

Overgeared

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Overgeared

Chapter 1791

Many people gathered in Reinhardt. It was safe to say that it was all the bonds that Grid had made. They were all smiling widely.

Khan—everyone purely blessed the fact that the most important person to Grid was back. It was even the case for dark gamers like Tarma, the Black and White sisters, and the Shay, Kerb, and Sniffer assassin trio.

"I'm glad the big shit that Veradin did has been belatedly cleared up."

"I still shudder when I look back on the years I suffered because of him..."

It was after Grid issued a kill order on Veradin and declared that he would destroy Immortal. Numerous dark gamers were directly and indirectly harmed.

The Shay, Kerb, and Sniffer assassin trio were caught by Kasim, who they had long had a bad relationship with, and were hung upside down from the ceiling all day. Due to the prejudice that dark gamers interacted with each other, they were subjected to unfair torture. Unlike the Black and White sisters, who joined Immortal without much thought, the assassin trio had no relationship with Immortal and were still resentful and angry about the events of that time. Tears welled up in their eyes.

"We never even talked to that bastard Veradin before. How could we reply when asked where he was...?"

"To be precise, he was someone we didn't dare talk to..."

"Yes, because we were relatively weak."

"Didn't I tell you to give up the loser's mentality? The reason we went through the dark ages was purely because we were killed one after another by Grid and Kasim! If it weren't for those two, we would've dominated the assassin ranking! We would've been above Tarma!"

"I can't believe this. Are you talking about me now?"

"H-Hik! Tarma!"

"D-Don't be scared! In any case, he is just like us! He is a bastard who was squeezed by Grid and Faker!"

"These lowlives..."

"...Why are you gathering here and making noise?"

"It is a good day so let it go. They have been active since the days of the Great Human and Demon War."

"Jude is already on his way."

"Oh dear, they are going to be kicked out."

The noisier the party, the better the mood. The tendencies of the dark gamers had long changed. Now they didn't commit evil acts. To be precise, there was no need to commit evil acts. It was much easier and more beneficial to do the quests related to demons and demonkin that started to flood out after the Great Human and Demon War, than to act against people. Unless they were a 'real psychopath' who gained pleasure from harming people, they adapted and lived well in the changed society.

True madmen were surprisingly rare. Even Agnus was just an ordinary, pitiful man. Among the dark gamers, the Grid who showed no mercy was considered the craziest one.

"Then you have been blacksmithing all the time in heaven?"

Khan was bombarded with questions.

Queen Basara, who ruled Titan, and the dukes who served her were sitting side by side with Khan.

The Overgeared members had sufficiently expressed their feelings and gave up their seats one by one. Of course, the Overgeared members wanted to be by Khan's side until the end, but there were so many people who wanted to greet Khan.

"I heard that wine springs from the lakes and ponds, not water. So did you quench it in wine?"

"Hmm, not that I hear this, it seems like I became drunk every time I worked..."

"Hahaha! Khan, you are very good at talking!"

The questions of the dukes had a rather sensitive side to them. Most of the questions were about how he became an angel after death and what life was like in Asgard. It wasn't something they could be blamed for. It was a natural instinct for humans to wonder about the afterlife.

Furthermore, Asgard had long been considered a paradise for the humans of this world. For the dukes who didn't know how Khan was treated in Asgard, they believed that at the very least, he wouldn't be unhappy. It was natural to believe that it would be better than the souls suffering in hell.

"Are you going to live as a human again in the future?"

It was Basara who silenced the cheerfully talking dukes. Her narrow eyes, which always seemed to be closed, suddenly opened clearly. She was still a wise person, even though she had become a queen and empress, rather than the ruler of an empire. Her clear eyes were full of deep thoughtfulness and were fixed on Khan's back, which he was struggling to cover with his coat.

"Under the moonlight of a rare calm night, I heard from His Majesty Grid that angels are perfect beings only when they form the Trinity. Khan, if you have to live as an angel, then I'm afraid there will be too many restrictions on you on the surface."

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"You are Grid's third... no, was it the second wife?"

Khan had already suffered death. He became an angel, not a human, and lived in the world of the gods. It was strange to be bound by his earthly status. It wasn't because Grid, who was like his child, had become emperor, nor was it because Prince Lord and Empress Irene treated him highly. His position itself meant he was equal when dealing with others.

However, he naturally became careful with his words toward Basara. The bloodline of the Saharan imperial family was great, but the influence of Basara individual's abilities was greater. The combination of her highly noble attitude and her ability to be respected while respecting others made her a high person.

"Huhu, the order doesn't matter. Personally, I would rather be the youngest. I won't refuse if you call me the youngest."

It was Basara who secretly cared about her age more than Grid. The dukes sipped their drinks with complicated emotions as they saw her treating Khan like an in-law.

"My body has already turned to dust and disappeared. I will have to endure the life of an angel living on the surface without ever being able to return to being a human," Khan said bitterly.

He was relieved that Grid wasn't present and whispered softly so that no one would hear him except for Basara and the dukes. In fact, he had been feeling it ever since coming down to the surface. His body was losing its strength. He wasn't just referring to muscle strength. His energy was gone. He felt himself weakening in real time, as if his body was sick and on the verge of dying.

"I can't believe it..."

The expressions of the dukes stiffened. In particular, the reaction of Beast King Morse was fierce.

"What is the point of not being able to be happy even though you have reunited with your precious people after a long time? There must be a way! I will definitely find a way with all my might!

The reason why Morse was belligerent was because he was an emotional person. To put it nicely, he was very worried about Khan because he was sensitive. He was ready to howl with the wolves who usually lived together like they were one body.

"Let's pray to Saintess Ruby! She will take care of everything!"

Finally, he overturned the drinking table and started to pray. Spear Saint Rachel and Immortal King Grenhal quietly pulled him out. The ones who sat in their vacated seats were Grid's apostles.

"You were an Archangel..."

Khan recognized Sariel instantly. He saw a huge halo of light and wings that were different from his own.

Sariel smiled sadly.

"The greed of the gods causes you new pain every time."

"Is there no way to solve Khan's condition?" Piaro urged her. Like the early Overgeared members, he had a long relationship with Khan and was particularly pleased to see him. Then he happened to overhear the conversation with Basara. In fact, the term overheard wasn't appropriate. Mother Nature just conveyed what happened around him.

"I don't know how to turn an angel back into a human, but I know how to rejuvenate Khan. It is naturally about forming a Trinity and maintaining it."

"The Trinity..."

"I happen to be here. If one more angel can be obtained, we can form a Trinity and restore your health."

"It means we have to secure an angel..."

"In the current situation, we have no choice but to go directly to Asgard. Originally, angels sometimes came to the surface to fulfill their duties, but ever since the Overgeared World came to existence, they have ceased to do so."

"....."

Piario's expression stiffened. It was because he recalled Grid's declaration that he wouldn't even pee in Asgard's direction in the future. There was someone secretly watching the increasingly serious atmosphere through the crystal ball.

"An angel..."

Braham, the God of Magic and Wisdom, was staying deep in the mountains.

Marie Rose—it happened when he noticed Grid showing genuine affection for the object of hatred that took everything away from him... Braham felt like he was going crazy. He felt like his world was falling apart. For a moment, he even felt a bit of resentment toward Grid. Maybe it was due to the overlap of recent events.

Grid, who didn't call him at every important moment. It felt like the sad feelings accumulated in him exploded in unison. However, he couldn't turn a blind eye to it forever.

Braham felt that just as Grid understood him when he hurt many people hundreds of years ago to fulfill his desire to break the Curse of Sloth, he too should understand Grid. He wanted to apologize for blaming and resenting Grid. However, he couldn't open his mouth... Due to his personality, it was difficult to

even stand in front of Grid. He was feeling troubled when he got some good information.

An angel.

Let's rise to Asgard and kidnap an angel...

'It would be perfect as an apology.'

A distorted smile spread across Braham's face as he planned it.

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"That... can't you let go of your anger?"

The reason why Grid was absent during the party was due to Mercedes. As everyone was laughing and chattering, she was alone and sad. Then she suddenly left.

Grid fully understood how she felt.

The Seven Apostles—they were the ones Grid should rely on and trust the most. However, Grid suppressed the Apostles at every critical moment and acted alone. It was purely for the sake of the Apostles, but they naturally felt a great deal of skepticism. It was to the point where they seriously considered the reason for their existence.

The Apostles' dissatisfaction probably reached the peak right after the first battle with Fire Dragon Trauka. The expressions of the Apostles who greeted Grid on the Tomb of the Gods were empty and bitter. For once, they couldn't hide their feelings.

Mercedes was the only one who was surprisingly calm. Now that he looked back at it, he thought that it might've been her truly angry appearance.

"You just say the same thing every time."

"...I'm sorry."

"Don't misunderstand. I have no desire to put a burden on My Liege's heart. As a knight, I dare not go against the will of My Liege. I have just organized my mind today."

"Organized?"

"Even though I am My Liege's knight and Apostle, I understand and accept the situation where I am not needed. I don't know the position of the other Apostles, but at the very least, you don't have to look at me in the future."

"Mercedes, it isn't that I'm not expecting something from you. I just don't want to lose you."

"I know," Mercedes' expression was sad as she answered. It was the same reaction as the other Apostles. They seemed to resent their own weakness that caused Grid to worry.

"As I have said many times before, I understand My Liege's heart. Even so, it was too much for you to rise to Asgard alone..."

Mercedes knew how dangerous Asgard was. It was a truth that could be known without using Keen Insight because she was the Apostle of a god. She fully enjoyed the effects of the Overgeared World, so it was easy to guess how powerful Asgard's dimensional effect would be.

"From now on." Grid declared to her, who finally revealed her heart. It was a declaration that could be made because Khan and Hexetia were around. "After I make new dragon weapons and armors, this will never happen again."

Grid's Apostles were never weak. In terms of pure level and stats, most of them were more powerful than Grid. It was just that they didn't have enough items. Creating new dragon weapons and armor would solve the problem.

"From then on, I intend to rely on the Apostles thoroughly even if you don't like it. So please trust me and wait for me?"

"...There will be no Apostles who refuse."

It happened as Mercedes finally regained her smile...

Kyaaack...

Screams rang out from the distant party hall. It was so far that Grid could barely hear it.

"What?"

The surprised Grid and Mercedes rushed to the party hall.

"Steady yourself! Vantner! Don't die!!"

The sight he saw after arriving was truly pandemonium. People were foaming at the mouth. No matter whether they were ordinary people, legends, or transcendent, they were all lying face down on the table.

'A terrorist attack?'

Terrorism aimed for the day when Khan returned? If it was a player's doing, Grid would kill them a thousand times to make them pay for their crimes...

".....?"

Grid was looking around with cold anger when he suddenly made eye contact with Idan. Idan was standing there with a very flustered expression. He said in a frightened manner. "That... Y-Your Majesty said I could use the lean meat, so I prepared a feast. Then this..."

"....."

"Raiders clearly enjoyed it. I don't know what absurdity this is...? Will the meat of a dragon go bad...?"

There were many modifiers, but in any case, Idan had become a legendary chef. It was the day when people who had been waiting for his cooking were attacked as a group.

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Chapter 1792

"Can't you make Hexetia the object of the Trinity?"

In order for Khan to recover, he needed an angel to form a Trinity. Piaro pondered hard on Sariel's words before asking another question. It was while taking out herbs grown referring to recipes from the Overgeared Magic Tower and alchemy facility. They were herbs that would rescue those who ate the undercooked meat cooked by Idan.

"It is cruel, but the positions of gods and angels are vastly different. Gods are relatively free beings involved in the governance of Asgard, while angels were thoroughly bound as beings used for Asgard. In particular, the free will of God

Hexetia, a Chief God of Asgard, is stronger than the binding power of Asgard. This allows him to leave Asgard on his own. Meanwhile, Khan is different."

Sariel's expression gradually darkened. It was while using divine power to embrace those who had fallen after eating Idan's dishes. She felt sorry for those who forgot and trusted Poison Master Idan just because he had become a legend. They could easily trust others, even though they had been deceived by the demons of hell and betrayed by the celestial gods every time. Indeed, most humans were naive and foolish. She felt a sense of responsibility to take good care of them.

"Simply put, God Hexetia currently doesn't belong to Asgard. He doesn't have the authority to form a Trinity with Khan, who is still bound by his status as an angel made in Asgard."

Piario understood at once. There was already a simple example in front of him. Sariel was unable to form a Trinity with the gods of the Overgeared World.

"Is your status still tied to Asgard?"

"Unfortunately, yes. I might've been expelled from Asgard and God Grid himself made me an Apostle, but the stigma of slavery on my soul still lingers faintly."

Perhaps it was because she was a subordinate made by the Goddess herself, but she was bound by stronger restraints... Sariel was thinking bitterly as the atmosphere in the hall calmed down. It was the aftermath of Asmophel delivering the medicinal materials Piario took out to Ruby. Ruby's heals and purification skills were enhanced by the medicinal materials and quickly treated the patients who had food poisoning. It was made easier by Sariel's divine power restraining the patients' condition.

