

Overgeared 1781

Chapter 1781

The form of a weapon changed according to its use. The dragon weapons that Grid would create in the future didn't have to be a sword. It was because the situation was completely different from when he only had limited materials to use.

'I'll replace all my secondary weapons with dragon weapons.'

Grid was placed in a blessed environment. It was thanks to his colleagues, who could handle different weapons to the extreme. All of the data they accumulated through their blood and sweat, which could form a river, was provided to Grid. Thanks to this, Grid was able to master all types of weapons. In other words, he had reached the peak when it came to using and producing them.

'The materials are overflowing. Don't be afraid of failure and make new weapons every day.'

The subjugation of Baal was postponed. He would proceed after he armed the top forces of the Overgeared Guild with dragon weapons and armor. The odds would rise by leaps and bounds. Perhaps he could repeatedly kill Baal until his infinite lives were cut off...

'This is as long as Asura isn't a big variable.'

Only one hand—Asura showed off a tremendous presence with just one part of his body. Every time Baal wielded his ominous power, the Overgeared Guild and the apostles were in great danger. Baal's foolish desire to create an evil god with his own hands gave birth to a monster that had never existed before.

"Really... Is this the end?" Irene's voice awakened Grid from his thoughts. Her face was filled with regret as she exhaled. It was because Grid didn't give her enough affection. It ended with a gentle kiss and caress of her body. She felt a warm love, but no passion. It was very different from Irene's expectations.

"I heard you stopped by Titan before you returned here in triumph."

Irene had been waiting for tonight for three months. Of course, it took Grid a month to regain his energy, but it took a long time because he shared energy with Mercedes and Basara. For Irene, who was full of energy after building up her divinity and honing her swordsmanship, the three months of solo battle was a tremendous struggle. In other words, she couldn't condone cutting in line. It was a matter of promise and trust.

"Um...? Gasp, don't get me wrong. I only discussed Reidan's defense with Basara. I didn't even look in the direction of her bedroom."

"Why did you discuss Reidan's defense with her? Reidan isn't the territory of Queen Basara's rule."

"No, well... I wanted to get some advice and have a chat... I'm sorry that I can't take care of you often..."

Grid couldn't lie to Irene. It had been like that all along.

A smile gradually spread across Irene's stiff face as she stared at Grid, who was honestly confessing. "I see. That's great. I love all aspects of Your Majesty, but the way you care for your family is my third

favorite thing about you. But this time, I have no choice but to suspect it. Today is the day of an important appointment, but you left me alone.”

“That... the daoist immortal said that if I want to have children, I need to accumulate as much energy as possible...”

Grid concluded from the testimonies of Eve and the liches that there was no need to doubt the daoist immortal Yeo Yulan. Thus, she was released from prison. Lauel invited her, who had accumulated a lot of knowledge as a daoist immortal, to be an honored guest of Reinhardt. Then he bombarded her with questions.

That’s right—one of the questions he asked was the issue of Grid having children. It was disclosed to someone who didn’t even know that Grid might have a physical problem... Lauel believed that Grid should have more children to benefit the nation, so Grid’s shame wasn’t the important issue.

In any case, it was as Yeo Yulan said. Grid’s seed was so powerful that it was being protected by providence. She made a pseudo-religious argument that the principles and laws that governed the natural world valued Grid’s seeds and were controlling them to prevent excessive fertility.

“If a child with incomplete energy is born... it is said that the child born as a half-god will be inferior compared to me. To prevent problems that will arise at that time, the world itself is interfering with our plan for a second child.”

If Grid’s child didn’t inherit Grid’s talent, it would be a very serious problem. The child would be an easy target for enemies who hated Grid. It meant that simply existing would cause endless aggression and war.

In that sense, Lord was very pleasing. Due to his constant efforts, he was showing a fast growth rate similar to Grid in his human days. The enemy couldn’t easily target him. The advantage was that it was easy to predict Lord’s radius of activity because he followed the path that Grid originally walked. It was possible for the empire to block the risks and variables that could aim for Lord in advance.

“...It is a completely unreliable argument, but I want to save my energy with the feeling of grasping at straws.”

Irene asked, “I... see... how long?”

“It might be difficult, but around a year...?”

“One year...”

Irene’s green eyes shook wildly before gradually losing their light. There was shock followed by frustration. It was a more intense reaction than Grid expected.

Grid’s resolve started to falter and he said urgently, “I won’t let you be lonely. I will often comfort you with these two hands that I have been honing. If that is not enough, I’ll hug you at any time. Is there high demand for a child? You are more important.”

