeared World."

Once the Tomb of the Gods was judged to be part of the Overgeared World, they could overcome the spatial disadvantages when invading Asgard on the Tomb of the Gods.

"For that to be possible..."

"You mean we need to ride the Tomb of the Gods and build up achievements?"

"That's right."

Reinhardt, which was incorporated into the Overgeared World, and the East Continent had something in common—they were the stages where Grid and his teammates had performed tremendously.

“So it is an immediate departure.”

The destination was obvious. If it was an adversary strong enough to muster all the available personnel of the Overgeared Guild, there was only one left on the surface.

“The destination is the No Offspring Tomb. Let’s clean up the surface.”

Of course, there were the variables called the dragons on the surface, but they were literally variables. It was right to recognize dragons as a disaster. If they tried to respond to dragons in advance, they would just be poking the beehive.

Wahhhh!

The Overgeared members gained momentum due to Grid’s declaration and shouted.

“.....”

Dalvida, the God of Water, trembled.

Just three days ago—she was rescued by Mir just before she was taken away by the hunters of the No Offspring Tomb, so her fear of the No Offspring Tomb was still vivid.

“Don't worry,” Grid spoke to her. His eyes were still on his companions below the platform as he whispered to Dalvida, standing beside him.

“My friends are very strong.”

Grid was the one who felt the change of the times most desperately. It was because he watched his colleagues grow right beside him. After a while, the Tomb of the Gods finally set sail. The people of the city encountered the huge flying ship and were panicked at the night that suddenly came. Then they belatedly figured out the situation and prayed for the luck of the Overgeared Guild.

[Chapter 1734](#)

“”It has been too long since there has been a result. I wonder why the No Offspring Tomb hasn’t taken any action even though it must be suspicious of the situation.””

The time in a tomb was bound to stand still. It was because it was a place where the dead were buried. The No Offspring Tomb was an exception. It was functioning as a huge organization. Thousands of local troops and tens of thousands of undead who were blindly loyal to their master hunted human gods inside and outside the tomb. It was for hundreds of years.

Yet recently—for more than half a year, the No Offspring Tomb ceased functioning. The hunters who came outside the tomb to capture human gods had been unsuccessful for a long time, and there was no news from the main force inside the tomb that was supposed to support them.

“Over there!”

“”Those damn humans are already...””

It was a few days ago...

The conditions of the hunters, who missed capturing Dalvida, the God of Water, wasn't good. All parts of the skeletons, including the skull, were damaged. It was because Mir, the apostle of Grid, suddenly burst in and ran wild. The 'Long Sword' and 'Large Staff,' who lost the last of their troops to him, barely managed to retreat and were now being chased.

Step.

Sunset hung over the deep dungeon. It was the aftermath of the appearance of a man wearing orange divinity. The man was Damian. He was a tycoon who rose to the position of pope a few months ago and had virtually achieved religious unity. Damian was the one behind the recapture of the Yatan Church, which had been occupied by the No Offspring Tomb. Damian's power was unparalleled because he could use the Grid church members as his limbs.

"Hi, skeleton senseis."

"" ""

Long Sword and Large Staff were an elite death knight and elite lich. It meant they were the elite among the elites. They were undead, but they were high grade existences capable of expressing emotions with their facial expressions, which was a considerable strength. It could be used as a means to instill fear in the enemy and discourage them. But now, on the contrary, it acted as a weakness.

Their expressions were rotten due to Damian's low-grade words and actions that didn't match his presence. They expressed their agitation to the enemy.

The smile disappeared from Damian's face. "You are terrified."

""What? I was just speechless because it is absurd!"" Large Staff roared at Damian, who spoke nonsense in a low voice. He was a being who was a great magician during his lifetime, and became an undead of his own choice. The lich was an unconventional being who abandoned his humanity in order to satisfy his academic passion. His self-esteem was high, so he was surprisingly agitated.

Long Sword grabbed his neck as he rushed at Damian and pulled him away. The spear fell by a hair's breadth. It was a spear that would've smashed into Large Staff's skull if Long Sword hadn't intervened. It was 'Grid's Spear.'

"What a shame." Among Damian's subordinates, there were few women who used a spear as their weapon. Out of all of them, there was only one woman who handled a spear made by Grid that had his own name.

""Isabel...""

"Do you know me?"

""The name of the dog who betrayed her master is naturally famous. Shouldn't I remember it well in order to prevent getting hit in the back of the head?""

"How dare you speak ill of Isabel-chan?"

His wife was insulted—Damian’s eyes widened in anger while troops poured in endlessly behind him. They were members of the Grid Church, which used to be called the Overgeared God Church. They were monsters of the surface known to use Grid’s sword dance. Even so, Long Sword didn’t waver.

“”Isn’t this place too narrow to exert a numerical advantage?””

“”In the first place, we were the first to settle here.””

Large Staff regained his composure and responded to Long Sword. He activated the magic circles installed throughout the dungeon, while Long Sword stood at the narrow entrance to block the advance of the church members.

“”Everyone, die!””

The dungeon collapsed. The church members buried in the rubble became a wall, preventing Damian and Isabel from moving forward.

“Damn. We missed them.”

“Their ability to run away is excellent.”

“Yes.”

There was no regret on Damian’s face as he treated the injured. He guessed from the beginning that the enemy might’ve set up a path of retreat.

“Well, it is enough to catch them again.”

Damian was the pope. He led the Grid Church while also supporting the churches of the three gods and the Yatan Church, who lost their gods and wandered. The unit was at least in the ‘billions,’ so it meant there was a huge number of troops he could move.

[The Pope, ‘Damian,’ has given a quest to all church members.]

[Track down the remnants of the No Offspring Tomb that have run away!]

An inescapable net spread out. The members of the Grid Church, the followers of the three gods, and the members of the Yatan Church flocked to the forest where the dungeon was located and beyond it.

“”There must’ve been an external problem.””

The undead of the No Offspring Tomb had existed for at least hundreds of years and were meant to exist forever. To them, time was a very vague concept. They couldn’t contact the hunters who had gone on a hunt for more than a few months, but they didn’t think much of it.

Then doubts soon arose. The Specter seemed to be thirsty, so they became aware of the flow of time.

“”Send forth the Great and Brilliant Staff.””

It was the Specter’s favorite Staff, aka the Specter’s Staff, who commanded the liches of the No Offspring Tomb. It was intended to support the hunters they lost contact with and assess the situation.

“Are you saying that the situation is serious enough for this body to come out? Huhu, okay. I’m looking forward to getting some fresh air after a long time.”

The Great and Brilliant Staff left the No Offspring Tomb with seductive steps that didn’t look like a skeleton. There were as many as 20 liches following her. It was a force that could destroy a vast kingdom within a day. However...

“You have lost contact with the Great and Brilliant Staff? It can’t be helped... send the Large and Curved Staff.”

“We also lost contact with the Large and Curved Staff...”

“.....”

No matter how many times they dispatched new troops, the same thing was repeated. The servants of the great Specter went missing as soon as they left the No Offspring Tomb.

“Grid was a human god and ascended to an Only One God, right? It probably has something to do with him.”

In the end, they even came to the Specter’s favorite Sword, who was in charge of the death knights.

“It is highly likely that he is protecting the human gods. I think we need to step out ourselves.”

“Grid... the guy who defeated the fake Martial God...”

“The guy? Pay attention to the title.”

“Damn... I dared to show disrespect to the great one...”

All the gods in the world existed for the sake of the Specter. One day, they would be the Specter’s prey. It was only when a god was acknowledged as great that the Specter’s achievements would be great as well.

“I’ll go.”

In the end, the specter’s favorite Sword, aka the Specter’s Sword, stepped out directly.

Only One God Grid—his divinity would’ve expanded upon defeating the fake Martial God, so he would be extremely powerful. He decided that only he, as one of the Specter’s executives, would be able to observe Grid’s movements. After a while—

“.....?”

The Specter’s Sword led a small number of elite troops and became very shocked. It was because he encountered humans as soon as he left the No Offspring Tomb.

“This guy seems to have a higher rating?”

“Yes. This is a really propitious site for a grave.”

Four human beings—there were bones all around them. These were the traces of the reinforcements who previously disappeared.

“Incompetent guys... you were hunted by mere humans, not the Only One God Grid.”

The prey of the No Offspring Tomb had always been gods. It was an unimaginable disgrace to be killed by a human being.

“Die...” the Specter’s Sword commanded. He stood in place without pulling out his sword and commanded his subordinates. They were a huge 10 elite death knights. It wasn’t enough for four human beings to handle...

“.....!”

The purple light in the eyes of the Specter’s Sword grew somewhat larger. He saw a white giant suddenly appearing and cruelly trampling on the death knights.

“A magic machine...? Additionally, the driving skills are out of the ordinary. You had something to believe in.”

The Specter’s Sword drew his weapon and rushed forward. It was precisely aimed at Zibal. He judged Zibal to be the greatest threat.

“U-Uh?”

Zibal’s face turned white. It was because the Specter’s Sword was incredibly fast as he approached while narrowly dodging Raiders’ offensive. It had been half a year since he settled at the entrance of the No Offspring Tomb. Zibal had fought against numerous death knights so far. From his perspective, the Specter’s Sword was an opponent on a different dimension. It was only after a clear sword light was carved that there was a loud sound.

The moment Raiders’ spear pierced through the empty air, Zibal got a large sword wound to his chest.

“Die...” the Specter’s Sword proclaimed as he jumped high and slashed down. The sword precisely reached Zibal’s heart. However, killing Zibal was a tough task even for a dragon.