It was a type of Trinity. The Trinity of the farmer, Saintess, and angel.

Just then, Sariel had a tremendous realization. "...Something suddenly occurred to me."

"What?"

Piario was quite surprised because Sariel showed rare signs of excitement. Her pure white face was flushed.

"Khan's origin is different from mine. Before he became an angel, he was a human. A man who became a legend. Unlike Archangels, ordinary angels can be free from Asgard's binding force."

"Um."

"Of course, that alone won't free Khan from Asgard. Like me, most angels will be bound to Asgard forever. However, things are pretty good right now."

"Is the situation good?"

"Isn't Khan a legendary blacksmith, God Grid a legendary blacksmith, and God Hexetia the God of Blacksmiths?"

"...Don't tell me?"

"That's right. It is a Trinity of a different standard. Then Khan might be able to recover his health right away..."

Just then, Grid returned to his seat and sat down. Sariel and Piaro immediately explained the situation to him and Grid asked Hexetia for help.

"It is a good idea. It was something that I was worried about. Now it can be solved well."

"Wasn't it something that couldn't be solved even if I appointed a new angel?"

"It would've been solved if you had given someone the identity of an angel. The key is whether Khan would've been able to hold out until then."

"....."

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The angels of the Overgeared World were different from the angels of Asgard. Rather than creating a species called an angel, they were given the status. The premise was that the person had to possess at least three myth level items. It was a problem that time would solve. He could just appoint an Overgeared member as an angel as they would soon receive new dragon weapons and armor from Grid.

However, Hexetia was saying that time was too tight even for that. It could mean that Khan's condition was much more critical than it seemed, or it could mean that it would take a surprisingly long time to create new dragon weapons and armor.

'It could be both.'

In any case, Grid's mind wasn't at ease. He found out that he was causing pain to the precious person he had regained.

'I thought everything would be fine if I brought him to the surface, but I did something without any countermeasures.'

He was glad that there were people around him who were trying to identify and solve problems on his behalf. He felt a new sense of appreciation and pleaded to Hexetia, "Then please. Please save Khan."

"It is already settled."

"....."

"There is no need for a grand plan. It is enough for me to recognize you and Khan as blacksmiths. Of course, it is impossible for my perception to exert any influence on you, but Khan is different. You should be grateful for the path you have walked. Thanks to all your experience, there are many concepts that symbolize you. The benefits you can bestow upon those who serve you are endless."

Many of the gods of Asgard had a fixed role from birth. For example, Hexetia was the God of Blacksmiths and could bestow blessings or punishments on the blacksmiths who prayed to him. Hexetia could hear and respond directly to people's prayers, but it was usually an interaction that occurred naturally, like the laws of nature.

In any case, most gods had a limited audience for whom they could answer prayers. On the other hand, Grid was different. He had so many symbols that almost every being could pray to him and get his blessings. It was like Hexetia just now. He prayed to Grid to respond as a blacksmith. This allowed him to form a Trinity with Khan. The Trinity of himself, Khan, and Grid grouped itself into the category of 'most respected blacksmiths' and it was a great success.

"I don't know the precise principles, but... I will take it as a matter of great pride."

"That is enough."

Hexetia responded with a smile to the confused Grid. He trembled as he felt the greatness of the newly born god. Hexetia had witnessed the Gods of the Beginning and Chiyou, so he could see how great Grid's potential was. It was because while praying to Grid, he saw how many beings in the world made Grid the object of their aspirations.

There were many gods besides himself. In addition to the gods, there were several dragons.

'...It is especially the case with Bunhelier.'

Evil Dragon Bunhelier—he was different from the other Old Dragons who had heavy hips. Like a mayfly, he flapped his wings and traveled all over the world, committing evil every time. It was due to low self-esteem. It was just like Hexetia in the distant past.

Bunhelier was the only one of the Old Dragons to wander without any confidence in himself. He was anxious every day as he struggled to raise his status. A representative example of the one who suffered in the process was Nevartan. He fell into Bunhelier's trap, who had obtained the cooperation of Baal and the gods, and went crazy...

'A being who doesn't trust others and only lives for himself has a longing for Grid.'

It could've been simply interpreted as Grid being great, but Hexetia was shocked. Bunhelier was a creature of great harm. He naturally shouldn't be trusted and it would be better if there was no involvement with him.

'...It isn't something for me to worry about. Grid knows the dragons better than I do.'

Hexetia's interest changed. The human being who instantly cooled the atmosphere of the party, which had been filled with joy and happiness—Hexetia started to focus on Trauka's arm, which showed off its enormous size behind the back of the unusual chef, Idan.

'It is about smelting the body part of an Old Dragon, which still has warmth. It won't be easy.'

Trauka's arm was still full of his intent. In fact, it could be taken as Trauka in its own right. Making battle gear from it? It was also a novel experience for Hexetia. After all, Trauka was a monster who made the Goddess personally come forward to sign an agreement with him.

Hexetia clearly remembered the absolute power of the monster who hunted the gods while wandering near Asgard. He was a different type of being from Bunhelier, who kept playing tricks behind the scenes. If Raiders symbolized the dragon's nobility and Nevartan symbolized the dragon's omnipotence, then Trauka symbolized the dragon's power.

'I'm getting goosebumps...'

An awkward smile spread across Hexetia's face as he gulped. The more he looked at it, the more bizarre the scenery in front of him. Humans enjoying a party with the arm of an Old Dragon hanging like it was an ornament. They even used it as a food ingredient...

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'This world is definitely crazy.'

Could it have something to do with the sudden change in the Goddess' attitude?

Hexetia seriously pondered on it before saying, "There is only one place on the surface to smelt that thing."

"What is that place?"

"A god's... tomb."

It was a name that Hexetia himself found terrible to say.

Grid saw his somewhat hesitant expression and lamented. 'As expected, it has to be the Overgeared Battleship.'

"Did you clear up the misunderstanding with Mercedes?"

"Um. She seems a little bit less angry..."

The three day party was over.

The Overgeared members immediately returned to their respective positions after hearing about the resurgence in bandits, made of the remnants of the former Saharan Empire who weren't satisfied with the continent, and the demons who had flooded the surface in the aftermath of the Great Human and Demon War.

Yura also opened a gate to hell.

At this time, she was the only one who could stop Baal's expansion in hell. In cooperation with Leraje and the others, she was making an effort to chase the traces of Asura. She made a brief appearance on the last day of the party and then went straight back.

"I understand her. Mercedes is Youngwoo's knight and Apostle, right? She takes it for granted that she will fight and die for you, so it is hard for her to accept your desire to keep her safe."

Yura understood exactly why Mercedes was sad not to receive Grid's call.

"Yes... I see..."

Ultimately, this was a problem that would naturally be solved. If new dragon weapons and armor were made, Grid planned to work them thoroughly, even if Mercedes and the Apostles didn't like it.

"I understand. I will work Mer as much as she wants... no, I will take care of it. Yura, don't worry and focus on your work. I'll join you soon with a new weapon as a gift, so don't overdo it until then."

Soon after leaving Yura—

"Shall we start?"

Grid called Khan and Hexetia, who were waiting in the distance. At the same time, a typhoon blew. It was the aftermath of the slow descent of the Tomb of the Gods, which had been floating high in the sky.

"The Trinity Blacksmith Trio, we'll be back soon."

"No, what?"

Why did he have to give useless names every time? Lauel grumbled as he saw off the excited and noisy Grid.

On the other hand...

"Um... I have to be careful."

A new intruder arrived in Asgard. As the God of Magic and Wisdom, he quickly crossed dimensions.

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Chapter 1793

"Are you going to move the entire imperial capital?"

The Tomb of the Gods wasn't just huge. All types of infrastructure and several palaces boasting high spires were being built. It was smaller than Reinhardt, but it felt like a new city was being built.

It was a city that rose high in the sky. It was a fortress that no one would be able to reach, so it seemed suitable for use as a new imperial capital.

However, Grid's answer was unexpected. "They said that they are planning to split it, not move it. It is said that there are many cases where it will be deployed to the battlefield, so there is a practical problem in housing civilians here. There are also administrative agencies where the efficiency will be increased only by inspecting the site. I think it will be a forward base and an administrative capital that takes advantage of a moving city."

".....?"

Hexetia cocked his head as he had been secretly admiring it and asked another question, "Aren't you the emperor?"

"That's right..."

"Aren't you the owner of this flying ship?"

"That's right..."

"But your tone is weird. It feels like someone other than you rules this place."

"Oh, I'm terrible when it comes to politics so I am leaving it to my other friends."

In Satisfy, governance wasn't simply done with knowledge and experience. It was necessary to possess a large amount of stats and skills related to politics in order to achieve effective results. This was why Grid diligently studied politics and economics, but left most of the work to Lael and the others.

'I'm trying, but it isn't easy.'

In reality, most of Grid's daily routine was focused on managing his physical fitness and condition. He felt obliged to have at least some knowledge, so he studied politics and economics on his own with the help of Yura, but he lacked a lot. In the first place, he spent too much time in Satisfy and had less time to devote to studying.

'I wish I was as smart as Lael.'

It was even now when he felt that his comprehension and memorization skills have improved by hundreds of times compared to the past. It was true that he was envious of geniuses like Lauel, who could learn one thing and realize others.

'...Well, it would be a crime to have this face and to be smart as well.'

Grid's confidence had skyrocketed after he became accustomed to being loved by the opposite sex. The continuous confessions of the unprecedented beauty Marie Rose was the catalyst. Grid was positive to the point where he thought his current self was a bit cooler than when he assimilated with Braham.

".....?"

Hexetia looked puzzled at the sight of Grid sweeping a hand through his long, flowing divinity that was like long hair. Then he changed the subject.

"In any case, I like the structure of the smithy the most. It is big and has a lot of chimneys. I don't want the heat getting trapped. I was worried because I often saw fools blowing up smithies while smelting metals that require high heat, but you are different."

"...It isn't that they are fools. It was a mistake they made because they were inexperienced. They are growing pains that everyone has to go through."

"You are right. My remarks were careless."

Hexetia reflected deeply. He was reminded that he naturally learned many things due to being born a god and was in a different position from humans. He almost casually hurt humans again...

Hexetia's expression darkened sharply out of guilt and Grid lightened the atmosphere.

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"Come, let's go in. Shouldn't we get to work?"

The smithy, which boasted an area larger than 10 soccer fields, slightly vibrated. Trauka's arm, which was lowered by hundreds of God Hands, was that heavy.

'At this point, isn't it almost like a Sword Saint?'

Grid clicked his tongue as he examined the leather and scales neatly separated from the flesh. It was a scene that seemed like it had been created by the ultimate

swordsman. This was the work of Idan. It was the traces of a cooking that was acknowledged by a dragon.

A Dragon's Chef—he wielded the power of a sword to turn the body of an Old Dragon into food ingredients...

'Like Pagma's Successor, he possesses several attack skills.'

Was it a result of Raiders' desire for his chef to be able to protect himself? Idan had learned a number of attack skills and magic, despite being called a chef. Grid remembered the status window of Idan that he had looked at a few days ago and seriously pondered on it.

'Wouldn't it be right to send him to a training dungeon rather than letting him stay in the kitchen?'

The training dungeons made by Eat Spicy Jokbal were still in use. As the level of Eat Spicy Jokbal increased, dungeons of higher difficulty were created one after another. They might be inferior for the Apostles and the 10 Meritorious Retainers to use, but there were many hunting grounds suitable for Idan, who was still a new chick.

'Considering the position of Idan, who is prone to grudges, it is right to send him for training.'

By the time Grid came to this conclusion, Hexetia's mentality had recovered. A god who showed early symptoms of bipolar disorder in the aftermath of committing one of the seven deadly sins—Hexetia's mental strength that resembled fragile glass was also a new concern for Grid.

It was Grid's duty to restore him to his full state after he believed in Grid and became a god of the Overgeared World.

'Should I talk with Agnus about mental illness?'

He seemed to have become pretty human these days. Grid remembered what he had heard about Agnus through Betty's mouth and suddenly smiled. It was a smile that naturally bloomed as he watched the backs of Khan and Hexetia, who were checking the condition of the smithy.

The various realistic problems didn't matter. He was just happy to be with people he thought he would never see again.

"I think this is nothing more than a decent sword."

What type of tools were needed to smelt the arm of Fire Dragon Trauka? Hexetia shrugged off the problem that Grid had been thinking about for days and days. He said that as long as the flames of his nipples and the Red Phoenix worked together, he would be able to easily smelt a horn, let alone an arm. Therefore, he proceeded with the first step of production.

It was the design.

"Decent...?"

Grid's face hardened. A completely unexpected sentiment came from Hexetia's lips as he examined Twilight, Grid and Kraugel's latest and greatest work of all time.

Hexetia spoke with no hesitation, "In terms of the size, weight, and shape, how else would you describe this sword that is suitable for 'all types of swordsmanship' if not decent? It is too much and too shallow to call it the best."

Twilight wasn't a work created by Grid alone. It was actually Kraugel who set the form. Of course, a lot of the 'thoughts of a Sword Saint' were included. A Sword Saint was the master of all swordsmanship.

