

Overgeared

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Overgeared

Chapter 1801

[The 7th ranked Archangel, 'Metatron,' has been defeated in an imperfect state.]

[Metatron's soul has resisted the divinity of Saintess Ruby and has escaped extinction.]

[Metatron's soul is giving a warning.]

-Don't deal with Chiyou. There must be a reason why the Goddess turned away from him and sent him away. He might harm your hierarchy.

[A 'Fragment of the Wings of Contract' has been acquired.]

[A 'Fragment of the Wings of Rule' has been acquired.]

[Your level has risen by 5.]

"Eh? It can't be extinguished...?"

Grid's speed when acting had been trained repeatedly and it was very fast. He delivered the final blow to Metatron and used Knights Summoning to summon his sister, Ruby, to his side. It was to prevent Metatron's reincarnation, but he failed.

Ruby was flustered. "It says it is a target whose soul can't be extinguished. It feels like the system has blocked it."

"Yes." Grid reacted like it wasn't important. It was because he expected it.

Their name, alignment, appearance, and power—Metatron was completely different from the other archangels. Grid thought that there was still a hidden story to Metatron. It was similar to Eve. It was too early for them to disappear.

'They were strong. If they had appeared three hours earlier...'

He wouldn't have won so easily. Grid looked down at Defying the Natural Order in his hand and his consciousness gradually sank into the past. It was quite deep. It reached the point where he remembered the first time he made an item.

'I made a promise at that time.'

I will make the strongest weapon one day.

It was a dream he was able to have because he was ignorant. It was a dream that he realized was futile the more time that passed. Nevertheless, he had been trying. It was to the extent that he ended up making Twilight.

Twilight—it would shine as the twilight that declared an end to the enemy, and the dawn of hope for allies.

The sword was as beautiful as its name and it was Grid's irreplaceable pride. When attacking enemies, he would see the falling spears of light and the meteorites and think, 'Yes, this is enough.' He thought he couldn't wish for more. He believed his dream finally came true. But this wasn't the case.

The absurd dream of a novice blacksmith who knew nothing came true at only this moment. It was in the form of Defying the Natural Order.

'I'm glad I didn't give up.'

To be precise, he couldn't give up. Grid couldn't stop trying because of those around him. The traces in Defying the Natural Order showed Grid's position.

Grid was able to obtain Trauka's arms with the help of Marie Rose and the tower members, and he was able to melt Trauka's arms because he had the help of Hexetia, Khan, and the Red Phoenix. The reason why Hexetia and Khan were by Grid's side was thanks to the Great Robber of the Red Night and Raiders. Without Idan, he wouldn't have gained Raiders' favor. If he went into more detail here, the Overgeared members would also have to be mentioned one by one. Thanks to the materials and designs they had provided over the years, Grid was able to build up his current skills.

'It was also thanks to my colleagues that I collected pavranium easily. I can't forget the help of Braham, who forged Greed with magic. In addition...'

There was no limit. Yes, Defying the Natural Order, Grid's dream, was the result of all his connections.

‘It is like everything else.’

Gratitude—a huge emotion swirled in one side of Grid’s mind. A tremendous sense of exhilaration filled him uncontrollably.

“...Uwaaaaaah!”

“Kyak!”

Grid was unable to overcome his emotional turbulence and cheered. It was while hugging his sister, who was surprised by the sudden cry. He was so happy that he felt like crying. The realization that he regained Khan and made the strongest weapon and armor was thrilling him.

“.....?”

Braham, who was dazed for a while, came to his senses from the commotion.

Grid and Ruby—he stared at the two people, who got along very well unlike his own siblings, and asked cautiously, “The dragon weapons you will make in the future... will it all be like this?”

“Um...? If you are asking if it will be a sword that changes in response to the user’s will, unfortunately, this isn’t the case. It is something I can’t make often and in the first place, I am the only one who can handle it.”

“Yes.”

Braham almost lost ten years of his life. It would be difficult for him to become a swordsman now.

That’s right. It was such a great weapon that it made the God of Magic and Wisdom think of a new path. If the apostles were to use the same sword as Grid’s as a weapon, Braham would’ve sincerely tried to become a swordsman. It was in order to not fall behind.

“More than that, Braham, what did you do?”

The relieved Braham started frowning at these words. He thought he was about to hear the word ‘troll’ again and his anger soared. Still, what could he do? It was self-inflicted. He couldn’t say anything and started trembling. Then Grid grabbed his hands. His eyes were shining like stars.

“How far did you read ahead to prepare such a gift?”

“If you are going to nag me...”

I am already reflecting, so do it in moderation.

Braham, who was about to speak humbly with this intention, suddenly shut up. It was because Grid showed an unexpected reaction.

“These wings are Raphael’s wings right? How did you find out that Raphael was in prison?”

“That...”

“It’s fine. You don’t have to say it. You have been upset... no, I was wondering what you have been doing because you haven’t been around lately, but you must’ve been watching over me as usual.” *freewebnovel.com*

“.....”

“I just didn’t expect that you would ascend to heaven alone without the help of the Great Robber of the Red Night and Raiders. Sariel... taking the risk for your companion to acquire Raphael’s wings...”

“It wasn’t for anything like that...”

“I feel even more respect for you.”

“...Bah, I am the only one you can respect.”

From where did the misunderstanding start? Braham was curious but decided not to dig deeper. He judged that it would be beneficial to leave it as it was.

‘As a result, everything has worked out.’

In fact, a chill had gone down his spine when he was chased by Metatron. He thought the surface would receive a lot of damage while dealing with this monster. Yet contrary to expectations, Metatron was easily defeated.

Grid caused the astonishment of his comrade, as usual, but he didn’t take it seriously.

‘He is good at everything except magic, politics, and naming. He also isn’t good at making babies.’

Surprisingly, he wasn't good at everything. However, this wasn't Grid's fault. Grid recognized his own deficiencies and always tried to improve them. It was qualitatively different from the arrogant celestial gods.

'Damn bastards.'

Braham gritted his teeth in shame as he recalled some of the gods who stayed on the sidelines despite clearly noticing that he had infiltrated Asgard. It was close to hating one's own kind.

Grid's barrage of questions poured out. "By the way, how did you catch them off guard? It isn't normal for both Zeratul and Raphael to be hit."

"Everyone is humble before me."

"Ah, yes..." It wasn't a good enough answer. However, Grid didn't dig deeper. He learned from experience that it was difficult to get the answers he wanted when Braham came out like this.

'In any case, it is obvious. They must've been so preoccupied with fighting that they left Braham alone.'

In any case, it was done well. It was regrettable that he missed Gabriel's group because he couldn't look away from Metatron, but it was enough to learn about Metatron's existence. Moreover, he got Metatron's wings and Raphael's wings.

'Unlike the Wings of Slaughter, the owners of these wings are still alive, but they will be of some help to Sariel.'

