

Overgeared 1771

Chapter 1771

The moon on the horizon shook wildly. It was due to the wave of power caused by the invader. Finally, the moment when the glowing sunset spreading from the invader's fingertips defeated the night's darkness, a chain of cracks like a spider web appeared on the surface of the pale moon.

[Only One God Grid...]

The owner of the moon didn't care. He had no time to worry about his lair, whose location had already been exposed and had lost its value. He repaired the wounds of his pierced body while observing Grid.

[Dragon Fear has greatly reduced all your stats and paralyzed your actions.]

[You have resisted.]

[The flames of the Fire Dragon have started to burn your body and mind.]

[You have resisted.]

[The flames of the Fire Dragon have started to burn the items you are wearing.]

[The eyes of the Fire Dragon are observing you. Some information about your level, stats, titles, and skills will be exposed.]

[Your level has increased.]

The moment when he pierced the body of the old dragon, Grid's experience gauge rose by nearly 15%. Fire Dragon Trauka had given him more experience than anyone else he had fought. The 1st Great Demon, Baal; Martial God Zeratul, who descended to the surface; the cursed Evil Dragon Bunhelier; and Eve, the apostle of Yatan—none of them were comparable to Trauka.

'This is even though he is weakened.'

Grid frowned. A lot of experience points wasn't good news. On the contrary, it was proof of the huge level difference between Grid and Trauka.

In fact, the damage of Serve Dragon Pinnacle Wave Kill Link wasn't dealt properly. Among all the movements included in the sword dance, all the damage of the 'slashes' were negated by the Dragon Words.

The Dragon Words of an old dragon—even the effects of 'Conditional Sword Saint' and Twilight were neutralized. Considering that a dragon's scales and absolute defense could be easily sliced like tofu when these two effects were combined, the power of Dragon Words was indeed unbelievable. Naturally, the Castration Eye that he used with the feeling of grasping at straws when doing the sword dance didn't take effect.

'It isn't a difference in status.'

It was just that the concept of Dragon Words was that special and powerful. It was natural. It was the power to establish providence. Of course, it wasn't omnipotent. If Dragon Words was omnipotent, then Trauka would've made himself 'invincible' with it.

However, Trauka didn't do so. He just strengthened himself to the point of negating some of the damage. Nor was it used in a way that weakened Grid. It meant there were limitations in many ways.

'I am glad, but...'

The Dragon Words that Grid had experienced had the power to reverse the battle. Didn't even Nefelina's incomplete Dragon Words play a huge role? It had to be taken into account that Trauka was an old dragon. Trauka might have limited use of Dragon Words, but there was a possibility that Trauka could become truly invincible at some point due to the overlapping restrictions of Dragon Words.

'Let's remember.'

The existence in front of him was a monster who fiercely hunted the gods of Asgard. It was right to assume the worst case scenario in a confrontation. It was better to aim for a speedy resolution.

In front of the eyes of the old dragon that were observing him, Grid first asked Marie Rose, "Why are you obsessed with me? You don't seem particularly interested in revenge."

Braham had said it. Marie Rose was the existence their mother gave birth to in order to get revenge. However, Marie Rose showed no desire to get revenge. She turned away from opportunities. She endured the Curse of Sloth that could've been lifted at any time if she made up her mind. The proof was that she didn't intimidate Braham through force, or violate Grid.

'She is a strong being who can move me and Braham the way she wants, but she just stood by.'

She stood by even when Grid set up the huge hell expedition.

Grid recalled the face of Marie Rose, whom he had seen in the No Offspring Tomb not long ago. A sad expression had flashed on her face. It passed by in a flash. It was to the point where he wouldn't have noticed if he wasn't an Absolute. If he combined that look with Marie Rose's attitude...

Did it go beyond being not interested in revenge to reluctance?

Then there was no reason to be obsessed with him, the Blood King.

"I told you."

Putting aside her personality, Marie Rose's attire was always modest. Perhaps it was because she wanted to minimize the exposure to sunlight, but the dresses she wore rarely exposed her skin. However, today was different. Her skirt went well above her knees.

She didn't want Grid to see her hideously torn waist. She hid the wound by tying up her dress while feeling grateful for the flames of the Fire Dragon. Her wounds became invisible due to the evaporation of blood.

"Dear husband..."

I just like you.

Didn't she confess not long ago that she had been watching him because she liked him? Couldn't he understand her heart with human emotions?

Marie Rose was going to repeat it again, only to close her mouth in a regretful manner. Her pale face was drained of blood. She felt a great sense of shame the moment Grid's eyes brushed over her legs. It was the first time in her life that she felt this type of embarrassment.

She placed her gloved hands neatly on her thighs and hesitated.

"....."

The face of a vampire turned red. It was the first time Grid was seeing it, even though he had a long-standing relationship with Braham and the other direct descendants. She blushed unexpectedly and he was finally convinced.

The favor that Marie Rose had shown him—it wasn't a joke or pretense, it was sincere.

'Is she so thankful that I released the seal?'

Wasn't it too much after Yura, Jishuka, Irene, Mercedes, and Basara...? Despite his rare feeling of remorse, Grid had an upright attitude.

'First of all, I will repay the kindness.'

He had received a lot of help from Marie Rose. He would start repaying her by protecting her today.

Grid's determined eyes changed fiercely. The gaze that was taken away by Marie Rose for a moment before fixed on Trauka again and Item Combination was released. They were weapons made of materials other than Greed. In other words, items that failed to resist Trauka's flames and lost durability in real time were temporarily returned to his inventory.

He judged that he should take it out and use it only when necessary. It was a bit cumbersome, but there was no pressure at all. If there was a competition to measure item swapping speed, Grid was confident about taking first place.

'First of all, protect Marie Rose's safety. Then once the tower members arrive, counterattack...'

From Grid's perspective, Marie Rose's status was fine. There were no signs of an injury. But he wasn't fooled. It had already been 15 minutes since she entered the warp gate along with Trauka. She had been in a fierce battle with an old dragon for at least 10 minutes. She might look fine, but she must be very tired. In the worst case scenario, there was a possibility she could no longer endure the Curse of Sloth.

'I should consider that she might fall asleep right away.'

In fact, Grid was reluctant to let the tower members come here. Their duty might be to protect the world from dragons, but Grid judged that it was too dangerous as long as the opponent was the Fire Dragon. In the first place, the Tower of Wisdom was an organization that was established and act based on the principle of 'avoiding fights with dragons.' He didn't think they could fight well against the Fire Dragon.

He was prepared to rescue Marie Rose himself rather than endangering them. Thus, he arrived at the scene first. Yet once he actually arrived, the situation wasn't that good. Trauka's presence was beyond imagination.

Escape that monster and rescue Marie Rose? It seemed impossible. The help of the tower members was necessary.

'He is using destructive swordsmanship beyond his abilities... is it thanks to the power of the dragon weapon?'

During the time when Grid was understanding the situation and organizing his thoughts, Trauka restored the open wound on the back of his neck and grasped Grid's potential. This was the type of enemy where he shouldn't trust the surface-level information that had been exposed.

He possessed so many weapons that transcended his ability. He would always show a performance that 'exceeds expectations.'

'It is a tricky opponent.'

Trauka's combat experience was immense. They were the experiences gained from preying on his own kin and hunting the heavenly gods. Of course, there were only a few opponents who were tricky for him. It didn't matter if the opponent was an Only One God. He didn't think he needed to be wary of a god who was born only a few years ago. It was something that even Trauka himself couldn't have imagined.

'I want to compete, but... it is right to avoid him.'

Trauka was now in a dangerous state.

A few minutes ago, Dragon Slayer Hayate had spread out his presence and woke up all the dragons in the world. Trauka's lair was already exposed, so he also drew attention. If he didn't leave the scene right now, Trauka was destined to be challenged by some of his fearless kin.

Yes, the cold judgment of an old dragon urged Trauka to retreat. The red dragon's ferocious instinct to fight was suppressed. In the end...

[Only One God Grid. Take Marie Rose and leave. I am the one who previously asked you for a request. There is no reason for us to confront each other right away.]

".....!"

Trauka took a step back. In fact, he had stepped back from the beginning. He had been trying to kick Marie Rose out even before Grid arrived. However, Grid didn't know what was going on. Was an old dragon going to let him go obediently? He was taken aback by the unexpected development. In any case, it was good as long as they could pass through this crisis safely.

Grid used Shunpo while being wary of Trauka. He ended up beside Marie Rose. Trauka didn't stand in Grid's way. Rather, he took back the flames and opened the way.

'Is he really going to let me go?'

Were the wounds inflicted on Ifrit bigger than they seemed? Even so, it was overwhelming enough.

'Should I interpret it as a favor?'

He was confused. Grid hated Trauka for killing Xenon, while feeling thankful for the vague goodwill at the same time.

First of all, it was important to be able to overcome the crisis. Marie Rose finished regenerating her waist and pulled down her skirt. Thanks to this, Grid was able to look straight at her again. He urged her, "Let's..."

Let's go.

It was because he could finish this short sentence.

"Don't think about acting without thinking."

Marie Rose's fine hands wrapped gently around the back of Grid's neck. She forcibly kissed the bewildered Grid. Pain and overwhelming pleasure spread from Grid's lips.

[You... are you really this crazy...?]

Trauka realized his mistake and showed signs of frustration.

"Apologize to my dear husband," Marie Rose swallowed the blood from chewing on Grid's lips and repeated her previous demand.

It was a very commanding attitude.

'What is this?'

Grid's eyes widened because he was even more surprised than Trauka. He looked in bewilderment at Marie Rose, who was trying to blow up any chance they had of escaping.

Marie Rose whispered to him, "Keep this in mind."

Her red eyes were shining brightly. It was thanks to consuming the blood of a great being and completely shaking off the curse for a while.

"Opportunities are given to us, not something gained."

Was the word 'us' awkward? Marie Rose blushed slightly more lighter than before and wrapped her right arm around Grid. She moved her long fingers and held Twilight along with Grid.

"Let's punish the dragon for acting against what is yours, my dear husband."

For the hierarchy of her dear husband...

The dreamy whispers and gestures mesmerized Grid.

The landscape that Grid perceived changed. In a ballroom with a beautiful melody, he had the illusion that he was dancing with Marie Rose.

It wasn't an illusion. The two people holding hands were performing the same sword dance. Marie Rose took the lead, followed by Grid who gently rested his cheek against her forehead.

[You have started a cooperative sword dance with the vampire duke 'Marie Rose'...!]

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'We shouldn't be late.'

The hearts of the tower members were anxious. They were chasing after Grid, who had disappeared from view.

A moment ago when Hayate raised the energy of a Dragon Slayer, an unexpected helper appeared in front of the group. It was the Cloaked Dragon, Cranbel. He was one of the few top dragons in the world and a named dragon believed to be the direct descendant of the Refraction Dragon.

Cranbel's energy detection exceeded Hayate's predictions. He came to the scene almost immediately after Hayate exposed the energy of the Dragon Slayer. It was such a shocking reaction speed that Hayate, an Absolute, couldn't help being agitated.

Cranbel explained to the tower members, who were wary of him without hiding their admiration and astonishment.

[Others are being cautious about the appearance of an old dragon.]

Were there any dragons as humble as this? Cranbel's personality was as good as his modest way of talking.

Sword Saint Biban, whose instincts preceded his thoughts, relaxed his guard ahead of the other tower members and took back his sword. It was as the Cloaked Dragon said. He wasn't their enemy.

"You seem to be doing well." Grid also showed an unexpected attitude. He even smiled as he checked Cranbel's intact left arm. He seemed to welcome this dragon who should be humanity's enemy. Was it the effect of losing his helper, Gray Dragon Xenon? Grid's attitude of valuing a dragon itself flustered all the tower members, except for Biban.

[...It is better to leave in a hurry. For the low-grade dragons who live every day like a mayfly, a Dragon Slayer is one of the few hopes to change their destiny. Some slow-witted low-grade dragons are likely to take risks and arrive here soon.]

Cranbel advised them. Perhaps he was wary of being misunderstood by Marie Rose, so he spoke to Hayate while trying to avoid Grid's gaze.

Hayate had just read Trauka's small killing intent and identified his location. Trauka was ferocious like any other red dragon and he was indeed easily provoked.

"Are you going to let us go?"

The 6th Seat, Ken, growled. Putting aside Grid and Biban's attitude, he was extremely wary of Cranbel. It was a very normal reaction.

[If I was going to block your way, I would've acted more stealthily. My only purpose is to prey on the mayflies attracted by the Dragon Slayer. I don't dare take risks against you.]

Grid and Hayate—the figures leading the tower members were excellent even from the perspective of a top dragon. It was right to be vigilant of them, so he confessed honestly.

“I understand.” Some of the tower members still had their suspicions, but Hayate nodded. He accepted Cranbel’s advice and shared Trauka’s position with Grid and the tower members. At the same time...

“I’m going.” Grid bowed to Cranbel and was the first to take the lead. He left the scene by continuously using Shunpo. It wasn’t a speed that could be caught up with at all from the perspective of the tower members, who needed to arrange their physical strength. It wasn’t just that he was in a hurry. They could feel his will to leave behind the tower members.

