

Overgeared 1761

Chapter 1761

“How did you notice my visit?”

The reason why Baal was flustered wasn't due to the splendid emergence of the apostles.

Grid's apostles—Baal had acknowledged from the start that all of them was a formidable existence. This wasn't a reason to panic.

“I prepared thoroughly to deceive even the senses of an Absolute.”

Baal smiled as if he had regained his composure. An unfamiliar magic circle spread like a shadow below his feet. It followed his steps and functioned in conjunction with the hourglass rising above Baal's shoulders.

Braham had been keeping his eyes on them from the beginning. ‘It is an artifact that obscures the user's presence for a limited amount of time? It has been transformed by magic to maximize its function.’

Baal's actions had always been unconventional. Everything he showed from the time he distorted hell to the present had been far from common sense. He was no different from a lunatic running wild with no countermeasures. However, that was just the superficial appearance. Braham had long realized that Baal was clever and thoroughly planned things. If he was really just a madman, how could he have deceived countless beings, including Yatan and Beriache?

“You can't fool me with crude artifacts. Unlike my kind mother, I'm not pure and I am deeply suspicious.”

“Crude...? I don't understand.” Baal cocked his head. It was because the artifacts he was using were made using the skills of the craftsman Pauld. It was possible because Baal was one who absorbed the powers of the dead. He was proud that the artifacts he created had a powerful performance that was rare in history, but he ended up being denied by Braham.

Braham raised his chin and laughed. “I can be sure of one thing now.”

It was clearly mockery.

“Baal, you are inevitably a being who is behind the times.”

The image of Baal reflected in Braham's red eyes was the dirtiest and most unpleasant filth in the world. An object made of rotten meat that made him feel disgusted just by looking at it. There was a subtle restlessness.

“I am behind the times?”

“It is obvious. Your ability to gather the powers of the dead is nothing more than holding onto an era that has already ended.”

Those who used to be the mainstream in each field died. New people were bound to create a new mainstream. New eras started. \

It was something that Baal would never experience.

“I... no, ‘we’.”

Braham—a person who only knew himself was actually discussing everyone present.

Grid’s apostles and the Overgeared members. The thing they had in common was that they opened a new era with Grid.

“There is no need to be afraid of you.”

“...Kukukuk! Kuhahaha! Braham! The son of Beriache! It is funny how a bastard who is worse than his mother, even after building up divinity, is so arrogant!”

In fact, there were many areas where Baal felt regret.

Insane Dragon Nevartan—if it had gone as Baal originally planned, he would’ve rampaged across the Saharan Empire and massacred humans. However, this plan went awry due to the variable of Kraugel obtaining the White Fang. Many beings who should’ve died at that time were later protected by Grid’s forces. Some of them were among the apostles in front of him right now.

Baal didn’t get as much power as he wanted. Thus, he was obsessed with Sword Saint Muller. He risked his life coming here.

Heart Killing Intent—if Muller’s power was added to his own strong will to rebel against the Gods of the Beginning, he judged that a lot of the damage caused by his plan going awry would be recovered. However, the apostles of Grid appeared to interfere. To be honest, he became annoyed.

Then at this moment, he saw Braham’s imposing appearance and changed his mind. He viewed the situation rather positively. It was thanks to the new measures presented by the killing intent he felt toward Braham.

“Today, I will have to die here once.”

A solid roar, like steel condensing, echoed throughout the space. The black demonic energy that Baal wore around his body took the form of a sword.

“It will be in exchange for killing some of you.”

For Baal, death could be overcome. Even if he died 100 or 1,000 times, he would just be resurrected immediately. Although Baal was afraid of death when Grid’s epic was working, it was different now. Not only was there no Grid, but even if his death was widely known to the world and his status damaged, it wasn’t a loss. In any case, he would gradually recover as long as he reigned as the ruler at hell. Mercedes’ Keen Insight alone had a higher value than several levels of status.

There was a thunderous sound and one of Braham’s arms was cut off.

Could multiple transcendents handle one Absolute? It was a scene where the question of the curious was answered. No one could stop Baal from approaching Braham and swinging the sword.

“You... it is better not to target you.”

Baal wasn't very satisfied. He tried to cut off Braham's head but failed.

The God of Magic and Wisdom—Braham had attained a high divinity and was clearly above a transcendent, even though he hadn't reached the level of an Absolute yet. He barely held onto the time that only an Absolute could perceive and turned Baal's attack into nothing.

"Disintegrate." He even finished casting a spell. A spear of light appeared like an illusion and pierced Baal's upper body.

At the same time, Zik stepped out. He used the power of the runes to stop Baal's movements for a moment and struck Baal with an attack. Saharan's Sword that was inserted in Baal's chest unleashed the red energy and tried to control Baal. He even used it with the divinity taken from King Sobyool.

The surprised Baal withdrew his energy and used physical strength. A hand grabbed Zik's face and slammed him into the ground. Through the roar of the ground exploding, he heard a sound that shouldn't have been heard. It was the sound of something snapping.

Zik's neck bone had been broken. Zik's neck was turned at an odd angle as he was pinned to the ground.

"Zik!"

Jishuka used Fly Up! It was mixed with the Breaking Evil Arrows. She sought to heal Zik while also weakening Baal. On a battlefield without Ruby, she was the healer of the Overgeared Guild.

Sure enough, Baal's aggro changed immediately. He might covet the abilities of Muller and the apostles, but he was the wariest of Jishuka. His sword suddenly appeared next to Jishuka.

"Ohhhhh!!"

Surprisingly, Vantner blocked it. It was thanks to the ultimate skill that 'protected the designated target for a certain period of time' being used in advance. He predicted this situation from the moment Jishuka used Fly Up! The price was high.

"Hoh? It is quite interesting, but it is an unnecessary ability for me."

Every time Baal's demon sword struck Vantner's shield, dark red blood spilled from Vantner's nose and mouth. He started to be driven into the ground like a nail as his shield gradually shattered. He also received physical status abnormalities such as 'internal injuries' and 'fractures.' In an instant, his immortality was on the verge of being consumed.

His colleagues didn't sit idly by. Just like Vantner, the elites of the Overgeared Guild predicted that the aggro would be directed to Jishuka. Thus, they surrounded Baal from all directions and launched an offensive.

"You guys are pretty good as well."

Baal counterattacked without avoiding the Overgeared Guild's offensive and slowly moved from Kraugel to Faker. Faker's Kill List had Baal's name written on it. Baal's name was also engraved on the consumable dagger 'Surprise Attack,' which significantly increased attack power when a target was designated.

This meant that the current Faker could show off immensely powerful skills against Baal. He wasn't at all inferior to the apostles in terms of attack power. Moreover, the strength of an assassin was to utilize skills related to tracking, stealth, infiltration, and trap installation. By attracting Baal's aggro and disturbing his senses at every critical moment, Faker showed a transcendent-like way of fighting without the need for transcendence.

In the end, the problem was that Baal was an Absolute. Faker's physical abilities and cleverness could embody transcendence, but this didn't mean much against Baal.

"Cough!"

Faker failed to hide in the shadows and was blown to the far wall, getting stuck in it. He became trapped due to the physical condition of 'bound.' The aftermath of piercing through a thick wall by dozens of meters was great.

Damian and Katz hurriedly caught Baal's attention. It was to buy time for their companions to rescue Faker.

Braham and Zik, who recovered before they knew it, also joined in. The sword that Baal wielded unstopably was intercepted by Braham's 'fist.' It was the fist of a monster that was wrapped in strengthening magic.

"This power... Beriache's blood. It is ridiculous that the son of that ignorant being is worshiped as the God of Wisdom."

Grid had judged that Beriache's monstrous strength was the result of 'sucking the Specter's blood.' In reality, it was the pure physical abilities of the progenitor.

"It isn't ignorance. It is purity."

Baal's nonsensical words as he recklessly evaluated Beriache offended Braham. In fact, he was angry because Baal hit the nail on the head.

Ignorant—this was a relatively correct way to evaluate Beriache, who sacrificed herself to bear a child in the hope of getting revenge on Baal and placed all her responsibility to her children.

That's right. Braham knew that his mother wasn't always right. Nevertheless, he loved her.

Braham grabbed Baal's wrist and cast a series of physical magic. The great magic, which was hard to see in his lifetime, aimed at Baal and the hourglass.

The hourglass—Braham judged that it was only by destroying the artifact that assimilated Baal's 'presence' with the surrounding environment that he could convey to Grid what was happening here.

Baal made an expression of pity as he shook off Braham's hand and cut Braham's chest with a sword. "You talked like you could win even if you fought without Grid. Now you are trying to ask Grid for help so soon? You don't seem to have inherited the pride of your mother?"

"Help... that isn't what I want."

In the endless torrent of magic, Baal's body regenerated at super speed as soon as it was torn apart or exploded. Meanwhile, Braham's body had turned to rags. The Overgeared members thought that Braham's aim of taking out Baal through mutual destruction by taking advantage of his possibility of resurrection was wasted in vain.

They were mistaken. Braham had more pride than people knew. He would kill Baal if it was possible, but he had no intention of dying with Baal.

"I want to announce your death."

"Nonsense..." This time, Baal burst out laughing at the absurd bravado.

"It is done." Then Piaro's voice rang out. In the aftermath of Baal's usage of the red flesh, the space it was in developed a strange environment 'resembling hell,' not the No Offspring Tomb or the Overgeared World. Now this place had transformed into a golden wheat field.

"Great job." Mercedes had been silent while reflecting on the handprints of someone left on the handle of the sword. Now she finally joined the battle. The time for patience was over. She was barely suppressing her desire to kill the enemy who dared to invade the sanctuary that Grid had stepped on.

"Sonic Rage."

The surroundings that had been benefiting Baal were restored by Piaro and she used her ultimate technique. It was possible because Braham, Zik, and the Overgeared members bought time.

The effect was great. For a moment, Baal couldn't distinguish the illusion of a sword made by the sword energy of Sonic Rage. He naturally cut Mercedes, who attacked with two swords, while thinking it was the real one. Then he was cut by the real Mercedes who came one step later. It was the moment when Baal, who used the red flesh to create an environment similar to hell and showed the majesty of an Absolute, showed his bottom line.

"Farmer... you..." Baal, who was split in half, glared at Piaro as if he was going to eat him.

Braham's still active magic was grinding through the body of the bastard who lost even the power of the super fast recovery. But it was just a bit. There was a slight lack of power.

Baal somehow withstood the attacks of the apostles and the ultimate skills that the Overgeared members constantly poured out and reached out to target Piaro. Then a huge, transparent purple hand extinguished all the energy around him like a candle. It flew away and snatched Piaro by the nape of the neck.

"I told you, I won't die alone."

Piaro's neck was bent. He couldn't even scream as his body rapidly dried up like a mummy. All the energy of nature in his body was being sucked into Baal. No one could save Piaro. The unidentified, transparent purple hand temporarily prevented the Overgeared members and apostles from using all resources such as magic power and sword energy. It was physically impossible to quickly subdue Baal and save Piaro with pure physical abilities alone.

However, there was one exception. Sword Saint Kraugel cut off the transparent hand that was choking Piaro. He might've lost his sword energy, but the power 'there is nothing that can't be cut' of a Sword Saint was still intact.

"Cheeky guy!" Baal was furious. He couldn't hide his soaring anger at the fact that he lost the 'Asura's Hand That Is Being Completed' to the young Sword Saint he hadn't paid attention to.

The wheat field had dried up in the aftermath of Piaro being suffocated and eroded by demonic energy. Thanks to this, Baal regained the environment he wanted again and intruded between Kraugel and Piaro. He swung his sword in a wide, horizontal direction, intending to slash both their throats at the same time. The speed was so fast that Kraugel sensed death. Nevertheless, he tried to protect Piaro. He used his sword curtain on Piaro, not himself.

Unfortunately, Baal's sword was much faster. Piaro was on the verge of being decapitated.

At this moment—

Mir, who had been silent by Muller's side for a while, suddenly blocked Baal's sword. It was with 'pure swordsmanship.' The memories he regained after seeing Muller were moving his body. This wasn't the end.

"I was made to fight against you."

The last apostle of the Overgeared God—Mir's potential, which should've originally made him become the treasured sword of the God of the Beginning, Hanul. Now it blossomed after meeting Baal. It was similar to what he showed when he briefly competed with the 1st ranked archangel, Raphael.

Chapter 1762

The yangbans were a symbol of will—it was Hanul's will to challenge Rebecca's authority.

It was also a symbol of a pledge—it was a pledge to kill Martial God Chiyou. This was the pledge that Hanul had made when he asked Chiyou for help. It was the secret story that served as the background for the yangbans to realize the qualifications of a God Killer. There were some yangbans born with the qualification to kill a god as a 'talent.'

Baal knew this fact as well.

"Yangban Mir... that's right. I am your diametric opposite. We are bound by a great destiny."

Thus, Baal laughed. He greatly welcomed Mir, unlike Raphael who treated the yangbans as disgusting clones. It was because he remembered the soul of Yangban Garam, which he had finally started to digest recently. Garam had the qualification of a God Killer, albeit it was faint.