The reason why the Wings of Slaughter were transplanted to Sariel was because Michael was extinguished. This meant it was impossible to transplant the Wings of Contract and Wings of Rule to Sariel. However, the fact that it was a gift from Braham's heart was of great value alone. It would be a great encouragement to Sariel who, unlike the other apostles, was unable to take free action and was living with the heart of a sinner.

'It is quite touching when you find out that your cold-hearted colleague is actually worried about you. Maybe this is... can a mixed blood of an archangel and direct descendant vampire be born?'

No, Sariel has a body of both genders, so conception might not be possible...

In the first place, Braham didn't seem to have any sexual desire... perhaps? This...

Grid's expression changed from moment to moment, from anticipation to disappointment and regret. Braham was somehow filled with displeasure and changed the subject.

"How is the condition of your friend?"

"Which friend? I have more than one or two friends... I can't understand if you just speak like this."

I have a lot of friends.

Grid could now say this confidently.

Braham's pupils shook. It was a rare look of agitation. It was the same reaction as a frog hit by a thoughtlessly thrown stone.

"I'm sorry..."

Everyone had heartaches. This was what relationships were like for Braham. He was betrayed by Pagma and betrayed by his disciples. Braham's deep wounds and regrets were brought out by Grid. It caused a backlash of magic power.

Grid was just about to apologize again when Braham told Grid, "That person with a big belly that you care quite a bit about."

"Ah, Khan? He is adjusting well. I am glad."

"...There isn't something wrong with his health?"

"Yes, he is perfectly fine. There was originally a problem because we couldn't achieve the Trinity, but we solved it well... Uh? You know? The reason you ascended to heaven wasn't because of Sariel, but because you were worried about Khan...?"

"Don't talk nonsense."

"Right? I wondered if you were trying to kidnap an angel, so a chill went down my spine for a moment. You aren't the old Biban. You can't be so senile."

"...Let's go back. We need to tell Sariel about Metatron. Hasn't Sariel been hiding important information from us? You should be mindful that you might have to punish her."

“Don’t think so crookedly. You know that Sariel isn’t intact because she has lost her memories so many times.”

Grid thought this worked out just right. The next dragon weapon he wanted to make was Braham’s staff. There was no doubt that a great work would be created if he added the help of Hexetia and Braham to the experience of creating Tribute.

‘By the way, now I’ve caught up with Braham’s level.’

Braham was unique among the apostles.

Once when he killed the Hydra and became part of a great myth, once when he got his blood back from Marie Rose and regained the body of a direct descendant vampire, and once when he became a god—it was the aftermath of three awakening events.

Of course, he performed countless other acts as well. He was super named, which boasted fraudulent growth, and had continued to grow explosively. Therefore, he soon exploded past level 800. Now Grid had caught up.

Level 840.

It felt like he was approaching the end of something. He had been thinking that level 999 might be the players’ maximum level.

‘There must be a level limit. It is the easier way to preserve the dignity of the enemies while maintaining the balance.’

Basically, Satisfy wasn’t friendly to players. They didn’t try to give a situation where the players had a higher level than named NPCs. The evidence was that the average level of the players and the level of named NPCs that rose rapidly depending on time and events. It was a forced penalty. It was very natural to assume that there was a limit to the players’ level. Of course, Grid was the only one who could reach the limit at the moment.

Grid didn’t know. The fact that other players didn’t care about the dignity of the enemies or the balance of the game at all. There were still enemies scattered everywhere that players other than Grid couldn’t overcome. They were always in the position of a challenger. They couldn’t afford to worry about the balance of the game.

“Let’s go back.”

It was only after Grid's permission was granted—Braham's Teleport was activated.

Overgeared

Chapter 1802

[Fire Dragon's Armor]

[Rating: Only One]

Durability: Infinite Defense: 5,001

A set item.

- ★ Injury immunity.
- ★ The stamina stat is increased by 1,000.
- ★ Strength and agility is increased by 500.
- ★ 100% increase in health recovery speed.
- ★ Immunity to instant death and assassination skills.
- ★ Maintain the optimal body temperature at all times.
- ★ Immunity to Ten Thousand Poisons
- ★ Defense will increase in proportion to the number of party members and the increased defense is shared with all party members.
- ★ Defense is increased by 20 and health by 10 with every hit taken. There is no increase limit. However, the duration of the added defense and health is limited to 3 seconds each.
- ★ The 'Shock Mitigation' effect is always active.
- ★ The skill 'Regression' is created.
- ★ The skill 'Absolute Defense' is created.
- ★ The skill 'Another Tomb' is created.

When equipped with a dragon weapon, the weapon's attack power and this armor's defense will increase by 30% each.

An armor 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.

Made from splitting Trauka's scales into 159,994 pieces and woven into a framework, this red armor looks like a silk uniform at first glance. It has a structure that absorbs and mitigates all types of shocks.

Additionally, it contains the will of the Legendary Blacksmith Khan, who prays for the safety of Only One God Grid. It can exercise miracles that have never been seen before.

★ Dragon armor set effect: Every time additional armor made of dragon scales is equipped, defense will increase.

Conditions of Use: Grid. **freewebnovel.com**

Weight: 8,700]

[Shock Mitigation]

[Significantly reduces all types of damage.

Always activated.]

[Regression]

[It reproduces the will of Fire Dragon Trauka and regresses to the state before taking damage.

Skill Cooldown Time: 48 hours.]

[Absolute Defense]

[Recreate the power of a dragon to absorb all types of damage. However, it doesn't have the full effect in the face of techniques or attacks that neutralize the absolute defense.

50,000 mana is consumed per second when activating the skill.

Skill Cooldown Time: None.]

[Another Tomb]

[Recreates the Tomb of the Gods and inflicts a massive bombardment in the surrounding area.

The type of bombardment and the damage depends on the amount of damage received in the 20 seconds before the skill is activated.

Skill Resources Consumed: None.

Skill Cooldown Time: 1 hour.]

The Fire Dragon's Armor was very different from Defying the Natural Order. It was mainly made by Hexetia, not Grid. Grid had relatively little experience in making armor, while this armor contained the essence of techniques that were difficult to implement. Khan also helped greatly due to his experience with Moving Fortress.

"Amazing..."

Could Braham see the item information? His jade-like red eyes shook several times as he examined Defying the Natural Order and Fire Dragon's Armor, which Grid had taken off.

Khan stared at him and said politely, "Thank you for taking care of Grid in the meantime."

Even before he regained his physical ability, Braham had been of great help to Grid several times. Who knew how much more help he would've given after he regained his body?

The magic contained in Greed represented Braham's heart. Khan could see how much Braham valued Grid.

"...Thanking me for what happened in the meantime? Hmph, it sounds like I won't need to do it in the future."

Braham's reaction was quite cold. Braham was annoyed by Khan's attitude of talking as if he was Grid's protector. Braham felt competitive. To be honest, if

someone was to claim themselves as Grid's protector, then wasn't he better than Khan?