“Grid intends to protect us,” the 4th Seat, Betty, said with a sad expression. Before being an emperor and a god, Grid was their new generation. They should be supporting him. But every time, Grid relied on himself rather than them. He was ready to shoulder all the responsibilities they carried.

“.....”

From a certain point, the tower members gritted their teeth and ran with all their might. They tried to catch up with Grid without arranging their physical strength. Then right now—

“...A waltz?”

The tower members arrived at the scene and recalled their previous lives. For them, a previous life naturally meant ‘before leaving the world.’ It was before climbing to the Tower of Wisdom. It was when they were ordinary human beings, unlike their present selves who had sacrificed everything to protect the peace of the world.

They had also enjoyed pleasures at times. They were heroes and obliged to participate in social events. Many times, they saw lovers dancing in a ballroom with sweet melodies flowing. However, none of them were as classical and beautiful as Grid and Marie Rose today.

“.....”

The tower members were gradually mesmerized.

Two Absolutes holding one sword side by side—the sense of unity between Grid and Marie Rose, who were moving in the same direction, was truly tremendous.

Weren’t they supporting each other when taking the same steps to the point where they seemed like one instead of two?

The noise of the flames that Fire Dragon Trauka started to rekindle sounded like a performance to them. The old dragon’s lair below their feet seemed like a stage for them.

“What is this...?”

It happened the moment when Hayate came to his senses first and let out a stopped breath...

[My heart is whole.]

Trauka shouted out Dragon Words. Just then—

“.....!!”

The darkness of the night had been reeling from Grid’s sunset glow. Now it had completely receded. The world brightened like a blazing sun was overhead. A haze rose everywhere and distorted the landscape. It was done purely by heat. The aftermath of the flames from the fire dragon dominated the area and heated up the ‘whole continent.’

The areas that were divided into night and day depending on the altitude of the sun had all become daytime and the rivers, which were like the continent’s blood vessels, dried up. The sea level of the Red Sea slowly rose and the size of the continent became smaller. The existing maps of the West Continent became worthless.

The ecosystem was collapsing...

[The flames of Fire Dragon Trauka have caused the temperature of the surface to rise sharply.]

[Civilizations buried deep in the rivers for a long time have appeared.]

[Parts of existing civilizations have been swallowed up by tsunamis and buried in the sea.]

[There are countless victims.]

[The ecosystem remembered by modern humans no longer exists...]

An old dragon—an Absolute species that existed before the creation of the world. There was a fact that even the tower members didn’t know. The dragons were always caring about the world. By suppressing their power, they helped mortals claiming to be masters of the surface to lead their short lives.

‘This is crazy...’

Grid’s hands trembled as he held Twilight. Trauka restored the wound he suffered due to Ifrit and revealed his full strength. The huge existence in front of him that covered most of the sunlight with his shadow was beyond the predictions and common sense of Grid. He was the true center of the world and couldn’t be divided simply by strong and weak.

“Only One God Grid. Your role isn’t as great as what you pride yourself on.”

Trauka’s words when he visited Reidan rang in Grid’s ears.

Grid felt like a complete plaything. A player couldn’t change Satisfy no matter how hard they tried their entire life...

The vicious sentiment of the S.A Group, who must’ve been laughing at him all this time, naturally came to mind and his heart sank. It happened the moment when Grid’s footsteps hesitated as he lost motivation...

“It is just a bluff,” Marie Rose whispered. She gripped the trembling Twilight even harder and put strength into her left arm that was wrapped around Grid’s waist. Grid couldn’t stop moving and had to keep going. “Just like our ultimate moves, the ultimate move of an old dragon can’t be maintained.”

Grid’s orange divinity united as one with Marie Rose’s red blood energy. It was sharper than sword energy and more ferocious than fighting energy. Now it surrounded Twilight.

[The flames of Fire Dragon Trauka are melting you.]

[Resistance has failed.]

[In the aftermath of your existence being blurred by the intense heat, all your stats will be greatly reduced.]

Grid wasn't certain. He performed the six fusion sword dance while keeping pace with Marie Rose, who was leading him, and questioned if this sword dance could reach that monstrous dragon.

It was only for a moment.

'In any case, I can't back down.'

Grid's shaky eyes quickly found their place. He stared with black and profound eyes at the heart of the old dragon, which had just been regenerated. It was the direction that Marie Rose was leading them. The two of them were incredibly fast as they performed a sword dance.

The system was calibrating it.

[The blood of the vampire duke 'Marie Rose' has penetrated your body. The enhanced blood is stripping away all the weakening effects you are experiencing.]

[Under the influence of the cooperative swordsmanship, you have shared key stats with the vampire duke 'Marie Rose.']

[Strength has increased by 7,873.]

[Agility has increased by 9,911.]

[Stamina has increased by 4,453.]

[Intelligence has increased by 1,320.]

[Under the influence of the cooperative swordsmanship, your qualifications are shared with 'Marie Rose.']

[Vampire duke 'Marie Rose' is completely different from 'Twilight.']

[Through all means...] Fire Dragon Trauka frowned. He had fulfilled countless covenants over the years and the Dragon Words of an old dragon were unquestionably powerful. However, it wasn't omnipotent. The stronger the level of the new law established by Dragon Words, the greater the penalty Trauka would have to bear. It was because establishing a new law of the world meant denying the laws created by Rebecca, the God of the Beginning.

Moreover, Trauka had now restored his 'dragon heart.' The price he had to bear for restoring his heart, which had been damaged by the blow caused by his daughter's mutual destruction attempt, was huge. It was even enough to feel nervous from an old dragon's perspective.

To be honest, Trauka thought that Marie Rose would step down at this point. He had become complete and was at a level that Marie Rose couldn't handle. Nevertheless, Marie Rose didn't back down. It was as if she could truly deal with him along with Grid.

Trauka felt a great deal of anger. It was the first time in his life that he had received such great contempt, so it was an anger that couldn't be quenched. Trauka didn't speak any longer. His personality, which had become humble due to so many serious injuries, was restored at this moment. There was no reason to talk at the same eye level as Marie Rose.

A huge pillar of fire shot out in a straight line. It was a pillar of fire that was going to engulf Grid and Marie Rose whole.

"No way...!" The tower members acted quickly. They were surprised by the momentum of the old dragon after he regained his strength, but they maintained their minds. They used cool judgment to stick to Grid and Marie Rose's side. The Fire Dragon's Breath that should've hit the two beings was faced by the tower members instead.

Hayate took the lead. He swung his Dragon Killing Sword, which had a fatal effect on a dragon, and split the Breath in half. Radwolf's magic machines also blocked the powerful energy with their bodies, while Fronzaltz' artifacts disturbed them.

However, the heat remained. The skin of the tower members burned quickly. Hayate, who was at the forefront, was already wrapped in flames. It took an instant for his skin and flesh to burn and his bones to melt.

"Hayate!"

The other tower members urgently used their ultimate skills. They tried to rescue Hayate while opening up a path for Grid. The attempt was only half successful. The power of the tower members could only open the way for Grid. They couldn't rescue Hayate.

Trauka's flames were made of willpower. It would never go out unless the old dragon lost his will, so it was persistent. It burned Hayate while brutally melting down the self-defense energy wrapped in the power of a Dragon Slayer. These flames—

"Ohhhhhh!"

Sword Saint Biban slashed it. He gave up his intelligence to make the sword in his mental world as big and sharp as possible. At this moment, he truly surpassed Muller. Rather than completely losing his intelligence like a beast, he slashed the old dragon's willpower and extinguished the remnants of the flames.

"Biban...?"

The expressions of the tower members were shocked. The retreating night quickly returned and dyed the world black again.

The sunset spread. It was a sunset created by the mixture of Grid's divinity and Marie Rose's blood energy.

[The cooperative sword dance 'Transcended Linked Dragon Pinnacle Kill Wave' will begin!]

A sword dance developed by two Absolutes who were sharing each other's abilities—just before it reached Trauka, Grid took out the Falling Moon Sword in his other hand and swung it first. It was intended to weaken Trauka's absolute defense and scales first.

Trauka and the moon were split in half. A large amount of blood poured over the tilted moon. It was the blood that Trauka shed.

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It wasn't a mistake. He wasn't even driven by instinct. The old dragon had lived for eternity and rationally and soberly analyzed and judged the situation.

A non-standard existence who split in half the Breath he shot with all his might.

He was wary of Hayate, the Dragon Slayer who killed his kin with a human body and rose to an Absolute. Thus, he put Hayate as his top priority. It was to the extent that he turned away from Grid and Marie Rose, who were approaching quickly.

Trauka used the remnant flames of the Breaths that the tower members had left behind and focused on wiping out Hayate. The low-grade dragons aimed for Hayate's status and were obsessed with him.

The reason why the higher ranking dragons were obsessed with Hayate was because they knew his potential was threatening to them. Just as Hayate had proved by slashing the Breath a moment ago, the aura of a Dragon Slayer was also deadly to an old dragon. He dared to invade and neutralize the power and rights that a dragon took for granted.

".....!"

The sight of Hayate screaming silently reassured Trauka. He believed that Hayate would die soon the moment the energy of a Dragon Slayer melted down. Thanks to this, Trauka could fully focus on Grid and Marie Rose, who were right in front of him.

The dragon weapon that the two of them held together—he kept an eye on the direction of the sword made from Bunhelier's fang. Then a variable occurred that couldn't be predicted even with the wisdom of an old dragon.

Sword Saint Biban completely blew away the flames of willpower burning Hayate. Trauka's willpower was always solid. Yet this meant that the willpower of an old dragon, which should've been eternal, was broken. It was the first time in his life.

Trauka came to a complete standstill. He was overwhelmed by an incredible sense of disbelief. Of course, it was only for a moment. Trauka's broken will was restored almost immediately. At the same time, he shook off his sense of collapse.

The problem was that there were three Absolutes in this spot, excluding Trauka, who extended this fleeting moment like it was an eternity.

Flash!

'Moon night iron?'

Trauka realized something as he captured the brilliant sword light shining from Grid's waist that was on the edge of his field of view. He had been wrong from the beginning. He shouldn't have been distracted by Hayate. The most important one to watch out for here wasn't Marie Rose or Hayate...

One of the reasons why the giants suffered from destruction—it was due to the possibilities of the moon night iron. If only there was a being who could handle it by turning it into ‘battle gear’ rather than the outer skin of an insignificant toy—the power of absolute defense and the hardness of the scales, which allowed the dragons to reign, would be reduced to being worthless.

This was why the dragons stood on the side when the gods of Asgard punished the giants and buried their land in the sea. Trauka had also acquiesced to the gods’ vile actions on the surface. Now the history of the giants’ disappearance became meaningless.

Trauka’s absolute defense and scales were brutally slashed by the Falling Moon Sword. It was while his back was to the huge lair in the form of a sphere. For Trauka, who had spent his Dragon Words on trying to make himself ‘whole,’ there was no way he could resist the Falling Moon Sword. It wielded miraculous power on top of the Dragon Words that said he ‘can’t be cut.’ It was impossible for the ‘current Trauka’ to add new Dragon Words.

‘Ifrit.’

You, who never helped me in my life, am holding me back even after your death.

Trauka lamented. He felt deep regret that he wasn’t complete when facing three Absolutes. He had a hunch. He might not be defeated today, but he wouldn’t win either. He would take a massive loss. This was the future seen through the sunset-colored sword piercing his chest.

Twilight, stabbed together by Marie Rose and Grid, pierced Trauka’s chest from bottom to top. It dug in and gradually destroyed the especially thick scales that protected the heart. The power of the Absolutes in Bunhelier’s fang, reborn as one of the most powerful swords in the world, was powerful even without the energy of a Dragon Slayer.

Finally, Twilight pierced through the scales and started to mangle Trauka’s skin and flesh. Each drop of Trauka’s flowing blood possessed an energy incomprehensible to a human’s common sense and contained a magical destructive power. But unfortunately—

“Don’t stop.” Marie Rose was unquestionably the best at controlling blood. She led Grid, who was shrinking back, through the torrential rain of blood that exploded in succession. She split the remnants of blood that was evaporating after exploding to prevent it from being absorbed by her.

Inside the cracks of the red barrier that rose from side to side.

“Trauka!”

Grid gritted his teeth and advanced. In cooperation with Marie Rose, every sword strike of Transcended Linked Dragon Pinnacle Kill Wave hit Trauka’s heart.

The body of the great old dragon staggered like he was going to fall. Those who happened to witness the scene from afar mistakenly thought the mountain range that suddenly appeared was shaking randomly. The red wall, which couldn’t be crossed by the heavenly gods, started to collapse.

[Critical!]

[Fire Dragon Trauka, who has never fallen since his birth, is unable to handle the power of the cooperative sword dance and has fallen to his knees!]

[The gods of Asgard are shocked by the potential of you and Marie Rose and are gazing at the surface with bated breath.]

[You have made an achievement that will be passed on orally through ‘the mouth of the gods.’]

[This is an achievement that won’t be forgotten even if the world is destroyed many times.]

[There is room for someone in the future to interpret it as part of the creation myth.]

[The title ‘Faint Qualifications of the Beginning of the World’ has been acquired.]

[Faint Qualifications of the Beginning of the World]

[Rating: ???]