It was a qualification that would be a great help when fighting Grid again in the future. Wouldn't the qualification of a God Killer be several times more powerful if he could ingest the soul of Mir, who was the strongest among the yangbans?

It happened the moment when he anticipated it...

A subtle smile appeared on Baal's face, only for his expression to harden. It was due to Mir's surprisingly fast swordsmanship.

'Why?'

It was true that Mir was created to be the opponent of Baal and Raphael. However, most of the world's results had a different value than what the creator intended.

A half-god created using angels and humans as motifs and forcibly bestowed with divinity—the yangbans were nothing more than Hanul's lab rats and there was no originality.

In other words, they were a fake from one to ten. It was actually absurd that he dared to confront Baal, the son of Yatan. Yet at this moment, Mir showed a higher level of skills than the other apostles. The speed and destructive power of his swordsmanship, combined with his techniques, gradually made Baal step back.

Finally, Baal had to take a large step back. It was in order to shake off Mir's sword.

Mir caught up with him in an instant. He used Lightning God to launch an offensive on Baal without giving him a chance to think. The basis of the swordsmanship he used was Muller's Matchless Sword. It wasn't exactly like Muller's swordsmanship. Just like the modern day Sword Saint Kraugel, he introduced a new swordsmanship that reinterpreted the Matchless Sword.

A long time ago—

It was a swordsmanship devised based on his experience of fighting Muller several times.

Today—

Mir regained all the memories he had lost and recalled the traces of the sword left on his body. He recalled Muller's swordsmanship, which he couldn't stop or avoid. Then he recreated it in a new manner based on the wounds carved on his body.

"Kuaaaaaah!!!" Baal roared as he was pushed back.

From the time he appeared to the present, not a single thing went according to his will and his anger soared. He had put all things in the world on the palm of his hand and kneaded them as he pleased. When had he ever suffered such humiliation?

Since when did this happen? As expected, it was Grid. That person called Grid ruined everything.

"It would've been better if it had gone easily from the start...!"

Baal's right arm swelled up unevenly. His muscles expanded like they were going to explode in the aftermath of him raising the power of the sword.

"500,000 Army."

".....!"

".....!"

"Avoid it!"

It was 500,000 army swordsmanship, not one million. It was a precursor to the technique that proved that Baal's current state wasn't perfect. In the first place, the red flesh only made this place a 'hell-like' environment. It didn't completely make it hell. Furthermore, Piaro had changed the environment once.

The time for Baal to manifest the greatness of an Absolute was extremely short. However, Baal judged that this condition was sufficient.

500,000 Army Death Sword—he didn't know about the apostles, but he believed that all the small fries would die. There would be huge aftereffects so he wouldn't be safe either, but that was okay. If he could take away a lot of people in exchange for one life, it was never a loss.

"Death Sword."

The sword energies overlapped one after another.

Horizontally and vertically—the sword energies seemed to form iron bars that blocked all escape routes and would shatter the beings trapped inside this space.

"Idiot." Someone scolded him in a situation where screams should've erupted.

Baal's gaze naturally turned to Huroi, but Huroi felt it was unfair. Baal's gaze was lost for a moment before belatedly falling on a gorgeous woman. It was a woman with a huge Red Phoenix behind her and fluttering red hair that was darker than flames. It was Bow Saint Jishuka who Baal was very familiar with.

She raised her middle finger and mocked Baal. "We won't go to hell even if we die."

"...Bah." Baal also knew this. He didn't know about the concept of a player, but he was aware of the fact that humans of this age could be resurrected even if they died.

"My purpose isn't you guys."

The liches and death knights of the No Offspring Tomb were projected on the eyes of Baal, who smiled triumphantly. The seeds that had been planted by Baal a long time ago—they were originally those who should be nourishing Baal. They became undead due to the Specter rather than dying, but now they had stepped on the path of 'death.'

The iron bars made of sword energy that made it impossible for them to run away—the 500,000 Army Death Sword that Baal deployed at the cost of his right arm dyed the area in a bright light. It was a light that erased everything it touched without a trace.

In terms of power, the Undefeated King's Swordsmanship was the strongest. There was already a history of being destroyed by Grid once, but that was a variable created by 'someone's will' in Grid's mental image. Ordinary beings couldn't withstand this power.

Of course, Grid's apostles would be able to endure it. However, it was all they could do to keep their body intact. They didn't have room to protect the Overgeared members, the undead of the No Offspring Tomb, and Sword Saint Muller, who was paralyzed by the heart demon backlash.

Baal focused on the remaining variables.

First of all, there was Braham. He was paying the price for pouring out so much magic toward Baal. There was no need to be vigilant yet. All that was left was Sword Saint Muller. It would be a disaster if his sword cut through even the Undefeated King's Swordsmanship. Baal also needed to be wary of Mir, who embodied Muller's swordsmanship.

Baal, who had soared into the air to shake off Mir, descended like a lightning bolt. Demonic energy spurted from his severed arm instead of blood, flapped like a cloak, and wrapped around him.

"Keuk...!"

Kraugel was stabbed properly as he was preparing the Space Sword to slash the Undefeated King's Swordsmanship. The moment he read Baal's approach with his Super Sensitivity, Baal had already pierced him in the heart and consumed his immortality. To make matters worse, his skill casting was canceled.

Mir was following Baal and managed to rescue Kraugel. He cut off Baal's remaining left arm with the Blue Dragon Dao surrounded by lightning energy.

The problem was that Baal was already ready to die. It meant he had in mind the fact that Grid might come the moment he planned to use the Undefeated King's Swordsmanship to smash through the entire space. He had only one purpose. It was to cause as many casualties as possible.

Baal's head was full of thoughts of filling his stomach with all the prey overflowing in the No Offspring Tomb. He made no efforts to save his life and this became a powerful weapon.

Baal's sharp teeth bit Mir's neck. The moment his arm was cut off, he had bent his back and counterattacked. It was a primitive form of attack that was hard to predict. The flustered Mir tried to shake him off, but Baal held on tenaciously.

Demonic energy was rising endlessly from his severed arms. It went beyond the level of a cloak and spread out like wings. It worked as a field that weakened the power of attributes other than the dark attribute.

Due to the weakening of the environment, he lost his qualifications as an Absolute and even lost his super fast recovery. This made him instead focus on the operation of demonic energy. It was trickier to deal with him like this than when he was trying to suppress them with force.

"It is the end," Baal whispered grimly while still biting Mir's neck. He moved at a transcendent speed and the iron bars made of sword energy were about to hit the Overgeared members and the undead.

Baal thought it was truly over. This was until a completely unexpected presence intervened.

"...You?"

Had Grid already arrived here when he had been deep underground?

No.

Did the Lightning God of Titan come to support at the right time?

That also wasn't the case.

Naturally, the members of the Tower of Wisdom didn't act either.

The one who disturbed Baal at this moment was none other than...

"You...! The old dragon's daughter!"

It was Nefelina, one of Grid's apostles. She had stood at a distance and held her breath while the other apostles were fighting valiantly. Now she surprisingly stood facing Baal. The breathing coming from her open mouth was informing Baal of the origin of the Breath that broke through the iron bars of sword energy just a moment ago.

"You are just a mere hatchling, what did you do?" Baal's temples twitched. His eyes were bloodshot as if his patience had reached the limit. The sharp teeth biting Mir's neck were grinding down.

"Hiccup!"

Nefelina's large eyes shimmered with transparent tears.

A Transcendent Dragon—she compressed the years to just a minute and exerted a power close to a saint-class dragon. [1]

She was the daughter of an old dragon. The Breathe she fired was enough to offset the Undefeated King's Swordsmanship that contained such a strong power. However, Nefelina couldn't feel proud and instead trembled. She couldn't fully handle Baal's killing intent.

By her side—

"Well done."

"It was great."

"Hmm, not bad."

The apostles were gathered. They were all covered with wounds. Nevertheless, it was reassuring enough.

Nefelina's trembling little body gradually calmed down. "I-I tried so that Grid won't feel sad."

"It is extraordinary."

The Overgeared members and the undead of the No Offspring Tomb were also present.

Jishuka approached and stroked Nefelina's hair. Then she aimed at Baal and pulled the bowstring. "Die."

There was no room for negotiation. There was only one reason why the apostles and Overgeared members were overwhelmed by Baal. It was because Baal used the 'Realm of the Absolute.' However, he couldn't use it properly after Piaro changed the environment once.

The possibility of a 'fight' was established.

"...Kuk! Kukuk! Kuhahaha! It is crazy! The world is going crazy!"

The one who deceived a God of the Beginning and took control of hell—he was unable to handle a single force from the surface and was on the defensive?

“This is by no means a normal phenomenon. Something is terribly wrong. There is bound to be a backlash that even I can’t imagine...”

Baal’s rant couldn’t continue to the end. It was because Jishuka’s arrow pierced his forehead and his neck was cut by Mercedes’ sword.

[The raid of the 1st Great Demon, ‘Baal,’ has succeeded!]

The apostles and the Overgeared members got a great achievement without Grid. It was a transformation caused by Grid.

Chapter 1763

The 32nd Great Demon, Belial—she was the first of the great demons to come to the surface and she imprinted terrible fear on humanity. Didn’t she alone overwhelm the power of a nation and drive the Overgeared members, including Grid and Piaro, to the brink of annihilation? Her force was so great that it was still talked about among people several years later.

Maybe she was the cause. People started to point to Baal as the final boss.

[The 1st Great Demon, ‘Baal,’ has been defeated.]

The strongest final boss candidate—of course, there were some beings in the world who were stronger than Baal. It was just rare to see an existence of pure malice like Baal. It was why the theory that Baal was the final boss gained weight.

In fact, Baal was involved in much of Satisfy’s twisted history. He was behind the ruin of countless individuals, groups, kingdoms, and eras.

At this moment, the thoughts of the Overgeared members who won against Baal weren’t much different. They still recognized Baal as an enemy who had to be confronted at the very end.

‘Of course, the final boss is likely to be determined by the tendencies of the Gods of the Beginning.’

Asura was a very annoying being. A transparent, huge hand that erased all the resources around it and sucked away Piaro’s vitality. It had the name ‘Asura’s Hand That Is Being Completed’ and it was a force that went against providence.

In particular, Regas’ agitation was very great. He had reached level 500 and tried to change to the fifth class advancement, only to revert to the third class Asura. He felt like he was ‘stuck in this class.’ He got the feeling that the class called Asura was alive and breathing, disturbing him. Then he witnessed a part of Asura that Baal had created. It was a powerful body part that couldn’t be compared to the fragments of Asura that they saw in the hell expedition. He thought it must be related to him.

‘It takes constant effort and talent to change to Asura.’

The previous difficulty level was so high that there was the evaluation ‘it seems to filter out people.’ From a certain point on, changing to the Asura class aroused a sense of challenge among talented people.

Among many young people who started the game late, there were many who said they became martial artists purely with the goal of reaching the Asura class. Out of all those who challenged the Asura class in order to prove their talent and skills, only a few geniuses with persistence and ingenious ideas succeeded in changing classes after never giving up.

What if all of them had something to do with the Asura that Baal was creating?

These thoughts made Regas feel uneasy. It was the aftermath of imagining himself and other Asura players being forced to take the side of hell through a quest.

“Don’t worry too much.”

Jishuka read Regas’ expression and patted him on the back.

“Even Baal’s Contractor has become independent of Baal. Will you be much different? If the situation that you are worried about happens, you just need to control the situation yourself. Haven’t you always been good at being disobedient?”

“Haha...”

Now was the time for pure rejoicing. The rewards for a successful Baal raid without Grid were extremely great. Of course, Baal’s condition hadn’t been perfect. However, it was the ‘main body,’ so it was natural to receive big rewards.

[You have transcended the limits of a human.]

The legends gained a transcendent status for the first time.

[You are slowly becoming a legend on the path you are walking on.]

Some people qualified to become new legends.

[Your status will increase even further.]

The person who was already a transcendent increased their status. Unfortunately, the members with a low performance only received rewards that greatly increased their level. In exchange, they gained a lot of reputation and a title.

[Guardian of the Hero King]

Their favorability with Muller increased and they were qualified to learn swordsmanship skills. The rewards obtained by the apostles were even greater. Perhaps it was because they were more active than the members of the Overgeared Guild, but their status rose by several levels. The level up was just a bonus.

However, Braham’s expression was dark. ‘I couldn’t win one-on-one.’

The current Braham was stronger than when Grid first defeated Baal. Of course, his defense was much lower, but this was something that could be covered up with various spells. He used to think there was a good chance of winning unless it was hell.

However, reality was very different from his beliefs. Braham was completely on the defensive from the beginning against an Absolute, who stretched an instant into eternity. He repeatedly failed to follow the flow of battle and suffered unilateral damage.

‘How did Grid fight against an Absolute during his days as a transcendent?’