Khan spoke to Braham, who was feeling proud as he looked back on his years spent with Grid, "How can that be? Braham, you will continue to stand by Grid forever."

Eternity was a privilege for archangels with backup bodies. Khan was an angel and he would one day perish. His position was completely different from Braham, who had overcome death. Khan spoke with this in mind, but Braham's reaction was even colder.

"You are gloomy. It seems that you are always aware of death due to your experience of having already died once. You can't die as long as I am here."

Braham never wanted to see Grid grieving again. It was a matter of pride. Not giving him a perfect life even when Braham was around? It proved his incompetence. It was unacceptable.

"...Yes, I will keep that in mind."

The more I know you, the kinder you are.

Khan smiled happily as he realized again why Grid trusted and relied on Braham. Meanwhile, Braham frowned again. It seemed like he was about to become angry right away. Grid felt that there would be no end to this if left to the two of them and intervened.

"Come, let's keep talking about what we were discussing earlier. You said you wanted to make a staff in the mental world, right?"

"Yes," Braham answered immediately. He was deeply fascinated by Grid's divine sword that responded to will and wanted a similar weapon for himself. He said it was worth challenging even after hearing that Grid's Intent Production had several restrictions.

"Um... What do you think, Hexetia?"

"It isn't even worth discussing. Intent Production is about infusing the creator's intent in the mental world of the creator. The client's mental world can't exert any influence on Intent Production."

“Wasn’t this armor actually made by you? It was also in Grid’s mental world? In fact, it feels like Khan’s intent is infused more strongly than Grid’s.”

“It is possible because we are in a Trinity. It isn’t like you, who is treated as separate.”

“Separate...?”

The fact that Grid was getting married to Marie Rose might’ve dealt a big blow to Braham’s mentality. Grid glanced at Braham, who frowned whenever anyone said anything, and read the skill description of Intent Production again.

[Intent Production]

[Proceed with ‘Item Production’ in the mental world.

You can add or enhance attributes and functions by imbuing materials with intent.

The changes will follow your wishes.

Skill Usage Condition: Opening the Sanctuary of Metal.

Skill Resources Consumed: None.

Skill Cooldown Time: None.]

So far, it was perfect. It was a skill that could be triggered by simply opening the Sanctuary of Metal. However, there was one tricky condition.

[★Warning ★

There is a limit to the capacity that the mental world can digest.

You can’t produce more than two items of the same area from a single material.]

In other words—

It meant the ‘weapons’ and ‘armor’ made from Trauka’s bones and scales could no longer be the target of intent. If Grid wanted to make one more weapon like Defying the Natural Order, he needed scales and bones from other old dragons, not Trauka.

‘It is virtually impossible to gain the scales and bones of another Old Dragon, so Defying the Natural Order is an endgame item.’

Grid thought about it and opened his mouth, “Braham, you were formerly the Duke of Wisdom, and you are now the God of Wisdom. You wouldn’t make an unreasonable claim. Is there a solution?”

“I told you in the past. Anything made in the mental world can’t be taken out.”

“Yes, you said it is impossible to make intent exist in reality. Um...?”

Grid’s head cocked as he recalled Braham’s mental world that he had once seen. An infinite library and a huge laboratory—it was filled with the tens of millions of books and items made and used by Braham.

“Don’t tell me?”

“Yes, ‘making’ it is possible for me too. I just don’t have a way to make it exist, but I think it will be possible if I cooperate with you.”

To put the concept of Intent Production into perspective, it was ‘bringing items made in the mental world into reality.’ Now Grid had lost the right to make weapons with Trauka’s scales. On the other hand, he still had the right to take the created item into reality.

“Hexetia said that the reason he was able to create this armor in Grid’s mental world is because of the Trinity with Grid. However, I guess it isn’t the Trinity, but the impact of the unity of the mental worlds.”

Braham spoke meaningfully and stared directly into Grid’s eyes.

“There is no way that the relationship between you and I is worse than your relationship with Hexetia. We can also combine our mental worlds.”

In the merged mental worlds—

“I will hand over the authority to create things to you.”

“You are talking sophistry.”

Hexetia, who had been silently listening to Braham’s plan, clicked his tongue.

“To put it simply, Intent Production is consuming mental power. The reason why Grid can no longer make weapons out of Trauka’s scales and bones is because the Sanctuary of Metal’s capabilities can’t handle it. All the ideas are exhausted to create again and again. Trying to replace it with your mental world is extremely arrogant and impossible...”

“Shut up.”

“.....”

“I’m not something you can define. Neither is Grid.”

Braham lightly dismissed it and summoned his mental world. It was a mental world divided into three sections. Braham’s mental world came as a great shock to Hexetia, a celestial god.

‘This... it isn’t just a mental world. Did he add dimensions to the mental world?’

“I have studied magic to perform miracles and even overcame the curse of a God of the Beginning. In the end, discussing the impossible with me, who even broke Trauka’s fighting spirit, is nothing more than a demonstration of ignorance.”

Braham snapped his fingers and the books in the library rose into the air. Every book, every chapter, and every letter was Braham’s knowledge and memory

“Let’s try it first.”

Braham’s repeated suggestions shook off Grid’s hesitation.

‘There is nothing to lose.’

There was also a vague belief that Braham would be able to do something.

‘His title is the God of Wisdom.’

Braham was the only one who could think of a way around the rules created by the system. Grid gulped and opened the Sanctuary of Metal. It was only when the mental world unity occurred that he could try out Braham’s plan. Could two mental worlds merge without colliding? Grid had no choice but to worry.

[Braham’s mental world (First Boundary: Knowledge Room) is looking for the methods and means to assimilate with the Sanctuary of Metal.]

[Braham’s mental world (Second Boundary: Exploration Room) is digging into the Sanctuary of Metal.]

[Braham’s mental world (Third Boundary: Experimentation Room) is simulating the assimilation over and over again.]

Braham continued the experiment in the hope of creating a method that didn't exist. He seemed to take it for granted that the impossible could be made possible. This arrogance was what made Braham who he was today.

Then it ended.

"It's done."

A big smile appeared on Braham's face as he raised his chin.

[The 'Sanctuary of Metal' has assimilated with Braham's mental world 'Center of the World.']

['Intent Production' is activated.]

[Due to the intervention of Braham, God of Magic and Wisdom, some of the restrictions related to 'Intent Production' have been lifted.]

"Now you shouldn't be caught by these flimsy constraints. Grid, you have a hierarchy where you must naturally achieve what you mean."

It was Braham, not Grid, who wanted a staff that responded to intent. His attitude of saying that Grid was hoping for it was quite shameless.

"....."

Grid normally would've refuted it, but now he was quiet. He was overwhelmed with emotion.

Intent Production—a skill that gave the creator's intent to an item. The items that Grid created with Intent Production were originally supposed to be optimized for Grid. This was both a huge advantage and limitation. For example, if Hayate or Biban used Defying the Natural Order. They couldn't activate the 'form transformation' effect that was the biggest strength of Defying the Natural Order.