The power of the Seven Malignant Saints, Providence—Zibal had the strongest escape power in Satisfy.

“This power?” Specter’s Sword noticed Zibal’s identity and reached out to the left. Immediately, a purple aura expanded and blocked Chris’ surprise attack.

“Is this really a transcendent?” Chris clicked his tongue.

“Even the rating is high. It is better to retreat first.” Hurent judged. He swung the legendary aura like a whip and bound the hands and feet of the Specter’s Sword.

Haster was already activating the magic of the Red Sage. It was magic to put shields on his party members and return them to a place he remembered.

[Advanced magic has intervened in your magic.]

[Your magic casting has been canceled.]

“.....!”

“Where are you trying to escape?”

The new enemy made Chris' group pale. Of course, Haster wasn't a magician. However, the Specter's Staff, who forcibly canceled Haster's magic casting, was probably a powerhouse on par with the Specter's Sword.

""These are the rat-like guys who have been making us suffer for so long.""

""Control your strength. I think it is better to capture them alive.""

""What are we going to do by capturing humans?""

""They are legends. There are even those who can use the magic machines and the power of the Seven Malignant Saints mixed in.""

""Huh...? You are amazing people. It is an honor to meet you. I will treat you with respect.""

“.....”

[The time attack quest 'Escape' has occurred!]

[Run away within the time limit! You are likely to receive a huge penalty if you are captured by the enemy!]

“Zibal! Use Providence!”

“I just used it, so the cooldown time...”

“They look like crazy guys but they are really crazy.”

It happened as Chris' group was making a fuss.

"".....?""

The Specter's Sword and the Specter's Staff were the first to notice the anomaly. They looked up at the sky. They read it with their transcendent senses.

High in the sky—there was something lurking beyond the clouds. A hazy shadow loomed over the ground. It was a shadow that deepened rapidly as something huge started to emerge through the clouds.

""What is this...?""

An incomprehensible realm—something so big that it was impossible to guess the size was constantly releasing sparks. No, they were too big to be sparks. They gradually grew...

“XX! Scatter!”

The frightened Chris and the others scattered. This was one of the disadvantages of Meteor. It was hard to distinguish between friends and foes.

“Ah...” The captain of the Overgeared Artillerymen, Lost Justice, groaned as she belatedly realized her mistake.

Chapter 1735

A bombardment required mathematics. No matter how good the performance of the cannon, it was useless if the correct coordinate values weren't calculated.

This was one of the reasons why Lost Justice chose to be an artilleryman. She ran a clothing shop and made tens of thousands of clothes. This meant she was a master of aligning angles. Based on her experience of doing it thousands of times a day, she measured the angle of the bombardment in an amazing manner.

She often heard people asking if she would rather become a tailor if she wanted to use her specialty, but this was the insensitive meddling of people who knew nothing.

Doing what she did in real life in Satisfy as well? Would she still be able to enjoy Satisfy? Not at all. Rather, she would've felt it was a second workplace and quit from the stress.

'It has been a while since I've had a chance to play an active role in front of Grid.'

The Overgeared Artillerymen—it was ever since becoming the head of a guild with the name of Overgeared. Lost Justice had been trying to repay Grid for believing in her and entrusting her with this heavy duty. She was often more faithful to Satisfy than her main job, and gained level and experience. It was an effort to use the Overgeared Cannons better than anyone else. She was originally talented, so this effort paid off. She was proud of her one hundred hits in a hundred shots.

Now she was able to bring out the full potential of the weapon: the cannon. It was especially so when it was the Overgeared Cannon that she treated like her own body. Lost Justice was proud of being in a realm where she was 'one with the object.' This was even though she wasn't a legend or transcendent. Originally, a craftsman was like a sword that had been forged with time and experience.

The years of growing with the divine object, the Overgeared Cannon, were Lost Justice's skill and pride.

-We can't make any mistakes and must do well!

-Yes!

Tomb of the Gods—the members of the Overgeared Artillerymen aboard the super large flying ship were initially very nervous. Some were overwhelmed by the enormous size of the flying ship, while others were worried about whether they could quickly adapt to the divine object.

However, the cannon they saw when sitting in the artillery seat was familiar. It was the Overgeared Cannon they had been using. The only difference was that it was created by Greed.

-Eh? Isn't this something that we can't control?

-Yes. The material is Greed...

-Isn't it just auto-firing? Do we just need to calculate the coordinates from the side?

-Greed can't speak or communicate. How can we calculate the coordinates?

-Shh.

Lost Justice calmed the bewildered crew and laid her hand on the Overgeared Cannon.

[The Tomb of the Gods has recognized the player 'Lost Justice.']

[You have permission to use the weapon.]

[All functions of the Overgeared Cannon are activated.]

It was the permission of Grid. Permission to permeate a part of him. It was the best reward for Lost Justice and the artillerymen. It was proof that they had gained the trust of Grid, whom they had long admired.

-From now on, we are Grid's cannons!

-Uwahhh!

The artillerymen, who had been active in all types of battles, were more powerful and enthusiastic than ever. Now—

[The effect of Greed has caused 'Disintegrate' to occur.]

[The effect of Greed has caused 'Meteor' to occur.]

[The effect of Greed has caused 'Meteor' to...]

.....

...

"Ah..."

It was the unimaginable power of the Overgeared Cannons made by Greed. The moment they fired it, spears of light flashed and meteorites fell one after another. It was a spectacular sight that couldn't be seen even in the Great Human and Demon War. It retained a transcendence as strong as the power shown by the gods who served Zeratul when they first confronted Grid's apostles. Naturally, it was proportional to its power.

The endless procession of meteorites had the power to threaten even their allies on the ground, so Lost Justice and the artillerymen were forced to feel worried. They couldn't believe that the historic moment when the Tomb of the Gods first set sail would be decorated with a team kill... their faces turned white.

""What is this... did that being called Braham invent magic that could divide into tens or hundreds?""

""That sounds absurd.""

On the ground...

The speculation of the Specter's Sword as he witnessed the bombardment of meteorites from the sky touched the heart of the Specter's Staff. Multiplying himself into tens or hundreds and casting hundreds of great magic spells at once? It was nonsense. It was impossible even if Braham was the God of Magic. It was because this wasn't in the realm of magic itself.

""If it isn't magic, then what is it?""

""I don't know. I can only interpret it as the power of the great god, Grid.""

The ground was shaken by the bombardment. The forest was no longer a forest. The No Offspring Tomb, which gradually disguised itself as a mountain as the years passed, started to reveal its huge appearance to the world. It was a disaster caused by the bombardment of that ignorantly large flying ship.

[The 'No Offspring Tomb' has been revealed to the world.]

[It is a great achievement of the 'Tomb of the Gods.']

The map of the world was updated along with these world messages. In the middle of the southeast, the name 'No Offspring Tomb' was engraved when it hadn't existed before. It was as important as the lair of the Fire Dragon Trauka.

Kuoooooh...

The bombardment, which seemed to never end, finally stopped. After the hazy smoke was cleared and the entrance of the No Offspring Tomb exposed, the ground resembled the surface of the moon. It was due to the craters that appeared everywhere. The Specter's Sword and the Specter's Staff in the center were unharmed.

The magic shot by Greed was affected by the user's stats. The destructive power of Meteor that poured out from the Overgeared Cannons was practically just the power that came from its mass. In fact, the power of Disintegrate, which was activated before Meteor, was poor. This was a story of when the Specter's Sword and the Specter's Staff were targeted. The dozens of death knights and liches that followed them were considerably damaged. They couldn't fully handle the mass of Meteor.

""That is really a flying No Offspring Tomb. It is a disadvantage to face it head-on.""

The judgment of the Specter's Sword and Staff were quick. They turned their backs without hesitation and tried to escape inside the No Offspring Tomb. They planned to use the place where the Tomb of the Gods wouldn't be able to enter.

"Cowards! Are you running away?" Chris' group barely survived and tried to provoke them, but failed. Huroi was the only person in the world who could provoke a higher ranking transcendent with just a few words.

"They must be worried about their master's osteoporosis." And there was Huroi. He just dropped from the Tomb of the Gods. It was while riding on a wyvern. "There will be no cartilage left in the joints of the old one in the back room who has been hiding for a long time. If there is no one to support it from the side, I'm afraid that even movement will be difficult."

"" ...This guy, are you talking about our master right now?""

The Specter's Sword couldn't help stopping his movements and gritting his teeth. The Staff advised him not to fall for these low-grade tricks, but he ignored it.

""How dare you talk about age and joints to a great god who is discussing eternity?""

"Eternity? Hasn't it just survived by fiercely disguising the tomb as a mountain? I don't know if it is talking about eternity."

""You... I will kill you...""

“Tsk.”

The Specter's Staff finally gave up persuasion. He left the Specter's Sword, who drew his sword in an agitated manner, and entered the No Offspring Tomb with his subordinates.

Step.

The Specter's Sword blocked the entrance of the No Offspring Tomb and released purple aura in all directions. It was aura that shattered like mirror shards and expanded the area further. Hurent saw through the nature of the aura with the authority of an Aura Master and his heart sank.

“The nature of reflecting the enemy's skills, while giving a buff to increase all attributes...”

Of course, Huroi was both a legend and transcendent. He would be much stronger than Hurent. However, strength was always relative. Wouldn't it be hard for Huroi to go against that monstrous death knight? It happened as Hurent was feeling concerned...

Flap!

The wyvern carrying Huroi slowly flapped its wings. It was a motion that gradually soared into the sky.

“.....?”