[Effect: ???]

[Venice, the God of Money, is showing off her friendship with you to the gods of Asgard.]

[Some of the gods of Asgard, fascinated by your performance and Venice’s explanation, started to feel liking toward you.]

Once the Transcended Linked Dragon Pinnacle Kill Wave sword dance ended, the moon that finally fell on the ground shattered. Then Trauka’s huge body crashed on top of it. His figure as he collapsed and flinched felt like they were watching undulating mountains and walls.

An old dragon was a being that created a transcendent scene even when it was wounded.

“Did we... win?”

“An old dragon was knocked down?”

The tower members who were taking care of Hayate and Biban were in an uproar.

The frightened Grid’s eyes widened as he noticed, but it was already too late. The flag was raised.

Trauka immediately rose up. He acted as if it wasn’t a fatal wound even though his heart, one of a dragon’s few weaknesses, was hacked to pieces.

“Because it is fake,” Marie Rose explained while observing Trauka’s cracked chest. Currently, Trauka’s heart was a fake made from Dragon Words. Even if it was broken, the actual damage would’ve been surprisingly small. However, a dragon heart couldn’t be that easily broken. Trauka’s heart might be fake, but it was still intact.

‘Old dragons...’

They were indeed unreasonable existences.

Grid gulped and slowly raised his head to the end. He faced the eyes of the giant dragon, who remained aloof even when hit in his weak spot by the six fusion sword dance that was many times more powerful than when Grid used it alone. Fortunately, Grid was the Blood King. Marie Rose overcame the Curse of Sloth as long as she was with Grid. Grid had no way of knowing whether it was completely overcoming

the curse and regaining all stats, or simply defeating the sleepiness. At the very least, her eyelids weren't heavy. She seemed to be able to fight more.

The power of the tower members was also intact. Apart from the seriously injured Hayate, and Biban, who somehow lost his mind, the tower members were strong.

Grid summoned Noe, Randy, and all the direct descendants before taking a slow, deep breath. 'I can't call Nefelina. I have to finish it with the gathered strength after calling the Overgeared Guild members.'

The reason why he didn't call the apostles was because he was worried about their lives. In particular, he feared that Nefelina would be eaten by Trauka. A scene where a precious being was eating right in front of his eyes? Grid never wanted to see it. Nefelina had a special title of 'Transcendent Dragon' and was likely to be a source of great nourishment for Trauka.

'...I can't even call Braham.'

Braham could overcome death. There was no one more suitable to summon to a battlefield where death followed. It was special. The problem was that it was too special. Braham was the only one among the apostles who was beyond Grid's control. There was no way to stop Braham when he became emotional and once he was emotional, he was mostly trolling.

The being Braham hated most in the world—summoning him to the battlefield where Marie Rose was present was like carrying a time bomb.

"Summon Knights." Grid summoned the Overgeared Guild members.

Just then, onlookers started gathering.

The appearance of an old dragon—Trauka had a strikingly huge body and made his appearance known by changing night to day and drying up the rivers. In other words, it was natural for spectators to flock. They were naturally players who didn't care about risking their lives. Very few of them were rankers whose faces Grid could remember.

Nevertheless, Grid immediately planned a massive raid. Fire Dragon Trauka raid—he was going to urge all players present to fight so that the world wasn't destroyed.

In fact, everyone was aware of the seriousness of the situation even if Grid didn't say it. The battle gear that the bystanders pulled out proved it. Some were beginners who hadn't passed level 100, others were intermediate players who barely passed level 200, and a few passed level 300. The majority of those couldn't even be a source of power, but...

Grid decided to rely on them.

"The moment you die, resurrect and rush back here," Vantner said while raising a large shield in front of his colleagues. All the Overgeared members nodded and made a prediction. It was going to be an unexpectedly short fight.

Most of the players, except for Grid, would probably die without even being able to handle Trauka's Breath. It was a situation where a significant number of people were dying just from the flames of willpower burning the battlefield right now. But it had to be fought.

It happened as everyone became determined...

[Only One God Grid.]

The giant dragon opened his mouth. The pressure in his voice was truly heavy. Trauka simply ‘talked,’ but all the players below a legendary status felt deaf and suffered from all sorts of abnormal statuses.

Trauka’s face gradually grew bigger. It was because he was stretching his head toward the humans. Even the members of Overgeared became contemplative. They naturally envisioned the scene where players were annihilated by the Breath that poured out the moment Trauka opened his mouth again.

It was a time when the tense Grid and tower members prepared for Trauka’s attack.

Flash!

A warp gate opened in the air. Then a beautiful man with silver hair appeared—Braham, the God of Wisdom and Magic. It was immediately after seeing the arrival of daytime out of nowhere and sensing Trauka’s appearance. He cast chasing and detection magic through the continent and identified Trauka’s location. Then he realized that Grid was by Trauka’s side and rushed over immediately.

“Why didn’t you call me?” Braham trembled as he glared at Grid.

“Hiik!” Then screams burst out. It was the aftermath of Trauka’s huge face coming closer to the ground.

In front of everyone’s eyes...

The old dragon aligned his eye level with humans, including Grid, and slowly opened his mouth.

The precursor to a Breath...

[...I apologize.]

“.....”

“.....”

Silence came like a lie over the scene where screams and moans had been pouring out.

Chapter 1774

Evil Dragon Bunhelier had caused a great impact on people around the world. He stormed the National Competition’s server and reduced Grid and Kraugel, who were competing for the position of strongest at the time, into dust. A monster with an absolute defense that neutralized all attacks like armor and who showed off his formidable stats—the dragons described by Satisfy were invincible. They were seen as Absolutes that couldn’t be challenged by a player even if they tried for the rest of their lives.

In fact, it was indeed like this. Over the past few years, players delved deeper into Satisfy’s worldview and re-evaluated dragons time and time again. It was because all of history described the dragons as invincible beings.

At one point, the S.A Group had said about the dragons, “They weren’t made to be killed.”

This was why people were so excited about Hayate. A Dragon Slayer—a person who trampled on the principles and laws that governed the natural world and cut off the head of a dragon.

He, whom everyone admired, was dying with his body burned. He was losing his breath as if slowly being swallowed by Trauka's huge shadow.

Among those who arrived late at the scene and grabbed their weapons, not a single person could see any possibilities. They understood that there was no hope from the beginning, but they still reflexively grabbed their weapons to help Grid. It was because they owed too much to Grid.

Annihilation—it happened at a time when this word was stuck in the minds of all players, including the Overgeared members...

Dragons were described in some ancient books as 'the Absolute who has existed since the beginning of chaos,' and Fire Dragon Trauka, the most famous of the dragons, lowered his head close to the ground.

"Hiik!"

People imagined themselves being reduced to ashes in the pillar of fire that was about to emerge. In an instant, they lost all their willpower and floundered in a panic. Even after hearing Trauka's voice spreading instead of a pillar of fire, they couldn't understand the situation for a moment.

[...I apologize. Only One God Grid. I didn't invade your territory without permission out of any malice. As I said earlier, I was just trying to get a gift.]

".....?"

The frightened people gradually came to their senses. They had stunned faces as they looked between Trauka and Grid.

Grid surprisingly wasn't small as he stood in front of the giant dragon that was like a mountain range. It was because the deep divinity wrapped around his body filled everyone's vision. It was a starkly different presence from when he stood in front of Bunhelier many years ago.

People realized it once again. The fact that they had been watching Grid's growth.

Vague emotions came over them and touched their hearts. It was a feeling that was hard to describe.

"Is it because of me...?" Someone broke the silence. People shifted their gazes in the direction where the voice came from and were stunned. It was Braham. The God of Magic and Wisdom, who was regarded as the strongest power of the empire apart from Grid, spoke to himself like it was hard to understand.

Quick-witted people started to recall a story related to him. It was a very famous and legendary story about how he survived even after committing a crime against Fire Dragon Trauka.

"Don't tell me...?"

"As expected of Braham!"

Those who came up with a certain hypothesis admired it. Their expressions looked refreshed. Why did Trauka suddenly stop the fight and apologize to Grid? They were able to understand this uneasy

situation. It was thanks to Braham. Even the invincible Trauka must've decided that it was too much to deal with both Grid and Braham at the same time.

It was natural. Wasn't this the duo who defeated Martial God Zeratul and the gods who served him?

"....."

Under the attention of the people who misunderstood and looked relaxed, Grid was feeling uncomfortable when he suddenly realized something. It was the fact that he couldn't forgive Trauka. He felt that his discomfort was probably due to his anger toward Trauka.

It was natural. Trauka had killed Ifrit.

Fire Dragon Ifrit—she was one of the strongest connections in Grid's entire life. Grid had never had a proper conversation with her, but he would never forget the moment he spent with her. How could he forget the experience of working together to defeat the gods of the Hwan Kingdom?

Grid had a brief but certain connection with Ifrit. They were strongly attracted to each other through her horn. Finally, he was able to make the unprecedented achievement of riding on the neck of a dragon and became a Dragon Knight. Thanks to this, he fought Baal and won, eventually becoming an Absolute.

She was an existence he was very grateful for. He couldn't help harboring resentment toward Trauka, who had tormented her throughout her life and eventually forced her to choose death. Even today—

Trauka had killed Xenon. Xenon regularly came to help, saying he would pay the price for harming humans. Then Trauka ate him right in front of Grid. Not only did he arbitrarily misunderstand it as a gift, but Xenon even felt guilty about it, saying he should've been prepared.

"....."

Grid wanted to ask.

What are you apologizing for now?

Even though Trauka was clearly aware of Grid's relationship with Ifrit, he didn't say anything about her. Instead, he made excuses until the end about mistaking Xenon for a gift. Was this really an apology? However, he couldn't express these words.

The current Grid was in a very composed state. From the time he came to Trauka until now, he had never been agitated. He made judgments and acted as rationally as possible. He didn't know what type of disaster would occur if he became agitated.

Trauka was more powerful than Grid imagined. In fact, he couldn't guarantee victory even when he was doing a pincer attack with Marie Rose in a never seen before manner, or even with the presence of the tower members, including Hayate. Putting aside his feelings toward Trauka, he didn't want to become enemies. He knew that many things would become twisted the moment he antagonized Trauka.

Therefore—

"...Thank you," Grid replied politely. It was a wise judgment. If Grid offended Trauka out of personal feelings, then the battle might've resumed. At the very least, the institution that was called the Tower of Wisdom was likely to have lost its function today. The tower members would've been all but wiped out.

Just as Grid still had moves remaining, so did Trauka.

“Dear husband.”

The people watching in a daze the great appearance of Grid receiving the apology of a dragon became agitated again. They were fascinated by the most beautiful woman in the world approaching Grid.

Vampire Duke Marie Rose—she was considered the most beautiful woman on Earth and Satisfy simply through her appearance alone. Just her appearing had a big impact.

“It really is Marie Rose...”

Just as people arrived at the scene, they saw that Grid was digging into Trauka’s heart with someone else, not alone.

The thick divinity, pouring blood, and Trauka’s giant body made it hard to tell exactly who it was, but as many people speculated, it was indeed Marie Rose. In other words, the probability of the rumor that Grid had welcomed her as his new aide and concubine being true had increased dramatically.

“You don’t seem satisfied.”

It was painful to be jealous and resent someone they loved and respected.

As the people were lamenting, Marie Rose whispered to Grid, “Be honest with yourself. I will also prioritize the wishes of my dear husband over the dragon. My dear husband deserves it.”

Marie Rose understood the situation properly. It was clear that Trauka, whose current location was completely exposed, was worried about being challenged by top dragons or old dragons. It was Trauka, more than anyone else, who wanted this fight to end quickly. This was why Grid’s position was advantageous.

“He apologized. That is enough.” Grid shook his head. He was the one who bore the fate of countless people. He didn’t want to fight emotionally against Trauka. “I just hope it won’t happen again in the future.”

They didn’t know the details, but fortunately, it ended on a warm note.

It happened as the Overgeared Guild members were feeling relieved...

Trauka pulled off one of his arms himself.

Thump!

A large arm that hundreds of people couldn’t lift even if they cooperated fell in front of Grid. The earth shook.

[My words have supreme value.]

Trauka immediately regenerated his lost arm and spoke toward the dumbfounded Grid.

[Therefore, I can’t tell a lie. This arm is the price for misunderstanding Gray Dragon Xenon as a gift and invading your land. I declare that the harm to Xenon is the result of the long physiology of our species,

and the matter with Ifrit is the result of the long relationship between me and my child. It is separate from you, and I have no intention of asking for your understanding.]

“.....”

[Only One God Grid. By being honest with you, I am asking for your sincere forgiveness. I hope our relationship will be restored.]

Dragons fulfilled the covenant to strengthen their Dragon Words. Their words were heavy. Perhaps the only dragon who could tell lies or speak empty words was Bunhelier.

Grid silently looked at Trauka’s eyes, which seemed to contain the universe, and soon nodded. “To be honest, I don’t like it, but I fully understand your position. So I will accept your apology.”

This time, it wasn’t fake. In front of everyone watching, Trauka bowed his head and offered an arm as an apology. Grid understood that this was the best Trauka could do.