At this moment, Braham hinted at a new possibility.

[The subject of the currently assimilated mental world is Braham. Braham's intent, not yours, will dwell in the items you create with 'Intent Production.']

'If the client has a mental world and the ability to assimilate that mental world with my mental world...'

They could also become the owner of an item made with Item Production. It meant that better items could be spread more widely.

Grid imagined the faces of the apostles and tower members who all possessed 'exclusive weapons' on the level of Defying the Natural Order and started the production. This time, he used his own hammer and anvil rather than Hexetia's hammer and anvil. With the help of the flames created by Braham, Trauka's scales and bones were smelted.

Overgeared

Chapter 1803

Asgard.

“How did you end up against him?”

Gabriel frowned as she was thinking about Grid's new sword and armor. It was because Metatron's question after being reborn in a reserve body was unpleasant.

“To be exact, he went against us. He dared to challenge the Goddess' authority.”

“Seeing how sensitive you are, Gabriel, you must've also contributed to this relationship.”

“You are talking nonsense because you don't know anything. He was hostile to Asgard even before I met you.”

How could a doll who was obsessed with instinct shift the blame onto her? Gabriel lost her composure and was growing angry again. Then Metatron offered her comfort that wasn't really comfort.

“The good news is that the level of the apostle doesn't match the master. Is he called Braham? He is too inferior compared to the chief gods who worship the Goddess. The other apostles must be like that as well. Grid might be special as an individual, but in terms of power, the surface is no match for Asgard.”

“Of course. There is no need to even talk about this.”

“However, there will be a few crises if you provoke Grid.”

“...I won't do that,” Gabriel replied angrily and grudgingly.

She meant it. She was very angry, but she had vowed several times that she would never deal with Grid again. He was too strong. The fact that he ignored Raphael's authority and could use his full abilities in Asgard was very intimidating.

'Come to think of it, why is there no news?'

She received a report that the blueprint of the key has been found.

Mumud attracted Judar's attention—unusual for an angel—and was nominated as a candidate to be an archangel. Now he personally led a large army to the Prison of Eternity. She thought he would come back with Raphael soon, but for some reason, there was no news.

'It is too long even considering the fact that Zeratul will interfere.'

It was unlikely that Zeratul was in a perfect state. He must've fought to the death with Raphael while out of his mind. By now, he would've been overpowered by Raphael. *freewebnovel.com*

'Is Raphael forcing it for no reason?'

In the end—

Gabriel found it hard to wait and raised herself up. She headed to the Prison of Eternity. The atmosphere around the prison was unexpectedly noisy.

"What is going on?"

She couldn't show emotional agitation in front of the angels. Gabriel was maintaining her usual smile to protect her reputation, only for her expression to gradually stiffen. She maintained her smile, but all her muscles stiffened. It was the aftermath of finding the lock that was still tightly closed despite the key being in Mumud's hand.

'Magic?'

It was absurd. The lock that the angels had managed since the beginning of time had now been modified by magic. It was magic with a structure they had never seen before. Even at a glance, it was a form that was difficult to destroy.

'...That damn guy.'

Gabriel recalled Braham's face, which was only good to look at, and her expression crumpled as she lost her composure.

“”It is hard to say that his level is low.””

Metatron changed their assessment of Braham. They added that it seemed force wasn't the only virtue Grid considered important when selecting the apostles. Meanwhile, Mumud's emotions were fluctuating as he analyzed the spells on the lock.

‘It is like my magic.’

To be exact, it seemed as if someone had spent a long time researching and evolving his magic. For some reason, unfathomable anger and sadness soared.

“Mumud, is it difficult for you as well?” Archangel Umiel asked in a worried manner.

Angels were natural enemies of magic, but this didn't mean that they knew magic well. In the current situation, they were forced to rely on Mumud.

A being who lost his natural lifespan in exchange for a magical talent that had never been seen before—the archangels knew that Mumud was qualified to be the most accomplished magician in the world.

“It will take some time, but it can be solved.”

As expected, Mumud didn't betray their expectations. A concept penetrated his mind as he answered with a blank expression, not showing his emotional agitation.

‘My past life.’

He had a hunch that he would get to know another him the more he unlocked the magic in this lock...

Create a mental world.

This was a notice that was sent to all the Overgeared Guild members.

“Mental world... what?”

“It is like the Sanctuary of Metal that Grid uses.”

“Is it a skill that can be learned without a hidden quest or specific job change?”

“That is why this order must’ve been issued.”

“But it didn’t mention how to do it?”

The content of the notice was extremely unfriendly. They were simply instructed to create a mental world, but there wasn’t a word about how to create it. In other words, the confusion felt by the Overgeared members was natural. The members who opened up the ‘willpower’ stat understood the context, but there were only a few of them.

“Should I raise the level of Formless Will? Perhaps something special will happen when I master it.”

“If there was such a hidden piece, wouldn’t Grid have told us right away?”

The top-tier Overgeared members who had risen to the rank of legend or transcendent—they acted for Grid on the continent that changed due to Fire Dragon Trauka and they were very splendid. Jishuka, Faker, Chris, Hurent, Zibal, Vantner, etc. They were less famous compared to Yura, who guarded hell alone. However, they were even more like beginners in front of Grid.

They had no idea how to open up a mental world. It was natural. Even Grid didn’t know the precise method.

“...I am getting a lot of inquiries,” Lauel came to Grid and said. It was Lauel who informed the members to create a mental world, but it was Grid who instructed him to give the notice.

“Can’t you at least roughly give me a hint?”

“I just played the game seriously and it worked out?”

“.....”

Lauel had an expression like he was fed up. He thought it was a joke. Surprisingly, Grid was serious. It was because he got the mental world after exercising his will. In fact, a few days ago, Khan created a mental world with the idea of ‘protecting Grid with my skills and works.’

“Really. In my opinion, the conditions for opening up the mental world aren’t fixed, but vary from person to person. The trajectory of their lives... therefore, if there is will or tenacity, the system will have to acknowledge their playing history

and they will naturally get it. It is with the sense that their existence is invading the world.”

“Then it is a bit difficult. The will of our colleagues can’t be insignificant compared to you.”

“I think it is weird as well...”

Basically, the Overgeared Guild was a group made up of rankers. They were also the best rankers among billions of players. They were great people who must’ve heard at least a hundred times in the past that they were game crazy, that they only ate and played games.

At the same time, Satisfy was becoming the foundation of the global economy. None of the Overgeared members played Satisfy with a light heart. They had been playing Satisfy wholeheartedly. They might have fewer achievements compared to Grid, but it was the result of luck or a skill difference, not a lack of passion.

However, none of them had ever established a mental world. To be exact, it wasn’t recognized by the system.

‘The circumstances of the apostles are the same.’

None of the apostles except for Braham had a mental world. They were just hoping that perhaps Zik had it.