“No.” Irene came back to her senses and her eyes no longer wavered. But her slightly wet eyes were strangely charming. It reminded him of Marie Rose. “One year of waiting will give us a more valuable

day. I will take care of the lonely people and soothe them, so don't worry about it and save your energy well."

"U-Um..."

What?

Grid nodded while wondering something. It was because Irene was excited in a way he had never seen before. She seemed to be trying not to show it, but her breathing was rough. He felt like a rat in front of a beast.

"...By the way. If your third favorite thing about me is the way I care for my family, what is your favorite and second favorite?"

"That... it is a secret."

"....."

The night deepened amidst various questions. It wasn't until Grid saw that Irene had calmed down and fallen fast asleep that he got out of bed.

The destination was naturally the smithy. It was a smithy as huge as a castle. It was a size that could accommodate a super large furnace. There was also a mountain of white phosphorus wood. All the supplies were ready without the need for Grid to do anything. The expanded smithy and super large furnace were the work of Ke ong and the architects, while the piles of white phosphorus wood were brought directly by God Red Phoenix.

[The smelting of the body part of an old dragon. Normal flames won't work, so I will stay by your side and help you.]

The Red Phoenix had a very special relationship with Grid. It had already done Grid a big favor by giving its heart to Grid. Putting aside its cold eyes where no emotions could be read, its attitude toward Grid was endlessly warm.

"Red Phoenix, don't you have to protect the Cho Kingdom? If the Hwan Kingdom notices your absence..."

[Half of the Cho Kingdom has been incorporated into the Overgeared World. It is actually your territory, so the expelled gods can't easily enter it.]

"I'm glad..."

[It is purely a result you made.]

"....."

Every time he heard something like this, Grid's heart swelled. He felt it was worth working hard. He felt like his exhausted body and mind were being restored one after another thanks to Irene and the Red Phoenix.

Grid had a big smile on his face as he put Trauka's arm into the super large furnace that had been heated up with the help of the Red Phoenix. It was slowly and carefully.

In the first place, it was impossible to put the whole thing in. It was because Trauka's arm was so huge. He planned to melt it starting from the hand. First, separate the six claws and leave them to produce accessories...

Numerous presences were felt outside the smithy. They were Lord and the blacksmiths.

A dragon—they wanted to witness and learn from the historic moment of making battle gear from an Absolute creature they didn't dare to touch. There were signs of a large crowd gathering despite the late hour, but the knights controlled it. It was due to Grid's warning that it could be dangerous.

In fact, all the apostles except Braham were present around the smithy, along with Euphemina, Tower Master Laella, Vantner, and Damian. It was to prepare for a situation where the smithy would explode. The apostles created a barrier to prevent the aftermath of the explosion from reaching outside the smithy and the Overgeared members prepared defensive skills.

It happened when the sheer firepower wanted to cause a crack in Trauka's hand in the furnace...

Flash!

The super large furnace turned red. It was due to the rapid rise in temperature as the heat from the cracked scales of the Fire Dragon combined with the flames of the Red Phoenix.

[This is a material that can't be smelted with your skills.]

'It is ruined...'

Grid had the worst case scenario in mind. Then eventually, the furnace exploded because it couldn't handle the heat.

".....!!"

The barrier created by the apostles shook noisily and people screamed. Fortunately, the aftermath of the explosion didn't reach outside the smithy. Right before the barrier created by the apostles was breached, Vantner and Damian—supported by Euphemina and Laella's magic—stopped the flames with their bodies. Thanks to this, the huge waves of flames didn't reach the city and soared high into the sky. The sight resembled the Breath of Fire Dragon Trauka.

"....."

It was still too early for dawn, but the night receded. The remnants of flames that evaporated all the clouds were acting as an artificial sun.

An unexpected voice entered Grid's ears as he was alternating looking between Trauka's regenerated arm and the red sky. "I expected it, but it turned out like this."

"You?"

Mercedes was already approaching Grid. The target of the sword she pulled out was an old man that was still weighed down by the weight of the years despite achieving transcendence.

"Great Robber of the Red Night..."

Grid realized it again—the years that the old man in front of him had endured. Maybe it was comparable or more than Hayate?

“How did you sneak in?” Sariel’s cold voice cooled down the scene that was engulfed in flames. Her voice was trembling with agitation. She felt a great deal of shame and guilt for allowing an outsider to invade. It was natural. Unlike the other apostles, Sariel was in a position where her activities were restricted. She was forced to take on the role of defending Reinhardt, but she couldn’t even do it properly.

“He isn’t an opponent where you should feel ashamed about this.”

It happened when Zik was giving comfort that wasn’t really comfort...