Grid didn’t always win when fighting against Absolutes. Nevertheless, he was lucky enough to escape the crisis in a way where the situation was resolved. In any case, the possibility of a ‘fight’ was established. It was different from himself, who couldn’t even touch a single strand of Baal’s hair in an important moment.

Braham looked back on the moments when Grid fought and seriously pondered it.

‘Should I tame a dragon as well?’ He started dreaming of becoming the second Dragon Knight.

‘...It doesn’t make sense.’

Braham immediately frowned.

Taming a dragon? He knew it was absolutely impossible. It was impossible to steal a dragon’s egg or to kidnap a hatchling and raise it from scratch. A dragon was a being that understood all concepts and grasped the flow of the world the moment it was born. It would be unreasonable for a dragon to be favorable to its kidnapper. It was completely crazy to cooperate with an adult dragon.[1]

‘...Wait.’ Braham suddenly remembered something. He remembered the moments when Grid fought against a being with a higher status than himself even before he became a Dragon Knight. He pictured the scene of the God Hands hovering around Grid without any regularity. There was a faint stream of magic power that followed the direction the God Hands moved.

‘Perhaps...?’

Grid’s artificial senses left no traces. It was a mixture of magic power with the silver thread powder that had been finely split to the point of being invisible. The density was so low that it was difficult for beings other than Grid to perceive it. It was the same reason why a person couldn’t recognize the dust that touched their body when they walked.

Yet now, Braham noticed the existence of the artificial senses purely through a hypothesis.

“I’ll go back first.”

“Aren’t you going to see Grid?”

“Hmph, I’m sure he is fine.”

During the course of battle, the artifact that blurred Baal’s presence was destroyed. Nevertheless, Grid never came to the scene. This made some people feel worried about Grid. Maybe something happened underground that made it ‘impossible for him to come’?

However, Braham knew. Grid wasn’t experiencing any problems. He just trusted them and entrusted Baal to them. He read and replied to Braham’s intention that they would eliminate Baal, so he didn’t have to worry about it.

Thus, Braham really left this scene without any hesitation. He didn't have time to waste here when he had to grasp the inspiration that was just beginning to emerge.

Braham left. The only thing that remained was the remnants of Teleport, which made a buzzing sound.

In this moment of silence, Jishuka started taking care of the situation. "Let's help Muller recover until Grid and Ruby return."

'I never thought they would really win.'

At the deepest underground area of the No Offspring Tomb...

Grid cheered in a breathless manner.

It was a little while ago.

It was hard to believe that the person who looked like a demon after Baal's sudden appearance would suddenly be so unbelievably bright.

"Although Baal. Might not have been perfect... how? With the power of apostles and humans alone..." the Specter murmured.

She never imagined that Baal would break into the No Offspring Tomb. The moment she read Baal's energy, she realized that she had been manipulated by him all this time and lamented greatly. It was actually discouraging.

Baal invaded when she was away. It was right after the fierce battle with Grid, so it was difficult for her to respond immediately. She suffered the mishap of losing Beriache's heart and decided that all the efforts she made over the years would soon be in vain.

Then what was the reality? Baal was helplessly defeated. It was a miracle made by the apostles and humans who served Grid.

"You actually... could have... easily beaten me..." The Specter misunderstood. She thought that Grid, who could've easily beaten her if he broke in with all the apostles, let her go. "From the beginning. Communication with me... was your purpose. I am... the adversary of humanity. It is determined. First of all, to understand... why did you try? As expected. The reason you didn't kill me. Now I know for sure. You... are more than I thought. You are a kind being..."

"....."

Grid had a guilty conscience. However, he had no intention of clearing up the misunderstanding. In the first place, Duke of Virtue had activated and saved the Specter. It was system favorability. The Specter felt a great liking toward Grid. She had a tendency to try and interpret things related to Grid in a positive manner most of the time.

"You can't keep doing this..."

[Your favorability with Yatan's apostle, 'Eve,' has increased.]

'...Isn't it okay if she takes off her mask?'

The mask and armor made from the bones of human gods were the basic equipment for the Specter. She had been defeated by Grid and vowed to change in the future, but she didn't take off her mask and armor. It was as if she was declaring that she would never forget the beings she killed. In any case, she had a terrifying appearance. At first glance, she was no different from a lich. He didn't want to see a lich twisting her body with both arms around her chest.

"That... when are you going to show it to us?"

It was the same with Ruby. She urged the Specter with a pale face. The Specter came to her senses and opened the firmly closed door of the temple.

Creak...

A white temple that stood alone in the dark underground—the place that had been tightly closed for a long time finally revealed its interior. A desolate landscape unfolded. The interior of the temple was empty.

"This person... my god."

The Specter fell to her knees and caressed the ground while making the introduction.

The siblings noticed it one step late. It was the fact that paintings covered the ground. They were portraits of someone. The portraits were of Yatan, whom the siblings met a moment ago. Yet unlike Yatan's actual appearance, the portraits gave off an ominous feeling. It was because the portraits were painted using only red paint.

"Is this it?" Grid thought that Yatan would be sleeping here. The Specter had said that a part of Yatan was sleeping here. In reality, it wasn't even a part of him. They were just paintings.

The Specter explained to the disappointed and confused Grid, "The blood that God shed before entering the cycle..."

".....?"

Grid doubted his ears.

Portraits of Yatan covered the floor of the temple. They were tens of meters in size. Painting portraits like these with blood?

"Is this all Yatan's blood? Did someone squeeze them out like laundry?"

There was no other way to compare it. Yatan might've shed a lot of blood, but this was too much. It was to the point where he was certain that there wasn't a single drop of blood left in Yatan's body. Of course, it was impossible to define a true god as a living creature, so he wouldn't die due to a lack of blood, but...

'...In any case.'

The cycle—Grid had roughly imagined it to be hibernation or seclusion. He didn't know exactly what the cycle was or why it was necessary. In any case, it was cutting off all contact. In other words, he didn't think it would cause bloodshed like this. He couldn't understand the situation.

"That is approximately. Correct."

".....?"

The confused Grid was shocked.

"Things became a mess."

The Specter started to reminisce about the past.

"The original cycle. It wasn't anything special. It was more like a routine that repeated itself every three years... but that day. Everything changed..."

Chapter 1764

"Wasn't the cycle of the Gods of the Beginning just a safety device?"

At the S.A Group's headquarters...

The development team was bombarded with questions.

The cycle of the gods—the development team simply called it the 'level up cycle.' Chairman Lim Cheolho also mentioned it directly at an executives and staff meeting. It wasn't anything special.

Once a year in real time—the system checked the player's growth level and grew the Gods of the Beginning to match. It was a safety device with the setting of 'out of reach' to avoid a mishap of the players' growth catching up to them. Yes, the cycle of the Gods of the Beginning was purely related to growth. Yet at some point, a special meaning started to be assigned to it. It was by beings in Satisfy who weren't players.

"The artificial intelligence changes the meaning of a concept that has already been established...? Isn't this pretty dangerous? Is it okay for an artificial intelligence to be the subject of change in the first place?"

So far, Satisfy's worldview had changed in real time. These were the changes made by the intervention of the players.

It was a phenomenon in Satisfy tolerated under the banner of 'a world created by players.' Conversely, a world created by an artificial intelligence, not players, wasn't something the S.A Group could bear. There were many people who refuted the concerns of the executives.

"Why isn't it okay? Even if they are named NPCs, they can change their natural destiny with their own position and judgment."

"The problem is that the artificial intelligence of a God of the Beginning is far superior to the artificial intelligence of named NPCs. Additionally, the authority is strong enough to play some of the roles that GMs usually play in games. Do you think the scale of change they are looking for will be the same as the scale of change shown by the named NPCs?"

“Right. It is a situation we need to guard against.”

“This is just a guess. It is extremely unlikely that the Gods of the Beginning will seek change at their own discretion. They must’ve been directly or indirectly influenced by players, even if we haven’t figured it out yet. Executives, do you know a town called Landam?”

“Landam...? This is the first time I’ve heard of it.”

“It is a small town in the northern part of the Fold Kingdom. It is a very ordinary town with a population of less than 3,000 and no celebrities. There are no mines or hunting grounds nearby, so most players don’t even know it exists. Or they just passed by it because it was insignificant.”

“However?”

“The village has held a festival every year since five years ago. It is a small town festival that celebrates the release of jelly pumpkins, which was born thanks to the coincidence of the climate changing when Lauel used magic on a battlefield near Landam. It has become the only pride of the village, which was simple and had nothing.”

“.....”

“It is the influence and change caused by Lauel, even though Lauel doesn’t know it. There must surely be the intervention of players behind the cycle of the Gods of the Beginning changing to something else.”

“...Hmm, but is the hierarchy of the Gods of the Beginning one that can be affected by players?”

The executives, who weren’t easily convinced, soon sighed. It was while they were looking at Grid on the screen.

“The original cycle. It wasn’t anything special. It was more like a routine that repeated itself every three years... but that day. Everything changed...”

Deep wrinkles appeared under the eyes of the Specter, which could be seen through the mask. Her face crumpled like a piece of paper when he recalled that day.

“No... from the beginning. It wasn’t different. At first... It was the same as usual. My god went around encouraging the dead, who had just landed in hell... some of the dead adapted to life in hell, made offerings to the gods, never crossed the river of reincarnation, and spent the rest of their lives in hell... they said they wanted to live. They prayed...”

They were memories from too long ago. It was from before hell was distorted. They were memories from when the Specter was young and innocent. Thus, there were many blurry parts. She had many forgotten memories. At this moment, they started to rise like a kaleidoscope.

“Everything was as usual... then it suddenly changed. Uninvited guests came.”

“Uninvited guests?”

“...A god.”

The Specter's breathing gradually quickened as she held her head in agony. Her heavily bent back convulsed repeatedly.

"That person... my god said that person was like him..."

"Like him...? If it is a god with the same hierarchy as Yatan, aren't there only Hanul or Rebecca?"

"But... he wasn't a God of the Beginning... my god said it. A relationship connected to the future... the one who guided it..."

"...Uh?"

"Eh?"

The eyes of the siblings widened. Then Ruby thought she made a silly sound and her ears reddened. She felt an intense sense of déjà vu.

The Specter also belatedly realized it. "Eve... guided... them...?"

She called her name as if it belonged to someone else, only to shut her mouth. Her god at that time...

He really said that?

Eve. That was definitely her name. The name that she abandoned thousands of years ago...

"...Ahh."

"H-Hey!"

"Ahhhhhh!"

Grid tried to calm her down but it didn't work. Finally, the Specter blocked both ears and screamed endlessly. A mysterious god and girl who appeared in the past a long time ago. Immediately after the appearance of these ominous beings, light fell from the sky and her god turned to blood.

It wasn't extinction. It was a form that had never been seen before. He entered the cycle in this form of punishment.

"I... I guided.. you to my god... I. With my own hands, my god...?"

The Specter realized she was the culprit who sent Grid and his sister to Yatan and fell into extreme confusion. Why did Yatan have to suffer such humiliation that day? The questions that hadn't been answered for thousands of years were finally answered.

It was because of her. There was a high probability that it was her future self. In other words, perhaps her present self made a mistake.

"...You asked me if the hierarchy of all the Gods of the Beginning was the same, right?"

"Yes..."

"You must've witnessed it. The light that crushed my god."

“It is too much to say that I saw the light that crushed him. My consciousness returned to the present as soon as the bright light enveloped Yatan.”

In other words, Grid didn't witness the scene of Yatan becoming a mess. He just vaguely guessed...

By summing up the conversation he had with Yatan, he guessed that Rebecca was above Yatan.

“You went back to the past. Am I to blame for you meeting God Yatan?”

“It isn't your fault. The moment you described Yatan, our consciousness automatically transcended time and space and stood in front of Yatan. It was more like fate or inevitability. Isn't it too much to consider it your personal influence?”

“...Yes.”

This was the end. She was worthy of a being who had endured countless years. The mentality of the Specter was excellent. Before she knew it, she had fully recovered her mind and grasped the situation clearly.

It wasn't her fault that Yatan suffered such a thing. It was the will of the world, not herself, who guided the siblings to the past. Maybe this world wanted to show Grid and Ruby how Rebecca harmed God Yatan.

“There is only one conclusion,” the Specter took a deep breath and declared, “God Yatan is going through an unprecedentedly long cycle and it is Rebecca's will, not Yatan's.”

It wasn't what happened originally. Was it Grid meeting Yatan that led to this change? There was no way for the Specter to know.

However, the reality she had to face was clear. She would have to face Rebecca one day.

“Someday, I will restore hell. It is after punishing Baal.”

“.....”

“Then I will ascend to heaven. Rebecca will be held accountable. Why is she behind the distortion of hell? I need to know, even if I perish.”

“It is just right.” A big smile spread across Grid's face. “My final destination is heaven as well. We can go together. Right?”

“...You are going to challenge heaven?”

“Then what else should I do?”

“That... for humanity... punish Baal in hell. Make the surface peaceful...”

The Specter slowly closed her mouth in the middle of her answer. She realized it. The power of the surface was too great to just target Baal. Just now, Grid's apostles had killed Baal without Grid. What if she added her strength to that?