However, Zik hid himself so well that he had yet to even show off his Seven Malignant Saints’ skill. There were too many question marks in the status window. They felt like they wouldn’t respect Zik if they asked about the identity of these question marks, so they were cautious.

‘It doesn’t mean that the conditions for opening the mental world are difficult.’

Braham and Biban had their own mental worlds since they were mere legends.

‘Surprisingly, I don’t think it is difficult...’

Grid had this vague belief, but it was impossible for him to find the answers on his own. In the end, he had no choice but to trust and wait as always.

“There is no need to be nervous. I’m sure everyone will do a good job.”

In the meaning, Grid shared the details of ‘Braham’s Staff’ that he made today with Lauel.

“It is the other parties who need to be nervous.”

[Braham’s Staff]

[Rating: Only One

Durability: Proportional to the wearer’s mental strength (mana level).

Magic Attack Power: 35,990~???

★ Intelligence +2,000

★ Perfect Memorial can be used up to five times.

★ Increases the power and effectiveness of all magic and reduces the cooldown time.

★ Increases attack magic hit rate by 80%.

★ The effect of ‘Second Boundary: Exploration Room’ is always activated.

A staff created by Only One God Grid through the unity of the mental world with Braham, God of Magic and Wisdom.

The bones and scales that contain Fire Dragon Trauka’s intent have been tempered with Braham’s magic.

It will act on behalf of Braham’s thirst for endless wisdom and will show a disaster in a form that has never been seen before.

Conditions of Use: Braham, Grid.

Weight: 2,500~???

It was a simple yet incomprehensible explanation. Unlike Defying the Natural Order, Braham’s Staff had fewer effects. He wondered if it was such a big advantage that it could always exert the effect of the mental world. This was until the description of the Exploration Room confirmed it.

[Second Boundary: Exploration Room]

[Passive.

It analyzes, understands, and intervenes in all ‘phenomena.’

Enhances and modifies allies' skills and magic with a high probability.

Duplicates, absorbs, and reflects enemy skills and magic with a high probability.

Blocks phenomena classified as a 'miracle' such as divinity, power, mental world, and absolute defense with a low probability.]

It was a superior version of Duke of Wisdom. One of Braham's mental worlds, Exploration Room, closely resembled Mercedes' Keen Insight. It was as if artificially creating a power that even the gods feared. When it was just a mental world, the power to intervene in reality was weak and the practicality was low. That was no longer the case. He would now be able to actively use it in the future thanks to the staff made with Grid's help.

"The premise of owning a dedicated weapon made through Intent Production is to have your own mental world. If they know this, then I don't think anyone will be holding back. Isn't that right?"

Intent Production—it was simply a system designed to create dedicated items for Grid. However, Braham changed the system itself. No, he didn't change it, he proved it. The fact that other people's mental worlds can be used as the main subject, not Grid.

"...Certainly, that is true."

LaueI belatedly came to his senses and nodded.

Defying the Natural Order, Fire Dragon's Armor, and Braham's Staff—how many Overgeared members would be calm after seeing these?

It was clear that they would also be obsessed with the mental world because they wanted similar items. Right now, LaueI alone became nervous. He had retired from the battlefield a long time ago, so items weren't very important, but he was filled with the desire to have his own dedicated weapon.

Anyone would be like this. It was an item optimized only for them with their mental world applied. Even monk players who shouted about not having unnecessary possessions would be greedy for it.

"I will diligently analyze it."

What was the difference between Grid and other players? What difference determined the existence or absence of a mental world? Starting from today, Lauel would explore it.

Grid smiled at him. "So dependable."

Overgeared

Chapter 1804

It was after making Braham's Staff. Grid had a close conversation with the apostles. In particular, he thought he knew very little about Zik and Mir.

Of course, he knew their painful past. For instance, Zik was betrayed while living as a servant of the gods and Mir was a doll made for the gods. What Grid was curious about wasn't the background that everyone talked about.

"Before receiving the blessings of the gods... do you mean my normal human days?" Zik cocked his head as he stroked his smooth chin. He looked like he was pondering on something. There was little excitement on his face. "I think I was trying to survive day by day. I was like everyone else. I remembered that the era in which I lived was very lacking due to the lack of economic and cultural development. My family... let's see. I don't know if I had any siblings. I probably wasn't married."

Zik's memory was very biased. Like a person born around the time when he decided to confront the gods, only his memories from that time were clear.

'Is it a defense mechanism?'

Zik was a survivor of a destroyed world. In the first place, all his family members had died. Just remembering it must've been painful for Zik.

Zik shook his head as he vaguely read Grid's thoughts and regrets. "You don't have to pity me. The days of remembering and missing my precious people have already ended thousands of years ago. It has been too long."

It had been so long that he couldn't even remember his parents' faces and names.

"But don't you remember your colleagues?" Grid asked Zik after his explanation.

"That... maybe it is because of guilt."

During the Seven Good People's crushing defeat in the war against the gods, Zik didn't participate in the war and was asleep. Putting aside the Curse of Sloth, Zik had clearly betrayed his companions.

"Of course, my participation in the war doesn't mean we would've won the war against the gods."

".....?"

Grid saw Zik's bitter smile and suddenly doubted something.

"Come to think of it, it is strange. Why did the gods curse you with the Curse of Sloth?"

In the past, he thought they were wary because Zik was incredibly strong. However, now he knew. To be honest, Zik's combat ability wasn't a major threat to the celestial gods. It was even considering the fact that Zik's runes performed the miracle of stealing the power of King Sobyel, son of Hanul.

Didn't Zik tell him? If he had been present, there would've been no chance that they would've won the war against the gods. Then why did they use a curse to prevent Zik from joining the war? freewebnovel.com

Grid thought of two possibilities. First, it was that Zik's 'Seven Malignant Saints skill', which was still marked with a question mark, was powerful enough to transcend Grid's imagination. Secondly, one of the gods was trying to protect Zik.

'If I had to choose one of them, it would naturally be the latter.'

Grid couldn't ask outright. Zik lived with the intention of getting revenge on the gods. Raising the possibility that some god actually protected him? He would be a psychopath without empathy. He knew it in his head so he tried not to ask, but...

"Which of the two do you think it is...?"

Still, Grid ended up asking. It was only then that the conversation would progress. Grid wanted to check Zik's Seven Malignant Saints skill and whether or not he possessed a mental world.

"...If I had to choose between the two, it would be the latter."

Zik's expressionless face rapidly darkened. If the relationship between the two of them hadn't been intertwined as god and apostle, there would most likely be a system message stating that favorability had dropped drastically.

"The unique ability that Rebecca granted me... it has a very different disposition from the God's Command of yours and the Quick Command handled by the Sword Saint of this era. It doesn't contribute to combat power."

"What type of function is it? Is it the same type as Zibal's Providence?"

"It isn't like that. Coincidentally, I can't tell you the details, but it has to do with discerning eyes."

"Discerning eyes...? Ah, so..."