Why didn't he come down and instead soared up high? Chris's group was wondering about this while the altitude of the wyvern carrying Huroi kept increasing. It was about to fly to the Tomb of the Gods again. It was only then that Chris' group and the Specter's Sword realized his intention.

‘Running away?’

“It isn't running away. It is stepping down.”

It is my role to fight with my mouth, not my body.

Huroi's hair fluttered as he added an explanation. It was the traces of a certain air wave passing by him. By the time that Chris and the others noticed this, the purple aura that the Specter's Sword scattered was already crumbling helplessly.

“Ahhh...” the Specter's Sword lamented. The long sword in his hand was raised above his skull. It was an attempt to prevent the sword attack that was like a natural disaster. Unfortunately, it didn't pay off. His skull was cracked apart.

“I dared to fathom an Absolute being...”

The executive of the No Offspring Tomb, who had built up his transcendent status even after death, was disastrously destroyed. The hungry beasts of the ruined forest fell toward the coveted bones. Grid crushed him by trampling on him and turned his head to Chris and the others, who couldn't understand the situation. “The level of the enemies was quite high. I can see how much the four of you have struggled so far.”

“.....?”

Chris and the others belatedly questioned it. Since when had Grid been standing in front of them?

Their hair and clothes started to flutter wildly as they were speechless. It was because the Tomb of the Gods slowly landed. Apart from the artillerymen, all the Overgeared members jumped down one by one. It was while using skills or magic. It was to avoid crashing to the ground because the Tomb of the Gods was so huge.

‘I’m going to have to build a staircase.’

The Tomb of the Gods would become a city where merchants and people could come and go freely— Grid thought this with a pleased expression before summoning the Overgeared Skeletons, Noe, Randy, and the vampires. He set the 10 meritorious retainers as the captains of each Overgeared unit.

“Go on a rampage and be enthusiastic. I will move separately with Skunk.”

If the Tomb of the Gods was a moving city, then the No Offspring Tomb was an ancient city buried underground. Many secrets were hiding there. It was well worth investigating and it was necessary to find the owner of the tomb right away.

‘Isn’t it possible that the body of that old being will move separately?’

The No Offspring Tomb had many things that bothered him and made his steps heavier, but... Grid moved forward without hesitation.

[The ‘Specter of the No Offspring Tomb’ has woken up after noticing your visit.]

[The presence of the specter has greatly increased the level of the lifeless. The increase is affected by the target’s status.]

[The level of the steel jiangshi created by the Overgeared member, ‘Bullet,’ has increased by 5 each.]

[The level of the poisonous jiangshi created by the Overgeared member, ‘Bullet,’ has increased by 10 each.]

[The level of the blood jiangshi created by the Overgeared member, ‘Bullet,’ has increased by 20 each.]

[The level of the black horse jiangshi created by the Overgeared member, ‘Bullet,’ has increased by 50 each.]

[The level of the direct descendant vampire, ‘Tiramet,’ has increased by 80.]

[The level of the direct descendant vampire, ‘Latina,’ has increased by 80.]

[The level of the direct descendant vampire, ‘Cray,’ has increased by 80.]

[The level of the direct descendant vampire, ‘Yetima,’ has increased by 80.]

[The level of the direct descendant vampire, ‘Elfin Stone,’ has increased by 120.]

[The level of Overgeared Skeleton One and Overgeared Skeleton Two has increased by 200 each.]

[This effect is maintained while the ‘Specter of the No Offspring Tomb’ is awake.]

“...I’m sure it isn’t normal.”

The reason why Meteor couldn't identify between allies and enemies was simple. It was too strong. Penalties were created for a minimum of balance. The Specter of the No Offspring Tomb was the same. Its buffs were so powerful that it couldn't distinguish between enemy and ally.

For Grid, it was quite tempting information.

'Can't I convince it to be on the same side? If its purpose is to simply build up divinity, then there is no reason why it would refuse to join me.'

Of course, this was wishful thinking. The reason why the Specter built up divinity was most likely because it was obsessed with the power to protect someone buried in the No Offspring Tomb.

'Before that...'

Grid activated the option of Fenrir's Cloak. "Come out, Fenrir."

Grid was going to solve the homework that he had put off for various reasons. A large amount of blood seeped out from the cloak and formed a storm. In the midst of it, the former vampire marquis took shape. He looked exactly like his previous appearance.

"Maybe it is because I took a long break... I am full of strength."

[The level of the direct descendant vampire, 'Fenrir,' has increased by 200.]

Fenrir—the only vampire who hadn't submitted to Grid yet.

"It has been a long time, you damn newbie."

He looked down at Grid with a very arrogant expression.

"Where is Braham? Bring him into my sight right now. I will give the two of you an early death together."

Chapter 1736

Fenrir remembered death—his own death. It was on that day...

Braham, the lunatic who was exiled after the tragedy of killing his kin, joined forces with humans to invade the city. Fenrir couldn't handle the man who did all sorts of despicable tricks, such as assassinating Hachika with a separate party (?) sent earlier. Above all, the power of the Blood King Candidate Grid was outstanding.

'...Yes, I am definitely dead.'

There was a reason why it wasn't the past tense. He could feel that his heart wasn't beating. He had to tune the flow of blood purely with magic. Currently, Fenrir relied on the 'soul that doesn't perish' to awaken the form of his body and consciousness. If he had to compare it, he was close to a lich who looked alive.

The reason for his soul's failure to perish was simple—it was an innate blessing. The souls of those who directly inherited the blood of their mother, who was one of the Three Evils of the Beginning, were solid. Even if they died, they could maintain their souls until they met the conditions for resurrection.

Like now.

“Wait... now that I see you, this newbie guy, you have woken up not only me, but all of ‘us.’”

Fenrir calmed down his excitement and sensed it. Ruson, Tiramet, Latina, Cray, Yetima, Elfin Stone... the souls of his siblings were felt in all directions. Somehow, in this dark labyrinth, his siblings were moving in real time. They were reduced to the same form as himself.

Fenrir seemed to open his eyes again just after being killed by the Blood King in front of him, who had an ominous aura wrapped around his body. “Are you finally going to take my family into your hands and fulfill your duties as the Blood King? Are you going to avenge my mother, who has nothing to do with you, and go on an expedition to hell, cutting off the veins of my family...?!”

Fenrir was the main culprit behind Beriache giving birth to Marie Rose. He was born with the duty to become the Blood King and help avenge his mother, but he refused to do so even though he gained the strongest powers of ‘domination’ and ‘struggle.’ He thought revenge was pointless. Fenrir argued that it was right to look to the future rather than dwell on the past.

In Braham’s words, it was a coward’s excuse. Braham didn’t want to admit that the one who was sabotaging the present due to the Curse of Sloth dared to discuss the future. He hated Fenrir and treated Fenrir like he was pathetic.

On the other hand, Grid understood Fenrir’s position to some extent. The moment his immediate family dedicated their lives to revenge—it just proved that Beriache had given birth to them purely to use them as a tool of revenge.

Maybe Fenrir didn’t like this. His care for his siblings seemed genuine. Of course, his life was the most precious thing, but this was the same for most people.

“Hell is full of monsters. The great demons you slayed on the surface aren’t even a problem. Hell is full of great demons that are far more powerful than the great demons who have invaded the surface. It also wouldn’t be strange if the mutant called Baal secretly created monsters that are more than the great demons. Invading a place like that would be suicide.”

Fenrir gritted his teeth. It was an effort to stop the flood of words. He was reminded of the fact that Grid was born human. He thought calmly that he could move Grid’s heart if he persuaded this person well. Thus, he calmed his agitation and chose his words.

“...Let’s hit you first. Don’t make cowardly excuses later. Hurry and call Braham. It would be quicker to command the two of you after you have died rather than take time to persuade you.”

The problem was that the words he chose were influenced by the power of struggle. Fenrir’s patience often ran out quickly. He easily showed his temperament to fight. If Marie Rose had overcome the Curse of Sloth... if she seriously considered an expedition to hell, Fenrir would’ve also confronted Marie Rose. In any case—

‘The odds of victory are sufficient.’

Fenrir thought that he could overpower Grid with ease. There were three pieces of evidence.

First—the reason he was defeated by Grid in the past was because he was outnumbered. He was confident that he would’ve never been defeated if they fought one-on-one. It was a perfectly

reasonable guess. It was impossible for him to be defeated by a human being when he was the second strongest of Beriache's children.

Second—he was much stronger now than he was in the past. He didn't know why, but the quality of his magic power and blood had become several times more powerful.

Third—he couldn't feel any traces of Marie Rose on Grid. It was proof that Grid hadn't been exploited by Marie Rose yet. It was whether Grid refused to copulate for some reason, or Marie Rose rejected Grid. He didn't know the circumstances before or after.

'Maybe it is just that not much time has passed.'

He had no memory of after he died. He didn't know if this was years after he died or only a few hours. In any case, it was good news for Fenrir that Grid didn't become Marie Rose's servant. It meant that Marie Rose wouldn't pop up when Grid was in danger.

In the current situation, there was only one thing Fenrir had to be wary of when facing Grid. It was the unidentified orange aura. It was something that aroused an instinctive rejection. In a way, it was a divine power. It was different from the divine power of the members of the churches of the three gods, so it must be the divinity of some miscellaneous god.

'Did he sign a contract with a human god?'

Becoming an apostle of a god would allow the user of some of the god's power, so it was coveted.

'It is insignificant if it is the power of a miscellaneous god.'

Fenrir accelerated the operation of magic power. He drew out the blood from his body and wrapped it around himself as armor, creating a magical omen.

"Hiiiik..."

The scene in front of Skunk was like a dream.