‘Maybe he can really... is it possible to defeat heaven...?’

How great was this?

It was the moment when the eyes of the trembling Specter and Grid gently met in the air...

'Maybe I didn't have to come?' Ruby became like someone with nothing to say in the situation and was embarrassed.

Of course, the Specter didn't forget the reason for bringing Ruby here.

"Saintess Ruby. Come this way..."

Grid's group descended to the basement of the temple.

At the same time, at the upper floor of the No Offspring Tomb...

"Ohh..."

"He overcame the backlash on his own?"

The Overgeared members were purely delighted, while the apostles were astonished. The Saintess hadn't even arrived yet. It was because Sword Saint Muller overcame the mental disorder from his heart demon of his own will. In terms of mental strength alone, he might be better than some Absolutes.

"Take this. It will help you recover."

Piaro handed Muller all types of precious food, including the golden walnut. All of them were elixirs carefully grown by a legendary farmer on the rich soil of the Overgeared World.

"Hah... Thank you." Muller recognized their value with one glance and was impressed.

A smile spread across Piaro's face. "You don't have to thank your junior. It is a blessing and honor to be able to give even a bit of help to my respected senior."

"Junior...? Are you also someone who walked on the path of a swordsman?"

Muller checked the calluses on Piaro's thick hands and smiled in a kind manner, only to stiffen.

"I am on the path of agriculture, but... please treat me comfortably as a junior."

...Why?

Why was a farmer obsessed with the titles of senior and junior? Muller thought that Piaro was a really strange person, but he still obediently consumed the elixirs. He felt his energy recovering quickly.

"Is it delicious?" A girl suddenly asked. She had saliva dripping from her wide open mouth.

Muller felt sorry for the child who seemed to have starved for days, only to feel something strange. There was no reason for a child to be starving for days to be here, right?

"...A hatchling?"

Muller was shocked to discover the girl's identity once his energy recovered and his senses returned.

A hatchling—the energy of the hatchling, who seemed to be a direct descendant of an old dragon, was warning him of great danger.

A blue-haired beautiful woman whispered calmly to him, “Calm down, Teacher.”

Teacher?

Muller was embarrassed by the title and the woman smiled at him. She glanced down at the sword sheath hanging from her waist.

“Didn’t you leave a mark on the hilt of the sword to teach me deeply? I will serve as your lifelong disciple in the future.”

It was the gorilla. The eyes that seemed paralyzed and the way she breathed out her nose was similar to the image he imagined.

“Just a bit... I think I need to rest.”

The hero among heroes, who was respected by all—in front of numerous witnesses, Sword Saint Muller appeared weak.

It was a first in history.

Chapter 1765

“...Is it roughly like this?”

On the first day of school, a student who hid his strength bumped into a woman who had top five fighting skills in the area and showed his skills...

Lael put down a novel that had recently become popular at the Overgeared Academy and fell silent.

It was from around the time that Lael received a tip that Sword Saint Muller was heading to the No Offspring Tomb with Kraugel—Lael predicted that the strongest Sword Saint of all time would soon become a member of the empire. As expected, his prediction was correct.

The epic proved that Muller was fascinated by Grid from the very beginning.

Lael had to think about Muller’s future course of action.

Giving him a high title?

Muller was a hero who wandered freely and cared for the people. Based on his disposition, a title could give him the feeling of shackles. Lael was also afraid that he would be seen as trying to take advantage of Muller’s reputation.

There was the same logic behind making him the master of the Sword Tower.

Lael made a decision after much thought.

Let’s just give Muller whatever he wants.

Then came his present troubles. It had been hundreds of years since Muller last came out into the world. What if he hid his identity to enjoy freedom for a while, only to accidentally encounter one of the

Overgeared God's apostles while wandering through the busy streets of Reinhardt? The strongest people of this era would recognize the strongest Sword Saint of all time, and in the end, they would have a battle of pride...

'...This is too improbable.'

However, people read it for this taste.

Lauel opened the book about the transfer student who hid his power and started reading it again. It was to use his precious rest time wisely.

Lauel inferred that the author of the novel was a player. There was even a high probability of them being a member of Overgeared Guild. It was because the information of the Overgeared Academy, which couldn't be grasped unless there was an official involved, was incorporated into the setting. It wasn't at the level of information leakage. It was stuck at an acceptable line.

'Considering that there are three beautiful heroines and the main character is a shameless human who has a crush on all of them... as expected, the author of this book is...'

There was a high probability that it was Damian. It must be a reflection of his own experience of loving all of the Rebecca's Daughters. The unique Japanese grammar also stood out.

'Okay, I will ask Damian to write a follow up sequel to target NPCs. It is in novel form to make it accessible to people.'

There were many writers who worked in Satisfy. Time-pressed jobs usually relied heavily on Satisfy. Time was triple that of reality, so it was easier to meet deadlines. Experts expressed concern that it would overwork the brain, but the writers who had to meet the deadline just let it enter one ear and out the other.

In any case, there were many world-class bestselling authors in Satisfy, but Lauel wanted a more trendy author. It was a writer with the ability to captivate the public instantly. It was just like the author of the novel about the transfer student blah blah blah, which held a captivating power that didn't distinguish between players and NPCs.

'It is important to increase the population.'

The population had decreased significantly since the great human and demon war and it wasn't showing signs of recovery. It was time for players and NPCs to work together more than ever.

With love. Intensely.

They had to all work together to solve what Grid couldn't control.

'I must find out as soon as possible the reason why Grid hasn't been able to have a child in so long...'

It was a rare mystery. Why didn't Grid have any children since Lord? The speculations that could've run wild were tightly controlled by the Overgeared Guild and the empire. On the other hand, he was sending people from all walks of life to find out why Grid couldn't get another child. But there was little news...

It happened as Lauel was murmuring to himself...

[The apostles and servants of Only One God 'Grid' have killed Baal, the 1st Great Demon who invaded the No Offspring Tomb.]

A world message appeared. It took him a moment to really understand the content. It was that shocking.

'...They did it without Grid?'

A bolt of lightning flashed through Lauel's head.

Then he received news that Braham had returned to Reinhardt.

"Lord Braham."

"Prime Minister, what is going on?"

Braham was trying not to miss the inspiration that had come randomly to him. He didn't want to be disturbed by anyone. However, Lauel was the exception. It was a bit unfortunate, but Braham was able to spare some time.

Wasn't he the number one contributor who made the current Grid and empire? Lauel was one of the few humans that Braham respected.

"Please marry."

"....."

It was just that Braham didn't respect Lauel enough to allow such nonsense.

Braham examined Lauel's determined expression with cold eyes and slowly opened his mouth, "Did your life suddenly become free? It seems you want to die."

"Didn't I tell you this from a long time ago? It will be a great help to Grid if people like you could hurry to marry and conceive the second generation."

"Ah. There was such a story."

"Huh...? Then what did you misunderstand?"

"Nothing. In any case, I told you that I'm not interested in mating."

"How can I make you interested?"

"It can't happen."

"There must be at least one, right? Just tell me the minimum conditions."

"If there is a member of the opposite sex who has an appearance comparable to me and a level of intellect that can intellectually communicate with me... I might think about it a bit."

"Where in the world is there such a person...? Ah! How about Garion, the God of the Earth? Doesn't she have a beautiful appearance and is wise because she is taking care of the surface for a long time?"

“She is vulgar.”

“Huh? The God of the Earth is vulgar...?”

“Her clothes emphasize her chests and buttocks and every gesture is vulgar.”

“Ah, that is in order to be worshiped by people... Um... I understand.”

Lauel made a note in his memo pad in his head. Braham’s taste seemed to be on the modest side. It was valuable information.

The apostles and members of the Overgeared Guild returned. It was aboard the giant flying ship, the Tomb of the Gods, which was incorporated as part of the Overgeared World.

People warmly welcomed them back as they returned after not only occupying the No Offspring Tomb, but also defeating Baal.

“.....”

Sword Saint Muller was trembling.

The crowds filling the city—in Muller’s era, there was only one case where such a crowd was gathered: when taking refuge. It was when people lost their homes or kingdoms, and formed a procession to seek a way to live. Now it was different. The joy and enthusiasm in people’s expressions was something that Muller, who lived in the dark ages, never witnessed.

“This is the world that is saved by the seeds you sowed,” Grid approached him and said. He couldn’t relate at all. It was because he didn’t understand.

Muller’s face was filled with self-mockery. “I turned my back on my responsibilities, even though I was praised as a hero.”

The waves of energy that were as sharp as a sword were like reeds in front of the wind.

“I turned away from the people I needed to save and left alone in order to survive. Please don’t flatter me so much.”

Muller lowered his head as if he was looking for a mouse hole.

Grid denied it. “No, you didn’t turn away from people until the end. The proof is that you arranged for the Seven Malignant Saints to become great demons.”

“.....”

“Thanks to your arrangement, my companions and I were able to complete the expedition to hell safely.”

The parts that benefited humanity because Muller existed—there would be an infinite number if Grid was to list them all.

Thus, Grid spoke simply and succinctly, “Humanity wouldn’t have progressed without you.”

He was sincere. If Hell Gao hadn't given humanity a title that overcame the hell debuffs, Grid and the Overgeared Guild wouldn't have dared run wild in hell, and wouldn't have grown as they did now.

"Don't ruin the atmosphere by being weighed down with unnecessary guilt. Just think that everything is good," Grid said these words before leaving, as if he had nothing more to say.

Was it gentleness or bluntness?

Grid's ambiguous attitude comforted and supported Muller properly.

"Waaaaahhhh!"

"....."

Lauel had intended to give Sword Saint Muller a secret identity. He judged that it was better to enjoy freedom for the time being to give him time to calm down. However, this couldn't happen. People instantly recognized Muller when he descended from the Tomb of the Gods.

Was it due to the name above his head? No. Muller was wearing a hat. It was a hat that Kraugel gave him after being contacted by Lauel in advance. Thanks to this, his name wasn't exposed.

People simply recognized Muller's identity by looking at his appearance. It was possible thanks to identifying his characteristics in advance through the proof shots posted on social media by the members of Overgeared.

"Should I issue a ban on social media?"

"S... Sorry..."

The members of Overgeared sweated as they kept an eye on Lauel, who was rarely angry.

That evening—

"Huh? I didn't write that novel?"

It was at the celebration party to commemorate the successful conquest of the No Offspring Tomb and Muller joining them.

Damian had a serious expression. "It isn't like everyone writes novels... I'm not a writer..."

"Damian, it really isn't you? After listening to Lauel and reading it, it really seems like it was written by an insider."

"Yes. Information that can't be known unless the author was related to the Overgeared Academy was well incorporated into the setting."

"There are thousands of Overgeared members. Why are you pointing to me as the culprit? Are you doubting me, Grid's most loyal follower?!"

"I'm not looking for a culprit... I'm looking for a writer."

"In any case, it isn't Damian. If it isn't Damian... could it be Katz?"

“Get rid of the prejudice that only Japanese people write light novels.”

“It isn’t Katz either? Then who is it?”

There was a tumultuous atmosphere after experiencing unexpected difficulties.

“It seems the writer doesn’t want his identity to be known. Okay. Please send a whisper to me separately. I will strictly keep it a secret. If you are publishing a novel as a side job, aren’t you a person who desires a good side income or enjoys writing a novel? I will make sure your work is read by a lot more people in the future, to make your talent even more rewarding...”

Lauel shut his mouth as he was talking passionately. It was because the writer sent him a whisper.

-It is me.

“.....”

-The secret... be sure to keep it.

It was Peak Sword.

“This is crazy even for someone crazy.”

At Asgard...

Rough words were heard in the beautiful and noble world of the gods. Subsequently—

An old angel with a belly was thrown into a dark, damp prison.

“Ugh...”

It was the first pain he felt in his memories as an angel. However, it wasn’t unfamiliar. This heartache...

The angel quietly got up and grabbed his chest with his big, thick hand. He focused on his beating heart, while ignoring the red and blue bruises all over his body. The more he thought about Grid’s face, the faster his heart was beating.

“Ahh... Uwaah...”

The old angel with the belly—the legendary blacksmith Khan had finally recovered all his memories and sobbed. They were tears of joy.

There were people staring at him.

“The tears of an angel. You must’ve regained your memories.”

One was Hexetia, the God of Blacksmithing with blue and red flames on both nipples.

“Rather than providing me with a single room, the number of prisoners increased...? This humiliation... I’ll never forget it!!”

The other was Martial God Zeratul, who had shaggy hair.

Khan quietly wiped away his tears and sat down.

Chapter 1766

The Prison of Eternity—it was the destination of the gods who sinned. It was rumored that there were more than one or two gods who could never escape from this dark prison and had been forgotten.

“You don’t have to be self-conscious. Cry as much as you want.”

Hexetia’s attitude when comforting the angel was very kind. As expected of the blacksmithing god, he recognized the identity of the angel instantly. The smell of cold metal...