"Are you saying that a sword specialized in one swordsmanship technique is the best?"

It was too one dimensional. It was a process that Grid had already gone through.

Gujel's Sword and Dao—they were a pair of weapons specialized for slashing and stabbing respectively and Grid had made them first. Then in the end, he concluded that Twilight was the best weapon. It was because there were so many variables in actual combat. Weapons with distinct identities were limited in their ability to block, deflect, and counterattack the ever-changing enemy attacks. It was the same even if two swords were treated as one sword.

Hexetia shook his head. "That isn't it either. I think the best sword is... it is based on the inspiration that can be obtained from that gauntlet you are armed with."

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"Ifrit's Arm...?"

Grid's gaze lowered to his arms. Gauntlets that reproduced a dragon's arm by splitting one scale into thousands. It seemed to be alive and breathing as it responded to the wearer's movements, repeatedly joining together and diverging in real time.

"A transforming sword..."

What was the best sword in Hexetia's opinion? Its identity flowed from Khan's mouth.

A transforming sword. It referred to a sword that changed its appearance according to the user's intention. Grid had also made it several times.

"Aren't the limitations of a transforming sword clear?"

Grid couldn't hide his disappointment. The transforming sword was a sword made by 'weaving together several small blades.' Once the user applied power, it straightened and performed the role of a sword properly. However, when it was simply swung, it bent like a whip. It was difficult to use full swordsmanship with it.

"I have complete control over Ifrit's Arm because it is in close contact with my body. The moment it is separated into an independent tool, it becomes difficult to control it as I wish. Of course, I can mix in Greed to induce remote control, but the problem is that I have to issue commands in real time..."

"You have very ordinary worries."

Hexetia smiled.

"I think the disadvantages of the transforming sword can be solved by adjusting the range of operation. Of course, this isn't easily solved, so the transforming sword has always been neglected, but... look at the identities of the three of us."

Two legendary blacksmiths and the God of Blacksmiths. Was there a weapon they couldn't make when they put their heads together? It was almost impossible.

"Furthermore, we are using the body part of an old dragon as a material. It is right to give it a try first rather than worrying about it."

Even if they failed, it wasn't a problem to try again. Trauka's arm was so huge that the materials were overflowing.

"You are correct. I was prejudiced for a while and worried about useless things."

It had to be so. The years where Grid had worked alone were too long. Grid had lost an adviser from the moment Khan passed away. There was no rival ever since Hexetia was imprisoned. The only exception was Kraugel, who occasionally gave his opinion on the 'sword.'

Grid always stood alone in front of an anvil. The hot flames emitted by the furnace made him shiver with loneliness. Every time, he thought about it alone and was subconsciously trapped by self-made prejudices. It was time to smash those invisible bars.

Rely on Khan and watch and learn from Hexetia.

"Let's do anything for now."

The moment Grid made the declaration, the blacksmith trio started to move. Surprisingly, there was little sense of unity. The three of them moved of their own judgment. They each smelted Trauka's scales and bones at different timings. It was the effect of having different interpretations on the temperature of the furnace required for smelting.

They weren't afraid of the failures that would come from it. Using these failures as lessons, problems were corrected in real time. Hexetia tasted success without any failures, but he still learned something from Grid and Khan

'Cracks along the direction of the grain occurred before the scales melted? That will be useful if we use it well. I can see why Grid and Khan made attempts to smelt it at such temperatures.'

Pillars of fire gushed through the chimneys connected to the furnace. People on the ground thought a volcano had erupted and tried to evacuate. If there wasn't the Tomb of the Gods, several cities might've disappeared from the map on this day.

"....."

Humans weren't the only ones intimidated by the series of fire pillars soaring from the Tomb of the Gods, which was flying high in the sky.

Evil Dragon Bunhelier—he came to join Grid after knowing Grid would go on a campaign against Ball, only to hesitate in surprise. The aura of Fire Dragon Trauka, who had recently taken refuge in a new lair, was gushing from the Tomb of the Gods. He didn't have the courage to get any closer...

'Is he using his recent friendship with Trauka to keep me from approaching? Of course, it is unlikely that Trauka is there, but... it seems like he doesn't plan to welcome guests for the time being. It is right to plan for the future.'

Bunhelier's back was small and lonely as he turned and left.

Overgeared

Chapter 1794

"You treasure it very much."

Sitting on a rock bathed in blue moonlight, the man sharpening his longsword quietly raised his head. A middle-aged man with calf-like big and clear eyes was smiling.

The most powerful Sword Saint of all time—it was Muller, who was exploring an unexplored area that recently appeared due to the changed terrain.

"It seems somewhat inferior for a swordsman of your quality to cherish it like that."

"It is a sword that a precious person gave to me as a gift. It might not be the strongest sword, but it is the most precious thing to me."

Twilight—this was the name of the longsword Kraugel was repairing using Grid's repair kit. It had the same appearance as Grid's Twilight, but lacked a lot of spirit. It was the difference in material. It didn't make sense to compare Kraugel's Twilight, made by smelting the scales of a low-grade dragon, to Grid's Twilight, made from the fang of an Old Dragon.

Nevertheless, Kraugel felt no regrets. It was because the sword was made for him by the only person he could proudly introduce as a 'friend' to his mother.

"It is an item that contains your tastes and ideas. It must be more satisfying than disappointing when using it."

"Do you think my personal opinion was involved a lot in the form of Twilight?"

"Isn't it a form that can fully handle your ever-changing swordsmanship? I think it is a perfect sword for a swordsman like you, who uses your brilliant talent as your foundation."

"You are misinterpreting things. When I was discussing it with Grid and conceiving Twilight, the focus was on the ideal sword. I can confidently say that I only gave extremely objective opinions. I never satisfied my personal desires."

"You are the one misunderstanding. I have no intention of disparaging your personal opinion as greed."

"I told you, it isn't a personal opinion..."

"It was an objective opinion? That is too arrogant."

"...Arrogant?"

The shadow created by the moonlight further accentuated Kraugel's facial lines. The white face that contrasted with the black, long robe was beautiful even when it was distorted.

"How can you call your interpretation objective when you aren't the father of all swordsmanship?"

"Do you want to claim that Twilight is a sword that is far from ideal?"

"It might fit your ideal, but it is far from someone else's ideal."

Kraugel had no proper adviser by his side. Unlike Grid, who rose from the bottom step by step, he was the one who stood at the top from the beginning. He was always alone. He longed for someone. It was to the point where he didn't want to miss the competitor, Grid, who appeared in front of him. It was so much so that he entrusted his years to a hermit who used the spear rather than a sword.

There were no significant results. Before he knew it, he was only chasing Grid's back. He was still a loner.

Now such a person finally appeared before his eyes.

"I know you are a great swordsman. Didn't you become a Sword Saint and cut down countless enemies despite a narrow perspective that you weren't aware of? The path you have walked has never been wrong. But I dare to say that it is a path that is just a way closer to the right answer. It isn't the right answer."

A notification window emerged in Kraugel's shaky vision.

"Learn more swordsmanship. You might think they are swordsmanship with many flaws, but I believe that if you don't turn away and reach the peak in them, you will be able to see new things that you haven't seen before."

There was a word that always followed Kraugel.

Stubborn. It was a stubbornness that was bound to accumulate because he had no adviser. He turned a blind eye to the Matchless Sword even after becoming a Sword Saint, and he naturally regarded swordsmanship other than the Matchless Sword as insignificant. From a certain point on, he relied solely on 'Swordsmanship Creation.'

Kraugel thought for a long time. Then he stared at his belated adviser's face and carefully opened his mouth, "...I have a question."

"Ask me anything. Unlike the great you, this ugly senior has been nourished by failure and regret. I'm ashamed, but there must be some advice that I can give you."

"Then what is your ideal sword in your opinion?"

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Kraugel's clear voice trembled slightly. He felt sorry for Grid. What was contained in Twilight wasn't the ideal, but his own prejudices and greed. An intense feeling of guilt overwhelmed him when he realized it.

A clear wind blew and caused the silky black hair to wave. Muller's hand resting on Kraugel's exposed forehead was as cool as valley water. Thanks to this, Muller's mouth shape was clearly imprinted in Kraugel's wide open eyes as he shook off all his miscellaneous thoughts.

"In fact, I don't think there is an ideal form that satisfies everyone. As I said earlier, Twilight is the ideal sword for you."

In the first place, Muller had no intention of denying Twilight. Yet he kept talking without hesitation out of the hope that Kraugel would become a swordsman who wasn't satisfied with just Twilight. Muller's words continued as Kraugel noticed his meaning and remained silent.

"I can only tell you one thing for certain about what the best sword is."

The world turned black in a flash. It was the aftermath of the Tomb of the Gods crossing the continent and obscuring the moonlight. Twilight didn't lose its orange glow even in the darkness and illuminated Muller's fingers. The fingers full of calluses were clearly pointing toward the sky.

"The sword that Only One God Grid will make."

".....!"

"You will have to work hard to be able to handle the new sword he will make for you."

Kraugel nodded silently. It was his answer to Muller, who gave advice despite his shame, and it was also an act of accepting the quest that appeared in front of his eyes. It was to master 100 swordsmanship skills. Muller's unexpected quest was very grand from the very first stage, but this ignited Kraugel's motivation.

[You have succeeded in smelting 'Fire Dragon Trauka's Scales' and 'Fire Dragon Trauka's Bones'.]

[It is a great achievement with the help of the blacksmith god 'Hexetia' and the legendary blacksmith 'Khan.']

[The legendary blacksmith 'Khan' has accomplished the same feat with the help of you and 'Hexetia.']

[The blacksmith god 'Hexetia' values the inspiration he gained from you and 'Khan.']

[The bond between blacksmiths has become stronger after sharing this great moment.]

[A special effect is added to the 'Trinity' that connects the blacksmiths.]

The basic effect of the Trinity' was to 'remove various penalties obtained in an environment where a subject of the Trinity is incomplete.' The benefits were currently received by Khan. It restored the lost energy and stats that had fallen in the aftermath of leaving Asgard to normal values.

That was enough. Grid was grateful and couldn't have hoped for more. Yet at this moment, a new effect was added.

[If you form a trinity with Khan and Hexetia in the future, you will get a correction effect during the production of 'dragon weapons' and 'dragon armor.']

'As expected... as expected, I need to have Khan by my side.'

For a really long time, the system hadn't responded to Grid's item production. The effects of production-related skills were strengthened in the process of becoming an Only One God, but that was all. The system was silent for most of the insights Grid gained separately. Due to this, the growth of 'Blacksmith Grid' often ended at the level of accumulating knowledge and experience.

It was different from now, where there was a system calibration. It was the limit of a player.

Satisfy was a world where they lived in together. Grid's faith as he fought in the hope that everyone in this world was happy was clearly proven to be correct through the existence of Khan.

'Then in the end, Rebecca...'

Wasn't she, the world's highest being, actually also supporting him?

Grid thought up to here and shook his head to shake off his thoughts.

'I shouldn't count the chickens before they hatch.'

He couldn't make premature speculations and now was the moment to focus. Grid saw the fragments of the blade he had made. They resembled arrowheads. Bones harder than scales were used as pillars and scales sharper than bones were erected on the left and right. There were seven in total. It would be woven with leather and Greed into a single sword.

Next, he looked at Khan's work. Unlike Grid, who set the size of each blade to be half a centimeter in diameter, each of the blades made by Khan were only the size of a knuckle. The form was square except for the very end blade. It was the same as Grid in that it was centered with the bones and used scales as the blade, but it felt more solid overall. In contrast, it was a bit more dull.

'Once completed, the range of motion is narrow, so I don't think it will be able to maximize the power of a slash. Still, I think the stability will be excellent.'

Grid caressed Valhalla, which he was wearing under his robe. His heart warmed as he felt Khan's heart, who was always wishing for Grid's safety.

"Unfortunately, your work is close to a failure." Hexetia's words brought Grid's mind back to reality. He couldn't hide his regretful expression as he twisted and

extinguished the flames of his nipples, which hadn't been extinguished the entire time they smelted Trauka's scales and bones. "It is crude."

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".....!"

It was an unexpected criticism. It was crude? It wasn't an evaluation expected when seeing the work of a legendary blacksmith, especially Grid, who had a history of producing even dragon weapons.

"Why are you saying it is crude?" Before Grid could say anything, Khan stepped forward. He usually treated Hexetia in a respectful manner, but now he showed a sharp reaction for the first time. He usually smiled gently no matter how hard it was, but now he was slightly frowning.

Hexetia was taken aback, but he didn't feel it was unpleasant. It was because he could see the pride of a craftsman from Khan's attitude. It wasn't self-confidence, it was pride built up through experience and skills. He had to respect it.

"I can't understand why you are criticizing it so much. Grid's work is much better than mine, but you are treating it the same way?"

'...Was he angry because of Grid rather than his pride as a craftsman?'

Hexetia snorted in disbelief before showing off his work. The texture of the work was different. It was different from the work of Grid and Khan, where each blade fragment had a pillar and blade attached to it. Hexetia's one took the form of one large pillar with multiple blades attached.