It was after entering the No Offspring Tomb. The Overgeared Guild organized 10 squads with the 10 meritorious retainers as the captains and dispersed. The labyrinth was so huge that there were many passages available. Before they knew it, there were only two people left at the site, Grid and Skunk.

The No Offspring Tomb—only the two of them were alone in a place the system determined was as dangerous as a dragon's lair. To be honest, he couldn't help being nervous even if he was with Grid. In such a situation, a bigshot called Fenrir appeared.

The vampire who was the strongest out of the direct descendants except for Marie Rose. Wouldn't Braham, who was greater than Fenrir now, look so skinny and sullen when he was alive?

The aura around Fenrir, who resembled Braham to a certain extent, was extremely fierce. He didn't shrink back against Only One God Grid, so there seemed to be something he believed in.

The landscape became dyed red. It was the blood emitted by Fenrir. There were inherent grudges, hatred, and murder in it. Even those who didn't know the relationship between Fenrir and Grid could

clearly recognize Fenrir's hostility toward Grid, expressing a thick emotional line through the medium of blood.

"In the end, you didn't call for Braham. No, perhaps you can't call him? It must have something to do with the reason why you didn't sleep with Marie Rose... well, it is fine. Die while blaming your own incompetence."

In the end, the blood that stained the entire area took the form of all types of weapons. It was almost as if he generated all types of magic that could be used with blood magic. Fenrir was actively using his power, which had somehow become stronger. He didn't ignore Grid, so he didn't let down his guard at all. It was a rush of weapons that easily broke through the speed of sound.

Indeed, Grid wasn't able to react hastily. The magic creation and bombardment were so fast that he couldn't think of a countermeasure and stiffened. Fenrir saw Grid unable to even draw his sword and felt assured of the unexpectedly empty victory.

'Did I become too strong?'

Maybe he was born with a temperament where he got stronger as he died. It would be his mother's arrangement. She must've given him a hidden power to overcome all the hardships he would face in hell and complete his revenge.

'I'm sorry, but I will never go to hell.'

Fenrir renewed his commitment and turned around. He was waiting for Grid's screams that would soon be heard. He planned to leave this unknown place and return to his haven.

"....."

Fenrir's eyes trembled slightly. Grid, who should've died behind him, was standing right in front of him.

"Is it Shunpo...? Yes, you are both a legend and transcendent."

After all, Grid was the one who killed even, even if it was with the assistance of the despicable Braham. A transcendent status must be the basics. Fenrir shook his hand in Grid's direction like he was annoyed and a torrent of blood followed. It hit Grid from all directions. It also meant his view was blocked. It was to discourage the use of Shunpo.

Grid's mouth curved upwards.

'He has the best talent right after Marie Rose.'

It was a talent far superior to the human gods he found and rescued recently. Fenrir was a tremendous talent, even considering that he had received the Specter's buff and gained 200 levels. Grid definitely wanted to make him a subordinate. However, Grid knew it wasn't easy. Fenrir was a being born with the power of struggle and domination. He fought with his mother and ended up causing Beriache to die. He wasn't simply someone who could be subdued by force.

Grid had no choice but to wait for a good opportunity to come. It happened today. He finally got a chance.

Fenrir was sharply strengthened by the Specter of the No Offspring Tomb. What if he overwhelmingly defeated Fenrir, who was filled with a confidence he never had before?

“.....?”

A cutting sound of an unknown origin entered Fenrir’s ears. The bloody light that filled his slightly enlarged eyes was belatedly split in half.

‘What?’

A question lingered in his mind. Against his will, Fenrir’s tilted field of view was falling sharply. It was until he could see the Falling Moon Sword in Grid’s hand.

“.....!”

Fenrir belatedly realized the situation and hurriedly used ‘Shedding.’ The headless body was split in half and a new body pulled out from within it. It was a complete body.

“You...!”

Fenrir backed away after recovering. He didn’t dare resist Grid, who was approaching with leisurely steps. He was afraid of the fluttering divinity.

Grid slowly opened his mouth, “If it is the expedition to hell, you don’t have to worry. It is going pretty smoothly, regardless of Beriache’s revenge.”

“.....!”

Fenrir’s heart sank. It was due to the sight that appeared in his mind. It was the sight of Grid cutting down Baal. It was drawn naturally without any basis. No, there was a basis. It was Grid’s power that he just experienced.

“A thousand years... has it been around a thousand years?” Fenrir murmured to himself.

A human being had grown into a monster like this. Hundreds of years weren’t enough. Therefore, Fenrir mentioned a thousand years. It was while respecting Grid who endured these long years with a mere human body.

Chapter 1737

“A thousand years? It hasn’t even been ten years, let alone a thousand years...”

“What...?”

The words that Skunk blurted out in a flustered manner—Fenrir noticed that the words weren’t false and was shocked. It was to the point where he got the illusion that his stopped heart was thumping. It was excitement in a positive sense.

He looked at Grid. A man who had, in a few years, completed a status that even famous people needed a thousand years to accumulate—Muller and Chreshler’s names seemed ridiculous compared to Grid.

Fenrir, who was half mesmerized, managed to straighten his expression and bowed his head.

“I respect you. Even the Blood King, who has the fate of the family, is just a small role for you.”

He didn't expect there would come a day when treated someone other than his mother with respect. Fenrir was surprised by this attitude but didn't feel shame. His head bowed naturally out of respect, not fear. It wasn't something to be ashamed of.

'It wasn't because of Marie Rose that he didn't mate with her. It was because he refused.'

Fenrir was delighted when thinking about Marie Rose, who would've had felt great shame. He didn't hate her like Braham, but he had no reason to like her.

“In any case, I won't disobey you as long as the words 'Blood King' means you.”

The reason why Fenrir had been at odds with Beriache, Marie Rose, and Braham was because he refused to get revenge for his mother. He wasn't convinced about his family's lives being devoted to an unwinnable battle. But this was no longer the case. He saw a chance of winning through Grid. There was no reason to confront Grid.

[The vampire marquis, 'Fenrir,' has recognized your skills and has taken back his hostility. He has abandoned his past grudges before the cause and will cooperate with you as much as possible in the future.]

The situation that Grid had been expecting arrived. He made Fenrir his companion with a few words. However, Grid hesitated a bit.

'It is a pity to end it like this.'

A flashing notification window on one side of his field of view attracted Grid's attention.

[Do you want to designate the previous action as a skill?]

[Extreme Blood Destruction]

[If you are targeted by blood magic, immediately draw the Falling Moon Sword and use 200,000 Army Crushing Sword.

It will crush the blood magic and decapitate the target.

*Shares the cooldown of the Falling Moon Sword and 200,000 Army Crushing Sword.]

This was one of the characteristics of an Absolute. Actions could be specified as skills. The power of the existing movements didn't increase just because it became a skill, but it had the advantage of maximizing convenience. The process of taking out the weapon and using the skill was executed immediately with one command value, and there was no need to manually link it. It meant he could relieve the fatigue caused by battle.

'It seems the 'result' is stored as well...'

It was the result of crushing the blood magic and decapitating the target. Grid pondered on the skill description and felt the need to experiment a bit more. Fenrir happened to be a very strong target.

“Your manner of talking is annoying.”

“.....?”

“Won’t you end up disobeying me? It is as if you are being generous.”

In the first place, Fenrir was a vampire with a fighting nature. If he didn’t educate Fenrir clearly, then he would surely rebel one day. Of course, Fenrir felt it was unfair.

“It is a misunderstanding. You know that I have no reason to disrespect you, right?”

“The way you call me ‘you’ is disrespectful from the start.”

“...Keuk!”

Fenrir was looking for a way to refute it, only to hurriedly step back. The God Hands that Grid extended in all directions were destroying the strange rocks in this unknown cave. It was an opportunity to reveal the exact shape of Grid’s divinity.

A yellow dragon—a dragon that resembled a dragon from the east floated behind Grid’s back. It repeatedly stretched and twisted its body as if responding to Grid’s movements. It gave off a formidable threat when it opened its mouth.

“Unbelievable...”

What was the difference between this and a dragon’s energy? The horrified Fenrir was actually weighed down by Dragon Fear. It was the aftermath of the hundreds of God Hands flying according to Grid’s will causing Dragon Fear, which had a ‘30% chance of occurring when attacking.’

‘If I designate this result as a skill, can I use Dragon Fear whenever I want?’

Turning a probability skill into a definitive skill—would it be possible? Grid seriously thought about it. He didn’t think he was being shameless. Designate Skill was the authority of an Absolute. It was natural to perform miracles beyond common sense.

[Do you want to designate the previous action as a skill?]

[God Hands Random Strike]

[Move 310 God Hands to unexpectedly strike from all directions.

Dragon Fear is generated as an additional effect.

*The additional effect doesn’t occur when the Dragon Fear skill is in cooldown.]

In fact, the probability of Dragon Fear occurring was as high as 30%. It was correct to say that if he attacked 310 times with the God Hands, it would almost unconditionally occur. Still, probability was probability. There could be no such thing as 100%. Yet based on the description of God Hands Random Strike, the occurrence of Dragon Fear was confirmed.

‘If it is like this...’

After designating God Hands Random Strike as a skill, Grid held an auxiliary weapon that was for a God Hand and performed a single sword dance. He slowed it down enough so that Fenrir could react. Even then, Fenrir barely reacted and couldn’t fully handle it, but he endured it anyway.

The sword that Grid wielded wasn't made of Greed, but ordinary black iron. He didn't have to suffer being targeted by Meteor or Disintegrate, so he survived relatively easily.

"What grudge do you have against me to act so cruelly...?"