The smell that Hexetia longed for had permeated the angel’s body.

Flinch.

The amount of flames flowing from Hexetia’s nipples naturally increased.

“Angels who regain their memories usually weep like you. I couldn’t understand the meaning of these tears in the past, but now I think I vaguely understand. You must miss it.”

Yearning for something. It was an emotion that a god inherently couldn’t feel.

However, Hexetia was different. He had committed a great sin. He confronted the ‘comrade,’ who rose to heaven with a human body, with all his heart and repented for his mistakes. Therefore, he experienced regret and knew longing.

The days when he played with fire and metal to his heart’s content. The scenes where his works became the learning and life of human beings. Now he wanted to hold onto all the moments that came like a dream.

“...It is an honor to meet the god of blacksmiths.” The angel, Khan, bowed politely. He felt a bit of guilt. Khan was an angel made to fill the vacancy of Hexetia, who was in prison. It was hard for him to face Hexetia directly.

“This isn’t something you should feel sorry about.” Hexetia read Khan’s inner thoughts and laughed. “On the contrary, all the gods should feel sorry toward you.”

The very fact that he was forcibly raised to heaven and brought to the current situation...

“I am going to fall down from this outrageous behavior.” Zeratul suddenly interjected. Unlike the neatly dressed Hexetia, he was almost like a beggar. No one would’ve recognized that he was the Martial God if it wasn’t for his muscular body, which was as hard as divine stone, and his hands, which were as big as a pot lid. “What type of nonsense are you talking about when sitting in this cramped prison, rotting and dirty? Don’t waste time and find a way to get out of here.”

“Zeratul, you... what type of feelings did you have when locking me up in here?”

“Aren’t you asking the obvious? Of course, I put you in here to suffer forever until you are forgotten.”

“Those who locked you here up must’ve felt the same way.”

“What...? Kukuk! Kuhahaha!” Zeratul looked stunned for a moment before he burst out laughing.

“Hexetia! You are nothing more than a cow releasing useless flames from your nipples! I am the Martial God! The Only One God, Zeratul! I am different from you, whose role was replaced by an angel! How can you put me on the same level as you when it will be a huge loss to Asgard if I am forgotten?”

“Do you still believe that you are special? This is the Prison of Eternity.”

Hexetia didn't bother to mention Chiyou. He was too kind to hurt Zeratul by treating him as a fake or a clone. In the aftermath of meeting Grid, each and every human living a short life became precious. From Hexetia's perspective, Zeratul wasn't a target of resentment but a target of sympathy.

“There is no way to escape from the Prison of Eternity. Shouldn't you be aware of reality?”

“...Bullshit.”

Zeratul flinched and shut his mouth for a moment. Then he growled like an animal.

“This can't be the Prison of Eternity...”

“.....?”

“Is this narrow room that is less than 10 pyeong [1] the Prison of Eternity that extinguished countless myths?”

“Don't deny reality and keep your mind intact. You put me in the Prison of Eternity. So does it make sense that this place isn't the Prison of Eternity?”

“...Goddess Rebecca intervened. Yes, it is obvious. The Goddess took pity on me and destroyed the Prison of Eternity. Thanks to that, you were also saved.”

“.....”

Hexetia's eyes widened as he looked at Zeratul.

Zeratul tried to ignore him. He didn't like the atmosphere so he hurriedly changed the topic. “There must be a way out as long as this isn't the Prison of Eternity. We have to find a way to escape.”

“Zeratul, you...”

“Grid.”

“.....?”

“.....?”

Hexetia and Khan listened carefully when Zeratul, who had been acting like a madman, suddenly mentioned Grid's name.

Zeratul's expression became proud again. “He is a rare swindler. Just look at the stage of the holy war where I competed fiercely with him. Then he gave it an absurd name like the ‘Tomb of the Gods.’”

“.....”

Zeratul suddenly brought up Grid's name and criticized him.

It was the moment when the disappointed Hexetia and Khan tried to ignore him.

“He always deceives the world in his favor, but the deceit works very well because the foolish humans worship him. It is safe to say that even at this moment, the world is being tricked by him. He will definitely... he will definitely ascend to heaven again. No matter what naive means he uses, he will unconditionally do it.”

“Why do you think so?”

“He will want to fight me properly.”

“.....?”

“I fought against Grid at a disadvantage on the surface. He might’ve defeated me, but he wouldn’t have been satisfied at all.”

Zeratuls’ expression was meaningful. He was being really serious.

“Sooner or later, there will be an opportunity when Grid rises to heaven and disrupts order. Then it will be proven that this isn’t the Prison of Eternity. We will be able to get out of here together.”

“Why do you keep saying sophistry...?”

Khan clicked his tongue. Zeratul talked nonsense from beginning to end and he seemed like a lunatic.

Hexetia covered Khan’s mouth and nodded. “Okay, Zeratul. I will cooperate with you when the time comes.”

There were no eternal enemies. Hexetia knew this fact better than anyone else.

“Just like the upside-down statues here. You. Are unclean.”

“Because you defy the will of God. By performing miracles with a human body.”

“Your nature. It isn’t divinity. It is going backward, it is treason.”

“That. It might be considered as God Yatan’s wish.”

“In fact, a Saintess. Started appearing in human history. Only after God Yatan entered the long cycle.”

“Saintess. Perhaps it is the incarnation of Yatan.”

The Specter’s voice kept hovering in Ruby’s mind. As everyone was enjoying the party, she alone held her cup with an uncomfortable expression.

The Saintess—an existence that proved themselves by practicing love for humanity. Ruby was still doing good deeds without taking a day off through quests that were divided into daily, weekly, and monthly quests. This was the only way to maintain the qualification of a Saintess.

She often wondered. Why was the Saintess so philanthropic?

Ruby was a player. She only had to sacrifice herself when connected to Satisfy. It was a sacrifice forced by the system through 'quests,' so there was little resistance. On the other hand, all the other Saintesses in history were residents of this world. They gave their entire lives to helping others. They sacrificed themselves without expecting anything in return. How could an ordinary human do that?

She had even more questions after learning about the concept of human gods. None of the Saintesses became human gods. It was the same for Ruby. People of the world worshiped her as a god and even established a religion dedicated to her.

Nevertheless, Ruby was never judged to be a 'god.' Why was it like this for a Saintess? Why couldn't they become human gods even though they had achievements that deserved to be worshiped as a god?

'It is because we were incarnations of a god in the first place.'

According to the Specter's conjecture, a Saintess couldn't become a god because she was 'another form of a god' from the beginning...

Ruby realized this and felt a huge fate. If there was the 'incarnation of Yatan' in the latent characteristics or identity of the Saintess—

She was really becoming a necessary person for her brother. It was as if the world predicted Grid's future and chose her to become the Saintess.

'...Can I really handle this role?'

Ruby was both a healer and a buffer. She had to participate in most of the big wars. She had been involved in many wars, but she had little experience with shouldering great responsibilities like her brother. She only treated the wounded after her brother and his colleagues completed their jobs. She had become used to relying on them like that.

However, she had to become a main subject in the future.

Khan's rescue. In other words, her brother needed someone he could 'fight with' as his ultimate goal was to conquer Asgard.

'Of course, I can do it. Whose sister am I?'

At least in this world, she had grown up watching her brother's back.

Pat pat.

Ruby shook off her worries and patted her cheeks to encourage herself. She looked like a crazy person. The image of her pouring alcohol nonstop and slapping her own cheeks...

"What happened underground...?"

It happened as some people were worried about Ruby's unusual behavior...

"In ten days, we will rescue the souls of Pagma and Alex." Grid declared an expedition to hell.

He aimed for a task that he had already failed several times.

"We have the moving Overgeared World. I think the odds are high."

It was Grid's judgment that there was no reason to delay.

"I will do as God wills." Lael agreed.

This was the end. The laughing, chatting, and drinking members of Overgeared immediately stood up. It was to prepare for war in their own way.

Everyone was aware of it. Hell? It was no longer something to be feared. It was just a stepping stone to gain experience before ascending to heaven. Their first goal was Khan. It was to bring him back to the surface that missed him.

'They don't care too much about Pagma...'

Grid inwardly pitied Pagma. He was a hero who saved the world like Muller. However, wasn't it the natural consequence of his misdeeds? There were so many things he did under the pretext of saving the world...

In any case—

'Let's wrap up the boring class quest first.'

This time, Grid was determined to achieve his purpose. He couldn't even finish the class quest of a legendary class when he had become an Only One God?

It was because this was a real disgrace...

"Finally..."

In Hell...

The 1st Great Demon, Baal, finally digested the qualifications of a God Killer and felt rare joy.

A soul laughed at him.

-It is ridiculous that you are happy to barely gain my power, when I've already passed away a long time ago.

It was the soul of the yangban, Garam. The ego was so strong that the guy who endured years without being digested by Baal was still maintaining his sense of reason. It was evidence that all the pain of the distorted hell couldn't shake his ego in the slightest.

At this point, Baal was also interested in him. "I really want to give you a chance. Why don't you live a new life by my side?"

-A chance? I am the one who makes the chances, not you.

"...You don't know how good it is."

Since when did this start happening? These days, he felt like everyone was looking down on him so Baal felt great skepticism. In this way, the 'fear' that was his origin would gradually fade. Such an absurd

thought flashed through his mind for a moment. Of course, that would never happen unless humanity was destroyed.

'In any case, time is on my side.'

He was destined to grow stronger as the years passed...

Baal calmed down by recalling this unchanging truth and lay down in a cradle in the darkness.

He didn't realize that he might not have much time left.

Chapter 1767

A long time ago.

It was when Grid was a duke of the Eternal Kingdom. Grid and the members of Overgeared were taught swordsmanship by Piaro. They learned valuable lessons. They didn't gain strength that was expressed in numbers, such as their level or stats going up.

Nevertheless, those who learned swordsmanship from Piaro clearly became stronger. They quickly learned the know-how that should've been gained through actual combat. It was why Piaro was praised as the pillar of the Overgeared Empire.

Defeating the great demons who invaded the surface, leading the war against the kingdoms hostile to the Overgeared Kingdom, and resolving the food shortage by turning all types of devastated land into rice paddies and agricultural fields—in addition to his numerous achievements, Piaro was the teacher of Grid and the Overgeared members.

He was treated more highly than a meritorious retainer by the people. He was a big shot among big shots.

"Please teach your junior as well."

Piario went to Sword Saint Muller and bowed his head. It was after Grid declared the hell expedition. The heroes of the empire scattered all across the continent for training, but Piario remained in Reinhardt. It was because the best teacher, Muller, was in Reinhardt.

Muller was puzzled. "I heard that you created this farmland."

"Yes, farming is one of the few talents that this lowly junior can boast about."

"You have made great achievements as a farmer. You shouldn't be humble."

"Senior, how many people in the world can't be humble in front of you? Please don't use honorifics with me. I feel uncomfortable."

"Um... But I'm not your senior..."

He could understand to some extent why Mercedes regarded him as a teacher. Mercedes was a knight who used swords. It wasn't strange for her to ask Muller to teach her.

On the other hand, Piario was a farmer. Muller was flustered when a farmer kept calling him Senior and asked him to teach something. He couldn't glimpse the remnants of the Matchless Sword from Piario.

Piario had grown into a legendary farmer. Before he knew it, he had completely abandoned the form of a swordsman and built up his own martial arts. The fact that he was once a swordsman wasn't recognized by the greatest swordsman of all time. This meant Piario was a complete farmer.

"The path you have walked is too precious for you to set your heart on the sword again. It will be a great loss to the world if you abandon the path of a farmer and become a swordsman."

Natural State—all the energy of nature was seeping into Piario in real time. Every breath and gesture of Piario's won the world's favor.

Muller recognized it instantly. It was the fact that the farmer in front of him was a person who would become more powerful as time passed. He was confident that the more prosperous the world became, without being threatened by demons or gods, the stronger that Piario would become.

However, Piario had little faith in himself.

"This junior... was previously a swordsman," Piario confessed, "I was one of the countless swordsmen who admired you and dreamed of becoming a Sword Saint. Yet along the way, I fell in love with the farmlands. I abandoned the sword and picked up a hand plow. How can I dream of becoming a swordsman again?"

"The lesson you want to get from me isn't swordsmanship."

Muller noticed it. The farmer in front of him wasn't sure if the path he took was really the right one and wanted someone to evaluate him objectively on his behalf. This was what Muller was suited for.

"The apostles are all outstanding."

Muller's hand was placed on the sword handle. It was the handle of an old iron sword. Far from being ugly, it looked precious like an old antique.

"You might have doubts if you compare yourself with them."

"....."

The Absolutes of human origin, or those who were close to an Absolute, had something in common. They had little experience with victory after victory. Neither Grid nor Hayate nor Muller. They started their lives from the position of an underdog. Even when they were hailed as heroes, they faced enemies far stronger than they were and were defeated repeatedly. Sleepless days were common. It was just that they didn't break.

"I recall the time when I wandered around with a similar feeling to you. I guess I really am your senior."