“How can you be so arrogant about smelting the body of an old dragon when you aren’t even the God of Blacksmithing?” the Great Robber of the Red Night asked Grid.

It was close to criticism. Mercedes’ face contorted in a terrifying manner, but Grid was enlightened.

‘I was too proud.’

It was an unmistakable remark. His origin was a blacksmith, but ultimately, he wasn’t a blacksmith. He still mistook himself for being the best blacksmith. Looking back, he had never surpassed Hexetia.

“It is different from Bunhelier’s fang, which has long been separated from the main body and lost its vitality. This still vividly has the energy of the old dragon. Yet you are being careless in the middle of the city... you are too overconfident in yourself. You are unable to grasp the subject even after winning due to receiving a lot of help?”

It was just as Mercedes’ sword was about to strike.

“What do you want to say?”

Grid stopped Mercedes and got to the point.

The Great Robber of the Red Night—so far, he had never appeared for no reason. It was the same again this time.

“It is time to go up.” The old man’s wrinkled fingers pointed to the sky. “Carry me to the sky. Then I’ll steal the blacksmithing god for you.”

A smile spread across his dark-skinned face. It was filled with such deep meaning that it almost reminded him of Baal’s smile.

“Isn’t it a good deal for both of us? You can borrow Hexetia’s power, and I can steal a god and fulfill my will.”

“The attitude he shows toward Your Majesty shows that he is unlearned. He isn’t a trustworthy person,” Mercedes expressed her opinion.

She was lucky to have been taught by Muller. If it had been before she met Muller, she would’ve struck with her longsword without giving Grid a chance to stop her.

'She has every reason to be sensitive.'

The day before, Grid had struggled to appease Mercedes. She was sad and looked depressed because she wasn't called at every important moment.

'In any case, the Great Robber of the Red Night is a good person who can be trusted.'

Grid remembered the battle Sariel fought with the Great Robber of the Red Night when she was Drasion. He saved countless lives with the skill called 'Stealing the Country.' He also knew why the robber retrieved Hexetia's Short Sword. It was consideration so that Grid wouldn't become the target of the gods. Additionally, he had helped Biban during the crisis in hell. He might've used the justification of achieving his own goal, but...

'He is a good person despite his cranky disposition.'

The robber was also remarkably good at keeping his promises. At the time when he took Hexetia's Short Sword, he obediently returned Nevartan's Necklace in agreement with what he said.

In the end—

"Are you really able to rescue Hexetia?"

"I don't know about rescue, but if it is stealing, then yes."

This answer was enough. The old man in front of him was a monster who managed to rob the Tower of Wisdom. In this field, he was several levels above an old dragon.

Grid decided to accept the deal. It was necessary to change the order of work so that Traukaa's arm wouldn't become rotten, after he worked so hard to obtain it.

'I would rather not make plans for the future.'

Grid felt skeptical about a situation that seemed to go differently than planned every time.

Chapter 1782

"Is there another way to ascend to Asgard?"

Light descended from heaven and small angels appeared blowing their trumpets. Golden clouds spread through the gaps in light to form a staircase. That was the road to Asgard. A path that opened only when the heavenly gods desired it. It was a passage available only to a few chosen beings who were born as gods. It was a symbol of the highest authority, or discrimination.

"There is one more way."

Grid's office—it looked very strange to be a space where an emperor ruling a great empire handled his affairs. The nib of the pen was dry without a trace of ink and not a single piece of paper could be found.

'It doesn't change.'

The Great Robber of the Red Night had a hobby that had become a habit because he was too old. It was his hobby to infiltrate the king's office every time a new king of every kingdom ascended to the throne.

Since each king held at least one of the kingdom's greatest treasures, it was fun to steal the treasure while also figuring out the king's disposition and predicting the fate of the kingdom.

Even the previous emperors of the Saharan Empire had their offices robbed by him. Of course, this meant that Grid's office wasn't safe either. The Great Robber of the Red Night had sneaked into Grid's office twice so far. The first time was when he founded the Overgeared Kingdom, and the second time was when he took control of Saharan and expanded the Overgeared Kingdom into an empire.

Every time, Grid's office was empty. It was a truly absurd sight. Even the terrible rulers, who had no interest in governing, had a few things in their offices. Meanwhile, Grid had no such pretenses. It wasn't a sign that he turned away from his responsibilities.

He entrusted his work to competent and trustworthy servants and reviewed them often. This might not be the right answer, but it wasn't bad either. At the very least, he knew it was impossible for him to reign with his own ability, so he came up with countermeasures. It was a hundred times better than the terrible rulers who ruined the country due to their useless attempt to save face or their stubbornness.

'I'm sure he has met all types of people due to the experience rapidly accumulated in a short period of time.'