Fenrir used Blood Transfusion and immediately regenerated his left arm, which had been severed by Kill. He had no idea that Grid was actually showing his mercy. Grid was a bit disappointed, but he concentrated without showing it. The single sword dances of Pinnacle, Link, Wave, Restraint, and Serve were slowly used. This was done repeatedly until God's Command's occurred.

It was by the time Fenrir finally used the ultimate skill 'Resurrection Blood Transfusion'...

[Do you want to designate the previous action as a skill?]

[Do you want to designate the previous action...]

[Do you want to designate...]

.....

...

[Pinnacle-God's Command]

[Grid's Sword Dance 'Pinnacle' is used.]

[God's Command will occur as an additional effect.]

[Link-God's Command]

[Grid's Sword Dance 'Link' is used.]

[God's Command will occur as an additional effect.]

.....

...

Grid achieved the desired result. It was only for the single sword dance, but he could use God's Command 100% of the time. He could intentionally enjoy the effect that originally could only be enjoyed by taking a penalty and obtaining the title the 4th Evil.

'This really works.'

Grid inwardly felt joy, but there was no end to human greed.

'I want to secure a combination of the fusion sword dance and God's Command.'

The Specter of the No Offspring Tomb was clearly a strong enemy. Grid wanted to designate as many skills as possible before meeting the Specter. Grid looked at the quivering Fenrir. Thanks to Resurrection Blood Transfusion, his appearance was fine, but his eyes were half dead. His contemplative appearance looked like he was on the verge of going half mad.

'I might break him if I do more here.'

From Fenrir's perspective, he was being abused without knowing the reason. This was even though he left his grudge behind and showed respect and goodwill to the man who killed him in the past. He had been pushed to the limit. In the end, Grid controlled his disappointment and put away his sword.

"Take a rest now. I'll call you again soon."

"Why... why are you like this..."

"I think your words are getting shorter and shorter."

"Kuock...!"

Fenrir closed his mouth while convulsing and returned to a blood state. It quickly permeated into the cloak that Grid was wearing.

Please rest well until the cooldown time of Resurrection Blood Transfusion returns.

Grid saw Fenrir off, only to suddenly make eye contact with Skunk. Skunk's eyes looked like he had seen a ghost. His face was blue and it was as if he encountered a real beast. There was a worry that his butt would smell bad.

"Don't misunderstand. I was just experimenting with something for a while, not maliciously harassing him. You know my personality, right?"

"Yes, I naturally know. I know it well..."

'I don't think he knows.'

It was just as he thought he needed to clear the atmosphere.

[Only One God Grid...]

[Your great myth will be buried in this grave...]

A tremor occurred and troops approached from the other side of the cave. They were soldiers that reached two meters tall. Their bodies made of baked clay looked solid. It gave a feeling of fullness.

'They have the 'can't be harmed by the sword' passive installed.'

Grid recalled the information that Agnus gave him and took the lead.

"Let's go in."

"Yes..."

Skunk was bewildered. It was because Grid never drew his weapon as he strode toward the troops. Skunk naturally believed in Grid, but Grid's power lay in his items. The Grid without weapons would be inevitably weakened. Skunk couldn't understand why he was taking that risk...

"....."

Skunk's doubts melted away. Hundreds of God Hands spread in all directions and smashed the troops. It was as if he witnessed a living and moving Thousand Hands of Avalokiteśvara.

'He is really like a god.'

Skunk cast off his fears and hurried to catch up with Grid.

'This is really convenient.'

Grid repeatedly used God Hands Random Strike to wipe out the earthen soldiers and couldn't hide his satisfied expression. God Hands Random Strike only utilized the God Hands, so it naturally had no cooldown time. He was able to use it again and again. The only drawback was that Disintegrate and Meteor didn't activate. They were judged as Grid's Hands, not the God Hands. In other words, it was judged to be part of his body.

Grid wasn't disappointed at all. If it was a matter of dropping magic, it was simply solved by giving weapons made of Greed to the God Hands. He shouldn't weaponize the God Hands in the first place. There were more than one or two advantages to the God Hands being judged as Grid's hands. The reason why the God Hands were capable of manual work such as handling objects and crafting items was purely because it was judged as Grid's hands.

"This...?"

Grid and Skunk stopped walking.

In the middle of the labyrinth...

A strange sight was unfolding in the large space beneath the sheer cliff. Something was hanging in the air. At first, he thought they were huge troops, but they were the image of deities. They were carved statues of human gods once worshiped by someone. They were hung upside down and bound by thick wire.

'By the way, they said that these guys left my statues upside down as well, right?'

What were they doing?

Skunk cleared up Grid's doubts. He used skills derived from Explorer's Eye and various knowledge to understand the situation. "The reversal of divinity... it implies reversing the existing cause and effect."

"Reversing cause and effect?"

"It is changing the essence. Simply put, it is a symbol of evil gods..."

Just then—

Flash!

The statues hanging upside down opened their eyes. It was with creepy, grotesque smiles on their faces. The dark demonic energy that was released from the open mouths of the statues swallowed the entire area.

Skunk's vision darkened and Grid's divinity fluctuated dangerously like a lamp in the wind.

Chapter 1738

[The anger of the evil god who lost his name has suppressed you. All stats are greatly reduced.]

[The sadness of the evil god who lost his name makes you hesitate. You have fallen into the 'confusion' and 'loss' abnormal status.]

[The madness of the evil god who abandoned his name is attacking you. All resources, including health and mana, won't be restored.]

[The curse of the evil god blocks your vision and forbids the use of skills and magic.]

"You might've already noticed, but we need to break the chains that bind you. If you break the chains and turn the upside down statues upright, the energy of the evil gods will be weakened."

His vision was blocked. Trapped in a world of nothing but darkness, Skunk couldn't discern the situation at the scene. He was reduced to a situation where he could only wait for his impending death. It was fine. He had observed his surroundings as much as possible when he first entered the space. He could give advice to Grid, who, unlike him, would have resisted the status abnormalities.

"Of course, breaking the chains won't be easy. If you don't think so, remember the number three. The shape of the statues, the patterns engraved on the statues, and the ornaments worn by the statues... no, even the moss clinging to the walls or the pebbles on the ground are good. Unconditionally find and destroy what makes up this number three. If you don't find these three things, you have to reverse it. Make it as symmetrical as possible..."

Then he heard a deafening explosion and the ground started to sink. It seemed that the evil gods, who manifested through the statues, and Grid had entered into battle.

"Kuek..." The place for him to step had disappeared. Skunk floundered and started to fall into the endless underground, but he managed to squeeze out his last words.

"Don't mind me!!"

It was a cry for Grid's victory. It contained a desire for Grid to concentrate on the battle and not waste an opportunity while saving him. It was because Grid's victory was millions of times more valuable than his own life.

'He is the one who must reach heaven.'

Now everyone in the world knew it.

The conquest of Asgard—the end of the gods, which people had reluctantly guessed would be the ending of Satisfy just a few years ago, was actually likely to be the beginning, not the end. There was even a 99.9% chance. Why? The heavenly gods had to disappear in order for people to use Satisfy for their own purposes and wishes.

Yes, they were useless disruptors. They were just a danger lurking in the sky. Grid was needed to eliminate that risk. Grid had to continue becoming stronger and stronger. Skunk couldn't hold him back in the name of being a colleague...

"Why are you acting so tragic?"

"Ah..."

A vertical drop with his head pointed downward—Skunk gritted his teeth and sighed as he prepared for the impending shock. Then Grid’s hard arms supported his back.

“Why bother to take care of someone who will be resurrected even after death?” Skunk escaped from death and said somewhat nervously. He wasn’t mad at Grid. He was angry at himself for creating a situation where he forced Grid.

“If I can save someone, then I should save them. Why should I let someone die when they shouldn’t die and I’m not a psychopath?” Grid opened his eyes wide and stuck out his tongue.

Skunk saw it. His vision had suddenly recovered.

“Uh...?” Skunk looked puzzled as he was led by Grid and landed on the ground. The evil gods that should be rampaging were somehow quiet.

Grid pointed to the open ceiling. “It is already over.”

“.....!”

Skunk raised his head and his mouth dropped open. He witnessed that the statues of the gods were standing upright when they had been upside down a moment ago. The chains that bound and twisted the statues were broken. Grid swung the Falling Moon Sword in his hand.

“Cutting the chains is like chewing gum.”

In fact, he had hesitated for 0.001 seconds. The evil gods who appeared from the statues all looked as strong as Fenrir. It meant they were perfect to use as a sandbag for Designate Skill. However, what could he do when it seemed like his colleague was going to die right away? The Designate Skill game could be played at any time as long as there was Fenrir. Therefore, this could be postponed to the next time. Skunk’s life was too precious.

Grid wanted to protect Skunk’s precious experience since he struggled to grow because of a non-combat profession. In the first place, Skunk should be protected. He needed Skunk’s knowledge and information to overcome the danger as easily as he did before. That was why they moved together.

“I can see why you are so popular.”

“Looking at me up close, I’m pretty handsome, right?”

“That isn’t it... Ah, no, I don’t mean that you’re ugly...”

“I didn’t misunderstand you. Jishuka told me this. The closer she looks at me, the more handsome I look. That’s why she keeps wanting to kiss me or something. There are even rumors that Hollywood is flooded with screenplays written with me in mind as the main character, so the words are right.”

“.....”

Skunk looked at Grid in the distance and smiled. Ever since becoming a god, Grid had always shown maturity in front of people. He didn’t leave even a trace of his old personality behind and lived up to what the public wanted. He dared to think that Grid was pitiful. He was worried that Grid would be weighed down by heavy responsibility and lose himself someday.