Khan was filled with doubt. "What is that...?"

A transforming sword was literally a sword that changed shape. The blades needed to move organically. The work made by Hexetia wasn't a transforming sword. How could a sword made of Trauka's bones, one of the hardest materials in the world, move organically? It was just a sword. A sword that was unnecessarily split into several blades and then attached together—the expression 'crude' was correct when evaluating Hexetia's work.

Of course, neither Grid nor Khan would bring this up.

"Just because it is hard doesn't mean it can't bend."

Did all the male celestial gods have such broad shoulders? Hexetia shrugged his broad shoulders that made one had such a thought and pressed his hands firmly against his work.

Then something surprising happened. The sword made with Trauka's bones as a pillar bent like a bow? Soon, Hexetia pulled it and there was a strange sound. It moved elastically like thick rubber.

"...How did you do that?"

Grid was stunned for a moment by the unbelievable sight. Then he started asking for answers.

"What did you do to make Trauka's bones move like a live fish?"

"Did you give it a soul?" Khan asked as he recalled ego items.

Hexetia shook his head.

"If giving a soul to a weapon could change the nature of the subject matter, then all the famous swords in the world could be ego swords."

Hexetia wasn't a person to enjoy a conversation between experts. To be more precise, it was awkward to have a long conversation because he had little experience of talking with someone on an equal footing. Thus he gave the answer right away.

"It is the use of intent. It isn't anything new. Isn't the physical use of intent often shown by gangsters like Zeratul through things like Formless Will?"

"Gangsters..."

The Martial God was turned into a gangster? The perspective of a blacksmith bothered Grid, who had a lot of experience in hitting and fighting with Zeratul.

Hexetia realized his mistake and made up for it.

"Your expression is extreme because you still have some private feelings for Zeratul. I don't mean to belittle brave fighters like you. I will briefly give another example. Dragon Words is the use of intent in the end. I will say it is only natural that a blacksmith's intent can influence the material."

Grid had already learned Formless Will and the mental world. Both were skills closely related to the concept of intent. There was nothing strange about having additional related skills.

"Be enlightened."

Hexetia laid his hand over Grid's head and blessed him. It was a blessing that could be bestowed because he was the blacksmith god, and a blessing that could be received because Grid was a great blacksmith.

[Your mental world has become even more powerful!]

[From now on, items can be produced in the 'Sanctuary of Metal.' At this time, something special will happen and a powerful correction effect is obtained.]

Techniques such as granting souls to items didn't match Grid's tendencies, so they had been left virtually semi-sealed. It was safe to say that there were virtually no ego items made by Grid and many people expressed their regret about this. However, it would be different in the future. It was because an item that was different from ego items, which depended on the soul of another person or a created soul, would be born at Grid's fingertips. It was an item that contained the intent of Only One God Grid.

"If you use it well, wouldn't you even be able to replace a dragon's Dragon Words. Of course, I'm just talking about the possibilities."

Hexetia's advice excited Grid.

Overgeared

Chapter 1795

Intent—it was a concept Grid first encountered through the yangban Garam. More precisely, Garam gave him a vague understanding. Concepts like energy, mana control, the mental world were too abstract and difficult for him to understand until he experienced Formless Will. He still didn't have an understanding of this aspect.

Grid saw intent as one of the concepts that blurred the line between Satisfy and reality. The fact that the system would look at the player's intent and produce physical results was a transcendent phenomenon in itself. For example, the

Sanctuary of Metal. The system had built a mental world that reflected not only the path that Grid walked, but also his subconscious.

It was truly omnipotent.

'...It is easy to reflect one's intent when making items.'

Yes, it was nothing special.

On the contrary, it felt late. Until now, Grid's intent had always been focused on combat. He was a blacksmith in name, but he didn't get any help from intent when it came to production. It was a part he often found strange and upsetting, but Hexetia solved it at once.

The blacksmith god blessed him. The blessing raised Grid's blocked production ability,

He felt amazed and grateful.

"Ah..."

What could he say to fully convey his gratitude?

Hexetia stared at the distressed Grid, who was deep in thought, and finally burst out laughing.

"Get used to receiving things."

Hexetia's large hands grabbed both of Grid's shoulders.

"If you are only used to giving, then the people around you must be pretty uncomfortable. It is like me now. I am embarrassed.

"No. I am someone who is accustomed to receiving more than giving..."

"The confession of a person who is in a higher position makes the surroundings uncomfortable."

Hexetia dismissed Grid's humility, only for his face to suddenly become lonely. It was because he was reminded of Goddess Rebecca. She, who used to appear and disappear from their sides without saying a word, never spoke with the celestial gods on an equal footing. For the most part, she remained silent and respected their choices. If that was the responsibility of a higher ranked being...

"...No, I take back what I just said. It is the selfish standards of a low ranking person that a being shouldn't reveal their true feelings just because they are in a high position. It goes against equality. Just say whatever you want. Be honest and express your intent. I will listen even if it is in vain, so don't hesitate. We should meddle with each other."

"....."

The sight of Hexetia repeatedly changing his words with a dark expression and then a bright expression worried Grid.

'As expected, he isn't completely sane.'

He heard that early treatment was important for bipolar disorder. Grid estimated the scale of the guilt in Hexetia's heart and made a serious decision. 'I will arrange for him to meet Agnus.'

A person who set a valuable precedent for washing away the wounds of the heart and overcoming a mental illness—Grid felt a genuine respect for Agnus. He believed that Agnus would definitely be of help to Hexetia.

".....?"

Hexetia felt displeased for some reason and his expression crumpled.

"....."

At this time, Agnus dug at his ears as he explored a new unexplored area on the surface with the memphis.

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"I don't know what it is, but I'll listen carefully. Do you mind if I open the mental world now?"

Grid roughly nodded and asked for Hexetia's consent. The mental world forcibly changed the environment around it. To be more precise, it forced others in the area into the mental world. It could have an unintended negative impact. Therefore, Khan and Hexetia nodded at Grid's careful question.

"I am ready." Khan looked a bit nervous. He was unfamiliar with the world of transcendents and Absolutes, so he had never personally experienced the power of the mental world. It was a concept he only vaguely knew about.

"Then..."

Grid carefully opened the Sanctuary of Metal. The scenery seen by those present changed in an instant. Another world was created. The landscape of the city under construction disappeared like a lie and a black-gold canyon was built. The cliffs on both sides soared high with the momentum to pierce the sky and the wilderness on them was hot.

[My flames...] The Red Phoenix, who had been silent ever since boarding the Tomb of the Gods, muttered. In fact, the Red Phoenix was awkward around the celestial gods. It was close to being vigilant. It was because the Red Phoenix experienced being robbed of everything by the gods who were expelled from heaven. It was very reluctant even though Hexetia had Grid's favor.

The originally cautious and taciturn Red Phoenix didn't bother revealing itself in front of Hexetia. It just silently cooperated with the creation of items. Yet at this moment, it spoke without realizing it. It showed emotions.

The Sanctuary of Metal—the heat floating around Grid's mental world resembled the heat generated by its own flames. It could simply be because Grid had the heart of the Red Phoenix. However, the Red Phoenix clearly felt it. The fact that gratitude and admiration for itself was clearly mixed in with the framework that formed Grid's mental world.

It was a fact that only the being concerned could feel. In that sense, it was naturally Khan who was the most thrilled.

"This..."

The largest framework behind the Sanctuary of Metal was Valhalla of Infinite Affection. Khan's wish for Grid's safety built a metal cliff from Valhalla of Infinite Affection. Grid's trust in Khan was buried in his subconscious and this world picked Khan as the most important person to Grid.

In the end, Khan shed tears and Grid couldn't remain silent.

"Thank you, Khan," Grid said while hugging Khan tightly. He followed Hexetia's advice and confided honestly, "You made me."

"...H-Huhu. Your words are a big problem!"

Did he hear incorrectly?

Khan, who was laughing with a blank expression, abruptly raised his voice. "You are just you. Don't say such things recklessly."

Grid was unique. He became an Only One God with his human body and threatened even the celestial gods. This feat shouldn't be disparaged at all.

"You are great yourself. That is why you became who you are now," Khan spoke firmly and continued, "Don't let yourself be swayed by emotions and lower yourself. Even the armor you are wearing right now. What is this? You are still wearing the crude armor I made with poor skills? It would be disappointing if it was simply because you missed me. If you failed because of that armor, I... I..."

"Khan." Grid didn't let go of Khan. He rested his chin on Khan's shoulder, which was much smaller than his own, and whispered with a calm face, "If I hadn't met you, I would've never realized how to like people."

"....."

"I couldn't trust anyone. I just resented and hated them. I foolishly wielded the power I had acquired."

Wouldn't he have eventually become as bad as Agnus? It was unconditionally the case. Until he met Khan, he always felt betrayed by the world and was filled with spite. He had no qualms about harming others. He felt no guilt when he hurt others for his own self-interest. He had been subjected to this, so he believed that others deserved the same.

"In the end, I wouldn't have been able to love Irene and would've just used her. I wouldn't have cared what happened to Lord."

"You... what are you saying? That can't be true."

"No, I'm sure it would be the case."

"....."

Until he met Khan and learned his story, Grid thought he was the most unhappy person in the world. He was comforted by Khan, who believed in him like he was a benefactor, despite all the sorrow and pain Khan himself went through.

He was a man with no answers—Grid clearly remembered what he was like in the past. He couldn't deny it.

Hexetia read the sincerity in Grid's confession and muttered, "...Khan saved the surface."

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[.....]

The Red Phoenix, who had been nodding in agreement, looked away in embarrassment while Hexetia scratched his head.

"I'm sorry."

[.....?]

"I belatedly apologize for the fact that our greed and quarrels have ruined your world."

[.....]

The heat in the canyon started to intensify.

The Red Phoenix was flustered and surprised by Hexetia's unexpected attitude and responded with the rising flames. Hexetia also contributed. This was the moment when Grid used intent to make battle gear for the first time. It was a moment watched by Khan and the Red Phoenix, who created the myth of Grid. It was a precious moment that would never happen again.

Hexetia had no intention of ruining this moment. He was ready to do everything he could to assist Grid.

'Use me, Grid.'

Just as you met Khan and became who you are now. If I hadn't met you, I would've been worthless forever.

The metal canyon made of Greed slowly flowed down. It was caused by the flames of the Red Phoenix and Hexetia. It was ready to take on a new form at any time according to Grid's will.

['Intent Production' is activated.]

A notification window popped up and Grid responded immediately. He took out an anvil, set it up, and held a hammer in his hand. The melted Greed gathered toward the anvil.

At this moment—

Use me, Grid.

Hexetia's thoughts echoed in Grid's mental world and a change occurred.

[The 'Hammer and Anvil' mental world of Hexetia, the God of Blacksmiths, has assimilated with the 'Sanctuary of Metal'!]

[You have acquired 'Hexetia's Hammer.']

[You have acquired 'Hexetia's Anvil.']

I also hope to be of help to Grid...

Subsequently, further changes occurred as Khan's thoughts echoed.

[The legendary blacksmith Khan has learned about the 'mental world'.]

[Khan's mental world is 'Smithy on That Day'.]

Taang, taang, taang...

Someone's hammering could be heard in the distance. Suddenly, the landscape around Grid changed. It was Winston's smithy, where he first met Khan. Khan, Hexetia, and the Red Phoenix stood there side by side and greeted Grid.

"Welcome."

[The 'Smithy on That Day' mental world of Khan, the legendary blacksmith, has assimilated with the 'Sanctuary of Metal'!]

[This is where your Intent Production will produce the best results!]

"Ah..." It was like a dream. The red-eyed Grid approached his precious people.

Overgeared

Chapter 1796

Taang, taang, taang...

A body and mind tempered through hammering tens of thousands of times—it was a term used by the world to describe Grid and was one of the basic pillars that made up Grid's mental world.

Tens of thousands of times. It was too little for Grid. Only tens of thousands of times? At first, it was a bit absurd when seeing this message.

Usually, achievements were exaggerated, but he felt that his epic understated things. Others felt the same way. The Overgeared members watching from beside Grid, the subjects of the empire who watched from a distance, and even those who only heard about it from far away thought that Grid's story was too abbreviated.

There was no one who didn't know that the number of items Grid had created was well over a thousand. It was also well-known that it took days for him to make an item. Who didn't know that Grid's hammering couldn't just stop at tens of thousands of times?

It was from this time on. Grid's epics started to be interpreted in a more exaggerated manner than they actually were. Every time people saw and heard Grid's feats, they naturally overestimated it. They recalled the mistake of the epic in describing Grid's hammering as only tens of thousands of times.

They rated Grid higher than the epic since they had doubts or objections about the way the epic evaluated Grid. This was why there were victims such as Zeratul and Baal. It was also proof that humanity trusted and loved Grid. In any case—

Taang, taang, taang...

For Grid, tempering was more familiar than eating. Even so, it was always new and thrilling. Every time he hit it with a hammer, the shape of the metal changed.