Grid realized it. Zik had approached him with good feelings (?) from the beginning. He had promised to make Grid the emperor of Saharan.

'Did he know from the beginning that I would one day be emperor?'

In retrospect, the empire's founder, Saharan, was also chosen by Zik.

"Why can't you tell me the details?"

"It is just in case. I will tell you one day, so trust me and wait."

"Of course. By the way, is it also a secret if you have a mental world or not? I've never witnessed you using a mental world."

Even Baal had a high opinion of Zik. It was natural. Wasn't he the strongest in the previous world? Zik's position was the same as Hayate's. It was fair to say that there was virtually no possibility that such a person didn't have a mental world. However, he had never revealed his mental world.

"I have it," Zik replied to Grid, who asked cautiously as if wondering if there was a story behind it.

His expression was still dark. It wasn't a secret, but he didn't want to reveal it. However, Grid had to listen to it. No, he needed to go beyond just hearing about it. He had to experience it for himself.

"Can you invite me there? It is because of this."

Grid showed the hesitant Zik the Fire Dragon's Armor and Defying the Natural Order.

Zik's eyes shook. Saharan's Sword matched so well with 'red energy' that he hadn't felt the need to covet Grid's divine swords, but now he had a rare greed. The power of the battle gears made with intent was that great.

"It is to the extent where Braham abandoned Belial's Staff."

".....!"

Grid drove in the wedge.

Belial's Staff—it was a weapon that Braham had used for over ten years. He threw it away?

Finally, Zik abandoned his hesitation and nodded. "It is embarrassing, but I understand. I hope God won't be disappointed. I will accept the favor."

Darkness came. The sad sobbing of a child permeated Grid's ears.

'A child?'

Grid was feeling perplexed by the darkness where he couldn't see an inch ahead of him.

[You have entered Zik's mental world, 'Solitude and Pain.']

A faint light spread and a notification window popped up. At the same time, his vision that had been engulfed by darkness was restored. Grid was able to examine the surrounding landscape. It was a huge and desolate wilderness. Black-red bloodstains were visible everywhere. There was a child crouching in the center of it. He had blond hair that was tousled and soaked in blood and sweat. The hair, which seemed to shine brilliantly when it rained, resembled Zik's.

"...Zik?" Grid asked and the child looked up. As expected, it was a child with features that looked exactly like Zik. His expression was different. His cheeks puffed up to hold back his crying, but tears poured down like chicken poop.

The Zik that Grid knew never looked like this.

'This isn't Zik. It can't be Zik.'

If this child was Zik, then it meant there were two Ziks. It included Zik, who entered in here with him from reality...

“...Huh?”

Grid was flustered when Zik, whom he thought would be by his side, was nowhere to be seen. He looked around but he couldn't find Zik anywhere in the wilderness. The only ones who existed here were himself and the child in front of him.

‘What is this?’

They clearly entered together?

It was while Grid was panicking...

“Sniff... Yes, I am Zik. My God... God recognizes me.”

After wiping his runny nose and barely stopping his crying, the child bowed politely to Grid.

“.....?”

Grid actually understood the situation. The canyon in Grid's mental world, the smithy in Khan's mental world, the hammer and anvil in Hexetia's mental world, and the huge sword in Biban's mental world. In addition, there was a study and a laboratory in Braham's mental world. The mental world referred to the heart of the owner and represented something important when forming the heart. That was it. It didn't change the form of the owner. However, Zik's mental world was so bleak that Zik himself had changed.

The young Zik explained it, “Every time I step in here, I remember things I've forgotten. It is sad and scary. It hurts so much...”

Oblivion. It was as the Great Robber of the Red Night had told Raiders a while ago. Human beings could only live by forgetting unnecessary memories. But Zik was too smart to forget something. Therefore, he collected all the wisdom from the years he lived and what he eventually learned from Goddess Rebecca. He sealed it because he couldn't forget it. It was in this mental world, disconnected from reality.

Perhaps Zik himself was unaware of it. This was why he simply said it was ‘embarrassing’ to open his mental world. If he knew that every time he opened the

mental world, he would bring back a forgotten memory, then Zik would've been more afraid than embarrassed when opening the mental world.

"I hate Goddess Rebecca. I thought fighting for her meant fighting for humans, but this wasn't the case. Those who acted on her will caused all types of disasters and all my descendants died. I couldn't protect anyone. No, I killed everyone..."

"Zik..."

"I decided to go to heaven with my colleagues to get revenge, but I couldn't even do that. I heard the Goddess' lullaby and my eyes closed by themselves. Once I opened my eyes again, everyone was already dead. I should've died with them..."

The young Zik's weary eyes started to show hatred and killing intent. It was killing intent toward himself, not toward Grid whom he was facing. He was poised to pierce himself and take his own life. But he didn't do so. To be precise, he couldn't do it. It was because of responsibility. What Zik wanted was an inevitable death.

"It is so painful I don't want to live. Kill me. God, please kill me."

All sorts of runes whirled around the young Zik as he tearfully pleaded again. The great magic power and divinity that had been taken from King Sobyel soared together.

'Can runes be that long?'

The power of the rune language rose exponentially every time a word and a sentence was formed. However, Zik mostly used runes as separate letters or words. It was extremely rare to achieve a sentence and even that was short. He was told that it was simply because it was difficult. The longer the sentence, the harder it was to combine and the more mental power it consumed.

However, the young Zik did it easily. His ability to handle the runes was far superior to the adult Zik thanks to his complete memory.

'It is incredibly strong.'

This was Zik's full abilities. If Zik had ascended to heaven with the rest of the Seven Good People, they might not have won the war, but wouldn't the gods have suffered several defeats and lost their dignity?

Grid's thinking went up to here and he was convinced. The reason why the gods cursed Zik wasn't to protect him, but simply out of fear.

“In any case.”

Grid reached for the young Zik. He punched the pitiful face distorted with sorrow and pain with all his might. There was no emotion in it. It was simply to calm down Zik, who was on the verge of running wild.

The spread of pain—Grid speculated that Zik’s mental world was a form that became stronger as the young Zik went berserk.

“Stop talking nonsense about wanting to die and let’s make a sword. Why should you die? I won’t kill you.”

There was no worry on Grid’s face as he summoned the Sanctuary of Metal. Just as Piaro created agricultural fields in the desert, Zik was a person who exercised miracles. Furthermore, he could write such long sentences in runes in his mental world, so it would be easy to find a way to accomplish the unity of the mental worlds.

[The ‘Sanctuary of Metal’ has assimilated Zik’s mental world, ‘Solitude and Pain’!]

As expected, Zik didn’t betray Grid’s expectations. He used runes to respond to the canyon towering in the barren wilderness.

“Things will never be easy. Stay focused until the end and help me,” Grid urged again.

This Intent Production would be an unfamiliar challenge for him as well. It was because he planned to extract the red energy from Saharan’s Sword and include it as part of the materials. He thought he could do it with the help of the young Zik.

“Sniff. Yes...”