However, he didn't see it now. Grid was still Grid. He just became a person who knew how to choose the time and place.

"Are you less nervous now?"

"Yes."

"Then let's go back up."

Grid flew up with Skunk and quickly stood on the cliff again. The statues of the gods, sleeping peacefully in the space between the cliffs, seemed to be thanking him. They left the space behind and moved toward a new labyrinth.

"Maybe there are other spaces like this one in the labyrinth that the other squads are facing. Unfortunately, there will be many dropouts," Skunk spoke with a dark expression.

Meanwhile, Grid was unconcerned. Unlike Skunk, who belatedly joined the Overgeared Guild, he had been with his colleagues for over 10 years. They were all his colleagues, except for Yura and Kraugel, who didn't participate in this expedition.

Jishuka, Faker, Regas, Peak Sword, Pon, Vantner, Toban, Laella, Zednos, Euphemina, Coke, Ibellin, Chris, Zibal, etcetera—Grid smiled as he recalled the faces of his colleagues and thought of Vantner's particularly shiny bald head. Then he declared, "There might be some casualties, but there will be no dropouts."

The evil gods—they were just remnants of the human gods who had been robbed of their myths and lost their names due to the Specter of the No Offspring Tomb. Nevertheless, a god was a god.

"Everyone must be delighted that it is an opportunity to obtain divinity. They will fight the opponents tenaciously to the point of fear. Even if they die, they will try and try again."

It was an absolute belief. Grid didn't doubt the Overgeared members. He knew there were people who said they weren't good compared to him, but that was only an evaluation when compared to him. It was also hard for someone stronger than him to exist. Even the aloof Absolutes and dragons were amazed by the speed of his growth. How could his colleagues handle it?

In Grid's eyes, the growth rate of his colleagues was fast enough. Their years of tireless effort to match his steps weren't overlooked.

"In any case, this is what I want to say."

Grid paused for a moment and stared directly into Skunk's eyes.

"Don't worry about anyone else and just care about yourself. I will worry about it."

"....."

It was an air like he wanted to take on all the worries of the world alone. After seeing Grid saying nonsense casually, Skunk vowed to be even a bit more helpful to Grid. He was following in the same steps as the other Overgeared members. The more responsibilities that Grid took on, the more people tried to share his responsibilities.

Public esteem—this was Grid’s greatest strength and was comparable to the power of his items.

“Why does something like this pop up out of nowhere?”

“This... first of all, we need to find a picture of a worm-eaten fruit. Stick the key we just obtained into the left eye of a bird perched on the branch where the fruit is grown...”

A huge mosaic—a huge work of art filled the wall that was composed of pieces of multicolored stone, colored glass, tiles, and seashells. It was a barrier blocking the way ahead. It appeared out of nowhere in the middle of the labyrinth and dazzled people with its magnificent beauty. It was also impossible to destroy it with physical force or magic. It was a ‘quest device’ that couldn’t be cut even by the Falling Moon Sword.

‘If I had come here alone, I would’ve been blocked here.’

The mosaic was too big. It would’ve been easier to search the painting if he could see it all with one glance, but the labyrinth was so narrow and winding that he couldn’t get a proper viewing angle. Skunk spoke as Grid maintained his flying status and examined the picture, “I’m sure the other squads will face something like this. Still, don’t worry. My colleagues will be able to solve problems like this.”

A few years ago, Skunks’ entire expedition group joined the Overgeared Guild. The adventurers who had been working with Skunk for a long time were now deployed with each squad.

“It is reliable.”

The more they worked together, the more trust they accumulated. The two people put aside their worries and focused on observing the mosaic. Skunk made full use of his Explorer’s Eye, while Grid relied on his high insight. They found the picture at around the same time.

On a branch with a worm-eaten fruit, four birds of various colors were sitting side by side. Two were looking straight ahead and two were turning their heads to the right. All four had their left eye exposed, so it was worrying.

“Which bird’s eye should I put the key in?”

“Um...” Skunk closely examined the four birds. All four had grooves in their left eye. It was as if to tempt them to insert the key they had just secured.

‘Red, green, blue, yellow, magenta... three primary colors... I don’t think this is the end?’

Skunk searched through his knowledge and information for a long time before soon coming to a conclusion. He raised his chin to the fullest and looked at the tip of the mosaic. A sky stretching out tens of meters above the heads of the four birds filled his vision. A white bird was spreading its wings wide. It overlapped with the bright blue sky and was so hazy that it was difficult to find unless one looked closely.

“It is that bird. That bird’s left eye. However, it isn’t a bird resting on a branch, but a bird floating high in the sky. The form of this barrier is structured to summon something from another place.”

“Are you saying it is a trap?”

“It is a trap that can’t be avoided. We have to activate the trap to open the door and move forward.”

This was why expeditions also needed combat power. There were too many types of adventures in the world and many of them involved risks like just now. Grid nodded and took off. He easily inserted the key into the left eye of the white bird that would’ve barely been reached by climbing if it was Skunk.

At the same time, the picture of the mosaic started to change. The mosaic tiles split apart, stacked, and connected over and over. It turned trees into the ground, the ground became buildings, and the sky moved away, turning into a completely new work.

“...The Vatican?”

The painting on the mosaic was originally a forest, but now it contained a familiar landscape. It was a towering white building at the end of a forest path. It was a building decorated with symbols of light. It looked quite different from the modern Vatican, but he could see with a glance that it was the Rebecca Church’s Vatican.

“It seems to be the Vatican of the past...”

Clink, clink!

As Grid and Skunk watched, some tiles were still moving. It repeatedly split apart and reconnected. As a result, the main gate of the Vatican, which rose as high as the entrance to the palace, slowly opened. It was like watching an animation.

“Uh...?” The eyes of Grid and Skunk widened. It was because they found a group of people walking out of the wide open gates of the Vatican. There was one man and three women. The man was armed with the Holy Light Armour and the three women were armed with the Rebecca Church’s three divine artifacts. It was a picture that depicted the Pope and Rebecca’s Daughters of the past.

They moved closer every time the tiles moved and quickly got closer to Grid. Grid noticed their identity.

“Chreshler...!”

It was a face he had never seen before, but it was easy to deduce. It was because the Mountain King had informed him that Chreshler’s body was buried in the No Offspring Tomb. It happened when Chreshler’s painting was finally enlarged to the size of a person...

The mosaic collapsed.

The transcendent who sealed Marie Rose—the strongest Pope in history strode out of the painting. The holy sword of light in his palm struck Grid. However, there was something that flew faster than the holy sword.

It was a pure white coffin. A charming woman had crossed her legs and sat on top of the coffin that flew over and crushed Chreshler.

“Marie Rose...?”

Why was she coming out here?

Grid was feeling flustered when someone's screams pierced his ears.

-This is crazy! This is my body... Ahh! It is good!! All I need is Marie Rose's butt!!

"....."

Chapter 1739

Wriggle!

The dead body under the coffin convulsed. The limbs were bent at a strange angle and it seemed to be dancing on the pool of blood. It was even more bizarre when the sinister laughter of the master of the corpse was heard as the background sound.

"Ugh..." The blue-faced Skunk swallowed down his nausea. It was because he knew the identity of the coffin that crushed the corpse. It was the Divine Wood Coffin where Chreshler's soul was sealed. Skunk couldn't understand Chreshler's sentiment of laughing after destroying the corpse that was his own body (?). If he hadn't known that Chreshler was a former Pope and hero with great achievements, he would've treated Chreshler as a pure lunatic.

On the other hand, Marie Rose gave off tremendous pressure just by existing. A beautiful woman sitting on a coffin that was crushing a corpse—the status abnormalities she caused surpassed the status abnormalities that the evil gods had caused earlier.

He could resist these ones with the power of a legend, but it wasn't because Marie Rose's status was low. Skunk could guess that she was suppressing her strength.

'Marie Rose... the pinnacle of the direct descendants who is beyond Beriache.'

Was it due to the Curse of Sloth? Marie Rose had no history of showing any passion when she appeared directly or indirectly in various records. It was similar now. Her beautiful eyes were only full of Grid. Unlike her brightly smiling eyes, the big red eyes were as hard as ice. Terrible disillusionment and boredom were lurking deep in them.

"D-Don't smile. You shouldn't smile like that."

...Although Grid didn't seem to notice. Grid blushed as if he had been taken away by Marie Rose's eye smile. A rare libertine with multiple wives and lovers... no, it was a very pure reaction for a capable man.

This was how beautiful and fascinating Marie Rose was. Any man in the world would be pure in front of her. The moment they saw the most unique beauty in the world, they would forget worldly life and only yearn for her.

'Ah.' Skunk admired it. It was because Marie Rose's eyes slowly came to life as she stared at Grid. Sincerity was printed over the false smile that had been worn like a mask. Then it looked several times more beautiful.

'There is no point in resisting abnormal statuses like this.'

He had apparently resisted the bewitchment, but he was still caught by it. Skunk was intoxicated by Marie Rose's beauty only to suddenly come to his senses. It was thanks to Chreshler's voice. The divinity of the great Pope cleared his mind.

-Hahaha! Even if you are Grid, you become an innocent kid in front of my Marie Rose. You have to stay alert if you don't want to be eaten. Marie Rose doesn't know mercy, so she will bite an unsuspecting man's neck in an instant.

It was a frivolous tone that didn't suit his sacred and solemn voice. Chreshler's appearance was just a coffin as he acted like he was showing off his laughter, but for some reason, his expression seemed to appear in front of them. His nose seemed to be pointed very high in the air. It was a nose that was quickly crushed.