Ultimately, he felt a great sense of pleasure when he got the look he wanted. To some extent, it resembled the heart of a parent facing a newborn child. Basically, he was amazed. It was a sentiment that was difficult to understand for players who simply clicked on the 'production' button to create items automatically.

Grid was a creator in the truest sense of the word.

'It is nice to hear.'

The smile didn't leave Grid's face as he tempered Trauka's bones and scales.

Ttang!

The sound of tapping metal with a hammer. There were inherently many variables. A different sound resonated every time depending on the material, strength, thickness, and temperature of the metal and the angle and strength of the hammering. Sometimes it echoed as clearly as the sound of birds deep in the mountains, sweeter than most melodies.

The hammering sound that Grid heard today was especially beautiful.

Taang, taang, taang...

Basically, it rang three times. The sound wasn't spread due to the metal. It was the aftermath caused by the combination of three hammers striking.

Ttang!

Grid, Khan, and Hexetia lined up in front of a long anvil. Their hammers struck the bones of the giant dragon at the same time. Their hammering was different, just as the swordsmen who wielded swords for a long time had different sword trajectories, reflecting the different trajectories of their lives.

They were all using the same hammer shaped from Hexetia's mental world, but the way they held it in their hands, the way they wielded it, and the things they pursued were different. There was also a difference in the results. Trauka's bones struck by Grid were sharpened to the extreme, while the bones struck by Khan became wider and thicker.

'Greatsword...'

Grid's heart warmed again.

Khan's work—it resembled the Dainsleif made by his ancestor, Albatino. Khan was still unable to forget it. His first encounter with Grid, who protected him by swinging an heirloom gathering dust in the house because no one could use it. Ever since then, the weapon that symbolized Grid for a while became the greatsword. Surprisingly, the greatsword was a weapon that was specialized more in defense than attack. It was possible to use such a large and thick sword as a shield.

Khan recalled Grid's origin and prayed for his safety at the same time. Relying on the help of Hexetia's mental world and Grid's mental world, the dragon weapon Khan was able to create was likely to have a different texture from Grid's works. Due to the differences in dexterity and skills, Khan's abilities were clearly below

Grid's. Therefore, Khan's work was bound to be somewhat inferior in performance to Grid's, but it had the potential to have advantages that Grid's work didn't have.

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Hexetia knew it was an area of thorough calculations.

'He is filling in the gap in abilities with these differences. It isn't something that anyone can do.'

First of all, they needed to be able to objectively evaluate their skills. Additionally, 'different' meant a slight deviation from the norm. It wasn't something that easily came to mind, so a lot of anguish preceded it. The greatsword made by Khan wasn't a result of improvisation. It contained too many traces of thinking to be a mere manifestation of his subconscious.

'Grid's intent can change the properties of metal, so he came up with this inspiration as the last puzzle piece.'

Khan's greatsword inherited the shortcomings of the greatsword. It was crude. Due to its large and long size, its trajectory was inevitably limited. It was very old and simple compared to the sword made recently by blacksmiths. Instead, the inherent strengths of a greatsword were highlighted to the extreme.

There was a greatsword from a very old era that even Grid wouldn't have come across easily. It was a disaster in the form of a sword. It was possible to pour the user's power into it, so there was no limit to the sword's power.

Khan decided to believe in the creation made from Grid's intent. It would solve the shortcomings of the greatsword in the form of a transforming sword. In the first place, the main agenda was Grid's production. As long as there was no Intent Production, objects made in the mental world were just concepts and couldn't be taken out.

For now, Khan was just trying to inspire Grid. He didn't think he could do anything to help, but he did his best to recall moments when he was inspired by Grid when he was still lacking. Still, he couldn't help blushing from embarrassment.

Grid fully accepted his heart. Right now, their mental worlds were combined. Grid could feel the thoughts and feelings of Khan and Hexetia.

Ttaaang!

Grid's intent was added as he hammered. The anomalies of the transforming sword weren't just limited to the trajectory, but the volume as well.

Ttaaang!

Trauka's bones, which were hammered by Grid, repeatedly increased its volume and turned sharp again. It was a fantasy-like scene where a longsword turned into a greatsword and then a greatsword into a longsword.

'There is nothing I can add to the sword.'

Hexetia watched silently and stopped hammering. Trauka's bones were left entirely to Grid and Khan while he took an interest in the scales.

'Armor.'

From the beginning, Hexetia was bothered by the armor Grid was wearing. It was old and worn armor, and the performance wasn't very good either. He couldn't understand why the creator of dragon gauntlets and gaiters was wearing such armor. Of course, the answer was solved the moment he stepped into the canyon of metal. It was armor containing Khan's heart. It was the source that was sustaining the mental world. He could understand why Grid stuck to it and didn't throw it away.

'It will be like that forever.'

Grid's armor, made by Khan, would continue to support Grid's mental world. However, there was no need for that to be the case with the armor Grid was actually wearing. Hexetia was going to change it.

'I must make it.'

Hexetia was the Blacksmith God from birth. From the beginning, he took it for granted that his battle gear would become myth rated. Nevertheless, he was well aware of the importance of experience. He knew about Grid long before meeting him.

Shamefully, he was jealous and wary of the human blacksmith. He was the main culprit of the mortal sin of encouraging demons to invade the surface.

'The armor that Grid and Khan will make is inevitably inferior.'

Grid had been sticking to the armor Khan had made, so his experience had stopped. Of course, he had a lot of experience making armor for other colleagues,

but his experience in 'making armor for Grid himself' had already stopped for many years. It was the part that Hexetia had to fulfill. For now, only Hexetia could do it.

'Until you gain experience, I will defend you for a while.'

Ttaaang!

Hexetia finished smelting the scales in an instant with the help of Grid and Khan's mental world and started the tempering.

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".....!"

Grid's eyes widened. An armor mixed with the bones and scales of Fire Dragon Trauka, as well as leather and Greed. Hexetia's technique was amazing enough to distract Grid, who had been expecting the birth of a treasured weapon that integrated all of Khan's experience and advice, as well as his own skills and experience.

Trauka's large, thick scales were divided into many threads and woven together in an instant? It was at the level of knitting with metal.

Grid was feeling shock beyond admiration when Hexetia confessed, "I learned from you."

He found the temperature of the flame that 'cracked' along the grain without melting the scales. He took advantage of what Grid and Khan thought was a 'failure.'

"However, you need to finish it."

Hexetia's judgment was changing in real time. He decided that Grid's skills should be added rather than him making Grid's new armor alone. It was because he valued Greed more than divine stone. Simply in terms of strength and power, the divine stone was a bit better than Greed, but Greed was much better than the divine stone in terms of compatibility with Grid.

Greed implemented Grid's will in real time. Braham's magic tempering added additional effects, and it also contained the Insane Dragon Iron. Nevartan's magic had a good compatibility with Trauka's scales and bones, potentially strengthening it further.

"...I understand."

Grid barely suppressed his excitement and nodded. The mental worlds of the blacksmiths who trusted and relied on each other became stronger. The sword and armor at his fingertips were gradually emitting a mysterious light. Of course, it wasn't just easy. In between, the flames of the Fire Dragon threatened the three of them.

Trauka's scales and bones still contained the remnants of Trauka's intent. Just—

Do you dare to play tricks on me?

It resembled its master and ran around with an arrogant feeling. Still, it was fine. The Red Phoenix protected them. The Red Phoenix's flames blocked the flames of the Fire Dragon that were attacking the blacksmiths in real time.

[Kuoh...]

At last, the Red Phoenix felt its limit and groaned.

Ttang!

The sound of the hammering of the three blacksmiths stopped simultaneously. Silence came unexpectedly to Winston's smithy in the past, and it perfectly resembled the scenery that Grid remembered. It was a scene of the moment when guests left and he sat down with Khan at the end of the day, smiling. The only difference was that Hexetia and the Red Phoenix were present.

"It is... over."

"Good work."

"It is pretty good."

Then the scenery started peeling away. The hammers in the hands of the blacksmiths dispersed like grains of sand. The smithy faded and the canyon of metal disappeared.

The group returned to reality. A notification window popped up.

[Only One God Grid, Blacksmith God Hexetia, and the Legendary Blacksmith Khan had created a great work!]

It was a message that reached heaven and hell. It helped Braham, who almost lost ten years of his life.

'I am saved thanks to you.'

It was because the angels, who had felt something strange and strengthened their guard, heard the news and started to make a fuss from shock. Grid and Hexetia worked together? The shocked angels made a fuss while Braham was able to make his move.

The Prison of Eternity was the destination. It was shortly after receiving the news that they couldn't bring out the angels who were imprisoned because they lost the 'key.'

The isolated angels—they were the perfect target for Braham.

Overgeared

Chapter 1797

The angels were overwhelmed with a strange bewilderment. The 2nd ranked Archangel, Gabriel, failed to stop the intruders from escaping, and Raphael went missing. They went through one unimaginable situation after another. They had endured long boredom as they protected the world of the gods, but now their beautiful scenery was horribly shattered.

"Imprisoned in the Prison of Eternity?"

All of Asgard, which was in a rare state of commotion, instantly fell silent. The angels quickly discovered Raphael's whereabouts and realized the seriousness of the situation. Their demeanor as they looked at the archangels resembled deer caught in a hunter's trap. They were somewhat pitiful.

"It wasn't enough that they missed the prisoners. They ended up locked in there themselves?"

The always expressionless faces of the archangels changed slightly. It was just like Gabriel, whose expression crumpled after experiencing a setback to Grid.

The Prison of Eternity—it was a prison built to imprison the gods. There was no way to open the gate without the key, and the one that took care of the key was none other than Raphael. However, Raphael was in prison.

"Did Grid take the key?"

"That seems to be the right interpretation under these circumstances."

"He beat Raphael even in Asgard...? Only One God... he is the equivalent of Chiyu."

"It is just speculation. Don't forget the possibility of Zeratul acting as a variable."

"That sounds like excessive speculation. Unless Zeratul is crazy, how can he betray the Goddess and side with Grid...?"

The archangel refuting it suddenly shut up. It was because there was no basis for claiming that Zeratul wasn't crazy. After all, the bad karma that Raphael accumulated was too much.

"...In any case, Raphael must be rescued. Find a way to go down to the surface and get the key back from Grid."

Archangels were beings who understood and carried out the will of the Goddess. For the honor of the Goddess, Raphael had to be taken out of prison. Once the command was given, several angels raised their hands, unlike the angels who were bowing their heads in silence.

Gabriel nodded while examining their faces. "You are qualified to ask questions. What are you curious about?"

"Can't we break down the prison gate? I've already seen traces of collapse once."

"It is a question that anyone who deals with sword power like you do should have. In conclusion, it is impossible. Unless the gate is already open, the sealing technique blocks all physical intervention."

"You are saying that the marks I saw were traces from the battle that occurred when the gate was opened?"

"I don't know. Maybe the cranky Michael hit it in a fit of anger. The gate will regenerate anyway."

"I would like to try and unseal it," another angel interjected. This was a particularly noticeable angel due to the colorful magic power around their body. Every stem of magic power fluttered like it was alive. It felt like a very splendid robe was being blown by the wind. It didn't go well with the somewhat dark, sickly-looking face.

"Your magic talent means you deserve to have confidence. Unfortunately, the seal carved into the Prison of Eternity isn't magic, but power. Magic can't intervene in the realm of the gods."

"Are you saying the right things?"

The weak-looking angel tilted their head at an angle. Based on Gabriel's words, there seemed to be no way to open the prison.

'Those who have a particularly high name in their previous lives have no manners. Arrogance is etched into their souls.'

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A mere angel was arguing with her. Gabriel was dumbfounded, but tried to maintain her expressionless face. It was a situation where she missed the prisoners and intruders. She would undermine her own authority if she acted recklessly.

"There are many ways to open the prison gate. A simple example is finding the design of the key. We might've lost Hexetia and Khan, but your magic will allow us to reproduce the key."

This was the end.

Gabriel stood up without saying anything else and hundreds of angels immediately scattered. They scattered all over Asgard. Naturally, the Prison of Eternity was unguarded. There was no reason to guard the prison.

This was how the new intruder arrived safely in front of the prison.

"It is lax. They can't even protect their territory properly because they are wandering around like rats in the rain."

The intruder tended to treat most beings other than himself as insignificant. It was because he had a higher standard than others as the God of Magic and Wisdom. Even the angels who reigned as holy beings were just small creatures in his eyes. Of course, he didn't dare say this when he was struggling in the past with the characteristics of the magic-resistant angels... it was all an old story. The authority of an angel was no longer a major threat to him, who was able to create magic that could only be imagined in his days as a legend.

"...Hmm."

The intruder, who had been ridiculing the angels with an arrogant expression, suddenly had a stiff expression.

An angel isolated in prison—it was perfect to target, but unfortunately, the level of the seal over the prison was very high.

'It isn't magic. I need to abide by the rules to open it.'

No forced opening was allowed. Braham judged and contemplated it before his eyes fixed on the lock hanging on the gate. It was a lock that looked very old and clunky to belong to Asgard. There was no way to open it unless there was the key that the angels sought. Surprisingly, Braham's expression wasn't that serious. He thought of an item and his stiff expression quickly relaxed.