Muller drew his sword from the sheath. It was different from the proud family heirlooms boasted about by famous swordsmen. It was dull rather than sharp, dark rather than shiny, and crude rather than flashy. However, it was a sword that could cut anything. It was the 'greatest and most famous sword of all time' that shared every moment with Muller and was reborn as a famous sword.

"Come." The words of the Sword Saint resembled a dragon's words. It made those with blades in their hearts react immediately.

Piario reflexively maximized the power of Natural State and ran forward. He sowed seeds to make the terrain beneficial to him while narrowing the ground on which Muller was standing.

Muller's sword flashed through the surging beanstalks and intertwined sweet potato stems.

"Consider it a blessing that there are people who are catching up to you in a terrifying manner."

The faces of the members of Overgeared crossed Piario's mind as he barely deflected Muller's sword, which cut and scattered the layers of sweet potato stems. They were those who were below him only 10 years ago.

Piario was afraid of those who started walking at a speed similar to his. To be exact, he was nervous. He wondered if he was becoming a worthless existence to them. However, Muller was right. He shouldn't be afraid. It should be regarded as a blessing. He was able to develop steadily because there were those who supported him and spurred him on.

Muller's slashes fell like a thunderbolt at every moment. It wasn't simply a metaphor that he used because it was fast. It was because the form itself repeatedly bent at an angle.

Piario activated the White Tiger's Breath. Then the ground that assimilated with him soared like a canyon before being destroyed in vain. It couldn't withstand Muller's sword.

"Be grateful that there are those who are ahead of you."

The faces of the apostles flashed through Piario's mind as he shot sweet potatoes and potatoes hanging from the stems like cannonballs to ward off Muller's advance. They were those who carried a huge history, unlike himself, who easily betrayed his nation due to being betrayed, and gave up his dream simply because he found a new path. They were noble from their origins and even their breathing was heavy.

They steadily advanced with no hesitation and lightly overtook Piario in every way. It was right that he should be grateful to them. They were those who inspired Piario every moment.

"...I know."

The pitchfork wielded by Piario noisily raised a large mound of dirt. It fired in a straight line, as if inspired by the Breath Grid once showed. This forced Muller to unleash a sword curtain.

"Unlike my senior, who was lonely, I have always understood that the environment I am in is a blessing. Even so, I didn't know how to manage myself because I repeatedly became anxious at every moment and became frustrated from envy."

This wasn't the first time Piario had wandered.

On the day when he realized he would never catch up with Zik and Braham...

On the day when he was completely overtaken by Mercedes, who was once his disciple...

On the day he witnessed Nefelina carrying Grid on that little body...

On the day that Mir recreated Muller's swordsmanship...

Piaro's wanderings continued. He wandered again even after overcoming it, so he distrusted himself.

"I..."

I don't think I am qualified to be an apostle.

Finally—

It was the moment when Piaro was about to express the truth he had been hiding for a long time...

"You must've been a very good swordsman." Muller suddenly said. It was while checking the texture of the field that Piaro had grown with the soles of his feet. "You have a good understanding of the environment needed for a swordsman to fully demonstrate their skills. The apostles who handle swords seem to be able to demonstrate their full skills only on the land you have grown."

Certainly.

In the No Offspring Tomb, Mercedes tried to cooperate with Piaro. It was only after Piaro plowed the farmland that Mir started to act in earnest. Muller's condition wasn't perfect at the time, but he remembered the situation clearly.

"The amount of magic power contained in the soil is considerable..."

Wouldn't Braham's magic also be multiplied in Piaro's presence? Muller thought about this and smiled. "I suspect that the other apostles are relying on you."

Just then, Piaro was enlightened. The people and soldiers who were able to feed themselves thanks to the crops that were harvested—he realized that they and the apostles weren't very different.

"I can assure you that the path you have walked is one of the best."

Muller drove in the nail again. The greatest Sword Saint of all time notarized the greatness of the farmer.

[Sword Saint 'Muller' and the legendary farmer 'Piaro' have established a new law in the world.]

[If you form a party with the 'farmer' class in the future, the power of swordsmanship-related skills you have learned will greatly increase.]

".....?"

As a result, thanks to Piaro, those who chose the farmer class increased. The stage of farmers was no longer confined to the farmlands. For the farmers who already respected Piaro, Piaro was becoming a great god.

[Humanity worships your apostle 'Piaro.']

[Your apostle 'Piaro' has gained 3 points of deity.]

"...What is happening again?"

Grid had only recently realized it, but the apostles seemed to grow faster in his absence. Grid thought seriously while making a subtle expression like he didn't know whether to laugh or to cry.

At this moment, he was in Reidan, not Reinhardt. It was to meet the Gray Dragon, Xenon. To be exact, it was the day when Xenon presented his scales.

Grid fell into a happy worry. 'Who should I make a dragon weapon for first?'

Of course, it was hard to compare to Twilight. Nevertheless, the dragon weapon made from Xenon's scales was good enough. Based on Grid's current experience and skills, it was possible for him to create a weapon equivalent to Gujel's Fang. There were several people around Grid who could handle dragon weapons.

The apostles, Hayate, and even Sword Saint Muller. No matter who it was gifted to, the power of humanity would rise rapidly.

'No matter what, it is right to give it to the apostles first. Zik uses the red energy contained in Saharan's Sword, so I should put Mercedes or Mir first...'

Grid's thoughts stopped. It was because a corner of the peaceful city was smashed right in front of his eyes.

It was the aftermath of Xenon crashing down. A huge dragon helplessly plummeted to the ground.

"What?"

Grid rushed forward in a hurry. Fortunately, there were no casualties. It was because Xenon fell toward an uninhabited place. This was why Grid's response was slow in the first place.

"Xenon? Hey! What's going on?"

Up close, Xenon's condition was disastrous. The absolute defense and scales were faded and his entire body was mangled. The thick scales near his heart had completely melted away. There was no heart where it should be. The remaining residual fire inside the melted scales was burning Xenon's flesh in real time.

[I'm... sorry...]

The words he barely managed to utter were an apology. He seemed very sorry that he had destroyed Reidan again.

"First of all, healing..."

It happened the moment when Grid tried to contact Ruby...

[First... evacuate... humans...]

Xenon shook his head weakly and urged Grid. Just then, lava poured down from the sky.

This was the first time Grid actually saw it. The sight of a dragon dying.

[The Gray Dragon 'Xenon' has died.]

An Absolute species, which lived forever and reigned over everything, turned to gray ash in vain. An ashen pillar on a never before seen scale covered all of Reidan.

“.....”

Grid’s mind cooled down.

Grrr, grrr...

The sound of a wild beast’s breathing came closer. Red flames spread throughout the gray world.

[The Fire Dragon, ‘Trauka,’ has emerged.]

Probably the strongest of the old dragons. The culprit who isolated Talima from the world. He was an Absolute being of the surface who was wounded by his daughter, originally an object of predation. Now he appeared in the world. Grid was projected onto his pupils, which were filled with all types of colors like they contained the universe.

[I have a request to ask of you.]

He spoke while chewing and swallowing Xenon’s beating heart.

Chapter 1768

The flames of Fire Dragon Trauka weren’t extinguished. They remained even after Xenon’s massive body turned to ash, engulfing Reidan’s land and buildings. It was also about to engulf Grid.

‘There is no need to be afraid.’

Fire, like metal, was a concept that formed Grid’s mental world. In the Sanctuary of Metal, there was a hot fire in the background where all forms of battle gear were present. Grid believed that even though the flames of the Fire Dragon were very strong, he could control them.

He was mistaken.

“.....!”

Grid’s eyes gradually widened as he was closely watching Trauka. He belatedly noticed that none of the bright red flames surrounding Reidan were burning it.

Were these really the flames that turned Gray Dragon Xenon to ashes a moment ago? The flames of the Fire Dragon were so cold that such a question arose. The soil, vegetation, buildings, and people of Reidan—everything engulfed in the flames remained in shape.

‘Mental world...’

Grid noticed the identity of the flames. This wasn’t a by-product of the oxidation process. It wasn’t an element of magic, nor a phenomenon reproduced by divinity or magic power. It was just the embodiment of Fire Dragon Trauka’s will. In other words, it was like Greed that made up the Sanctuary of Metal. It didn’t allow the intervention of others. All the results of the flames were purely in accordance with Trauka’s will.

“...A request?”

There were some things that Grid couldn't tolerate. Hurting those he had a relationship with and coveting his property. Fire Dragon Trauka was obviously Grid's enemy from the moment he harmed Xenon.

Of course, Xenon wasn't Grid's friend. They had no personal interactions. However, he was a valuable backer who provided the materials for a dragon weapon every month. It wasn't known what Xenon thought of Grid, but Grid was always grateful to Xenon. He personally had good feelings toward Xenon.

Although Grid was very angry at Xenon's death, he decided to have a conversation for now. The value of Trauka's name was too high for Grid to demand that he pay for his crimes without a conversation. It was the same even though the modifier 'wounded' was attached to Trauka's name.

Fire Dragon Ifrit, the one who made Grid the main character of 'Crazy God and Crazy Dragon'—thanks to her targeting Trauka in an attempt at mutual destruction, the tower members speculated that Trauka would have to recuperate for hundreds of years.

Despite the speculation, Trauka emerged from his lair and was active. He killed Gray Dragon Xenon so easily.

A dragon heart—he was also absorbing the powerful magic power and vitality contained in Xenon's heart in real time. In the first place, he was an old dragon. Putting aside his wounds, he was one of the strongest beings.

"What type of request are you going to make?" Grid suppressed his boiling anger and asked as politely as possible. Good anger management while hiding it from the opponent—this was one of Grid's advantages.

As expected. Trauka's flames, which had been spreading all throughout Reidan, quickly died down. It was sucked into Trauka's mouth and nose, as if he was breathing in, before finally disappearing completely. Trauka's body was surrounded by an intense light and rapidly shrank.

A body size that was bigger than a great mountain—he took back the body that overshadowed half of Reidan and took on a human form. It was Polymorph. The human version of Trauka was a beautiful, red-haired man. Nevertheless, the pressure he gave off remained.

His height was easily over two meters, his hair was like flames, his teeth were sharper than any other beast, and he had sanpaku eyes. [1]

It could be clearly seen that this person was a non-human being. He looked completely different from Gourmet Dragon Raiders. The human version of Raiders had given Grid a sense of intimidation due to the mysterious eyes where no emotions could be read.

"I'm glad that Braham's master is a man who knows courtesy. I don't want to waste my strength unnecessarily."

"Braham..."

It happened a long time ago. It wasn't known where Braham got the courage, but he dared to rob Trauka's lair. Part of the reason why Braham's self-esteem was so high was because he survived against

Trauka. In any case, he had survived unharmed. Grid had interpreted it as a natural thing, not due to Trauka's mercy. For Trauka, Braham would've been like a mayfly.

Just as humans didn't remember and chase after every face they encountered in their daily lives, Trauka considered Braham to be insignificant and quickly erased Braham from his memory. Thus, Grid thought Braham survived safely. It was a misjudgment. Trauka clearly remembered Braham.

"Are you threatening me? Will you hurt Braham if I refuse the request?"

"Are you going to refuse my request?" Trauka asked in response to the very vigilant Grid. It was a response that could never be imagined.

"Don't worry about Braham's safety. He has passed the 'standard,' so I have no intention of hurting him," Trauka continued speaking as Grid was feeling dumbfounded.

"Standard...?"

"The standard by which I determine the value of an object."

"....."

Grid didn't want to understand. Trauka was a lunatic who ate his own children. Understanding a lunatic was impossible and unnecessary.

Grid was uncomfortable with this encounter and quickly urged Trauka, "Tell me what your request is."

"Bunhelier's heart," Trauka replied immediately, "Your next destination is probably hell. I'm sure that Bunhelier will try to accompany you. Bunhelier needs to gain something from Baal in order to break his curse of weakness."

"....."

"I want you to cooperate with him and betray him along the way, taking his heart. You will get one chance to hurt him as long as the stage is hell."

Killing a dragon and taking their heart? Trauka made it sound like an easy task, but it was a request with a nearly 0% success rate. This was even considering the fact that Bunhelier would be weakened in hell. An old dragon who had lived forever wouldn't be stupid. He would be fully prepared for any danger.

'In the first place, would I give it away if I could get the heart of a dragon?'

Grid barely suppressed the words welling in his throat and shook his head. "I don't want to."

"Are you going to refuse without even hearing about the rewards?"

"Aren't you aiming for Bunhelier's heart in order to use it to help you recover? Your recovery will only increase the potential threat to humanity. Why should I help you?"

"There is a big misunderstanding. The surface is safe only when I am in a perfect state."

".....?"

From Grid's perspective, it was nonsense that he never even thought about.

“Judar, Dominion, and the others. Unlike the fake Martial God, the reason why the smart heavenly gods don’t cross the ‘line’ on the surface is so they won’t provide me with an excuse,” Trauka explained to Grid, who was doubting his ears.