"You are cute. You have become even more lovable since the last time I've seen you."

-...?

Chreshler's laughter stopped. Did he just hear something wrong? The way he muttered to himself seemed to be trying to deny reality.

Grid was still backing away. He covered his lips with his big hands. It was an instinctive act. He didn't want the experience of being attacked in an instant and having his lip bitten to happen again. That... it felt like something of dignity was being trampled on. The problem was that he was ecstatic even when being forced.

Grid barely denied that he had that type of taste and wanted to avoid the same experience. If he went through the same thing and felt good again... it really seemed like it would be truly irreversible.

"I become more and more devoted every time I see my dear husband. I can't get enough of it."

-What... devoted? Eh? Dear husband?

The Divine Wood Coffin, which had been reacting to every word from Marie Rose, finally convulsed. The Divine Wood Coffin, which dealt a critical hit to Grid in a single blow in the past and that crushed Chreshler's body with a single blow, had extremely thick and threatening killing intent.

It was so powerful that it easily surpassed the resentment and hatred of the evil gods encountered earlier. It was so much so that it caught the attention of Grid, who was distracted by Marie Rose. Just then—

Before he knew it, Marie Rose came down from the coffin, stood in front of Grid, and stroked his cheek.

"It has been a long time since we met. Don't pay attention to minor things and just focus on me."

Maybe it was because she was wearing gloves made of silk. The gentle touch made Grid's mind spin. All his senses were focused on Marie Rose's touch.

"It is good to look up at you from here."

Marie Rose stood in Grid's arms like she was being hugged by him and smiled widely. He felt it last time, but she surprisingly wasn't very tall. From a distance, she naturally looked tall due to her overwhelming

proportions and presence, but when they stood side by side like this, she was more than one head smaller than Grid.

“I like your body odor.”

Marie Rose raised her head and looked as innocent and pitiful as a girl caught in the rain. It was only for a moment. Before he knew it, she was bewitching again.

“It tastes good.”

A long, thin finger swept over Grid’s cheek and lips. It was only then that Grid came to his senses and disliked it, shaking her off.

“You didn’t come here to treat me as a blood bag, did you?” Grid treated Marie Rose with complete respect. At first, it was simply out of fear, but now it was because he was grateful.

She acted for humans. To be exact, she fought a dragon for him. If it wasn’t for her help, Hayate wouldn’t have been able to survive and the Overgeared Empire would be in ruins. He treated her as a benefactor to the end. No matter how many times she seduced him, he didn’t see her as a member of the opposite sex.

[One of the greatest heroes in the history of humanity, ‘Chreshler,’ hates you.]

‘It happens here?’

In fact, when Marie Rose clung to him, Chreshler just trembled and didn’t show any hostility. Yet the moment Grid treated Marie Rose badly, he harbored hostility and his killing intent grew. It was a suspicious reaction. Grid naturally didn’t misunderstand.

‘...He must’ve seen through the fact that Marie Rose treats me as nothing more than delicious food. That is why he wasn’t angry when Marie Rose clung to me.’

It was why he only got angry when Grid treated Marie Rose coldly. It was pure love. Grid felt deeply uncomfortable with Chreshler, but came to admire him as a man. Chreshler, who abandoned humanity and became a coffin, remained by the side of the woman he loved and thought only about her. He was definitely like a prince in a fairy tale. He judged that there would be nothing wrong with watching and learning.

‘He seems to misunderstand something.’

Skunk was the only one who watched the situation objectively and his heart sank. He was worried about Grid, who somehow looked determined when he saw the perverted Pope who was excited to see the woman he loved in another man’s arms. It was a confusing situation in many ways...

“Huhut.”

Marie Rose looked happily at Grid, who was only polite to her and urged her to clarify her business.

A man who was composed and bold even in front of her—Grid was unique in the world. It was only in front of Grid that Marie Rose felt like ‘me’ and not Beriache’s daughter. Marie Rose took a few steps back and looked at Grid while standing next to the Divine Wood Coffin.

-That guy to Marie Rose... rather than wagging his tail at the beautiful Marie Rose, that cold attitude... what is this... well, it doesn't matter how good he is... wicked guy...! Bad guy...!!

Mutter mutter.

Chreshler was saying something. It was generally a criticism of Grid, but he narrowly maintained the line.

-...Could he be an eunuch?

The moment when Chreshler was about to cross the line...

Marie Rose suddenly reached out, grabbed the coffin, and lifted it. Then the pool of blood underneath the coffin was sucked into Chreshler's body. It was the moment when the body, which had been crushed by the coffin and almost shattered, recovered in an instant.

"I know that my dear husband has become an Absolute. Zeratul was good nourishment."

""Intruders. Your great myth will be buried in this land.""

-The body speaks? Isn't that my body? Hoh, this is very interesting. Is the 'spirituality' in the brain pretending to be me?

It was an interesting skit even for him, who was proud of having seen quite a few plays during his time as a Pope. Should they cooperate and play in front of Marie Rose?

"However, the Specter of the No Offspring Tomb is also an Absolute. The most powerful of the myth predators. Its notoriety has reached the heavens and like my dear husband, it arouses the vigilance of the gods. Besides, this is the realm of the Specter."

"....."

The realm of the Specter...

Grid also realized it—Chreshler's corpse, which had just been destroyed, was resurrected in an intact form. A coffin made of divine wood—the moment the corpse was free of the influence of the Divine Wood Coffin, which once sealed Marie Rose, he immediately recovered like it was a lie.

'Is it possible that the undead resurrect infinity inside the No Offspring Tomb?'

Grid had previously killed one of the executives of the No Offspring Tomb, but that was before he entered the No Offspring Tomb. Ever since entering the No Offspring Tomb, he only encountered the army of local troops and the evil gods. He hadn't encountered the undead yet.

-Pope Chreshler, who has fallen to a group of evil. I, Chreshler, will kill you for my honor. Come here and lie down. The coffin is where I should lie down. Both are me, but...

""Noisy coffin... get lost. I don't care.""

-You? Ah, it is painful. Have you become so corrupt that you can't even recognize yourself? Ohh, Marie Rose. How about it? Are you having fun?

Chreshler was performing a play with his body when he suddenly became excited. He felt Marie Rose's touch. Her slender hand was pressed firmly against the wide-open lid of the coffin.

-No. Don't close me. I have to lay my body here to complete the story.

"Dear husband, can you feel it? Even I am not completely free from the influence of the divine wood. It is an inherent problem and an essence that doesn't change."

-Aren't you going to tell me your thoughts, Marie Rose? You are always mischievous toward me. This is good as well.

Certainly...

Marie Rose weakened every time her body touched the coffin. Grid could feel it with an Absolute's senses.

"If you really have to challenge the Specter, take this coffin. Then you will have a pretty good chance."

He didn't hear it incorrectly.

Challenge—Marie Rose definitely said it was a challenge. This was even though she knew clearly that Grid had become an Only One God and an Absolute. She valued the Specter higher than Grid. This was an objectively correct assessment. There was a huge difference in the timing of when they were active. In fact, no matter who he fought, Grid was mostly in the position of a challenger.

'Besides, if I don't get the help of the Divine Wood Coffin, I don't seem to have a chance of winning...'

Grid had already assumed that the Specter of the No Offspring Tomb wouldn't be ordinary. He just hadn't expected the Specter to be highly regarded by Marie Rose. The corners of Grid's mouth slowly rose up. It was interesting. The tension he felt for the first time in ages increased his anticipation.

"Okay. I'll accept your favor."

-I don't like it.

"Yes, to give you another word of warning, you shouldn't rely on my family."

Marie Rose ran all this way because she was worried about Grid. The reason she didn't offer to fight with him was because she couldn't help.

Killing the Gale of the Great Forest and causing the Mountain King of Grenier to abandon the mountain and run away, etcetera—she had hunted other myth predators relentlessly, but she couldn't challenge the Specter of the No Offspring Tomb. The exact identity wasn't known, but there was something lurking in the No Offspring Tomb that made her blood boil. There was a great fear of running wild. The same would be true of the other direct descendants.

'Does it have anything to do with the being buried in the No Offspring Tomb?'

Grid nodded and glanced at Chreshler's corpse.

The guy, who was in a hurry because the coffin blocked his way, immediately stepped out when he felt Grid's gaze. Due to his physical (?) limitations, he narrowly evaded the less agile coffin and aimed a holy

sword at Grid. It was the blow that Marie Rose had blocked earlier by throwing the coffin. This was even though it didn't need to be stopped.

"....."

Marie Rose's eyes grew slightly larger.

The head of a hero who dominated an era fell off with a single blow.

Of course, most of Chreshler's skills in his life came from divine power. The corpse only wielded a fake holy sword and couldn't handle divine power at all, but... even taking that into account, Grid's appearance of overpowering a transcendent was impressive enough.

Marie Rose threw the coffin over the corpse of Chreshler, which was trying to recover again, and said with a meaningful expression, "It is hard to guarantee victory unless I am complete. It would be nice if I was under my dear husband."

"Huh?"

"It isn't that I've ever ridden on top of another guy. My first time will be my dear husband, so you don't have to worry about it."

"...Huh??"

-Ahh, Marie Rose. My heart hurts, but I'm happy because my imagination has been stimulated... sob sob...

"....."

Skunk's eyes were already darkening at the fact that he had to work with Chreshler.

Chapter 1740

"Then I'll see you next time."

The No Offspring Tomb was the realm of the Specter. The Specter was in a perfect state, unlike Zeratul, who left the heavens and wasn't complete. Rather, Grid resembled Zeratul at the time of the holy war. It meant he was fighting against the odds.