Zik’s cheeks were puffy as he barely managed to answer.

Overgeared

Chapter 1805

Extracting materials from items—it was easy for Grid, who had mastered the art of blacksmithing from the time he learned Intent Production. However, red energy literally meant energy. It wasn’t a substance, so it was difficult to extract it with his blacksmithing techniques. The attempt itself was possible, but the probability of success was low.

‘The moment Saharan’s Sword is disassembled, it might disperse and disappear.’

The red energy used Saharan’s ‘lineage’ as its source. Thanks to this, Basara also had it. He heard that her red energy was pretty good, but it was inferior compared to the red energy of the founder, Saharan. It meant there was no substitute if it was lost. This absolutely couldn’t happen considering the fact that Zik had been using Saharan’s red energy for so long.

‘The compatibility of the red energy and Zik is good.’

The essence of the red energy to control matter was ‘intervention.’ It was because he could control the target once he intervened in it. In particular, Sakharan’s red energy was able to intervene in most of the world’s substances, including runes. The rapid transformation of Zik’s runes lay in the acceleration power borrowed from red energy.

“You mean to extract the red energy here, right? Sniff. Yes, I’ll try...”

“You will just try? That level of mindset isn’t enough. Promise that you will succeed.”

“There is no guarantee that I will succeed. How can I make a promise...?”

“Why isn’t it guaranteed?”

“After all, this red energy originally belongs to Saharan.”

It was hard to guarantee that it could be completely controlled unless it was Saharan.

“But we can discuss the possibilities due to the divinity of King Sobyel...”

King Sobyel’s divinity had the property of adsorbing any concept it encountered. It treated water and oil, that couldn’t be mixed, as the same substances and mixed them. If Braham’s mental world fully understood, destroyed, or absorbed a concept, the divinity of King Sobyel omitted the process of understanding and utilized the object as its own divinity.

It was similar, but completely different. If they were discussing which one was better, they would have to conclude that it depended on the situation. However, the coercive force was naturally stronger on the side of King Sobyel’s divinity. It was fraudulent in that it regarded the target as its own divinity and consequently strengthened its divinity.

“Of course, I can’t just rely on King Sobyel’s divinity. In the process of extracting and transporting the red energy with King Sobyel’s divinity, there is a possibility that the red energy will be transformed into divinity... I have to change the nature of the divinity with the runes beforehand. It won’t be easy.”

“Do well on your own.”

“...Yes.”

No matter how long the young Zik talked, it was a problem that Grid couldn’t help with. He dismissed it with the reminder for Zik to focus rather than waste time explaining it to him. Zik figured out the meaning and immediately focused. He checked every rune he remembered and tried to come up with the best words and sentences for the situation.

Grid was examining Saharan’s Sword, which Zik had handed over before entering the mental world.

‘It is a treasured sword with historical value.’

Saharan’s sword was far from a great work. Not only was it made of common steel, but it was also crude. It was a sword made hundreds of years ago, so it was understandable.

However, it was judged to be a legendary item. It wasn’t just about the red energy. It contained Saharan’s red energy, but this was virtually useless because there were very few people who could handle it. Nevertheless, the reason for its high value lay in the background.

The founding of the Saharan Empire—it was the background to one of the most important events in human history.

‘It is right to call it a treasure.’

It wasn’t very comfortable to have to melt away such a precious treasure. Grid thought this while putting Saharan’s Sword into the blazing furnace. The signal was the young Zik, who had been preoccupied with his eyes closed for a while, opened his eyes.

His eyes sank darkly, as if he had taken on all the pains and worries in the world. The boy’s eyes, which were as deep as the abyss of the sea, were the same as the adult Zik.

Colorless divinity spread like wildfire among the runes that rotated fiercely and formed sentences. They extended toward Saharan's Sword that was melting in the furnace. There was an immediate change. The colorless divinity gradually started to take on a red glow.

'It is a success.'

As Grid was feeling relieved, the divinity that returned to the young Zik lost its color. It reverted to its former colorlessness state.

'No, did it fail?'

A voice entered Grid's ears as his heart sank.

"I succeeded."

The young Zik's voice was mixed with relief. The red energy absorbed by King Sobyel's divinity was stronger than before. The young Zik perfectly did something that the adult Zik had never even attempted. Now it was Grid's turn to repay him.

"Let's start the production."

From now on, he would make Zik's sword. Along with the red energy, it would contain the mental world that Zik had ignored. Maybe this was a source of pain for Zik, but it was right to face it. How could a person who ignored himself look confidently at the world? Additionally, what type of guts did he need to have to look up at the heavenly gods? There was a time when Grid also turned away from himself.

Grid felt the need to bring out Zik's mental world more strongly.

Taang, taang, taang!

Grid's hammer that was wrapped in runes struck Trauka's scales and bones. Each time, the young Zik had to struggle to control the red energy that rampaged with Trauka's flames.

The sword that Grid and Zik would make together today was more than just a weapon, it was courage.

A sword that spread pain—Zik's Sword, which was completed at dawn the next day, boasted a formidable functionality. Every attack spread fear and pain in all

directions. All objects contaminated by it were targeted by the red energy and controlled. Every time the attacks overlapped, the range of the spread of pain and the debuff effect increased. It was to the extent where it wouldn't be awkward to use the term 'a monster made by my own hand.'

'It doesn't make sense that it causes splash damage every time it is swung.'

It wasn't something to be happy about. The reason why Zik's Sword scattered pain was because it meant the world that Zik perceived was stained with pain.

That's right. Zik's mental world that dwelled in Zik's Sword was spreading pain to create 'the world he knew.' He showed his instinct to share the pain he experienced with others. It was the pain that was sealed in his subconscious, the mental world.

"I'm embarrassed."

After swinging his sword a few times, Zik lowered his head to look at the devastated surroundings. It was shameful because he felt like he was denying and destroying the world that his god was making right.

"It isn't your fault. The problem is the world that caused you to suffer pain again and again."

Ever since Grid became the emperor and a god, he had always been desperate to keep his dignity. He tried to use as old and elegant a tone as possible to soothe Zik.

"One day, the day will come when your sword will scatter blessings. I'll make sure of it. Of course, you have to help me as well."

"...Yes, my god."

"Yes."

Grid tapped on the shoulder of Zik, who had barely regained his composure. He never would've imagined it in the past.

The strongest of the previous world, one of the Seven Good People, the pillars of the empire, etcetera—Zik had been active as the center of the world since the days when there was no Grid and he was a somewhat uncomfortable existence for Grid.

It felt like his father having an employee who graduated from Harvard.

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No matter how polite Zik was, there was a distance that was hard to narrow. Then today, the distance narrowed significantly. It was the aftermath of the unity of their mental worlds. The two of them peeked inside each other. They reminded each other of how great they were and also realized that they weren't perfect people. They noticed that they were similar.

In addition to respect, there was a sense of sympathy. It was natural for the distance to narrow.