'The Master Key.'

It was an object made by Grid. Braham had often seen him use it in many ways. Braham had always watched Grid.

Purple magic power bloomed from Braham's fingers like flames and bounded like thunderbolts, taking shape. It was the same form as the Master Key that existed in Braham's memory.

'This can solve it.'

Grid had written great legends and myths. The items he created had also been influenced and increased in value. Furthermore, the Master Key was an object with the potential to become a treasure of the highest realm. In fact, Grid himself didn't fully trust the function of the Master Key, but Braham had never doubted Grid. Of course, he seriously questioned Grid's magic talent, but this wasn't Grid's area of expertise in the first place. Thus, it could be excluded from the comprehensive evaluation.

Clack!

The faith of the supreme being in service to a great being deceived the laws of heaven. The lock was released without any resistance and the high, thick iron gate of the Prison of Eternity slowly opened.

".....?"

".....?"

".....?"

The prison, which was supposed to be colored in deep darkness, was surprisingly bright. It was thanks to the halo above the angels' heads. The moment Braham opened the gate, he was able to witness the scene inside the prison.

The haggard-looking Zeratul, the Martial God, and Raphael, the 1st ranked Archangel, were engaged in close combat. The feathers scattered around them showed traces of a fierce battle.

"Ha... Haha, I guess that Grid has sent you to confirm the kill, right? Maybe it is because he has been living for a short time, but he doesn't have good discerning eyes. Braham, God of Magic and Wisdom. I know your reputation has increased considerably, but you can't do anything about me alone."

"That guy, Grid... he has a personality who can't live in debt. How arrogant."

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Sophistry poured out from both of them at the same time.

Braham didn't wonder what they were talking about and silently closed the gate again. He naturally tried to lock it, but he was a step late. The gate that had been opened had already lost its seal. It collapsed miserably due to the spear that Raphael rapidly threw.

"There is no turning back."

The relief of being alive made Raphael laugh. In this place where the flow of time was slowed down, they had fought Zeratul for decades. There were many angels to use as shields and Zeratul was weakened, so they didn't have a major crisis, but they were really tired of it. They were worried that they really would be alone with Zeratul forever. In their heart, they prayed to the Goddess for salvation. At this moment, the Goddess responded...

'As expected, the goddess cares about me the most.'

With great emotion, Raphael rushed over. They weren't at all wary of Braham standing at the gate. Braham used magic as his source of power. Raphael had the absolute upper hand against him.

"I won't let you go!"

Zeratul grabbed their wings, but this was still within an acceptable range. Raphael abandoned their wings and came close to Braham. It took a split second to recover the spear stuck in the wall and swing it.

Braham didn't respond. In the first place, this was Asgard. Braham was too weak to deal with the physical power of the 1st ranked archangel in perfect condition. However, Braham had his wisdom. He couldn't follow Raphael's movements with his own eyes, but he could predict how Raphael would move.

He stretched out his fist in advance.

A magical realm.

It was a counter-punch of magic that made one truly feel that he was a magician.

".....?!"

Raphael's delicate face shook. The skin of their face was almost peeled off as they received a strong resistance. As Raphael was reeling, Zeratul clicked his tongue and wrapped a chain around their neck.

"Was it muscle training that allowed you to do it with the magic that reached the level of a god?"

"....."

Braham didn't deny it. It was true that he had been trying to restore his body. Ever since recovering his blood from Marie Rose, he had been practicing efficiently.

"In any case, it is up to here. I have no intention of accepting Grid's favor." He dragged the chained Raphael inside. Then Zeratul closed the gate of the prison, which had just finished regenerating.

"...Well, just as I don't forget grudges, I don't forget grace either."

He disappeared beyond the thick iron gate with this sentence.

For Braham, it was the nonsense of a dog. The image of Zeratul imprisoning himself was more like a madman. His scattered, messy hair and skinny and nervous impression gave the basis for supporting his suspicions.

'The aftermath of multiple failures has made him mad.'

Braham shook his head and placed the lock on the gate again. It was while grabbing Raphael's torn wings next to him.

'These are the wings of the 1st ranked archangel. Maybe they will help Khan.'

However, it was true that it was insufficient compared to his desired result. Braham wasn't satisfied at all and started to manipulate the lock after thinking about it for a long time. He layered magic in a way that didn't interfere with the existing sealing technique.

'Harmful things should be locked up as securely as possible.'

It was the moment when the difficulty of Raphael's rescue increased sharply.

Overgeared

Chapter 1798

“.....!”

‘We were tricked.’

The blueprint of the key made in the distant past—the faces of the angels hardened as they searched for the whereabouts of the blueprint by looking back on past history. It was because they felt Raphael’s traces.

The angels scattered throughout Asgard all felt it. For the angels, the presence of an archangel was that great.

“They have liberated their divinity. They are definitely under threat.”

“It was obvious from the time they were trapped with God Zeratul... what matters is the identity of the new intruder. Is it Grid again?”

“It is a problem if it is Grid, and a problem if it isn’t Grid. What is wrong with our surveillance network?”

In the midst of the angels’ agitation—

‘They dare!’

The archangels spread their wings wide and moved at full speed. They descended vertically through several layers of golden clouds that blocked their vision. Due to the divinity wrapped around their bodies, they looked like beams of light.

‘They are taking advantage of the gaps when the Goddess isn’t intact to infiltrate one after another!’

There was no time to summon the angels, so the faces of the archangels pursuing the intruder distorted. They looked like demons, not angels. Their anger had reached the peak. It was natural Their sanctuary had been violated one after another.

Shamefully, they didn’t even notice the presence of the intruder until the incident. It was hard to believe even if the surveillance network had been greatly weakened by the Goddess’ cycle.

How did that guy called Grid infiltrate Asgard? Additionally, why couldn’t Raphael’s authority restrain him? There were many questions but they couldn’t afford to think about it.

The archangels immediately focused on the situation in front of them. They chased after the traces of the ‘wings’ that had detached from that idiot, Raphael. The wings symbolized Rule and Domination and it was presumably held by the intruder on the run. It might only be a small part of Raphael, but it was closely related to the authority of the archangels and shouldn’t be leaked. Moreover, the worst situation could be assumed if it fell into the hands of Grid, who had the Fallen Angel Sariel.

“Okay! Hurry up!”

The big eyes of the 2nd ranked Archangel, Gabriel, almost turned white. Extreme killing intent was contained in the eyes following the trail of the wings in real time.

“We have to catch him before he gets to the surface!”

The archangels were aware of the identity of the intruder—Braham. At first, they naturally thought it was Grid or the Great Robber of the Red Night. However, the faint traces of magic proved that the intruder was a magician. If not Braham, who else could use stealth magic that avoided Asgard’s surveillance network and high-speed flight magic that allowed him to escape from the archangels.

“He is quick. It is a level different from the existing magic. Keep in mind that we might not catch up until we get to the surface.”

The 5th ranked Archangel, Raguel, expressed their opinion and Gabriel responded in an agitated manner.

“Then it is over! We have to catch him somehow!”

“Calm down and relax your mind. The opponent is a magician. We can punish him the moment we close the distance, even on the surface.”

The 4th ranked Archangel, Umiel, also expressed their opinion, but it wasn’t enough to calm Gabriel down.

“Don’t make me laugh! The surface has long been the domain of Grid! The moment we step there, we will be surrounded by evil pagans and we might not get a chance! So!”

Gabriel’s head almost snapped as she turned back. It was to send a longing gaze toward the 7th ranked archangel who was at the very rear. It was an angel flying with only two wings. They had six wings covering their face and head, and 28 wings on their body. Nevertheless, they were chasing after the other archangels effortlessly. Gabriel shouted to them, “Metatron! Please help us!”

“Gabriel!”

Umiel and Raguel’s complexions paled with horror, but Gabriel didn’t stop.

“I will make a contract!”

“”...State the collateral of the contract.””

“My wings!”

““It isn’t worth it to me.””

“...I’ll give you Raphael’s wings that were taken away by the intruder!”

“”Okay.””

A smile seemed to spread across Metatron’s face that was hidden by the wings. Four of the wings that restrained Metatron’s body were unfolded. They were particularly huge wings. The thick shadows they cast somewhat tarnished the divinity of the archangels.

“Are you sane? You are going to give them the authority to Rule?”

“It is better than it being taken away by Grid.

“Even Sariel wouldn’t know how to use it...!”

“You are too peaceful. Don’t talk and focus on recovering the wings.”

Shockwaves struck Gabriel and Umiel’s bodies as they were arguing. They were shockwaves caused by Metatron, who suddenly disappeared as a dot. It was an extremely fast speed that could be compared to other Absolutes. It was difficult for the three archangels to narrow the distance, no matter how hard they tried. It was best to feel relieved as they followed Metatron’s presence, who was gradually catching up with the intruder.

‘Forget it. We will catch up before he reaches the point where dimensional movement is possible.’

It was the place where she missed Grid and the prisoners. Gabriel thought this, but—

“.....!”

Just before Metatron almost caught up with Braham, Braham’s presence disappeared for a moment. Then it reappeared a long distance away.

“Teleport?”

What magic did the intruder use to move when deep inside Asgard? Asgard’s barriers weren’t in such a disgraceful state, right?

“If he could use it freely then he would’ve used it from the beginning. I’m sure he is overdoing it.”

Raguel’s analysis was accurate. The complexion of the intruder, Braham, was visibly haggard.

‘What is this monster?’

Braham’s enhanced magic had evolved by several times. It meant that even after giving Disintegrate and Meteor to Greed, he didn’t stay in the mountains for no reason. Braham’s flying magic was special. Once he exerted its maximum output, it made it possible to fly at such a high speed that even Braham couldn’t control it.

However, someone quickly caught up with him. Despite the forced teleporting in Asgard's environment, which suppressed the magic power of intruders, he was on the verge of being caught again. It was by a strange and hideous angel who restrained their body with dozens of wings.

Braham had never heard of anything like this. Most of the angels admired by humanity were portrayed beautifully. freewebnovel.com

“”Is it Yatan's distant flesh and blood?””

A voice echoed like it was in a cave. The words that contained content about Braham's origin offended Braham.

“Is it necessary to skip Beriache and discuss Yatan?”

“”Beriache... I don't know that name.””

“Your eyes and ears are blocked. You deserve to be an angel.”

Braham laughed in a mocking manner, but his heart was heavy. This angel didn't know the name of the child that Yatan gave birth to right after he created hell?

How far in the past was it?

‘It must be close to the beginning.’

Of course, the other archangels were also born close to the beginning. Rebecca's first creations were the seven archangels. The existence behind his back that was gradually getting closer was an archangel. However, it was clear that they had a huge flaw. Therefore, they were cut off from time and never heard of the name Beriache.

‘So many wings... restrictions... are they like me?’

Was this archangel like him, who hurt his own kin in search of knowledge? Was this archangel also driven by some instinct to take the wings of other angels and eventually became a prisoner?

Braham's consciousness was divided into several parts as he analyzed why the monstrous angel had so many wings and why they were disconnected from time. In order to outwit Metatron, he modified his magic in real time while installing trap magic among the clouds so that other archangels couldn't act as variables.

He even finished casting dimensional movement magic so it would be triggered immediately the moment the pressure on his magic power weakened. He didn't forget to look at the coordinates to ensure that the landing site was as sparsely populated as possible.

It was a desperate move. It wasn't simply to survive. Braham wasn't afraid since he had overcome death. He just didn't want to be treated as a troll.

'I can't humiliate Grid as his number one Apostle.'

Right now, Braham was convinced that he was the strongest among Grid's seven Apostles. Of course, the potential of the other Apostles was so great that he didn't know how long he would be able to hold onto this position... in any case, he was in a position not to humiliate Grid.

'I need to disperse my consciousness a bit more.'

Not so long ago, Braham had received great inspiration from Trauka, who gave up the battle and left without hesitation because of him. The moment Trauka gave up and turned around, he felt the 'traces' he hadn't noticed before disappear from all over the world.

The traces were none other than the clones that Trauka had set up. He was monitoring the entire world while dealing with Grid, Marie Rose, and the tower members. He had been wary of any possible threats that might come toward him. It was an act that the relatively arrogant Braham of the past would've ridiculed as being cowardly.

However, Braham was different now. Braham decided to learn from Trauka's prudence. He couldn't disperse his consciousness into thousands or tens of thousands like Trauka, but he tried to disperse it as much as possible. It was to use it as a springboard to 'omnipotence.'

...He was still arrogant.

“.....?”

Metatron paused while following Braham closely. It was because the invader, who had already started to suffer from the side effects of the magic power backlash, teleported again and increased his presence to dozens. It was the use of Decoy, which had reached the highest level. There was no difference between the main body and the clones.

Metatron didn't delay at all. They opened the eight wings that covered their face and head slightly and shot light rays from the eyes exposed through the gaps. They were rays of light that extended to the edge of their vision in a fan shape as soon as they were fired.