Marie Rose wanted to give Grid enough caution. However, she suppressed her heart and didn't say it. She had faith that Grid would do well.

"Yes..."

"Huhut."

The sight of Grid shaking while promising a reunion made Marie Rose smile. It was cute. It felt like he was seeing a child whining for nothing. She was looking forward to the child she would give birth to one day after mating with Grid. She wondered if the feeling when she sent her child on their first errand would be similar to now.

Of course, it was just a vain delusion. Marie Rose was actually skeptical about childbirth. How could she give birth to a child when she knew that her child would have to bear the curse and vengeance caused

by her mother? It was grossly irresponsible. It was the reason why she didn't urge Grid, who refused to play the role of Blood King, and at the same time, she doubted her mother.

The more she thought about it, the more suspicious Marie Rose became of Beriache. Did she really love them?

"Marie Rose...?"

If you are done, then please hurry up and go.

Grid glanced at Marie Rose with awkward eyes and slowly raised his gaze. For a moment, a pained face crossed Marie Rose's beautiful face, which made him dizzy every time he saw it.

A woman who was an Absolute from the moment she was born—a being who had no choice but to remain detached from the affairs of the world expressed her true feelings for a moment. It was hard to believe.

"The cause is the sleeping magic."

They had truly reached the same eye level. Marie Rose was surprised by the fact that the momentary traces were read, before smiling as usual. It was a relaxed, bewitching smile. It showed relaxation. Grid thought for the first time that relaxation could actually be embellished.

"...Keep in mind that the Specter is an old monster."

This was the end. Marie Rose's body turned to fog and left the scene. She gave him advice while inwardly rebuking herself. It couldn't be helped. The moment Grid read her thoughts, she realized that Grid was worried about her.

It was a really unexpected reaction so her heart was pounding. To her surprise, her heart skipped a beat. The moment she became aware of him, her crush on Grid deepened into something more. It was something she was feeling for the first time. It was very embarrassing. She momentarily forgot her desire for Grid's blood, so the sight of Marie Rose hurrying away was more like she was running away.

"An old monster..."

It was after Marie Rose finally left. The Divine Wood Coffin crept up to Grid as he reflected on Marie Rose's advice. He was the strongest pope of all time and one of the greatest heroes in human history, Chreshler.

-It has been a while.

"Yes... I'm sorry for the late greetings." Grid greeted him with a trembling face. He knew this person wasn't normal, but even so, Chreshler's performance today was shocking.

Chreshler read Grid's inner thoughts and coughed.

-It is hard to maintain a sense of reason in front of Marie Rose. Like water flowing down, it is natural to be fascinated. It is inevitable, so you don't have to think deeply about my ugliness.

His voice was heavy. It blended nicely with his old-fashioned manner of speaking. Grid thought he was indeed a pope of a past era.

'That is Chreshler...'

A great hero who locked his soul in a coffin to prevent disaster. Skunk was thrilled to face the legendary divine wooden coffin that was known to only those in the know. He forgot about Chreshler's ugliness that he had just seen, and respected him. It was pure belief in the words of a great hero. He accepted Chreshler as a victim of Marie Rose's bewitchment.

Grid was naturally different.

'He is surprisingly naive.'

Grid knew Chreshler's essence. He knew that the reason why Chreshler became a coffin was purely to satisfy his own desires, so Grid looked pitifully at Skunk, who had been deceived. He knew for sure that the shock would be great when Skunk was disappointed sooner or later.

-Um... You have a great status. Grid, you have grown to the point of threatening the heavenly gods and deserve to be a close associate. What is your name?

Chreshler felt burdened by Grid's bleary gaze and turned his attention to Skunk.

"Yes, Your Holiness. My name is Explorer Skunk. I became a cheeky legend with the help of Grid."

-Skunk? Is your name Skunk?

"Haha, yes..."

-Hah. Why did your parents name their child after an animal?

"It is a name I gave myself..."

-Were you an orphan? What a crazy nickname given when you were a child.

"...That is how it is..."

"....."

There was a reason why Eat Spicy Jokbal wanted the right to change his nickname. It happened as Grid looked pitifully at Skunk, who was tired every time he introduced himself to someone...

""I will bury your great myth in this land..." Chreshler's corpse, in the Divine Wood Coffin, spoke again.

The part of his body that was torn off had regenerated because the Divine Wood Coffin slightly changed its position while Chreshler was talking to Grid's group. The corpse's vocal organs were restored. Thanks to this, Grid, Chreshler, and Skunk, who were tired for their own reasons, were able to naturally change the topic.

-As you can see, the undead seem to live forever in the No Offspring Tomb. The spirit, aspirations, and imagery of the ghosts who make this place their home and prey on myths have recreated this place as a completely separate dimension from the world. It is only a world for the dead.

Asgard, hell, the Elemental World, the Peach Blossom Spring, and the Overgeared World—the world was divided into several dimensions and the No Offspring Tomb was one of them.

-A world for the dead. Was this what hell was like before it was distorted? Marie Rose, who saw through the essence of the No Offspring Tomb from the beginning and sent me to you, is truly incredible. I can't help but respect and love her... Hum...

Chreshler was naturally in ecstasy when remembering Marie Rose, only to control his mental state. He captured the suspicion in Skunk's eyes.

-In any case, if it is the divine wood, then it can go against the essence of this world.

No world was perfect. The surface, heaven, hell, the Overgeared World, etcetera—it was clear that each world was born through the willpower of the gods, but in the first place, the existence of a god was far from perfect. Each god and dimension had weaknesses. One of the weaknesses of the No Offspring Tomb was the divine wood.

-The power of the divine wood is very good. The reason why I overwhelmed my corpse in this manner is purely because I can borrow the immense divinity contained in the divine wood. As far as the divine power is concerned, it is comparable to when I was alive.

Rattle!

Chreshler opened the lid of the coffin. The spacious and plush interior were revealed. It could be guessed from the size of the coffin, but the inside was large enough to fit three adult men. It could be seen that he tried to provide Marie Rose with a comfortable place to sleep.

-Make sure that all the undead you hunt in the future are put inside. The powerful divinity that suppressed even some of Marie Rose's power will crush and purify the miscellaneous things.

[A hidden quest has occurred!]

[No Offspring Tomb Purification Work]

[★ Hidden Quest ★]

This massive tomb is home to an evil group that are loyal to the myth predators and have hunted down human gods. The more you purify them, the more you can contribute to peace on the surface.

* Purify the undead you hunt with the 'Divine Wood Coffin.'

Current number of purifications: 0.

* As the number of purifications increases, the divine power of the 'Divine Wood Coffin' is strengthened.

* You can view the hidden story of the No Offspring Tomb every time the number of purifications exceeds a certain number.]

'Does the No Offspring Tomb have a big connection with the vampire clan?'

Marie Rose previously stated that it was difficult for her to be active in the No Offspring Tomb. There was something in the No Offspring Tomb that made her blood rampage. That was why she cautioned him against trusting the direct descendants. Additionally, judging from the contents of the hidden quest that just opened, the Divine Wood Coffin was an important key. Marie Rose was the only being in the world who could carry the Divine Wood Coffin to this point.

'If I hadn't become the Blood King, it might've taken a long time to uncover the secret of the No Offspring Tomb.'

He got Marie Rose's attention thanks to being the Blood King. Then, thanks to Marie Rose's attention, he got the Divine Wood Coffin. This was conclusive evidence that the No Offspring Tomb had a connection with the vampires.

'Is this perhaps Beriache's tomb...? No, it is impossible based on the timing.'

The birth of the No Offspring Tomb was much earlier than Beriache's death. Grid suppressed the random questions and called the God Hands. Then the God Hands recovered Chreshler's body and threw it into the Divine Wood Coffin.

-Be sure to clean it later.

Chreshler treated his own corpse as filth. It was a seat purely reserved for Marie Rose. He lamented that the reality of having to put rotten meat 'inside him' was terrible.

Flash!

[The divine power of the Divine Wood Coffin has become a bit stronger after purifying the undead of the No Offspring Tomb.]

[The current purification count is 1.]

"That... is it really okay?"

Grid witnessed the disappearance of Chreshler's body in the coffin without a trace and was quite shocked. Right now—

The body of the great hero disappeared from the world. This meant that the possibility of Chreshler being resurrected as a human was completely gone.

-Of course, it is okay. Isn't it a body that has already been abandoned once? It is stupid to be obsessed with it now.

"....."

Of course, Grid knew that Chreshler abandoned humanity of his own choice. Everyone was bound to have lingering feelings about their lives. However, Chreshler never had none of that. It was as if he had no regrets about the path he took.

Skunk paid tribute to Chreshler, "These are words of enlightenment from a religious person... as expected of the greatest pope in history."

Grid was tired in many ways.

'Don't think too much and do what I have to do.'

It was futile for a normal person to try for a hundred days to understand an abnormal person...

Grid was well aware that most transcendents other than himself were crazy and controlled his mind without difficulty.

'By the way, the others will grow a lot today.'

The Overgeared members scattered in different places in the labyrinth—those who were still fighting against the evil gods would soon face that undead that didn't die. They might be worse than Chreshler, but they were probably hero-level undead. If they killed and killed, they would increase their character experience and skill level against enemies that kept respawning.

"Did you have an interesting idea?" Skunk carefully asked Grid, who was smiling happily.

"Soon, our other companions will face the undead as well," Grid replied to him.

Skunk's face became gloomy.

"I see... they don't have the help of the divine wood, so they might have to fight for days and days..."

"That's right."

".....?"

So why was he smiling? Skunk became a bit scared of Grid.