He could feel Hayate, who had just recovered, getting up from where he was sitting. Trauka stared at him with a disapproving expression and turned around.

[Dragon Slayer Hayate. In the future, I will arm myself with armor made of my scales and firmly preserve my life. I hope we don’t meet again.]

Trauka was an old dragon. He took pride in being the strongest in the world. This meant he didn’t care how the world evaluated him. Therefore, he spoke honestly without being conscious of everyone’s eyes.

A storm raged. It was a storm created by the wind in the aftermath of the giant dragon spreading his wings. Players flew in all directions and some of them turned to ash. It was like a man stepping on an ant while walking down the street and killing it.

“I’ll let you go. With this, my past debt is paid off,” Braham spoke to Trauka, who had flown up without hesitation.

[.....?]

Trauka stopped flying and turned his attention to Braham. It was a reaction like he thought it was ridiculous. He seemed to doubt his ears.

“Please ignore him,” Grid said urgently.

[.....]

Finally, Fire Dragon Trauka left. The world’s largest creature instantly became a dot and disappeared.

A world message rose with the rising dawn.

[Overgeared God Grid is writing the 25th epic.]

[The beginning of the narrative starts on the wreckage of the fallen moon.]

“Marie Rose, this woman...”

Grid's battle was very short. The situation ended less than a few minutes after he arrived at the scene. However, Grid felt a great deal of fatigue. It was the aftermath of dividing a moment into countless segments. He almost felt nauseous due to the large mental consumption.

However, he spoke without showing any signs of it. He grabbed Braham's wrist, who was glaring at Marie Rose as if he was going to eat her. "Don't treat her badly."

"What...?" A rare look of surprise spread over Braham's face. He looked more shocked than when he was disqualified as a blood kin by his mother.

Grid didn't care. He declared while supporting Marie Rose, whose eyelashes became thicker due to her heavy eyelids, "I am going to marry Marie Rose. Not respecting her is like not respecting me."

"...By all means! By all means, you can't fall for the worldly beauty of that wicked woman!"

Braham was indignant. He gritted his teeth and even released killing intent. It was killing intent that wandered without being directed at Grid. The players, who had just managed to regain their breaths, suffered from abnormal conditions again.

"If you just want beauty, then I'll satisfy you! I will study the magic to change gender starting from today..." Braham's loud voice gradually subsided. Like the God of Wisdom, he quickly regained his sense of reason. "Come to your senses, Grid. That is the monster who killed our mother. She forgot our mother's sacrifice and turned a blind eye to her duties. She is worse than a beast. A lowly thing you should never get involved with..."

"Please refrain from speaking like that."

Grid's expression was extremely serious as he interrupted Braham.

"Beriache's death has nothing to do with Marie Rose, right? She was simply born. Beriache's death was Beriache's own choice. How long are you going to blame Marie Rose? In addition, duty? If it is the duty of the child to fulfill the will of the parent, is the child born only for the sake of their parents? Doesn't the child have their own life?"

Grid's voice grew louder. It was because he remembered Marie Rose's sad expression. He wanted Braham to let go of his prejudices. He hoped Braham would escape the curse of his mother's name.

"lck...! Eek...!"

However, it wasn't easy. Braham had dreamed of getting revenge for his mother from the moment he was born and had resented Marie Rose since she was born. He couldn't keep his composure when it came to his family. At the very least, he needed time. Eventually, Braham also left. He used Teleport and disappeared in front of everyone's eyes.

The epic continued to emerge. It was an epic about the great old dragon, who had existed since the chaos before the beginning, apologizing to Grid and offering an arm. Naturally, Marie Rose's performance was also depicted.

Grid believed that Braham would ponder on the content of this epic and understand how Grid felt.

For Evil Dragon Bunhelier, the front leg was more like a vestigial organ. It was very small among his body parts and couldn't be used efficiently. In the book secretly written by Peak Sword, it was described as 'an ostrich's body with chicken wings.' It was through the mouth of the protagonist who resembled Damian for some reason.

On the other hand, Nevartan and Trauka had a complete physical balance. Their front legs hadn't degenerated and were as useful as human hands. They were big. It was at a level when quadrupedal walking was possible, even if it was inferior compared to the hind legs that always supported their huge bodies.

"....."

Braham left after causing a commotion.

In the center of the world where the lines of the epic beautifully praised the cooperation between Grid and Marie Rose, and the sacrifices of Hayate and Biban—Grid stared blankly at a corner of the high, red wall. It was Trauka's arm. The arm of an old dragon, filled with scales several meters in size. It looked like a treasure trove to Grid. It could be made into thousands of dragon weapons and armor.

All sorts of inspiration filled his mind. Twilight being paired with Dawn was just the basics. In the past few years, Grid had developed and produced all sorts of battle gear for his colleagues. It was all from learning. The learning that he never would've gained if he had been alone like Pagma was an infinite source of inspiration.

'I have to prove that my learning and experience weren't in vain. It is by developing different dragon weapons and armor.'

Only a few people needed 'better than before' dragon weapons and armor. They were himself, Hayate, and the apostles. In the first place, no one other than them could handle the dragon weapons and armor. Therefore, he needed 'unconventional' dragon weapons and armor. This way, the Overgeared Guild members and tower members could also use them.

'It isn't a matter of discussing whether it is possible or impossible. It must be done.'

Trauka's gift also foreshadowed a difficult future ahead. There was room to interpret that at least this much power would be needed to move ahead in the future.

"....."

Grid made a serious decision and reached out his hand. It was to support Marie Rose, whose legs weakened and whose breathing gradually deepened like a person who had fallen asleep.

He questioned it. How did this slender woman manage to face Trauka alone? Her stats that he peeked at through the cooperative sword dance weren't as great as Grid thought. Her intelligence was slightly higher than Grid's and her stamina was 4,500 higher. Even her strength and agility, which were approximately double his, was a bit over 20,000.

On the other hand, Trauka's important stats were likely to be 99,999. On the assumption that he was weakened, his stats would still be several times more powerful than Marie Rose's. Yet Marie Rose held out alone against Trauka. She didn't back down until Grid got here. It must've been a huge ordeal.

Grid felt her great sincerity again. He realized that Marie Rose's feelings toward him were never light.

"I'm glad to receive your marriage proposal." Marie Rose laughed softly. She forcibly lifted her heavy eyelids and feigned relaxation. "However, marriage isn't something that can be done hastily. Wait until I'm fully prepared and come to greet you."

Marie Rose didn't wait for Grid's answer. She immediately dispersed into fog and left the scene. It was her consideration. She fully understood that Grid lived in this world and had a lot of work to do.

"...The cooldown time of blood-sucking must be longer than I thought," Grid muttered when he was left alone, and touched his lips.

The passive effect of 'Blood King' was to temporarily overcome the curse on the vampires. Nevertheless, Marie Rose was affected by the Curse of Sloth. It seemed that the physical strength consumed was really great. At this time, it was right to suck Grid's blood and seek rapid recovery. However, she just left. It proved that her blood-sucking ability wasn't omnipotent.

"How is Hayate?"

Grid was relieved of his regret and approached the place where his colleagues were gathered. Fortunately, Hayate had almost recovered from his injuries. Most of the bones and flesh that had melted due to the Fire Dragon's Breath regained their intact appearance.

It was as Grid expected. Grid believed that Hayate wouldn't die as long as the Saintess was here.

However, Ruby's expression was surprisingly dark. "Hayate is fine. But... but..."

".....?"

Grid followed Ruby's shaky gaze. He saw Biban sleeping as if he was dead. He looked fine without any injuries. It was hard to think of him as an injured person. In fact, he hadn't received any hits from Trauka. Then what did Ruby's response mean?

Grid was feeling puzzled when he recalled some phrases from the epic. Dragon Slayer Hayate burned himself to slash the Fire Dragon's Breath, while Sword Saint Biban forged himself into a flawless sword to extinguish the remnants of the flames...

So far, Grid had personally witnessed it. However, the epic's intention behind dressing up their performance as a 'sacrifice' was difficult for even Grid to understand. Why was it a sacrifice?

"...Did he consume the Origin True Energy?"

Grid's expression crumpled as he belatedly realized the situation. Running all the way here to Trauka's lair, all he could think of was despair.

The worldview that would change rapidly due to Marie Rose's death.

Him being unable to prevent her death and dying after her.

The tower members who joined despite there being no rewards and ended up annihilated.

Grid imagined the worst case scenario in which Baal destroyed the rapidly weakened surface.

The Trauka he encountered in Reidan was that powerful. Fortunately, he had won. It all ended well. That was what he thought...

“Biban. Hey, Biban?”

The tower members surrounding Biban stepped back. Grid sat next to Biban and worked hard to smile.

“Did you have another accident? Is it because you don’t want to clean the bathroom?”

“.....”

There was no answer. Biban, who should’ve become angry the moment he heard the word ‘cleaning,’ was silent without any reaction. His tightly closed mouth and eyes pushed Grid into the depths of despair.

“There are no signs of trauma at all. There are no internal injuries, much less curses,” Ruby’s voice trembled as she spoke. She seemed very confused.

“Strange... nothing happens no matter what type of recovery magic I use. Sorry... I’m sorry...” Ruby knew that Biban was a valuable bond for Grid. Ever since the existence of the Tower of Wisdom became known to the world, Grid would often happily share stories about Biban in front of his sister.

“Sehee, come here.” Jishuka soothed the distressed Ruby. She held Sehee’s small body in her arms and patted her back several times.

The fighter, Ken, spoke in the atmosphere that was becoming increasingly heavy, “Biban wanted to be a sword.”

The will of the Sword Saint—an unbreakable sword that could cut anything.

“In the end, he really became a sword. He is a stupid human being.”

Ken was a straightforward person. He was honest, so he connected the best with the pure Biban. Therefore, he understood Biban’s condition better than anyone else.

“...What should I do?”

A Sword Saint falling into a vegetative state? It shouldn’t be like this.

Hayate calmed down the anxious Grid. “There are too many eyes here. It is better to move before people notice anything unusual.”

To the tower members, their colleagues were as precious as themselves. Their colleagues were everything to them, who had left the world. Thus, Grid couldn’t stop Hayate from picking up and carrying Biban on his back with his unhealthy body.

The group soon split into two. Grid and the tower members headed to the Tower of Wisdom, while Jishuka and the members of Overgeared restored the scene and returned to Reinhardt. Unexpected events were already occurring in various parts of the world, which had changed in the aftermath of Grid liberating his power. The future schedule of the members of the Overgeared Guild was bound to be very busy.

“Why are you only saying that now?”

Biban’s vivid voice resonated through Grid’s mind as he recalled old memories.

He realized it all over again. Biban had helped him so much. He was Grid’s mentor and friend.

‘Please.’

Grid knew how many people had helped him get to where he was now. There was too much grace that he had to repay someday.

‘Please be safe, at least until I pay off my debts.’

It was while looking at Biban who was on Hayate’s back.

It happened as Grid was feeling desperate...

[Arrogant one. Do you think you can survive after provoking me?]

The thought of a being that was forced into his mind—it was a very large and powerful being that seemed to be qualified to move the world as it wished. The eyes of Grid and the tower members shifted upwards.

A glow different from sunlight was leaking through the thick clouds. It was dark gold compared to Grid’s divinity that colored one axis of the sky. The brilliance combined into a huge pillar and fell. It was a Breath that cut the sky in half and aimed precisely at Hayate.

The tower members gripped their weapons and came out to defend against it.

“Grid! You finally called me!”

Just then, the Transcendent Dragon Nefelina arrived at the scene. She responded to Grid’s will.

[The effect of the Only One title in the world, ‘Dragon Knight,’ will be activated.]

The sword wielded by Grid as he stepped on Nefelina’s back split the Breath in half. Fragments of light that flew in all directions mixed with Grid’s divinity and disappeared.

[You...! Don’t disturb me!]

The shadow that emerged beyond the clouds. It was a huge dragon. It was a gold dragon called Kubartos. He was an existence with a majesty comparable to Cloaked Dragon Cranbel. His dark green eyes flashed.

[It is that arrogant Dragon Slayer who awakened me. It is right for him to pay the price.]

Hayate revealed his presence to the world. It was to induce the dragon’s killing intent to naturally be directed toward him, and to identify Trauka’s killing intent mixed in this and determine his location. The resulting aftermath came in the form of the top-grade dragon Kubartos.

He howled ferociously. Then Grid, who was on the same eye level as him before he knew it, asked while using Item Combination, “Are you above Trauka?”

[Only One God Grid...]

Kubartos belatedly noticed Grid's true identity and closed his mouth. He even flapped his wings while suppressing Dragon Fear and Dragon Rage.

[...This time, I will look at the face of an old dragon and back off.]

It was shortly after the epic was written. Even the epic didn't dare to undermine Trauka's status, but it did state clearly that Trauka bowed to Grid and apologized. He felt reluctant to oppose Grid with the hierarchy of a top dragon. In the end, Kubartos left the scene and the group was able to safely arrive at the Tower of Wisdom.

Grid made another pledge as he got off Nefelina's back and followed after Biban, who was being moved to a hospital room. 'I must arm the tower members with dragon weapons and armor no matter what.'

It was so that some dragons wouldn't even dare to cross the tower members.