Grid recalled something. The reason why gods and dragons didn’t collide—it was because they signed a non-aggression pact with Trauka, who had ‘hunted’ the heavenly gods in the past.

“You might not know because you have belatedly become the world’s protagonist, but the world has already established and maintained strong rules since the distant past. Only One God Grid, your role isn’t as great as what you pride yourself on.”

“Shit.” Eventually, Grid couldn’t hold back any longer and his expression distorted.

“Trauka, putting aside your existence, hasn’t the world repeatedly come to an end? How shameful is it to talk sophistry, as if the surface is safe thanks to your existence?”

“...Hmm.” Trauka was about to refute it, but he soon closed his mouth with an intrigued expression. He stared at Grid, who was gritting his teeth, and asked a question, “Then can you stop the end of the world?”

“I am going to stop it,” Grid replied instantly, “I can stop it, and I will stop it unconditionally.”

In any case, it should be stopped. If Grid didn’t stop it, people like Irene, Lord, Mercedes, and Basara would all disappear.

“Okay. I will cancel the request.”

“.....?”

Grid belatedly fell into a daze. He was so agitated that he offended Trauka, so he thought he would have to fight.

Deep regret poured into him. Regardless of whether he won or lost, the aftermath of the fight would lead to Reidan’s disappearance.

Surprisingly, Trauka withdrew obediently. “In fact, I am fully satisfied after receiving Xenon as a gift.”

“What?”

Gift? Grid couldn’t understand these words at all and frowned.

“Didn’t you make Xenon visit the same place regularly?” Trauka laughed. “Didn’t you forcibly expose Xenon’s location to give him as a gift to someone who might consider him as prey?”

“.....!!” Grid was shocked. He felt like he had been hit in the head with a hammer.

“In particular, I just happened to need an elixir. It is because of you, who cooperated with my daughter, Ifrit.”

“...No.”

“I thought you offered me Xenon to avoid my anger. In any case, it was a good thing. Your sincerity has relieved some of my anger.”

“No!!”

Grid’s divinity responded to his anger. The Yellow Dragon uncoiled and raised itself up. Then it opened its mouth as if to devour Trauka. It was infinitely small compared to Trauka’s main body.

Trauka didn’t even blink. “Put that away unless you want to make Xenon’s sacrifice futile.”

Sacrifice. Grid was once again shocked. Could it be that Xenon silently visited Reidan even though he knew he would be in danger? There was a huge flood of guilt.

Trauka turned his back to the completely stunned Grid and created a warp gate. It was a warp connected with his lair. At first glance, the scenery of the lair was completely different from when Grid had visited it in the past. The location itself seemed different. The supreme old dragon had moved the position of his lair. It was evidence that Trauka’s physical condition was more serious than it seemed.

“I’ve canceled the request, but I won’t refuse if you bring me Bunhelier’s heart. I’ll pay you the rewards you deserve. If the opportunity comes, think about it... what?”

Trauka gasped as he was entering the warp gate.

The woman’s black hair, shaded from the sun with a parasol, was disturbing Grid’s shaky vision. “Why are you bothering my dear husband?”

Marie Rose’s body was sucked into the crack in the warp gate that was quickly closing after the burning Trauka. Only the parasol remained and rolled to Grid’s feet.

“.....”

“Are you okay?” The members of the Tower of Wisdom arrived at the scene one step later. After confirming that Grid and Reidan were safe, they analyzed the remnants of the warp gate with relief.

Grid watched them silently while taking care of the muddy parasol. This time as well—Marie Rose arrived at the scene faster than anyone else. She sensed Grid’s crisis one step faster than the tower members who always monitored the movements of dragons.

‘...She is always watching me.’

Grid questioned it again. Had he ever properly thanked Marie Rose?

Grid carefully placed Marie Rose’s parasol in his inventory and asked, “Can you track it?”

It was with an expression full of killing intent. He was ready to chase and fight Trauka right away.

“It isn’t easy.”

The giant brothers, Radwolf and Fronzaltz, replied cautiously. Even if they found Trauka’s location, they wouldn’t be able to tell Grid easily.

It happened the moment when Grid was about to feel frustrated...

“Be sure to find it,” Hayate ordered the tower members.

No objections were received.

Chapter 1769

A dragon radar—it was an artifact developed by Radwolf. It detected the signs of an adult dragon in real time. The higher the hierarchy, the more intensively it monitored them. In other words, the tower members basically tracked targets based on the signs caught by the dragon radar. The reaction was bound to be delayed if the target was out of range of the radar surveillance.

In that sense, they were complacent. The Tower of Wisdom had already missed Trauka's traces of months.

'It is too harsh an assessment to say we were complacent.'

Radwolf clicked his tongue as he investigated the surroundings with an energy meter. The remnants of the energy identified by the measuring instrument was clearly below the standard value. It was to the extent that it was doubtful that the Fire Dragon really appeared in this area. It was evidence that Trauka's condition wasn't as good as the tower members had assumed.

Trauka was extremely weak in the aftermath of Ifrit's attempt at mutual destruction. This meant he was in a natural position to hide his traces. In other words, the reason why the tower missed Trauka's presence wasn't because of complacency. It was due to Trauka's defense mechanism.

The tower member had no choice but to discover Trauka's emergence in Reidan one step late. However, Marie Rose immediately grasped it. Did it mean that her knack for reading a dragon's energy was superior to a dragon radar?

'There is no way.'

Radwolf was aware that the cause of the incident was extremely simple. The tower members had been monitoring 'dragons,' while Marie Rose was only watching 'Grid.' The difference made Marie Rose move one step faster.

"Can you track it?"

Grid also seemed to have noticed that he was very favored by Marie Rose. His murderous expression proved it. He was ready to chase and fight Trauka right away.

Fronzaltz exchanged glances with Radwolf and replied cautiously, "It isn't easy."

He analyzed in real-time the coordinates contained in the remnants of Trauka's warp gate while pretending not to know anything. He hoped that Grid's anger would subside. Right now, Grid felt like a ticking time bomb. It felt like he was going to explode the moment he encountered Trauka. Fronzaltz knew it was going to be dangerous and couldn't tell Grid where Trauka was.

Hayate seemed to think differently. "Be sure to find it."

"But..."

The giant brothers, Radwolf and Fronzaltz, were flustered by Hayate's unexpected order and tried to express their disagreement.

"We can't afford to miss the opportunity that Marie Rose provided for us."

Hayate cut off the words of the brothers. Of course, the stubbornness of the giant brothers, Radwolf and Fronzaltz, was enormous. They were intellectuals and scientists. They were nothing if not stubborn.

-What chance did she provide? Did she leave the coordinates so we could chase through the warp gate? What chance is this? I have to wonder if she is driving us to the brink of a cliff.

Radwolf's words poured out in a rapid fire manner.

-It is reasonable to confront the Fire Dragon just because his condition isn't perfect?

In the first place, half of the old dragons weren't in a perfect condition. Bunhelier was cursed by Baal, and Nevartan was cursed by Bunhelier and Baal. However, no one dared to harm an old dragon. It was the same even for the heavenly gods who suffered humiliation from them in the past.

They would rather treat the dragons like beings that didn't exist. It was proof that the strength of the old dragons was greater than the tower members thought. By trying to fight them when they were weakened, it was highly likely to encounter unexpected variables and be hit in reverse.

-How long are we going to run away?

Hayate, who had been listening to Radwolf in silence, finally asked back. He recalled the courage he had regained thanks to Grid, as well as the pledge he made on the day he regained his courage, and continued speaking.

-I, no, we can't run away any longer.

It was impossible to measure the power of dragons with the current power of humanity. But someone had to measure it. It was only then that they could find hope and a future.

This role. It was naturally right for the Tower of Wisdom to take charge of it.

-Let's not forget our role.

"Cough..."

Radwolf could no longer refute it and nodded. He vowed to make sure that Grid wouldn't be endangered, no matter what happened. In the first place, the tower members were heroes. They didn't forget their duty. The reason why the giant brothers, Radwolf and Fronzaltz, gave a negative opinion about pursuing Trauka was purely out of concern for Grid. They wouldn't be able to handle it if Grid was forced to fight against Trauka and had an accident.

Hayate knew this as well, but he was still urging a pursuit. Perhaps it was because he was confident that he could protect Grid or because he didn't have the confidence to stop Grid. The giant brothers, Radwolf and Fronzaltz, could only hope that it was the former of the two options.

Hayate read the thoughts of his colleagues and couldn't help laughing. 'They aren't considering Marie Rose at all.'

Hayate had cooperated with Marie Rose. He had experienced the fact that she was incredibly powerful. In other words, he sincerely evaluated this situation as an 'opportunity created by Marie Rose.'

However, the members didn't seem to realize it. It was natural. They hadn't seen Marie Rose's skills in person.

'Of course, there is no room to relax.'

Marie Rose's power was temporary. She was unable to do anything against her eyelids that quickly became heavy. The opportunity she created would probably easily turn into a crisis. Thus, they had to hurry.

"Don't worry."

The energy of a Dragon Slayer released from Hayate diffused into the light and made a clear sound. It gradually stabilized Grid's nervous mind. In fact, this sound was made to provoke the dragons. It contained the desire to reach Trauka. The killing intent that extended all over the continent started to head in this direction.

"Even if we all die, we will protect your lover."

".....?"

There were more than one or two facts to tackle, so Grid just kept his mouth shut.

"You, are you crazy?" Trauka couldn't hide his agitation after allowing Marie Rose to pursue him. He didn't think it was disgraceful behavior. Even if Trauka was in a perfect state, he would've been shaken when experiencing the current situation.

A vampire duke, Marie Rose—she was Beriache's ideal. The one with the highest 'potential' among Yatan's three children sacrificed everything to give birth to Marie Rose, who was right in front of him. She was the only being on the surface who was comparable with the old dragons.

Of course, there was a premise of 'when the conditions are met.'

Trauka was currently seriously injured. It was to the extent where he moved his lair because he was wary of the pursuit of other old dragons. In other words, the arrogant dragon abandoned his pride. The wounds inflicted by his unfilial child were greater than what was publicly known. He had just recovered slightly, but it was nothing compared to when he was in a good state.

"You dare to invade my lair?"

Trauka nervously moved his right arm to take off Polymorph and regain the body of a dragon. The huge dragon's front paw weighed down on Marie Rose's barrier and broke it. It crushed her whole.

Red blood gushed from between Trauka's toes. It quickly came together again and took the form of a beautiful woman. It was Marie Rose, who was intact without a scratch.

"You invaded my dear husband's land first."

One of Trauka's claws was torn off. Trauka had torn it off on his own. He removed it the moment he detected that some of Marie Rose's blood had penetrated through the scaly gap.

“Invaded? I just went to get a gift?”

“Don’t call it a gift. That will hurt my dear husband.”

“You have been saying crazy and annoying things since earlier. Do you really believe that you, a vampire, can become a god’s bride?”

Trauka’s right arm contracted. It changed into a human arm again and pressed down on Marie Rose’s throat, crushing her to the ground.

“One who bears Beriache’s grudge. Go to hell and fight with Baal. Why lose your place and offend me?”

Marie Rose’s thin neck, which was pinned to the ground and crushed by Trauka’s arm, finally broke. It rattled as it turned at a strange angle.

Trauka frowned. He was surprised by the physical endurance of Marie Rose’s body, which was able to handle his own strength which was too much even for most giant dragons to handle. Then the blood flowing from Marie Rose’s red, thick lips took the form of a magic circle. It was blood magic that promoted the caster’s recovery while penetrating into any body it made contact with.

Trauka saw through the magic properties the moment it was triggered and backed off in a panic. It was an attitude of treating her like the plague.

Marie Rose stood up quietly, straightened her broken neck bone and said, “My dear husband kissed me. You are a coward compared to my dear husband. How did you reign with only this much courage?”

[...It is unpleasant just to be in the same space as you. Get out of here.]

In the end, Trauka completely removed Polymorph. At best, he was willing to risk the collapse of his newly created lair. He was ready to go on a rampage with his real body and drive Marie Rose away. He had no thoughts of killing her.

The tricky thing about ‘real vampires’ was their near-infinite vitality. Moreover, Marie Rose’s durability was at the level of an old dragon. Killing someone like that? It would be a loss from the moment he decided to kill her. He would inevitably have to waste a lot of time.

Then flames spread throughout the huge lair. They were flames created by Trauka’s will. It was a strong self-defense that symbolized the Fire Dragon.

Thanks to the flames, Marie Rose’s blood no longer attempted to penetrate Trauka’s body. To be precise, there was no point. From this moment on, Marie Rose’s blood would immediately evaporate and become useless.

From now on, it would be a battle of pure magic versus magic, power versus power. And in this world—

There was no species that used magic better than the ancient dragons. There was no existence that was more powerful than an old dragon. It was a law that applied even if Trauka was seriously injured.

As an old dragon, his species itself was superior to all other species. Additionally, Trauka had the strongest power and magic power among the old dragons. Therefore, Trauka’s victory was inevitable.