Braham's dozens of clones were all struck by the rays and disappeared. Only one remained, leaving the presence of the main body.

'This monster?'

Braham gritted his teeth and hurried.

It was in order to arrive at his destination that wasn't far away and to move to the surface. The giant angel was a monster where he couldn't guarantee victory even if he fought on the surface, but... it was tens of thousands of times better than fighting in Asgard.

""Is it really your hope?""

Metatron asked as they chased Braham again. It was more of a murmur than a question. They seemed to have some interest in Braham's attitude of being obsessed with escaping to the surface.

""What is on the surface?""

They didn't know Beriache so they naturally didn't know Grid. The prisoner, who was originally the leader of the angels along with Raphael, only to fall to the 7th rank and have their power sealed, regarded Braham's efforts as insignificant. This didn't mean they let their guard down. The contract was for the Wings of Rule, but it was only a fragment.

Metatron could only fully unfold four wings and the level of the intruder was too high to catch up with just this. Yatan's blood seemed thicker than they expected.

"Come and check it out."

Braham barely arrived at his destination and activated his dimensional movement magic.

""Okay.""

Metatron followed. The two of them were intertwined as they descended toward an ocean of the surface.

Braham wasn't in his best state due to the series of high level magic used in Asgard, which suppressed magic power. Even though he received the buffs of the Overgeared World, he still wasn't at his peak. Additionally, Metatron briefly ignored the debuffs of the Overgeared World because he was a prisoner who wasn't bound by the rules of the Trinity.

"Kuaaack!" Braham's heart was pierced by a ray of light and he let out a rare scream.

Metatron wasn't very interested in his life. ""The presence of a great god... it is very different from the first world..."

They just pulled at Braham's right hand while observing the changes on the surface with interest. It was the hand that was holding Raphael's wings.

""It is a nostalgic strength.""

Having achieved their will, Metatron's gaze shifted upward. Unlike Metatron, the three archangels who formed a Trinity were descending the stairs made of golden clouds.

"Let's go back."

Gabriel had abandoned her nervousness. She was very calm despite this being the surface. Even if Grid appeared, there was Metatron. Now she had unlocked some of Metatron's power in exchange for a contract. The only thing she feared was the hierarchy of an Old Dragon. There was no need to be conscious of any power that was inferior to that.

Suddenly, she stiffened. It was because the presence of Fire Dragon Trauka suddenly approached.

"...What?"

Gabriel's expression hardened as she turned her head toward the approaching presence.

Only One God Grid—he had none other than Trauka's aura.

"What are you doing here?"

Grid asked coldly while the flames spreading from his hands changed moment by moment.

Overgeared

‘No... they aren’t flames.’

Metatron’s energy detection was extremely developed. It was how they could endure eternal years with their eyes, ears, and nose covered by six wings. They unintentionally trained their senses to the limit and it was like the power of an Absolute.

“”It is... a sword.””

A strong presence was slowly eroding the dark vision of Metatron. A god with the energy of an Old Dragon. A god of the surface who held a sword in his hand that felt like flames.

“Grid...!”

Gabriel’s lament revealed the identity of the god. It was a very interesting event for Metatron, who had been cut off from the world a very long time ago when they were disqualified as a leader.

“”You are afraid.””

The angels served Rebecca, the Goddess of Light. She was the greatest being in the entire world. Naturally, their reference point was very high. It was structurally impossible to feel any particular appreciation for someone other than Rebecca. Yet they were afraid?

“”You were born from pure worship like Chiyoun.””

As Metatron focused on Grid, Brahm used magic and escaped from their grasp. He wrapped his terribly torn wrist with magic power to stop the bleeding.

“I’m so...”

Brahm tried to apologize. Rather than achieving his purpose, he brought a new crisis to the surface. However, Grid was a bit faster.

It can be hard to make great work when it’s stolen from novelbuddy.com.

“I’m sorry.”

“.....?”

“Every time I have fought alone, abandoning you on the pretext that it is dangerous. If I was in your shoes, I would’ve been sad that I wasn’t trusted.”

“...Bah, it is fine if you know.”

Braham, who felt sorry and couldn’t make eye contact with Grid, quickly became normal. It occurred to him that the mistakes Grid had made with him were far greater and more numerous than the mistakes he had made. The guilt faded like it was a lie.

Grid felt much more comfortable when it seemed like Braham’s mood eased and he quickly said, “However, I won’t apologize for proposing to Marie Rose. Her feelings for me are true and I have an obligation to repay her feelings.”

He owed too much to Marie Rose. Grid wanted to save her.

Braham stared at Grid with a frown and barely opened his mouth, “Do as you please. Let’s see how far the relationship of a couple formed out of a sense of duty goes.”

They were words that sounded like a curse, but they were more like advice when coming from Braham. There was no way they would be happy when getting married out of such a cheap mindset. It was communicated to Grid.

“I believe I will truly love her. First of all, she is pretty. She is also surprisingly kind.”

“She is kind...? Hah! Even if you are blinded by emotions, this is being too blinded.”

Braham clicked his tongue while his severed hand finished regenerating. It was a tremendous resilience due to the body of a direct descendant that allowed him to overcome death.

“Well, it’s fine. Discuss the marriage later and let’s get the goods back first.”

Braham pointed to the wings Metatron was holding in their hands.

“Raphael’s wings. I gathered them myself.”

“The wings of the 1st ranked archangel...”

Why did Braham ascend to heaven and obtain wings? Grid decided not to be curious about it. He purely noted the value of the wings.

‘I can strengthen Sariel.’

The wings of the 3rd ranked Archangel, Michael, alone gave Sariel the power of ‘Slaughter’ and greatly strengthened her. The value of the wings of the 1st ranked archangel would be indescribable. It could be seen from the fact that the archangels personally chased after Braham to retrieve the wings.

The wings couldn’t be missed.

“Let’s get it back first,” Grid said while looking at the angel with the wings.

Metatron—it was a being with an unfamiliar name, unlike the other archangels with names that ended with ‘el.’ They were unusual in appearance, but Grid wasn’t too shaken. It was because he had the strong impression that the power of the archangel was somewhat inferior compared to the Great Demons. He predicted that there must be a hidden power.

Gabriel interjected, “You are going to get it back? You talk as if it is yours.”

There was actually such a shameless robber in the world. Gabriel didn’t like Grid, but she couldn’t bear to show any hostility. She carefully took a step back to avoid offending him.

“We will take Raphael’s wings. It is a natural thing. I won’t ask your Apostle to pay for his sins, so I hope you will understand.”

Then Gabriel winked at Metatron. It was a signal to hurry up the stairs. However, Metatron stood motionless in place and stared at Grid.

“Why are you still..?”

“”I need a minimum of ten contracts.””

“.....”

Gabriel was about to urge Metatron, only to suddenly shut up. The faces of the other archangels also stiffened. It was because they understood the meaning of Metatron’s words.

“”I can’t escape with anything less than that.””

Metatron was assessing Grid’s power. They calculated Grid as a strong opponent who could be countered only when at least 12 wings were spread out. This was true even considering that there were another three archangels gathered here.

Raguel muttered, “Are you seriously assessing him in the same hierarchy as an Old Dragon...?”

The aura of Fire Dragon Trauka had been felt the moment Grid appeared. However, now they knew. The source of their initial feeling wasn’t Grid, but the sword and armor Grid was armed with.

A longsword and armor surrounded by orange divinity and red flames. Surprisingly, it was supposedly made by smelting Trauka’s bones and scales. It had a relatively ordinary structure, but it must contain enormous power. Even so, it didn’t make sense to regard Grid on the same level as an Old Dragon.

The angels shook their heads, but Metatron told them, “”It requires 12 because of that dragon weapon.””

Metatron’s senses were examining Grid’s sword. They analyzed it thoroughly without looking at it or touching it. A sword with a blade that was slightly over three feet long—it was a double-edged sword that stretched out in a straight line and there was nothing remarkable about it except that the handle was slightly long enough to be held with both hands.

‘The types of swordsmanship that can be used with this sword are all within the range of expectations. The fact that they can implement Dragon Fear, Rage, and Breath are the only variables.’

Back when Metatron was the leader, the angels were different from the present day angels. They didn’t simply use their memories of their previous life as the basis for the martial ability, but acquired and honed additional skills.

Metatron had taught them directly. Metatron was different from the other archangels who treated spears and swords as ornaments and relied on their divinity, wings, and halos.

It was after Chiyon left. Metatron was so well-versed in combat that some gods questioned the Goddess’ choice of making Zeratul without liberating Metatron.

“Are you the same type as Sariel?” Grid asked while staring at Metatron. He was surprisingly calm and showed cautious words and actions toward the person who pierced Braham’s heart and severed his hand.

Grid recalled Sariel from the appearance of Metatron, whose body was restrained like a sinner. He was worried that Metatron would’ve also been falsely accused of

corruption for exposing the original sins of the gods. No, it was more of an expectation than a worry. He wondered if there would be a new ally for his side.

“Are you going to accuse me of being stupid to stand up to you? It is a confidence you deserve,” Metatron shattered Grid’s expectations and urged Gabriel, “Offer the conditions of the contract.”

“Kuek...! The wings of the three of us...”

“It isn’t enough.”

“...Add the halos.”

“Just die. There must be a lot of spare bodies anyway.”

A leader who ruled the angels beyond governing them—the essence of Metatron, who was eventually impeached as a tyrant incomparable to Raphael, was the Archangel of Contracts. In order to move Metatron, who lost the authority of a leader, a contract had to be formed first and the contract had to come with a sufficient price.

The fact that Metatron was restrained wasn’t evidence of any crime. It was a safety device made by Rebecca when he owed her a debt.

“Chiyoun... I will tell you Chiyoun’s whereabouts,” Gabriel lowered her head and made a final offer.

Just then—

“That is enough.”

Metatron’s huge body trembled. They seemed to be smiling.

Gabriel hurriedly continued, “I’m just giving you the location. I’m not giving you the freedom to go there.”

“You don’t have the authority to discuss freedom in the first place. Nevertheless, it is enough.”

Flap!

Ten of the wings that had been curled up for countless years unfolded at the same time, causing white and black feathers to flutter. The outer wings were pure white, like other angels, but the inner wings were black.

Metatron was resisting the dimensional effect of the Overgeared World in real time and was proving that he wasn't bound by certain laws.

“Why are you obsessed with Chiyou's whereabouts?”

Both a very powerful magic power and divinity could be felt. Grid saw Metatron unlocking their power and once again realized the other being was unusual. This caused him to ask warily. He was gradually learning that there were many beings criticizing Chiyou for being an irresponsible god.

Even so, Grid felt a great liking toward Chiyou. He couldn't hate the god who freed Pagma, who was lonely among the yangbans, and bestowed a blessing on him.

Metatron replied without any deception, ““I want to test out being a God Killer without giving the Goddess grief.””

A chill went down Grid's spine. It was because the magic power and divinity surrounding Metatron seemed to bounce like lightning and started to glow pure white.

Braham's face paled and he muttered, “This... it is dangerous.”

The power to imprint death on one's mind—the identity of the power that made even Braham, who transcended death, be filled with fear was the energy of a God Killer.

Grid felt it as well.

‘It is incomparable to what Garam showed.’

This was a strong enemy. It happened the moment when Grid was convinced...

Tears of blood flowed from Metatron's eyes, which were revealed through the gaps in their wings.

““I will surely destroy Yatan one day and end the Goddess' harsh fate.””

Flash!

A ray of light was fired. It was a fan-shaped ray that reached the edge of their field of view the moment it was fired. It was a large-scale skill with the same principle as Shunpo. There were only a handful of beings in the world who could react or avoid this attack. It was a powerful attack that even Braham suffered from, but Metatron used it as a basic skill.

“”Run away now.””

Metatron gestured to Gabriel. They grasped the location of Grid, who was swept away by the rays, with their senses and fired the rays again.

‘He is great, but he can’t be compared to Chiyou. He isn’t one I should be obsessed with.’

Metatron had no intention of fighting Grid for a long time. Therefore, he signed a contract to let Gabriel run away rather than harming Grid. In the first place, the conditions Gabriel offered made it impossible to harm Grid and Metatron wasn’t very interested in Grid. There was a good subject called Chiyou and it wasn’t suitable to obsess over someone inferior to Chiyou.

“...Was I wrong?””

What was so sad and distressing? Metatron’s eyes, which had been distorted from the beginning, suddenly shot up. They watched Grid approaching through the rays. No. This was simply ‘pushing through.’ Metatron’s rays that could melt a great mountain couldn’t melt Grid’s armor and just hovered on the outside. They had to helplessly allow Grid’s advance.

“”Wouldn’t it be hard for Trauka to do this?””

The armor made from Trauka’s scales was harder than Trauka’s main body? Metatron reacted with disbelief after seeing it.

“That Hexetia definitely...!”

Gabriel glimpsed the situation while running up the staircase of clouds and gritted her teeth. She understood that Grid, who had obtained both the scales of an Old Dragon and the Blacksmith God, was much more powerful than before. His growth rate was incredible, even though she lived in the same era and saw and heard about it firsthand.