Did he still believe in humans? Eventually, even this thief—

The old man was weighed down by the weight of time, even if he was transcendent. Grid's strong will as a young man before he even became a god was truly astonishing.

'What does Chiyu feel when watching him?'

"Are you saying there is another way?"

The Great Robber of the Red Night shook off his brief thoughts and answered, "The dragons."

The outside of the window in his vision was still red. It was the faint remnants of the aftermath of the super large furnace's explosion. The flames that burned the sky were a mixture of Fire Dragon Trauka's energy and Red Phoenix's flames. It was truly the most powerful flame in the world, so it wasn't easily extinguished. If it hadn't been for Euphemina, some of the flames would've fallen to the city.

"...Dragons?"

"You know the story of Trauka hunting the celestial gods."

"Ah."

"To be able to freely move back and forth between dimensions. This is one of the powers that dragons are born with. Even Asgard, which rises as high as the nose of the gods, was an object they could look down," the Great Robber of the Red Night spoke clearly to Grid.

Carry me to heaven.

It meant that Grid could do it.

"Do you mean riding up on Nefelina?"

It wasn't okay. Nefelina was a hatchling. If she transcended her limits, she could show the flying ability of a dragon, but that was only for a short time. It was only one minute. He didn't know what the concept of 'crossing dimensions' was, but if it was based on physical distance, then it would be difficult to ascend to Asgard in one minute.

Sure enough, the Great Robber of the Red Night shook his head.

"That isn't it. I have heard about the greatness of the hatchling, who transcended the limits while communicating with you, but I can't call her a dragon..."

"Do you have another way in mind?"

It wasn't a matter for Grid to worry about.

Indeed. There was no way the Great Robber of the Red Night would've offered a deal if he hadn't thought of a plan. He must've suggested it because he had his own ideas.

Grid listened calmly, only to spit out the tea that was in his mouth. It was precious tea brewed by Irene herself...

Grid was deeply shocked by what he heard.

"We need to reach Asgard quickly enough that it isn't detected by the gods. Borrowing the back of an old dragon would be the most ideal," the Great Robber of the Red Night explained while calmly wiping away the tea from the wrinkles on his face with a handkerchief.

'An Absolute is different.'

The Great Robber couldn't keep up with the speed at which the tea was spat out. By the time he realized and reacted, the tea was already on the verge of covering his face, so he allowed the water attack.

'As expected of the Only One God... he has become more reliable in terms of his abilities.'

Unlike the Great Robber of the Red Night, who had a comfortable expression because he was inwardly satisfied, Grid's face was rotten.

"Borrow the back of an old dragon?"

"Yes, it is something that only you, the Dragon Knight, can do."

"What nonsense are you saying? How am I supposed to do that?"

Bunhelier, Raiders, Nevartan, and Trauka—this was the list of old dragons, apart from the Transparent Dragon whose existence was unknown. They were all lunatics. The four of them resembled each other to the point where Nevartan, who suffered from madness, didn't look particularly special. It was in a bad way.

In the first place, Grid wasn't acquainted with them. He wasn't in a position to ask for something from them.

"Don't joke and tell me the right method."

He was trying not to show it, but Grid was feeling nervous. The plan to mass produce dragon weapons from Trauka's arm had gone badly from the beginning. The whole purpose of defeating Baal and leveling up further to finally rescue Khan and Hexetia went completely off track.

He wanted to resolve the situation as quickly as possible. It was quite unpleasant that the person with the solution in his hand was delaying the time with a joke.

"Do you think I came here to see you to make a joke?"

The following words of the Great Robber were very shocking.

"Soon, two old dragons will appear. One is Bunhelier. I'm sure you are expecting it, but he will try to cooperate with you after sensing the signs of the Baal subjugation expedition."

Certainly. Trauka had also said it. Soon, Bunhelier would ask for cooperation. Grid thought it was a plausible guess.

"Who is the other one?"

"Gourmet Dragon Raiders."

"Raiders? Let's see. You might already know, but there is still a long way to go before Raider's appearance cycle."

It was also known as the gourmet cycle. Raider's food trip was repeated once every 100 years.

"The cycle doesn't have to be followed. You have the ingredients to speed up Raiders' schedule."

".....?"

They were words he couldn't understand. Where did he have such ingredients?

"It is Trauka's arm," the Great Robber explained to Grid, who looked like he didn't understand.

".....!"

It was like lightning struck Grid's head. He recalled the story of the Gourmet Dragon, who chewed the roots of the world tree in front of all the elves. In the first place, dragons were used to eating each other. No, more of them lived for the purpose of eating their own kind. It was in order to gain strength and protect themselves.