Trauka's wings flapped and flipped Marie Rose's vision dozens of times. It was the aftermath of the storm caused by the flapping of the wings. Marie Rose's large eyes, which had been half-open under the influence of the Curse of Sloth, opened wide.

'I can wake up through this way.'

She felt rare admiration. She was pushed all the way to the doorway of the lair and stretched out her slender arms. Her black-blue dress fluttered randomly while her slender hands fumbled for the treasured sword stuck into a gap of the treasures piled up like a mountain.

[A sword? Are you going to use this miscellaneous thing?]

Trauka laughed. Marie Rose was a being who relied purely on inherited power. She might be superior to Beriache in every way, but she couldn't use techniques that Beriache couldn't use. Of course, it was possible for her to copy the skills of the target whose blood she sucked. However, she was currently in a pure state. She wasn't in a state where she had sucked another being's blood. Despite this, she was holding a sword.

Trauka almost suspected that she had hit her head incorrectly on a stalactite while she was swept away by the storm earlier.

"I told you."

Step.

Marie Rose used magic to suppress the influence of the storm and planted her feet on the ground. Her gestures as she slowly approached Trauka, who was thousands of times bigger than herself, were graceful without being bewitching. It felt like her grace itself had changed. Her gentle steps gradually resembled a dance.

"I kissed my dear husband."

Grid's Sword Dance—Grid's blood, which Marie Rose cherished deep in her body, was now reproducing Grid's skills. It was a very elegant sword dance that combined six types of dances into one.

"Drop Dragon..."

[.....!]

—Pinnacle Link Kill Wave.

A dragon fell.

Marie Rose threw away the treasured sword that had shattered in the aftermath of digging into the dragon's scales and spoke with her back to the flickering flames, "Dragon who reigned in the world before my dear husband was born..."

[.....]

"You had better apologize to my dear husband."

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[...Yes.]

Fire Dragon Trauka slowly raised his head. The deep, long pit on the ground was a sign of his jaw being stuck there. It was a symbol of the unprecedented event made by a vampire who did a six step dance.

[I admit it.]

The scales of Trauka's head, which had been smashed by a powerful attack, quickly regenerated and joined together. The procession of red scales that adsorbed into each other without leaving a single gap was like a wall. It was an endless wall that couldn't exist on the surface. It was a wall that the heavenly gods couldn't cross and gradually painted red with their own blood.

[The world has changed.]

Dragon who reigned in the world before my dear husband was born...

Trauka reflected on Marie Rose's words. He took it seriously, rather than hastily denying it.

Certainly, the world was different from the one that Trauka remembered. In less than a year, he had already been hurt twice. The first wound was dealt by an unfilial child who didn't care about her father's position at all, and the second was dealt by a mad vampire.

The two of them had something in common. It was the fact that they wielded the power gained from the newly born Only One God, Grid. Yes, he was the one who created this unprecedented event. He proved that the world had changed by inflicting two wounds on Trauka, who had ruled for eternity.

[The influence of an Only One God isn't something to be ignored. It is so shocking that I can't help thinking back to when I first saw Chiyou.]

Why did the dragons sign a nonaggression pact with the gods? It was because it was Rebecca's will. Trauka had decided that it would be unwise to confront Rebecca. Thus, he made a promise and kept it. Technically, he was controlled.

Meanwhile, Chiyou was different. Perhaps the only one Rebecca couldn't control was Chiyou. It was to the point where he saved Hanul, who thought he was going to die.

Trauka had to admit it. An Only One God was special and Grid was also an Only One God. But—

The total amount of 'specialness' was different for each existence. Moreover, Trauka himself was special.

[But that is it. I don't think Grid's influence is enough to make me apologize.]

Dragons don't forget.

Trauka clearly remembered Beriache's abilities. She could reproduce the power of the target whose blood she sucked from the minimum to the maximum. In order to reproduce it again, there was a condition that the blood must be sucked again. Reproducing it to the maximum meant sacrificing something. This was even assuming that Marie Rose was better than Beriache.

Currently, Marie Rose was in a state where the 'blood was consumed' and partially 'damaged.'

Drop Dragon—she wasn't in a position to use that arrogant sword technique of dropping dragons again. She couldn't afford to make any more variables.

[One who bears Beriache's grudge. The world will seem very simple to you. It is divided into whether your mother's vengeance is accomplished and completed, or whether it fails and can't be completed.]

Trauka's huge eyes contained the universe. It had a colorful glow and contained a history unknown to modern humans. There were countless experiences and emotions.

[However, the real world isn't as simple as what you know. This isn't the domain of an individual. There is too much at stake.]

The flames intensified as the Fire Dragon's breathing intensified. The presence of the wounded old dragon swelled beyond his size. He proved that he was the center of the world.

Marie Rose wasn't intimidated. Who was she up against now? She had never forgotten for a single moment. Putting aside her calm expression, she had been prepared to die when she came here. There was no grand reason. She just wanted Grid to be respected. He was the man she chose.

[...I think it would be less frustrating than this if I sat down and talked to that jerk.]

Trauka noticed it.

The vampire in front of him—all his words were entering one ear and going out the other. The serene eyes were the proof. The desire in those red eyes was the same from the beginning to now.

[You are crazy.]

Marie Rose's vision sank downward. The ground she stood on was completely smashed by Trauka's tail, which had moved like a thunderbolt. Then a battle took place in the Realm of the Absolute, where the fragments of the collapsed ground had completely frozen.

Marie Rose and Trauka crossed the debris and relentlessly threatened each other.

Trauka's lair, which was huge enough to hold several mountains, collapsed in an instant. If observed from the outside, Trauka's lair resembled the moon at first glance. It was like the moon sunk to the ground. It was because it was round.

Trauka's nest that he carved out of a few mountains was a realm of art that couldn't be surpassed by a human level. Now a small hole was drilled in the lower part of it.

A stream of fire pursued the woman who shot out noisily from the pierced hole. It was a Breath. It was the first time Trauka showed off a proper weapon.

[Go to hell, one who bears Beriache's grudge. It is better for you to wallow in a worthless life, just as you have been doing all your life. Isn't that the reason for your insignificant existence?]

The Fire Dragon was the worst type of opponent for Marie Rose. Trauka was wrapped in flames of willpower that melted anything and they repeatedly evaporated Marie Rose's blood before she could try anything. He sealed her blood magic and power in real time.

Even so, Marie Rose showed no signs of agitation.

A monstrous existence—she didn't hesitate to fight in strength against an old dragon.

She pierced through the flames and scratched Trauka's scales with her nails. Before the scars in the scales could heal, she inserted her hand that had shapened like blade and ripped them apart. In order to crush his body, she grabbed the flying tail and threw it away, exposing the belly of the dragon under her feet.

There was a sound like a balloon popping. It was the noise from Trauka's belly as it was trampled on by Marie Rose's small, white feet. Anyone would mistakenly believe that a hole had been drilled. Yes. It was an illusion. Even if a mosquito stung a human, there was no way the human's skin would explode. The difference in physique between Marie Rose and Trauka was so great that it could be compared to that.

It was obviously like this.

'...This person, no way?'

Trauka raised his fierce eyes. The skin of his belly was convulsing. He tried not to make it obvious, but the pain of being trampled on by Marie Rose was surprisingly great.

'She didn't lose anything?'

It was a little while ago. Marie Rose recreated Grid's swordsmanship using the blood of the Only One God. It must've been Grid's ultimate move. In other words, she wielded the Only One God's ultimate skill as if it was her own strength. She naturally would've paid a heavy price.

If it was Beriache, her strength would've decreased by half. However, Marie Rose showed no signs of weakening at all.

'You created a monster that exceeded expectations.'

Beriache—beyond taking revenge on Baal, perhaps she also wanted to establish a new guardian in hell?

'Poor thing.'

Trauka snorted and accelerated his speed. His huge wings moved so fast that they blurred and twisted the trajectory of things around them. The number of Marie Rose's missed attacks became frequent. Occasionally, her fingernails would graze Trauka's scales, causing sparks to fly and her fingernails to fall off.

The fire dragon's body was heating up. As he entered the atmosphere, his body glowed like a meteorite burning from the frictional heat. It was a physical phenomenon created by combining the speed of an Absolute with the flames of willpower.

Steam spread every time the wounds on Marie Rose's body increased. It was the aftermath of her flowing blood evaporating immediately.

'I'll blow her as far away as possible.'

The dragon's long tail was clinging to the skin of his belly. The moment the Fire Dragon reached a certain speed, he was going to expand and show off a tremendous force that would blow Marie Rose to the

other side of the continent. Finally, the tail fell away from the belly and stretched out like a whip. It struck Marie Rose's small body.

Marie Rose couldn't hold on. Her body would shatter the moment she tried to hold out against the flow of power. Of course, she wouldn't die from this much. However, it would be impossible for her to regenerate immediately because it consumed a lot of stamina. It was like asking for danger.

Trauka thought that Marie Rose would obediently leave this place. He predicted that she would save her own life by going along with the flow of power of the tail and flying away. It was natural. Marie Rose was different from Ifrit. She might be crazy, but she had no reason to cling to Trauka at the risk of her life. However...

[.....]

Marie Rose showed more obsession than necessary. The moment she was struck by his tail, she didn't choose to fly away. Instead, she planted her feet on the ground like a tree rooted in the ground. She raised her arm to block Trauka's tail and held on.

The price was severe. Both arms were shattered. Some of the sides of her body couldn't be protected by her arms and were destroyed without leaving a trace. Her blood evaporated without a trace. Her unsightly figure neatly stretched out like slaughtered livestock.

[Are you going to die here? Why are you pushing yourself so hard? You have a separate duty to carry out, right?]

Trauka felt excruciating pain. His tail had also exploded in the aftermath of Marie Rose's collision with his self-defense. A weapon he had been boasting about for eternity was horribly damaged. It didn't recover easily. It was because he also drained his physical strength. In the first place, he wasn't in a perfect condition.

On the contrary, Marie Rose's red eyes were regaining their vitality as she met his eyes. Her Curse of Sloth had been briefly shaken off due to the pain.

"Trauka, do you know how your child feels?"

[.....?]

It was a strange question. Trauka cocked his head.

"Have you ever understood the feelings of your child in the egg who must've felt relieved when feeling the signs of you sleeping soundly next to her?"

[...What are you saying?]

The topic started to diverge completely off track. Trauka once again realized that the vampire in front of him was purely crazy. It was natural since she didn't respond at all no matter what type of conversation he tried to have. Then she suddenly started talking nonsense.

"I'm sure you haven't thought about it."

Marie Rose remembered.

The day of her birth. The moment when the hand that reached out to hold his mother's hand was thrown away.

The way Trauka overlapped her with her mother every time he treated her as 'the one who bears Beriache's grudge.' In Marie Rose's opinion, Trauka, who preyed on his children, resembled Beriache, who made her children bear the burden of vengeance. It was the attitude of treating children as the tools of their parents.

"You might not understand, but hell and Baal aren't my concerns."

Therefore, she was discussing her duties about hell and Baal without a second thought.

Marie Rose got back to the point.

"Apologize to my dear husband."

Just then, Trauka's gaze shifted to the sky behind her, rather than Marie Rose. A sunset that didn't suit the deep night was coloring the sky. A familiar presence was coming. It was the presence of Only One God Grid.

[Do you believe in him?]

Trauka laughed.

[I just experienced Grid's ultimate skill through you. Purely thanks to you, I am certain that he isn't a big threat to me.]

Just in time, Trauka's tail finished regenerating.

Marie Rose's arms had also been restored to their full, intact appearance. However, Marie Rose's sides hadn't recovered yet. Marie Rose staggered as steam persistently rose.

[Grid's joining won't change the situation.]

Trauka's laughter turned into ridicule. Then it happened in an instant. He aimed for the moment when Marie Rose turned her back to him as she stared at the approaching sunset.

Trauka fired a Breath. It was intended to drive out both Marie Rose and Grid completely.

"I never reproduced my dear husband's ultimate skill."

He ignored the nonsense that entered his ears.

"To be precise, there is no way to reproduce it."

Marie Rose's six fusion sword dance was definitely powerful. Despite suffering from the Curse of Sloth, her stats transcended Grid's. But was her sword dance really more powerful than Grid's sword dance?

"I can't exceed the potential of the target whose blood was sucked and I don't have a dragon weapon."

No, rather, it was weak. The six fusion sword dance reproduced by Marie Rose was missing 'Twilight' and 'Ultimate Martial Art.'

Grid approached while ignoring the Breath that melted his body and slashed at Trauka.

'This...'

Trauka had a hunch. It was dangerous.

[I, can't be, cut.]

This was why he gave up his pride and urgently shouted the Dragon Words. A new providence was overlaid on top of his absolute defense and scales. It was a principle and law that governed the natural world.

Twilight, held in Grid's hands, repeatedly slipped without cutting Trauka's red scales. Twilight spun in Grid's hands. It was held in reverse.

"Serve Dragon Pinnacle Wave Kill Link."

It was simple. Grid couldn't cut, so he stabbed.

It pierced Trauka's huge body.