"...By the way." Grid's footsteps suddenly stopped. It was because he felt the presence of the human figure attached to Nefelina's stomach, wriggling and rising up. It was Sword Saint Muller. "How are you here...?"

What? Did he grab onto Nefelina when she teleported? Was that possible?

Muller noticed the gazes of the confused Grid and the agitated tower members and politely explained, "I forced her to take me when I heard about the condition of Sir Biban. I thought I might be of help."

A sword knew the heart of a sword the best.

The end of Biban, which had been prophesied by his enemy some time ago in hell, was destined to be reversed from the time that Muller, who was thought to be dead, returned to the world of the surface.

Chapter 1776

Sword Saint Muller and the tower members were great people. They lived lives worthy of praise. However, they refused to admire and praise themselves. It was because they remember the lives they failed to protect, rather than the lives they saved. They were always ashamed of themselves, despite living for others all their lives.

Moreover, Muller had a history of escaping to the dimensional gap. Recently, the tower members failed to fulfill their duties against the dragons.

"...It is an honor to meet you."

Muller and the tower members understood each other's positions. They regarded this momentous meeting as a great honor but they didn't show it.

As a result, Nefelina watched their encounter and snorted. It was while caressing her soft belly. "It must be embarrassing to see that the great Muller is a pervert."

"What do you mean by Muller is a pervert?"

“Don’t pretend you didn’t see it. Grid, it isn’t just you. The tower also witnessed him harassing me. Trying to cover up the incident will only damage your reputation.”

“Harassment...? I see.” Grid thought for a moment before nodding. “It must’ve been quite upsetting that Muller chased you through the teleportation. I wasn’t sensitive. Sorry.”

Grid put himself in Nefelina’s shoes. She was only a hatchling, but she was the daughter of the Insane Dragon. She must’ve taken great pride in the fact that she was a master of magic, but she was tricked by humans. It was natural to be angry.

“But to call him perverted is a bit...”

“What are you saying?” Nefelina looked at Grid, who was cautiously speaking, as if he was pitiful. “I just teleported in response to your call. Technically, Muller tracked your magic, not mine. It isn’t me who should be angry, it is you, Grid.”

“.....?”

Was it like this? Indeed, summoning an apostle was like summoning the knights. It was a skill where he was the subject, so it made sense...

Grid started to feel bad for some reason.

Nefelina’s eyes were dull as she looked at him. “Fool.”

“What?”

“A man who is an outsider touched my stomach. Why aren’t you doing anything, Grid? Why do you keep paying attention to useless things? Fool! Grid is a fool!”

“.....”

“Basara said it! A woman should value her body, especially her belly! Grid, you are a fool who doesn’t even know that!”

Grid’s mind gradually became confused. This happened right after the fight with Fire Dragon Trauka. He was emotionally disturbed because his emotions fluctuated in many ways. He was also anxious because he was worried about Biban’s condition.

In this situation, Nefelina kept talking nonsense. Wouldn’t he have hit her on the head if she wasn’t polymorphed into the form of a little girl?

Grid’s current state wasn’t intact, so he couldn’t help thinking this. Then suddenly—

“Nefelina is indeed like a girl,” Hayate said while walking beside him. There was a faint smile on his face and he looked very pleased.

Grid looked at Muller and came to his senses. He compared Nefelina, who was glaring at him with puffed out cheeks, to other dragons.

A dragon—they were monsters that could never be understood with a human perspective. Nefelina was different from them. She was thinking like a human being in the aftermath of living with people. She showed this side when she met her father, but now she was more like a person.

'Is this child working hard in her own way?'

"W-What is it?"

Nefelina's face turned white and she stepped back. It was because Grid suddenly seemed to stop, only to stride closer. Was it too much to call him a fool? She was a bit upset and agitated...

Grid's hand fell on Nefelina's head as she was belated regretting it. It was a large hand that covered the little girl's entire face. It was bumpy, but terribly warm and kind. "Calm down. I'll warn Sir Muller separately."

"Uh... U-Uh!" Nefelina's face, which had been as white as porcelain, turned red.

Dragons were lonely creatures. Most were born for their parents. They lived alone from the moment they were born and died when they were called by a parent. It was an irresistible providence, a fate set by the old dragons. From the moment they were born, they realized the principles of the world and naturally understood the concepts of 'affection' and 'love' in their heads, but they didn't have a chance to experience it directly.

However, Nefelina was experiencing it from Grid and the people of the empire. She was happy. It was to the extent where she thought she did well to disobey her father and choose Grid. She was touched by Grid's warm eyes and lowered her head. "...I'm sorry."

"Huh?"

"I'm sorry I called you a fool!"

"It isn't a big deal."

Grid smiled and Nefelina was delighted. The two of them, who looked like a father and daughter, were the hope of the tower members. It made them dream of a future where dragons and humans could coexist.

'I must apologize to Nefelina.'

Muller thought with a smile as he walked a long way ahead. The energy detection of a Sword Saint was unmatched. It was a level where it could move awkwardly through the Realm of the Absolute. There was no way he couldn't notice the commotion coming from behind him. He didn't even miss the fact that the breath of Biban, who was on Ken's back, was gradually fading.

"We had better hurry," Muller urged and Ken immediately responded. He struck the walls to shorten the distance to the hospital room. Dozens of walls were demolished, spreading dust in all directions.

"....."

Grid and Muller were taken aback, but the tower members were calm. To them, the tower was just a consumable good.

'I guess the Gold Dragon has roughly determined the location of the tower.'

Grid was belatedly convinced. He remembered Kubartos, the top dragon who ambushed them relatively close to the Tower of Wisdom. This meant they would be forced to move towers once more. At that time, the probability of the tower members' position being exposed would increase for a while, so it was good in many ways for Biban to recover.

Ken arrived at the hospital room and laid Biban down. Then he raised his voice in a panicked manner. "Hey! Biban!"

Biban's eyelids were twitching madly as if he was suffering from some type of nightmare.

"This is my first time dissecting a human other than myself..."

In the midst of the panicked tower members, Betty pulled out a scalpel. She seemed to have judged that the medical knowledge acquired by dissecting the creatures of hell should be utilized. There was no faith at all when seeing her trembling hands.

Grid hurriedly stopped her as her eyes were spinning around and he talked to Muller, "I am sober. If you need help, then please let me know."

Ever since he got back from the No Offspring Tomb, Grid decided to treat Muller as a respected person. It was judged that there was no need to apply the hierarchy of the emperor and god against Muller. It was natural. Muller was a hero revered by all and a figure from hundreds of years ago. Being respectful to him wasn't a liability or would cause any confusion in their relationship.

"I was about to ask Your Majesty for help."

Muller didn't refuse. He smiled brightly and let light flicker at his fingertips. It was a phenomenon where the drawn sword repeatedly reflected and absorbed sunlight.

".....?"

Drawing a sword?

The faces of Grid and the tower members hardened. They were reminded about the fact that the other person wasn't a doctor or a priest, but someone who was crazy about the sword. Yes, the man in front of him with particularly impressive big, clear eyes was the same as Biban. It meant they shouldn't have been misled by his straightforward eye.

"Wait..."

Grid realized that things were going wrong and reached out, but it was too late. Before he could stop it, Muller's sword was stuck in Biban's chest. The direction that the blood instantly surged out in was constant. Not a single drop of blood escaped and scattered under the sunlight. It had a color as dark as wine and caught the attention of Grid and the tower members.

"Isn't this crazy?"

Ken's face twisted like a demon.

If Abellio hadn't swung his paintbrush and set up a barrier, his hand would've crushed Muller's wrist rather than a ball of magic power. It was complete turmoil.

From Trauka's invasion to the present time—Grid had gone through too much in a short amount of time and felt immense fatigue. He wanted to quit everything and rest for a while.

"A swordsman's wishes are mostly the same. It is to cut better. No matter their ultimate goal, using the sword well will make it easier for a swordsman to achieve that goal."

It was a heavy yet clear voice—Muller's powerful voice stopped the turmoil in the room.

The eyes of Grid and the tower members widened. It was because there was no wound on Biban's chest, which was supposedly stabbed. The blood gushing in an unrealistic direction was the hint.

Muller had never stabbed Biban. He just created the illusion that Biban was stabbed with the Heart Sword.

"However, there is no perfect swordsmanship in the world. The Matchless Sword created by Sir Biban and the Undefeated King's Swordsmanship that greatly intimidated Saharan, who wasn't afraid of even the sky. The more they achieved, the more regret they felt. It is a natural result as long as they rely on the tool called the sword."

Simply swinging their hand and swinging their sword were two different things. No matter how hard they tried, it was impossible to shake off the very slight feeling of strangeness.

"That is why they dream of unity."

Becoming one with the sword—the swordsman who reached the peak inevitably had this type of wish. It was to recognize the sword as their own body and break away from the limitations of tools. This was also the minimum qualification for a Sword Saint.

In fact, swordsmen who integrated with the sword were different from usual swordsmen. They swung the sword without being conscious of the sword and cut the target faster.

"But it is quite a struggle to maintain this unity."

In order to recognize the sword they wielded in their hand as their own body, they needed an unshakable mental image. They needed to repeat infinitely that they were one with the sword. It was never an easy task. Even Muller had his unity with the sword broken when he learned the truth of the world and felt despair.

Thus, he grabbed one more sword and honed it. It was a sword that he held in his heart and wielded with his heart—Heart Sword.

However, Biban was different.

"That is why Sir Biban chose a different method. It wasn't the direction of uniting with the sword, but recognizing himself as the sword."

The reason why Biban's mind gradually faded. Simply put, it was because he had given up on being human. After climbing the tower, the hero faced a monster called dragons that even the Dragon Slayer

was afraid of. He decided to become a sword in order to replace Muller's talent, which he didn't have. It was to one day cut off a dragon's neck and save the world.

He must've fulfilled a greater purpose after defending Hayate today.

Muller's sword, full of killing intent, slashed at Biban's cheek. The blood dripping down the rough beard proved it was real. This time, Biban really was slashed.

However, there was no response. He was a simple tool called a sword, not a human, so he didn't respond to the killing intent that harmed him.

"...What can I do to help you?"

Grid's voice trembled as he learned how Biban had reached his present state. Grid was also worried about what he could do.

"Teach Sir Biban about the greatness of tools."

Muller would never forget the first time he met Grid. The impression left by the scene where Grid summoned thousands of swords with different hand grips and told him to choose the one he wanted was too intense. That was when he realized the fact that sword unity couldn't be achieved by denying the tool called a sword.

This approach itself was wrong. Some swordsmen, especially Biban, needed to be awakened. They had to learn from Grid.

"The sword that was just born today."

Muller's Heart Sword let out a roar. It was the noise generated in the process of cutting down the mental world created by Biban's subconscious in order to form an entrance.

"Please break it."

A door that felt completely different from a warp gate opened up in front of Grid's eyes. It was a door emitting a pale light. It seemed to express Biban's empty heart.

"It is only meaningful if you break it."

Muller's expression was dark. It was a pity that after a life and death struggle with the Specter of the No Offspring Tomb and fighting an old dragon, he had to make Grid shoulder new responsibilities without any time to rest. He thought he would understand even if Grid couldn't stand it and turned away. He knew best the pain of a person who carried such responsibilities.

Yet unexpectedly, Grid's eyes were shining with willpower.

"I'm glad I can help."

[You have entered the mental world of Sword Saint 'Biban.']

The King of Heroes set out to save the hero.

Chapter 1777

The appearance of the tower members gave people a great shock.

The Dragon Slayer, who cut off a dragon's head, and the legends of previous eras. It was the emergence of a living, breathing myth. In fact, the tower members performed well in accordance with their reputation. They took the lead in the hell expedition and stood tall with new hope.

Many of the people, who suffered losses in the aftermath of the Great Human and Demon War saw them in action and regained their dreams and courage. The activities of the tower members who cut off the heads of the great demons while scattered throughout the vast hell were that great.

The tower members who blamed themselves for not fulfilling their duties—in fact, they were very humble. They were simply unable to resist the disaster called dragons. They shouldn't be blamed for being incompetent. It was just like people who were swept away by earthquakes or hurricanes shouldn't be blamed.

That was the existence called dragons. It was best to predict their emergence and minimize the damage. Facing them directly was impossible. This was until the adversary called Grid appeared.

Long before Grid met Fire Dragon Ifrit, there was someone who hoped he would be a dragon's adversary. It was Sword Saint Biban. He had just climbed the tower when he immediately predicted a bleak future. He saw the fact that Dragon Slayer Hayate was afraid of dragons. Therefore, he wanted to cut down a dragon himself and had a different mental image than before.

To be robust enough to withstand the Breath and weight of a dragon. To be able to cut the scales, skin, and flesh of a dragon. A physical strength where he wouldn't get tired even if he chased a dragon that crossed the continent with just a single flap of their wings.

In order to have all of that, he turned himself into a non-human sword. He wasn't afraid even when he felt his intelligence gradually fading away. He knew that one day, he would even forget himself. Sooner or later, he would reach a point where he couldn't even understand his own condition. So what was there to be afraid of?

That's right. Biban had been prepared from the start.