"Won't eating Trauka's arm make Raiders even stronger?"

"That's not it. In order to directly gain an increase in power from eating another dragon, they need to eat the dragon heart. Other body parts have no value."

That was right. Trauka had only eaten Xenon's heart.

"The reason why Raiders covets Trauka's arm is simply because of gluttony."

"That is a dangerous statement. My advice to you is to never bring up the word gluttony in front of Raiders. He is a gourmet. For him, food is to be savored, not to be ravenously coveted."

"....."

Grid cocked his head. He felt a sense of alienation as he imagined Raiders digging up the roots of the world tree and chewing on it.

'I think he is ravenous enough.'

"In any case, Raiders' visit will be a big opportunity for us. In exchange for taking some of Trauka's arm, I will go up to heaven and steal what I want, while you will get Hexetia."

"Um..."

Grid was grateful for the Great Robber's visit. From what he heard, a reunion with Raiders was inevitable. If it was inevitable, it was better to know about it and prepare for it in advance.

"Can I just give him enough to cook a steak..."

The question was how much Raiders required. It was unfortunate that Grid had to share it with someone when he had limited materials.

"It is your responsibility to negotiate the details, not mine. I think it is better for you to leave for a deserted place before Raiders and Bunhelier comes," the Great Robber of the Red Night gently urged. A dragon was a being who would cause violent winds with just one slap flap of their wings. It wasn't good for it to show up in the middle of the city.

'A good man is a good man.'

Grid was fond of the Great Robber, who was secretly worried about people, and rose from his seat.

"I know a place where there are no people."

The Red Sea—if he went to a deserted island and waited, they would come to see him.

"By the way, I have a request."

"What?"

"Rescuing Hexetia... no, when you are stealing Hexetia¹¹, can you steal another angel as well? I'm sure he is being treated badly..."

"...I will try."

The Great Robber didn't ask who the angel was. Putting aside his seemingly nonchalant attitude, he knew Grid well. He knew the story about Grid and the blacksmith named Khan and he guessed that Khan had become an angel. There was also a clear connection to the holy swords that appeared all over the world not long ago.

'A world where those who deserve rest are suffering.'

It was off. It had been off for too long. It should be changed. He had been trying to change it. He had never shown a heroic side like the Absolute who built an invisible tower and suppressed dragons for a thousand years. Still, he was confident that he had tried.

It was like the Specter who worked hard while hiding deep underground. He stole and accumulated treasures representing each era while hoping there would be more people like him somewhere. It was to open up new possibilities.

“...Sigh.”

Grid—the old man sighed and shook off his nerves at being in the presence of the greatest hero he had ever met. Then he put on the mask of the thief that had been about to fall off.

“You can look forward to it. Stealing is my specialty.”

Deep in the mountains...

“Is it a dragon again...” a tall, white-haired middle-aged man murmured as he looked at the shadow that filled the sky and disappeared.

The storm that came a step later shook the roots of the tall trees and tried to uproot them, but he spread out a red aura and suppressed it.

The power to control matter—the name of the man who inherited the ‘red energy’ used by the founder of the fallen empire was Juander. He was the old emperor whose final subordinate was an immortal wrapped in cursed armor.

“There are no more signs. This one looks like it has been sorted out,” Armored Cavalryman Chensler said. Thanks to the dragon that passed by and cleared the bushes, the search of the nearby area was quickly finished.

“Yes, let’s go ahead. I’m afraid Kujarak will be tired from waiting.”

“It will be fine. He is a man who is like wood.”

Not long ago, the dimensional gaps collapsed one after another due to the two Sword Saints. Grid’s apostles cleared up most of the beings from other dimensions that poured out, but some intelligent beings silently survived. It was a new threat. However, most people didn’t realize it and it wasn’t communicated to Grid.

Hayate and the tower members, Eve and the Great Robber of the Red Night, Hwang Gildong and Old Demon Sword—they all had different intentions and sometimes went the wrong way. Even so, there were more heroes fighting in the world than just Grid.

Grid was their hope and it was enough for him to focus on a greater cause.

Of course, Grid also wanted to focus...

“What? You want half?”

[Your words have lost their politeness when I haven’t seen you.]

“Politeness? Are you kidding me?”

[I think it is cheap as the price for the deal.]

At the Ruins of the Martial God...

As if to prove the fate of Zeratul, who was doomed, Grid reunited with Raiders in this place, which had become an empty, uninhabited island.

[If it doesn't taste good, I'll just take one bite and return it.]

'Let's bring Idan here.'

Grid always did his best. He had no intention of losing a profit in this transaction.