Gabriel started to feel awe toward Grid, but soon groaned. It was the aftermath of witnessing Metatron being cut. It was close to a one-sided slaughter. The dragon weapon curved like a crescent moon when Grid cut horizontally, increased its volume when it dropped, and sharpened again when it stabbed forward, neutralizing most of Metatron’s resistance.

““A sword that responds to will...!”” Metatron’s cry was like a death sentence. Just hearing the voice that was choked up with blood gave people goosebumps.

Gabriel's steps came to a standstill. The other archangels were also like stone statues as they stared at Grid. Metatron swung their hand in an attempt at a counterattack, but it was blocked in vain. It was because Grid's sword tilted to the side and immediately increased its volume. It felt like the walls had shrunk and wrapped around his body.

A single sword was performing a miracle.

“Are you Chiyou?”

“You are really senile.”

Grid dismissed the suggestion that Metatron seriously made and put his intent in the sword.

The orange divinity became even darker. The surface of the smooth sword shimmered with the atmosphere of a summer day.

Overgeared—Grid's final weapon, which incorporated Grid's years, experiences, and ties, changed shape from moment to moment as it followed the paths of Wave, Restraint, Link, Kill, Transcend, Pinnacle, Revolve, Drop, Flower, Dragon, and Serve as it cut at Metatron's wings.

It was irresistible. The name of the sword that terrorized the archangels was Defying the Natural Order. It was a sword that could bring down the sky.

Overgeared

Chapter 1800

[Defying the Natural Order]

[Rating: Only One]

Durability: Infinite Attack Power: 41,508~???

- ★ The attack skill usage speed will increase by 65%.
- ★ The power of attack skills will increase by 460%.
- ★ The absolute hit rate will increase by 50%.

★ There is a high probability of causing 'blindness' or 'burning' to the target with every attack.

★ Every time you defend against an attack with the weapon, there is a high probability of causing 'charm' or 'stiffness' to the target, and a low probability of causing 'Flames of the Fire Dragon.'

★ There is an 85% chance of neutralizing the target's defense skills, magic, and powers.

★ Additional attack power is applied against Great Demons, Archangels, Gods, and Dragons.

★ In dark places, the attack power of the weapon is increased by 80%.

★ The weapon is always hidden. The target has a high probability of failing to recognize the attack.

★ When attacking, there is a certain probability of casting the great magic, Disintegrate.

★ When attacking, there is a certain probability of casting the great magic, Meteor.

★ Divine Sword Unity is always activated. However, it only applies when the user is Grid.

A sword made through the Trinity of Only One God Grid, the Blacksmith God Hexetia, and the Legendary Blacksmith Khan, and through the unity of their mental worlds.

It uses the bones and scales of Trauka that still contain his intent, as well as Greed imbued with Braham's magic as materials. Then it was tempered with the flames of Hexetia and the Red Phoenix.

This sword, which keeps the honor of the Only One God, will exist alone even if the world goes through billions of deaths and births.

Wearing Conditions: Grid, Dragon Slayer, Dragon Knight.

Weight: 2,500~???

[Flames of the Fire Dragon]

[The heat of the Red Phoenix rekindles the flames of the Fire Dragon Trauka.

If attacking while covered in flames, the target's fire resistance and magic resistance are greatly reduced. It will also apply reflection damage proportional to magic power, the willpower stat, and the weapons' attack power.]

[Divine Sword Unity]

[Through the integration of intent and the sword, the sword and the body have become one.

It is different from a swordsman's Divine Sword Unity. The form of Defying the Natural Order will change in real time according to the sword trajectory you use.

Immediately after the shape transformation, the weapon damage and power of the swordsmanship are further increased.

If the shape changes more than five times in a row, 'Maelstrom of Intent' will occur.]

[Maelstrom of Intent]

[Your thoughts resonate with the sword and are expressed outwardly. One special thing will happen.

Cooldown Time: 10 minutes.]

The new divine sword inherited the beauty of Twilight. Unlike Twilight, which looked like it was wrapped in orange divinity, the new sword's appearance was relatively distinct due to the red flames flowing up and down the blade. They were the flames of Fire Dragon Trauka that remained as remnants, or to be precise, the 'flames of intent' stimulated by the heat of Red Phoenix. They didn't go out and quietly fluctuated.

Due to this, the appearance of Defying the Natural Order was clear, but it was difficult to tell whether it was a sword or fire. In addition, the shape changed in real time so it was judged to be 'hidden.'

[The target has received 599,910 damage.] *freewebnovel.com*

[The target has received 2,705,830 damage.]

[The target has received 840.600 damage.]

[The target has received 4,887,520 damage.]

‘Look at this.’

The fluctuating range of Defying the Natural Order’s attack power was difficult for even Grid to fathom. For example, he cut the target with Pinnacle and then stabbed with Kill. The blade of Defying the Natural Order, which had bent like a crescent moon, became straight and amplified the power of Kill by several times.

It also happened vice versa. This meant that the power of the fusion sword dance had naturally increased. Even simply using single sword dances alternatively could give damage like the existing fusion sword dances. In fact, Metatron’s health gauge was jumping strangely. It would decrease by centimeters and then suddenly decrease by tens of centimeters. This was the case even though Grid only used the single sword dances. It was right to call it strange.

‘I don’t think they can get used to it.’

The reason why the winner was decided so quickly in a battle between Absolutes was because they were forced to ‘allow’ each other’s attacks. They moved at high speed and used extreme techniques, so it was difficult to obtain one-sided advantages. In order to take the other person’s flesh, they had to give up their flesh themselves.

Grid had felt it desperately after fighting Baal dozens of times. Baal had mastered all the skills of the dead and had several means to neutralize Freely Move. In order to hit Baal, Grid had to allow himself to be hit as well. He needed a trick to allow as weak an attack as possible. It was only when thoroughly evaluating the opponent that the chances of survival increased.

In this sense, Defying the Natural Order was the strongest weapon. It was because it was hard to determine the power from the opponent’s perspective.

Of course, this didn’t mean Defying the Natural Order was a perfect weapon. It also had its downsides. The most fatal drawback was that it wasn’t a growth-type weapon. He received the judgment that it had the ‘Only One’ rating, but Grid felt disappointed rather than happy. It was because the advantages of a growth-type weapon were too great.

How envious had he been when he saw Kraugel’s White Tiger Sword? Growth-type weapons evolved in the direction that maximized the owner’s specialties and strengths. Special effects that couldn’t be obtained through other paths were created or insufficient stats were supplemented, so they had a far superior

performance than weapons of the same rating. It wasn't an exaggeration to describe them as a 'perfect match.'

'Of course, Defying the Natural Order is a perfect match.'

It was a sword that responded to Grid's will. Was there any other weapon that was more perfectly matched with him? Even if Twilight grew to the 'Only One' rating one day, it wouldn't be as perfect as Defying the Natural Order, although it could have advantages that Defying the Natural Order didn't have.

'There is something else to regret about Defying the Natural Order.'

Another disadvantage of Defying the Natural Order was that it was impossible to use Item Combination on it. To be precise, it was possible. However, when combined with other swords, the Divine Sword Unity effect was changed to a random activation rather than always being activated. Therefore, the benefits were small.

Defying the Natural Order was a sword that was linked to Grid's intent. The moment other swords were combined with Defying the Natural Order, it was judged that impurities were mixed in and the linkage became incomplete.

'...Still, it is okay.'

Grid once again soothed his disappointment. It was because the expected damage value of Defying the Natural Order was higher than Twilight combined with another divine sword. No matter how much he listed the shortcomings, it didn't change the fact that Defying the Natural Order was the strongest weapon.

Metatron was also feeling it.

"Did you deliberately arrange something like Divine Sword Unity...? You used sheer force to reach a level that others barely reached by building up the years like a tower... what a selfish and unreasonable being. You aren't bound to a contract like me and you ignore the laws..."

Metatron understood why they had mistaken Grid as Chiyou for a moment. A being who ignored the laws of the world—Grid resembled Chiyou.

On the contrary, he felt more noble. Unlike Chiyou, who became an Only One God simply because he was worshiped, Grid showed traces of desperate effort.

'I signed the wrong contract.'

Metatron clicked their tongue and narrowly avoided Grid's slash. They were initially helpless, but they gradually started to adjust.

'Right now, Chiyou's whereabouts aren't worth much.'

The 10 wings he unfolded in exchange for hearing Chiyou's whereabouts had lost their meaning. Metatron's divinity and magic power quickly weakened.

Gabriel's expression stiffened. "Are you going to break the contract?"

"This isn't my will, it is logic. The fault lies with you for paying unnecessary things in exchange for the contract."

"Unnecessary things...?"

Metatron—like other archangels, they were driven by their instincts. They were unable to escape the essence of the 'contract.' They were different from Raphael and Gabriel, who could still think relatively freely.

Thus, Gabriel thought that Metatron was nothing more than a doll. She believed that she could fully control Metatron, even though they were believed to be one of the strongest in Asgard. Yet at this moment, her faith was broken. It was because the doll that had been obsessed with Chiyou gave up their obsession.

It was due to Grid.

"Don't tell me you... do you really think he can replace Chiyou?"

"Replace? No way. It is too noble to be treated as a replacement. Gabriel, you have been arrogant since birth. Do you not know the meaning of an Only One God?"

"....."

Gabriel didn't bother finding words to refute it. There was no way she didn't know the value of an Only One God. She had always felt how great Grid was. However, it was still questionable if he was comparable to Chiyou.

Gabriel remembered the scene of that day clearly. The power of Chiyou, who opened the path of retreat alone while defending Hanul, who had lost and was weakened, and the few gods who served him. There couldn't be more than one such monster-like being in the world...

"Don't bicker and hurry," Uriel urged her.

There was still some time left before the contract with Metatron became completely useless. They had to run away in the gap when Metatron was stopping Grid. The archangels had countless reserve bodies that allowed them to resurrect again and again, but Grid had the Saintess. If they were killed, they couldn't be resurrected, like Michael, and their soul would be extinguished.

A total of ten halos of light floated above Metatron's face and moved around in a dizzying manner. Grid was conscious of the fleeing Gabriel but this forced him to focus.

““It is a worthless contract, but I am obligated to keep it until it is completely broken.””

Metatron's gaze shifted to Grid's armor. It was armor that appeared to be woven from thousands of finger-thick strips of red leather.

At first, they thought it was armor made from Trauka's skin, but they were mistaken. It was scales, not leather. The hard scales were woven into pieces of leather. It was a form that couldn't be done unless one was the Blacksmith God.

‘The scales of the Old Dragon are overlapped on top of each other.’

It had to be harder than Trauka's main body.

‘However, there is nothing in the world that can't be broken.’

Even an Old Dragon could be cut and pierced despite overlaying their absolute defense and Dragon Words over their scales. The rotating halos of light gathered into a single point and took on a certain shape. Soon, a huge axe formed in Metatron's hands. It was a double-edged axe that seemed like chaos with the energy of divinity, magic power, and a God Killer mixed together.

“”It is similar in that it contains the principle of the end brought about by Yatan.””

“I haven't understood what you've been saying since a while ago.”

Metatron kept talking about contracts before finally mentioning Chiyon and Yatan. They weren't talking to Grid, they were talking to themselves. They made endless comments on their own. There was no reason for Grid to respect them. In the first place, weren't they the one who harmed Grid?

‘I have to be careful.’

A target whose overall stats were hard to measure—they managed to resist the dimensional effects of the Overgeared World while withstanding Grid’s onslaught. Metatron was clearly formidable. It was clear that they were a special existence like Eve on the surface. The energy in the axe was also unusual.

“Sigh.”

Grid gradually erased the escaping Gabriel from his consciousness and focused on breathing.

--!

The silent light flickered and shook the entire world. It was the aftermath of Metatron wielding the axe.

Grid calmly responded. He activated the absolute defense of his newly made armor while also raising his sword and taking a defensive stance. Just as the Old Dragons wrapped their absolute defense and Dragon Words over their scales, Grid was also surrounded by his absolute defense and walls.

The belated thunderous sound made Grid’s ears numb.

Defying the Natural Order had changed into the form of a greatsword and interlocked with the axe.

Grid gritted his teeth and twisted his wrist. He shook off the axe and used the three fusion sword dance Dragon Revolve Pinnacle. He dug into Metatron, deflecting the axe that approached him again and attacked. It was the moment when Defying the Natural Order, starting with the greatsword, changed its form four times.

“Transcended Linked Dragon Pinnacle Kill Wave.”

Grid activated the six fusion sword dance.

[Maelstrom of Intent has occurred!]

It was truly a smooth linkage. Grid’s intent resonated with Defying the Natural Order, blurring the boundaries between his mental world and reality. The canyon of metal soared through the waves of the Red Sea, swaying with the waves of battle, creating a landscape of a mountain range half submerged in the sea.

Metatron’s axe, which had been digging into Grid’s neck, paused for a moment. It was only for a moment, but it was a fatal stiffness.

“Dragon Words?”

Metatron reacted in disbelief as their huge body was cut and turned to ash.