Today, he slashed through the willpower of the Fire Dragon and was reborn as a complete sword. Right before the loss of consciousness, he briefly regained the memories he lost so far. On the contrary, this made him feel relieved. If he had to pick out one thing he regretted—

It was that he met Grid only when his condition worsened. If he had a bit of sanity left, he would've probably said words of thanks to Grid...

[You have entered the mental world of Sword Saint 'Biban.']

“.....”

A mental world meant the state of mind. Naturally, the owner's emotions were contained in the mental world. However, Grid felt nothing. Biban's mental world was just desolate and tranquil.

“Biban, can you hear me?”

Grid's voice rang out through the desolate world. It was an empty cry. There was only an echo that returned without reaching anyone.

'...A sword.'

Grid felt that the bleak wind was particularly cold and noticed it. The chill that gave his skin goosebumps was the spirit of the sword. Grid had made tens of thousands of swords, so there was no way he was unaware of it. The moment he realized it and smelled the iron on the tip of his nose, Grid made a sad expression.

'It smells like this because it isn't sharpened with a whetstone.'

A sword without a master—this was Biban's current state. There was no reward for becoming a sword, and he would gradually become dull, rusty, and covered with dirt.

"...Why did a Sword Saint become a sword in the first place?"

It was a decline. The one who should control the sword had become a sword.

'It isn't that I don't understand the reason for the choice, but it is too extreme.'

This person had thought that even a Sword Saint couldn't do anything. He couldn't recognize the sword as a tool unless he was the owner of a talent like Muller's. Instead, he reached the point where he had to consider himself a sword.

'Save him for now.'

Grid took a deep breath, shook off his miscellaneous thoughts, and used Shunpo. He intended to break through to the origin all at once. However, this place was Biban's mental world that was far from reality. It was the space where Biban's willpower was put first. It was impossible for Grid, the intruder, to show off his full ability.

[Shunpo has failed to trigger.]

[You have suffered 75,090 damage.]

The moment Grid used a skill, swords emerged from the ground and stabbed Grid's feet. He hadn't expected an attack to come out of nowhere, so he allowed the attack. The Realm of the Absolute couldn't be utilized properly. In the first place, the speed of the sword was like a ray of light.

'This is the true Heart Sword.'

The swords formed by Biban's mental world—the two swords that pierced both of Grid's feet rose up and rotated around and around, guarding against Grid. They were poised to shoot the moment Grid moved.

'It isn't at a level where I can respond with the God Hands.'

He was forced to shake them off himself. It happened the moment Grid made this judgment...

New swords sprang out from the wilderness. Hundreds. No, tens of thousands of swords aimed at Grid in unison while releasing a brilliant glow.

'Isn't this crazy?'

Grid recalled Biban's mental world that he had witnessed in the past. There was a huge sword higher than a great mountain and thousands of swords hovering around it like clouds. It was as powerful as a spectacular production effect. Now? It would naturally be more powerful than it was in the past. Right now, the spirit of the sword was much more powerful than before.

'I don't know if it is possible to break through without using Shunpo.'

Swords flooded in before Grid could take any countermeasures. They stabbed, slashed, and pressed Grid from all directions.

Grid spun and shook off four swords with his kicking feet, applying strength to both armpits. Then the nine swords that had been digging toward Grid's chest bent and were crushed.

Grid frowned. He felt a tingling pain. The nine swords held tightly in Grid's arms left scratches on Grid's skin. This meant it had penetrated through the defense of 'Fire Dragon Ifrit's Arm.'

The sword's energy easily dug into the tightly bound smooth red scales. This was definitely the energy of a Dragon Slayer.

'It must be due to his achievement of slashing the willpower of an old dragon. It can't be blocked by armor that is only a vague reproduction of the body of a top dragon.'

Currently, Grid wasn't using the Sanctuary of Metal. It was because it was physically impossible to build his mental world in another person's mental world. Of course, it was possible if the owner of the mental world was experiencing some type of psychological problem, but Biban's current mental world was perfect without any wavering. It was just after achieving his goal of becoming a sword, so it was natural.

'I'm looking forward to it.'

His desire to save Biban became even stronger. The resurrected Biban would be a completely different person than before. Wasn't there a high probability that he would return as an Absolute? It was an Absolute form that evolved by mixing the Sword Saint and the Dragon Slayer, half and half.

Grid had a smile on his face as he reached out into the air. A huge spiral of golden light swirled around him. They were the God Hands, not divinity. It was the process where hundreds of God Hands linked together by holding each other's hands. It seemed like a large amount of gold had melted down like a waterfall and gushed like a fountain. It was a very gorgeous sight.

Meanwhile, tens of thousands of swords repeatedly slashed and stabbed at Grid. Grid resisted as best as possible, but the rate at which his health decreased was very fast. Grid was prepared for his immortality to be consumed while in his mind, the treasure of the giants and Trauka's lair were intersecting one after another.

'A sphere.'

There was something in common between the last treasure of the giants, currently held by Fronzaltz, and the lair of Fire Dragon Trauka. It was that it formed a circle.

Grid was inspired by this. He naturally recalled it in the face of a crisis where multiple abilities were sealed. The experience and knowledge that had dissolved into his subconscious surfaced in conjunction with the desire to survive. No, the desire to save Biban was a thousand times stronger than the desire to live.

Grid had to break Biban in order to save him.

[You have suffered catastrophic damage!]

His vision blinked red in an instant. The tens of thousands of swords, each with the energy of a Dragon Slayer, were easily overwhelming him.

Grid was inferior compared to usual because he couldn't summon the Sanctuary of Metal, overlap Infinite Valhalla, or use abilities classified as 'powers' such as Shunpo and the rune. The biggest problem was that it wasn't an environment where he could use the sword dances or the Undeclared King's swordsmanship.

Each of the tens of thousands of swords were using Matchless Swordsmanship. The moment Grid used skills related to swordsmanship, they would join forces to destroy it.

'There is a reason why Muller sent me in alone.'

As the speed in which the God Hands joined together increased, so did the speed at which the golden circle rotated. Grid backed up and shot his bow to intercept a few swords. Then he used the grappling technique to crumple dozens of swords together like a ball and gradually found some room to act.

He didn't care about his empty health gauge. It was because his recovery power was overwhelming. He just needed to buy a very brief break. Then Grid was confident that he could regain all the health he had lost. He wouldn't need to die even if his immortality was consumed.

Grid made full use of the terrain. He left the wilderness and stood with his back to the wall as much as possible, reducing the number of swords he faced directly. He used a shield to block the offensive that spread out like light and threw a spear to distract the swords.

How many times did he repeat this? The swords that were tracking Grid, who had even started to utilize the Motley Flail, stopped advancing all at once. They moved as one body so there were naturally no entanglements or collisions with each other.

Due to the sudden stop in acceleration, there was only the sound of wind blowing everywhere. In the middle of the stopped swords, the world started to change. The ground where Grid stood and the wall behind him changed its form to a sharp sword. A forest of swords had unfolded.

Now Grid was being targeted by the swords from all directions. The swords increased from tens of thousands to hundreds of thousands and shot at Grid in unison. It was meant to definitely put an end to the intruder.

However, it was too late. A golden sphere completely enveloped Grid's entire body. It was a small sun. The sphere made of hundreds of God Hands was infinitely small compared to Trauka's lair, but it was majestic. It was brilliant, unlike Trauka's lair, which was as bleak and desolate as the moon.

The reason it took so long to form was to not be disturbed. The God Hands didn't let go of each other even when facing the barrage of swords that stabbed from all directions.

The sun surrounding Grid was maintained. There was no need to worry about it breaking. Greed's greatest strength was its infinite durability.

"How many years did it take?"

It took so long to figure out how to properly utilize the God Hands. Grid's sharp eyes as he laughed from the absurdity glared through the gaps in the slowly widening sun. Several swords immediately responded and dug into the gap, but Grid had already completed the sword dance. It was inside the sun, without being hindered by the swords.

"Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle."

Sword energy stretched out in all directions and pushed away the swords that had been harassing Grid unilaterally. The God Hands dispersed for only a moment before suddenly reconnecting. The counterattack of the swords was completely sealed off. It was a scene like the sun was flickering.

Grid went forward without hesitation. He gradually got closer to the source of the energy. There—

-I... am a sword...

Biban existed. To be precise, it was Biban who had become a sword. Biban was nailed to the center of the giant sword that soared higher than a great mountain and was seeping into it. It was deeper and deeper, so that he would never be able to get out of it.

"Wake up, you human!"

Grid threw a punch first. He didn't think a conversation would work in the first place, so he relentlessly hit Biban in the face. To be honest, it was quite a relief. There were many things that had accumulated aside from his liking of Biban.

Where are you only saying this now?

It was the nightmarish line that he still often heard as an auditory hallucination these days.

"What sword, what bullshit sword!!"

Bam! Bam bam bam!

"Did you become a Sword Saint for this?!"

Crack!

"What should I do with you?"

-...Stop.

"Should I melt you and mix you with Greed? Or should I make you into a dog food bowl...?"

-Stop it, Grid.

The mental world wasn't omnipotent. If it was omnipotent, Braham would've unconditionally drawn his opponents into the mental world when fighting enemies stronger than him. The reason he didn't do so was because it was dangerous. The exposure of the mental world meant revealing their psychology to the enemy. It might be different with Grid's mental world, where every direction was blocked by canyons, but most mental worlds would expose their weaknesses the longer the enemy was inside.

Moreover, Biban's current thinking was extremely simple. All he could think of was 'I will become a sword.'

It was an easy thing to target. Every time Grid threatened to use it as his weapon, mix it with Greed, or melt it down into a dog bowl, Biban's mental world shook. It was to the extent that he briefly regained the sense of reason he lost when becoming one with the sword.

Eventually, the eyes of Grid and Biban, who fell out of the sword, met in the air. They were embarrassed by each other and kept their mouths shut.

Chapter 1778

How could things work out so easily?

Of course, the road to reach this place wasn't smooth. He crossed the threshold of death, and based on the danger level alone, it was comparable to fighting a dragon.

However, the ending seemed futile. He thought that he would have to find a specific clue or use some special method to wake up Biban's consciousness. Unexpectedly, it was resolved so simply. He never thought Biban would come to his senses right away.

'The words of the ancestors are never wrong.'

The saying that hitting someone was medicine. It worked most of the time, no matter who the other person was. Goosebumps appeared on Grid's arms as he admired it.

"Your hands are really burning. Thanks to you, I've regained my mind," Biban said as he got up from where he was sitting. His expression was solemn as he looked at Grid with deep eyes.

Grid frowned. He immediately pulled out Twilight and pointed it at Biban.

"Who are you? What did you do to Biban?"

"I am Biban..."

Biban cocked his head in confusion and Grid snorted.

"How long do you think I've known Biban? I won't be fooled by this."

"Huhu." The Biban who had regained his wisdom—he immediately noticed why Grid misunderstood and laughed bitterly. "It seems the rude things I have shown have planted a bad prejudice in you. It is a natural consequence of my actions."

I shouldn't rely on the tool called the sword.

Like most swordsmen, Biban had extreme ideas. He misunderstood the intentions of the sword and developed the wrong willpower.

A swordsman shouldn't deny the sword. It was too late by the time he realized this. Eventually, Biban made an even more extreme choice. He combined the realization that he should respect the sword he had denied so far and the heavy responsibility of slaying a dragon, and ended up becoming a sword himself.

He gave up on being human. He lost his wisdom and acted almost like a beast. He repeatedly barked unnecessary things like a timid little dog who wasn't even a wild beast. Now that he regained his mind, he looked back and found that he had so many embarrassing memories.

The somber looking Biban fueled Grid's suspicions. He was aware of the fact that he had been acting in an ugly manner? The Biban that Grid knew couldn't do this. It was because Biban was someone without any cares. There was no way for him to make a facial expression like this. Biban was a man who knew no shame.

"Quit the absurd act and bring back Biban."

"Um... I'm embarrassed to say it myself, but I am Biban. My attitude might be unfamiliar, so you don't believe me, but this is my original self. Please trust me."

"...There is no way."

Grid slowly lowered the tip of the sword that he pointed at Biban. There was a stunned expression on his face.

His intuition, built up through his many experiences, was crying out to him —the Biban in front of him was the real Biban.

Grid figured out Biban's situation. He noticed that after being freed from the idea of becoming a sword, Biban had recovered his intelligence. It was something to rejoice about.

Then why? This situation wasn't very pleasant. It felt like he had lost Biban, a precious connection. The Biban who made memories with Grid was an elderly man with dementia. The Biban in front of him who acted like a normal person was unfamiliar.

"Why do you look so sad?"

"...No, I'm not."

Putting aside Grid's feelings, Biban's recovery was a happy thing. It was right to rejoice. It happened the moment when Grid hid his disappointment and tried to smile...

Behind the two of them, the giant sword that rose like a great mountain started to vibrate. The ground on which Grid stood shook and his vision became dizzying.

Grid escaped the aftermath of the earthquake by floating up and became wary of the giant sword. The sword was emitting a terrible amount of killing intent.

“That junk doesn’t recognize his owner...” Biban’s murmur entered the ears of the puzzled Grid. It was a very faint voice. He wouldn’t have heard it if he wasn’t an Absolute.

“.....?”

“The sword I hold in my heart has unfortunately escaped my control. Maybe it is due to the experience of being assimilated with me, but there is a sense of identifying itself as me. It resents and is antagonistic to you, who separated me from it.”

“Did you just call it junk?”

Biban blinked.

“Uh? It seems that the aftermath of the sword’s killing intent has given you a hallucination.”

“You are definitely Biban.”

“.....”

Biban’s expression slightly crumpled. It was an expression that flashed by in an instant. This also wouldn’t have been noticed if it wasn’t for Grid being an Absolute.

“I’m glad you haven’t changed.”

“I have no idea what you are talking about.”

It seemed like Biban was putting up with it because he felt he would lose if he was offended. It was really strange to see how Biban himself perceived the words ‘You are like Biban’ as a curse, but on the other hand, Grid also understood it.

‘Everyone has a past that they wish they can erase.’

Grid still screamed sometimes when he washed his hair these days. It was because he was reminded of when he suddenly proposed to Ahyoung. Wouldn’t it be insulting if someone who remembered Shin Youngwoo from that time told him that he was like Shin Youngwoo?

“Indeed, Sir Biban and I deserve to be friends.”

“Let’s stop talking nonsense and focus on the situation.”

The giant sword was rising. It gradually grew bigger. The blade of the sword that was stuck in the ground seemed to be just half of the whole. Finally, the sword became large enough to cut the huge old dragons and aimed at Grid.

‘It will be a serious injury.’

Strictly speaking, there was a high possibility of getting injured even if it didn’t graze him. The size of the sword was that huge. Not only was it physically difficult to avoid, but even if it was avoided, an area that was hundreds of meters in radius would be devastated and the aftermath would hit Grid. It was like meeting an opponent he wasn’t compatible against in a situation where he couldn’t use Shunpo.

Of course, that was until an hour ago. The God Hands joined together. They took each other's hands and formed a circle. The circular sun surrounded Grid's body as he roughly spoke what he thought.
"Overgeared Sun Sphere."

The giant sword fell toward it. The God Hands fully absorbed the damage, but there was a problem. It was that the sun was broken with a single blow. It was completely different from when it blocked a large number of normal sized swords. There were too many God Hands that couldn't bear the weight of the giant sword and let go of each other's hands.

A storm raged among the scattered golden hands. It was a storm created by the shockwave of the giant sword.

Grid's black hair and divinity fluttered wildly.

"Hah." Biban admired it.

Grid didn't crash down. He easily withstood the pressure of the incredibly powerful shockwave. It was a miracle caused by the qualification of 'unable to be crushed.'

Grid quickly adjusted his posture and shouted, "You can't stop that?"

"Yes. It has become independent as a completely separate being from me, so I can't control it. It is best to ignore it and get out of this place."

"You are going to leave that alone and escape?"

Biban had clearly said it—he could no longer control the giant sword. Then such a thing shouldn't remain in Biban's mental world. It was like leaving cancer cells behind. Biban knew it as well.

"But there is no other way..."

Biban looked at his hand. It was a hand that lost the giant sword and was left with an ordinary longsword. He felt that there was no way to stand up to that giant sword. This giant sword was an image that had been with Biban all his life. The giant sword possessed all of Biban's experience and skills as well.

Grid saw his unconfident expression and asked him, "Do you still think that you shouldn't rely on a sword?"

Grid recalled Muller. Muller had borrowed the swords summoned by Grid and used them in the right places. Unlike most swordsmen, the strongest Sword Saint of all time relied on the sword. If Biban stuck to his insistence of 'not relying on the sword,' Grid would be disappointed.

"That isn't the case," Biban replied. Fortunately, Biban had abandoned his stubbornness. It was natural. The reason why he was rescued so easily by Grid was because he had already realized his mistake.

The trigger was the dragon weapon that Grid gifted him—Gujel's Sword. He was shaken at that time. There was such a great sword in the world. Was it really wrong for a swordsman to rely on a sword?

He had such questions even when rational judgment was impossible for him. He vaguely thought it was right to rebuild his sword from a new perspective. The only problem was that it was too late. There was

no time. At that time, Biban was suffering from a condition where he would have an idea and forget it the very next day.

“Then rely on this,” Grid spoke to Biban as Biban had a somber expression on his face.

“This...”

Biban’s eyes shook. He was looking at the Twilight handed over by Grid. It was a beautiful sword that held Grid’s orange divinity.

Grid easily handed Biban the strongest sword on the surface, made with the materials of an old dragon. “Cut that sword yourself.”

The giant sword—it was an image that Biban had built up all his life. Originally, it was something that couldn’t be thrown away and shouldn’t be thrown away. Now that it was out of his control, Grid was telling him:

Embrace the new. Cut down the old sword you made with your own body.

“.....”

Biban hesitated. Grid would’ve been the same. He was also in a position where he couldn’t throw away the old armor of Infinite Valhalla. Grid wouldn’t feel resentment if Biban couldn’t cut it in the end. He just gave Biban a chance, just in case.

The giant sword was coming again. It persistently aimed at Grid, who had handed his sword to Biban. It seemed to want to cut down the intruder who was interfering so it could become one with Biban again. Now all that remained was Biban’s choice.

‘If it doesn’t work, then let’s leave.’

He was conscious of the escape route he had found. Grid waited for Biban’s choice without expressing anything. To Biban, it seemed like infinite trust. He felt infinite gratitude to Grid for believing in him at the risk of Grid’s own life (?). Therefore, he had to make a choice.

“It is time to say goodbye.”

A gray haze rose from Twilight. It was the energy of a Dragon Slayer. It was faint, unlike Hayate’s, but it couldn’t be considered weak. It was the energy of a Dragon Slayer combined with the sword energy of a Sword Saint that Hayate didn’t have.

Flash!

The world was split. The combination of Grid’s Twilight and Biban’s swordsmanship slashed at the seemingly invincible giant sword like it was tofu. The owner of the mental world cut down his mental image. It was an unprecedented event.

Inside the world that was rapidly collapsing—

“Thank you, Grid.” Biban was reborn as a new existence and forged a new bond with Grid. He let go of his awkward attitude and showed a genuine smile.

[A new Absolute has been born.]

Along with this world message, Grid's consciousness returned to reality.

Chapter 1779

"Are you sure it is okay?"

This morning—following Biban, Grid fell unconscious. It was the aftermath of entering Biban's mental world. The tower members were nervous when they saw the two men who hadn't regained consciousness even as night fell. In the first place, was it possible to break into someone else's mental world?

"After Sir Biban, if something goes wrong with Grid... we have no choice but to hold you accountable."

The tower members respected Muller. However, they didn't have a personal relationship or trust with Muller. Even considering Muller's achievements and reputation, they had no choice but to become suspicious.

Muller understood.

"If I happen to cause trouble to Grid—" He nodded and spoke with a serious expression, "I will fall into hell immediately and cut off Baal's head at least three times before dying."

I will die after slightly reducing the life of the master of hell, which is close to infinity...

Even that paled in comparison to the achievements that Grid would accumulate in the future, but it was the best thing that Muller could do.

The tower members frowned. "Are you threatening us now?"

Muller dying to Baal? There was nothing worse than that. If Baal possessed the power of the Sword Saint, then he would become so powerful that it couldn't compare to now.

"I just want to take some responsibility. In any case, the world is over the moment something goes wrong with Grid. What is the point of a threat?"

Muller knew that Grid was essential to the world. He said that he wouldn't put Grid into danger, but in fact, he was inwardly nervous. It was because Grid was unconscious for much longer than he expected.

'The resistance of the sword seems stronger than I expected...'

Right now, Biban's mental world would've been ruled by a sword. The small sword, which was originally only a small part of Biban, would've absorbed Biban and become larger than him. In other words, it was difficult to communicate. Perhaps Grid was engaged in a fierce battle without discussion with Biban, who had become a sword.

'...I was hoping that Grid's presence would awaken Sir Biban's consciousness.'

Muller had only recently known about Grid. Despite this, Grid was imprinted as the most special connection throughout Muller's life. That was how great a person he was. Muller guessed that for Biban,

who had associated with Grid for years, Grid was likely to be a very extraordinary presence. Moreover, Biban was the owner of the dragon weapon that Grid created for him.

He believed that the swordsman would've realized that it was natural for him to rely on the sword, even if it was belatedly. This was the background behind the reason he expected Grid to awaken Biban's consciousness from a deep sleep. But looking at the situation, it seemed difficult.

Biban's consciousness seemed to have sunk deeper than Muller expected.

'If it is delayed any further here, I have no choice but to step out and destroy it by force.'

Muller was close to invincible when it came to swords. Not only was he good at handling swords, but he was about to fight against those who used the sword and win unconditionally. Therefore, he asserted that he could behead Baal three times. He knew Baals' personality, who enjoyed pretending to be playful, and knew that Baal would try to use swordsmanship to confront him at least three times.

In any case, Muller would win as long as it was a sword that was dominating Biban's mental world. Nevertheless, the reason why he sent in Grid was naturally for Biban's sake. The sword that dominated Biban's mental world was also Biban. Muller breaking into Biban's mental world and slashing his sword meant he would be cutting Biban's mental world. There was a risk of damaging his mind, memories, and experience.

In order to fully rescue Biban, a conversation was needed, not force. The ones most suitable to rescue Biban through a conversation was Hayate and Grid. At the very least, Muller didn't have the confidence to awaken Biban's consciousness without violence.

'In this situation, it would be ideal to send Hayate, but...'

Hayate was pale and tired. He seemed to have been quite shocked after realizing that he was the one who ruined Biban. It was only natural that, as the Dragon Slayer himself, he felt guilty for driving Biban to this point because he was afraid of the dragons. The unity of his mind and body shook like it was about to break and the atmosphere was unusual.

'He is the person after Grid who shouldn't be lost. I can't put him in danger.'

Humanity's first Absolute—Hayate was the only one who reached the level of an Absolute in a pure human body. Unlike other Absolutes, he was subjected to various restrictions due to being human. Nevertheless, he used all his capabilities to suppress a dragon's rampage. This was even though he feared dragons more than anyone.

He was a great man who had no flaws in terms of his skills and personally. He was also the pride of humanity. In Muller's opinion, the value of Hayate was higher than that of the world. Even if this world was destroyed, he had to protect Hayate so that humanity's hope would continue.

Who knows? In the next world or the world after that, Hayate might stop the end of the world.

'I hope that Grid stops the end of the world this time.'

Hayate was insurance. He must not be lost. Muller was convinced again and drew his sword. He was determined to come forward and rescue Grid and Biban himself. It was the only solution at the moment, even if it meant hurting Biban.

“.....?!”

Muller’s eyes widened as he swung his sword and tried to open the entrance to Biban’s mental world. It was because the entrance didn’t open. His Heart Sword, which could cut anything, couldn’t cut Biban’s mental world.

‘Why?’

It happened as Muller realized there was a serious problem and became even more concerned about Grid’s body...

“Biban!”

“Grid!”

Grid and Biban, who were sleeping as if they were dead, opened their eyes at the same time. Muller trembled while the tower members looked relieved. He realized why the Heart Sword couldn’t cut Biban’s mental world.

‘The world... it has become five.’

The surface, hell, heaven, and the Hwan Kingdom—the world was largely divided into these four dimensions. Except for these worlds that each had their own Absolute, the other dimensions were insignificant.

Now the game had changed. The world would be divided into five, not four. It was the surface, hell, heaven, the Hwan Kingdom, and the Tower of Wisdom. This meant that a group that had less than ten people was now standing shoulder to shoulder with the rest of the world.

It had to be so. They now had two Absolutes.

“You...”

Hayate was also aware of Biban’s extraordinary situation. He couldn’t help being amazed when seeing Biban’s deep, mellow gray eyes. In the tumultuous atmosphere—

“I was greatly helped by Grid,” Biban explained.

Just then—

Flash!

Grid’s Twilight exuded a brilliant glow.

[Twilight has contributed to the birth of an Absolute and the enhancement value has increased to +3.]

An overwhelming energy filled the space. The tower members flinched and were slowly overwhelmed. It was because they felt the faint energy of an old dragon from Twilight. They realized that a sword made from the fang of an old dragon could truly carry the energy of an old dragon.

“Can I borrow that sword for a moment?” Biban politely asked Grid.

“Of course.” Grid gladly handed it over.

In the first place, he planned to make new dragon weapons for the tower members. There was no reason to hesitate to lend Twilight. Biban's figure holding Twilight disappeared like a lie.

Grid, Hayate, and Muller shifted their gazes outside in turn. Through the huge window, Biban's back could be seen. His gray hair fluttered in the moonlight and shone like white snow. It felt like he was cooling down the orange divinity emitted by Twilight.

".....!"

The tower members found Biban one step later and were horrified. It was because they noticed a huge light approaching through the night sky. It was a Dragon's Breath. The precise trajectory was aiming at Biban. It was a bombardment that would turn the sober Biban into ashes and make the tower collapse.

"They have started to locate the tower...!"

They had to hasten the relocation. However, it would take quite a few sacrifices to deal with the dragon that was attacking right now. The first victim would be Biban.

Ken's fist smashed through the window. The giant brothers, Radwolf and Fronzaltz, and Betty flew out the window, while Abellio's painting and Jessica's buff magic were stacked on Biban's body. The 5th Seat, Jurene, attempted taming against the dragon. The chance of success was naturally 0%, but it was theoretically possible to restrict its behavior for a while.

They were all desperate apart from Grid, Hayate, and Muller. It was a weak stream of fire compared to the Breath of Fire Dragon Trauka.

However, the Breath of a low-grade dragon could still annihilate a human city and it was coming close to Biban. It would be long before the tower members arrived.

"Biban!"

It happened at the time when the tower members screamed out of concern about Biban, who was facing the Breath alone...

A series of explosions were created from the Breath. They were explosions that occurred as Biban pierced through the flames that continued in a straight line. It felt like a wave of flames was engulfing the night sky.

[...What?!]

The dragon's willpower that was filled with consternation was conveyed intact to the tower members. Muller and Hayate's mouths dropped open slightly. Muller was admiring the movement of Biban, who used the power of Twilight to charge at full speed. It was the appearance of communication and mutual understanding with the sword. It could be called the peak of 'being one with the sword.'

Hayate felt and admired the aura of a Dragon Slayer mixed with Biban's sword energy. Originally, the energy of a Dragon Slayer was obsessed with harming dragons and it had a violent temperament. It resembled killing intent, so it was easy to read. However, the energy of a Dragon Slayer handled by Biban was different. It was naturally suppressed by sword energy and only showed its power when necessary. This made it difficult for a dragon to respond.

[You... what are you?!!]

The dragon shouted ferociously as its scales and bones were cut.

The emergence of a new Dragon Slayer—it was impossible. For the supreme dragons, Biban was an unknown.

“What am I?”

Biban smiled as he pondered on the question.

“I am just one swordsman,” he replied as he tossed Twilight, imbued with the energy of a Dragon Slayer, back to Grid, who was joining from behind the tower members.

A swordsman with Grid’s sword in his heart. The trajectory of Twilight cut through the dragon’s wings. This was what Biban intended. He was using Grid’s divinity that dwelled in Twilight as if it was his own energy. The Absolute, born from borrowing Grid’s sword and cutting at his own mental image, became a Sword Saint who was qualified to be a Dragon Slayer. He was also the most brilliant being when using Grid’s sword as a weapon.

“Overgeared swordsman...”

Grid’s words that he murmured to himself were buried by the dragon’s scream.

Chapter 1780

Earlier this year...

Kraugel had bought a villa in Gangwon-do, South Korea. He was asked about why he chose Gangwon-do, and the answer that he gave was that it was the hometown that his mother’s grandmother’s grandfather longed for. It felt like some parts of this statement should be dealt with, but... in any case, Grid went to Gangwon-do with Yura and Jishuka. He planned to meet with Kraugel, who had briefly entered the country with his mother.

The sight of the mansion, which was too grand to be called a villa, standing tall on the mountainside, impressed Grid.

Kraugel’s mother came out to personally greet them and made Yura and Jishuka smile. It was good to see her in good health. The group dreamed of having a fun day. They never imagined the hell that awaited.

‘Balance is important.’

Grid recalled the curry that Kraugel’s mother had made for them. It was a curry with plenty of bracken and fatsia sprouts. It was bitter. The rough, squishy texture of the fatsia sprouts was particularly terrible. Of course, he didn’t show it and ate it with a smile. It was while shouting out, ‘Delicious.’

The curry of Kraugel’s family was made using mountain vegetables easily available to Koreans in the past and contained the sad history of their Koryo compatriots. Moreover, it was food prepared by his friend’s mother. It was something he couldn’t refuse just because it didn’t suit his taste.

Grid ate all of the curry. He even took the curry from the blue-faced Yura and Jishuka and dumped it all into his stomach. He pinched his thighs to suppress his nausea. Then he belatedly saw Kraugel's expression and realized it. It was the fact that he did something useless...

Kraugel's expression was telling him this.

Are you crazy? Why eat all of that?

Grid had to suffer an upset stomach all day. The importance of balance was a lesson that he was reminded of again and again after much suffering.

'No matter how expensive and delicious curry is, there is no answer if a lot of bracken and fatsia sprouts are added... balance is important.'

A low-grade dragon was by no means weak. An absolute defense that surrounded a body that could display overwhelming dragon-like power. Magic and a powerful Breath was fired wildly with the magic power that rose infinitely from the heart. Most transcendents couldn't approach it. Even if they managed to approach, the chances of dealing a blow were significantly lower.

The moment the dragon started using Dragon Words, there was no chance of winning even if several transcendents attacked at once. It was such a creature in the first place. In order to face a dragon, one had to be an Absolute. It just meant that the possibility of a fight was established. Being an Absolute didn't necessarily mean fighting a dragon and winning.

Compatibility was important. In that sense, Biban was the antithesis of a dragon. The energy of a Dragon Slayer and Grid's divinity was added to the sword that could cut anything. He wasn't a Dragon Slayer like Hayate, but he had achieved a balance that neutralized several of a dragon's strengths.

Respect sprung up spontaneously.

[The Tower of Wisdom... I can't believe that such a small group has two Absolutes...]

The dragon regenerated his severed wings with Dragon Words and soared high into the sky. He blocked the chasing tower members with magic and sprayed a Breath twice in a row to widen the distance with Biban.

Red rain poured down from the sky. The low-grade dragon's body couldn't handle the aftermath of using Dragon Words and Breaths in succession. The appearance of him spilling blood in large quantities appeared precarious.

It was as expected.

[I have no choice but to give up.]

The low-grade dragon turned around. The reason why dragons with a lower hierarchy were more aggressive was because their lives were pushed to the edge of a precipice.

Right now, he couldn't relax because he didn't know if he would be hunted down and eaten by another dragon. He always lived in a desperate manner in order to save his life. He wasn't ignorant or stupid. The dragon wasn't obsessed with a losing battle.

A teleportation without any foreshadowing—the dragon was a master of magic and he naturally cast magic without any delay. It was hard to chase him if he let go of any sense of shame and focused only on escaping. Marie Rose had a way to catch up and chase the target before their body could even respond to the magic, but...

Biban was unfamiliar with magic and Grid wasn't well versed in it either. They couldn't do it like her. However, Hayate was different. Hayate didn't need to know magic when it came to catching dragons.

—!

Without any noise, a huge white energy fell and split the sky. The magic that helped a dragon survive immediately stopped working and the absolute defense, which had already become rags, shattered. His heart, which was protected by the thickest scales, shattered even more disastrously.

It was due to the energy of a Dragon Slayer, which was much purer and stronger than the Dragon Slayer energy used by Biban. It was the result of a sword wielded by Hayate from a distance.

[...Dragon Slayer!!]

These were the last words of the low-grade dragon, who died without even revealing his name. The giant body floated in the air for a long time due to the remnants of magic power, even after losing its head and neck. Then it slowly crashed into the dark sea.

Radwolf's magic machine chased and retrieved it.

Killing a dragon—it was a result that happened thousands of years after the tower was built. The tower members were filled with all sorts of emotions and were at a loss for words. The scene became quiet like it was a lie.

"Biban!"

A long time passed before Jessica ran to Biban.

Her charge was so powerful that her trajectory was mysterious as she flew with tangible magic wrapped around her body. The magic power that stirred in the aftermath of the Echo Magic seemed to fill the sky with a stage that was a white disk. It was a stage only for Biban and Jessica.

"I'm glad... I'm glad you came back safely..."

"There is something wrong with your words. I'm back in a better state than before."

Biban smiled softly and wiped away the tears running down Jessica's cheeks.

Love sprouted even in the tower. It was a love that shouldn't happen. It wouldn't have been strange if the tower members had died today. Apart from their near infinite lifespan, their days of dedicating their lives to protecting the world were endlessly dangerous. If they lost someone after thinking of each other as more precious and special than they did now, they wouldn't be able to handle the shock easily and would be unable to concentrate on their duty. Even a transcendent who had lived for hundreds of years couldn't be calm in the face of deep and sincere emotions.

"W-What...?"

Jessica was taken aback. Biban's behavior of looking at her affectionately and wiping away her tears resembled a lover.

At this moment, Biban was clearly trying to take a step forward. He showed signs of honestly revealing his heart, which he had been turning away from out of fear.

It happened the moment when the frightened Jessica stepped back...

"From now on, I will share the responsibilities of Hayate."

Biban grabbed Jessica's wrist.

"It is along with Grid."

He stared at Hayate and the tower members before fixing his gaze on Jessica and declaring, "You don't need to be afraid of anything. From now on, no one will be able to easily harm you. So please live like a human being while fulfilling your duties as you have done before."

In the entire world, the number of Absolutes was small. There were less than 30 even if he included the chief gods of Asgard and the Hwan Kingdom and the dragons of higher ranks. Each one of them was special. It made no sense to group the Absolutes into one category.

Therefore, Biban was qualified. It was fine for him to declare anything and to do anything. No one dared to refute his choice.

"...If Hayate says no, I'll naturally cancel what I just said..."

Nevertheless, Biban stared into Hayate's eyes. He belatedly took care of his words. Even if he had also become an Absolute, Hayate was the head of the tower. Additionally, Biban still respected Hayate. He had no intention of challenging Hayate's authority. His face became restless as soon as he realized he had made a big mistake, but his expression soon brightened. It was thanks to Hayate's words.

"Sir Biban is right. Our life of living in hiding and giving up our rights because we are afraid will come to an end."

The biggest reason why the tower members left the world was to minimize the possibility of being tracked by dragons.

Now the situation had greatly changed. They were able to cooperate with the Overgeared World at any time, and had gained another Absolute. Of course, they couldn't disregard the old dragons, so they couldn't openly reveal the location of the tower, but... in any case, they had some breathing room. In the future, they could throw away various restrictions.

[The wrath of the dragon is pouring down toward you after learning that one of their own has been killed by humans.]

Hayate, who expanded the energy of a Dragon Slayer as if provoked by the news that just arrived, bowed deeply and apologized. "If I had been courageous from the beginning, I wouldn't have pushed you to the edge of the cliff... I am sorry."

Hayate's shadowy face was terribly grim. There was no way he could be fine after discovering Biban's situation and that he had fallen to the brink of developing a heart demon.

"Don't say that."

Biban stepped in front of Hayate and supported him.

"Your choice has always been right."

If Hayate wasn't careful, the tower would've already suffered several risks and lost a number of tower members. It would've caused a series of enormous damage to the world because they couldn't smoothly induce or suppress the dragon's activities.

Why did Biban struggle to do something that Hayate couldn't do? It wasn't because he thought that Hayate was wrong, but because he understood Hayate's position.

The tower—no, the only Absolute in human history.

Hayate was in a position not to put himself in danger. In fact, Hayate had been brave ever since Grid became an Absolute. He showed a different initiative than before. There was no doubt that he believed in Biban and Grid. From now on, Hayate would show a great performance.

Biban and Grid would desperately help. Then in the end, Hayate and the tower would become mighty and they would become Grid's strength. It was destined not to change easily. A new destiny was carved into the world with the birth of an Absolute named Biban.

[The name of the newly born Absolute is...]

At the time when the system was defining Grid as an Absolute, it had taken a very long time. Biban's case was similar. It didn't take a few days like Grid, but the system was very careful in defining the new Absolute. Thus, dozens of minutes passed since the announcement of the birth of a new Absolute before the stopped world messages started flowing again.

[It is Sword God 'Biban.']

They were many types of gods. Just as there were beings who were gods from the moment they were born, there were those who were worshiped by humans and reborn as gods, or beings who proclaimed themselves to be gods.

Biban was different. He didn't become a god after being worshiped, nor did he proclaim himself a god. He was simply strong. The sword he wielded exerted a power comparable to a god, so the system gave him the title of a god.

"...Sword God."

Sword Saint Muller's fingertips trembled as he silently watched the situation. It was because the shock he obtained from reviewing the trajectories of the swordsmanship Biban unfolded earlier became even greater before the shock could disappear.

The days when he was the best with the sword were over. It was a shock for him to recognize and feel this truth.

“Biban...”

The corners of Muller’s mouth slowly rose as he pondered on the name of the Absolute. The fact that there was a better swordsman in the world than him gave him a pleasure he had never imagined. He felt a sense of motivation that had been lost since learning the truth of the hopeless world.

It was because he had a goal.

‘There are so many things to see.’

He looked at the backs of Hayate, Biban, and Grid in turn. Muller gave the brightest smile in hundreds of years.

On the other hand, Grid...

‘It isn’t going in the inventory?’

He looked perplexed as he stood in front of the remains of the dragon that had been salvaged by the magic machine. He pondered on it for a moment before being forced to call the Tomb of the Gods. It was a bit awkward to use the strongest weapon on the surface just to transport a corpse, but what could he do? It was best to be comfortable.

“Grid!”

Voices calling out for Grid came from the super large airship that appeared from behind the clouds and moon. It was the voice of Ke ong, the people of the empire, and the apostles, who were building a city on an airship.

It was finally over...

Grid felt like he had turned home and sighed with relief as he boarded the airship. He had no intention of resting. This time, he had a lot of work to do as a blacksmith.