Reinhardt was a city that responded to Grid's every move. News of Grid checking the mental worlds of the apostles quickly spread throughout the huge city.

"These were made in the mental worlds...?"

Braham's Staff and Zik's Sword—the private details of the apostles' exclusive items, comparable to those of Defying the Natural Order, appeared before Vantner's eyes.

The source of the information was Lauel. It deserved to be shared with the 10 meritorious retainers.

"...Are we unable to have a dragon weapon without a mental world?"

Vantner's bald head lost its luster. It was because his face darkened rapidly. He deserved to look haggard.

The dragon weapon and armor—he believed that there was only one step left until the players got their hands on an endgame item they had been dreaming of. Then a notice was received to create a mental world and Grid started checking the mental worlds of the apostles. Furthermore, he was currently only making dragon weapons for the apostles who possessed mental worlds.

"Is the mental world the premise for creating a dragon weapon?"

Vantner's loud voice trembled as he asked again. He was so anxious that even phlegm came out as his already husky voice fluctuated. Lauel quietly widened the distance and shook his head.

"No. The dragon weapon created in the mental world is judged to be a dedicated weapon and has a more specialized power. First of all, the 10 Meritorious

Retainers will be given ordinary dragon weapons. If you want weapons superior to them, you can try to open the mental world.”

“How do we open up a mental world?”

This time, it was Pon’s question. Basically, rankers were inquisitive. It was their nature to create their own know-how and forge their own path, so they rarely relied on others. It was true just by looking at their recent actions. The world that had changed in the aftermath of Trauka unleashing his full power—as the temperature of the ocean and the direction of the ocean currents changed, the ecosystem of the continent changed drastically from before.

Demons that they never imagined ran rampant on terrain that hadn’t been experienced before. However, the damage to humanity was small. It was thanks to the activities of the Overgeared members, who were praised as great heroes. They quickly adapted to a world where there was no strategy book and performed all types of activities. They pioneered new paths without hesitation.

But they were clumsy as usual before Grid-related matters. They had no idea about the mental world at all. They didn’t even know which direction to take. It was shameful. Still, they weren’t going to shut their mouths because of their cheap pride. They asked for help to find a way.

Lauel looked around at the serious faces of the 10 Meritorious Retainers and slowly opened his mouth, “There was a message from His Majesty.”

“.....!”

All of the 10 Meritorious Retainers focused in unison.

“He said that if you play the game seriously, you will naturally get it.”

Lauel shattered their expectations.

“Doesn’t this mean that we should work harder?”

Work harder. How could they work harder? The 10 Meritorious Retainers naturally consumed all of the daily access limit. Even if there was a strong earthquake or storm in the area where they lived, they always connected to Satisfy and kept up with their schedule.

A cold naturally couldn't hold them back. They even lay in the capsule after experiencing an accident while climbing and breaking their limbs. Virtual reality games that didn't require them to tap their mouse and keyboard were the best.

To be honest, they weren't convinced that they had to work harder. Still, no one dared to refute it. They weren't sure if they were working harder on Grid.

'From now on, I should only study Satisfy even when I'm logged out.'

It happened as the 10 Meritorious Retainers vowed in unison...

"Let's look at your mental world."

Grid faced Mir. It wasn't known what false rumors he heard, but Mir was wearing a steel faceplate that didn't match his elegant dopo.

Overgeared

"Let's look at your mental world."

The words carried a faint pitch. It represented Grid's excitement.

From Braham to Zik—Grid succeeded in making exclusive weapons for the apostles one after another and felt great joy. He almost thought that his rewards for all the hardships he experienced so far had come at once. The probability of succeeding with Intent Production was too small.

In fact, Grid didn't have high expectations at first.

An item that was made through the unity of the apostle's mental world—the possibilities that Braham presented and put into practice were indeed ideal, but it was difficult to achieve in reality.

First of all, the apostle had to have a mental world. The mental world also needed to be unified with Grid's mental world. It was because the prerequisites were too demanding.

Fortunately, they succeeded in succession. He just hoped it would continue like this.

"Would you like to see my mental world?"

Grid stiffened instantly at the voice. The Mir who was wearing a faceplate that didn't suit him was very disturbing. Wasn't it like he heard from someone that Grid hit the young Zik in the face and he came up with his own countermeasures? It was a scene that anyone would misunderstand as an evil god recklessly assaulting his apostles.

'Mir's ears are thin, but Zik's mouth is surprisingly light.'

It was after putting the mental world in the sword. Zik faced the memories that he had sealed in his mental world. It was right to say that he was in a state where his mental world was always open. He remembered what he went through as the young Zik and spread rumors...

It happened as Grid was feeling some disappointment...

Mir slipped off the thick armor and said with a calm expression, "Lord Braham said that God would be pleased if you saw me wearing this... I seem to have been deceived."

"....."

Grid suddenly remembered something. It was the fact that Braham's expression distorted and was almost rotten as he checked the sword that Grid made with Zik. He was clearly displeased.

'I often don't understand this old man.'

He could understand how Braham felt. He probably didn't like that other apostles were benefiting from the method he devised. He felt deprived.

'I understand, but... if he is going to pout over something like that, why did he take the risk of ascending to heaven?'

It was a big help when he obtained Raphael's wings for Sariel... he was an old man who was hard to understand.

Grid shook his head and sat down on a rock. The place where Mir lived was as shabby as an old monk practicing 'not having unnecessary things.' There were no particular household items and a large rock carved by a sword replaced a chair.

"I apologize for Braham."

"I deeply apologize for inadvertently offending you, God. About the mental world you requested... my mental world might be offensive to you, God."

“...That won’t happen.”

Grid suppressed the question of why and reassured Mir. There was no reason to think in advance about the mental world he would have to face anyway. No matter what form Mir’s mental world took, Grid wouldn’t be offended or disappointed.

After all, the mental world was from the subconscious. Too many factors intervened in the formation of the subconscious mind. The dark side of everyone was naturally expressed. If he was going to be disappointed by every one of them, he wouldn’t have given a notice to his precious friends to create a mental world.

‘I’m used to the dark side of people.’

Clean people were rare. There were even fewer people who didn’t have wounds. Grid himself had it and so did all the protagonists of the relationships Grid had made so far. It was right for Grid to understand and embrace all the things that were present in their mental world, not to hate and ignore them.

“If so, I will gladly...”

They were very deep and warm eyes. The reason why Mir felt so happy since becoming Grid’s apostle was the look in Grid’s eyes when looking at him. It was as if Grid understood everything and believed it unconditionally. Grid’s eyes were as kind as ever. It reminded him of parents taking off their clothes for their children in a city covered in snow due to the Blue Dragon’s fury.

That’s right. To Mir, Grid felt like a parent. From the perspective of Mir, who was made to be a tool from the beginning, Grid stirred up emotions he believed he would never feel. There were omens when a mental world was opened.

The precursor of Grid’s mental world was a calm but hot heat, the precursor of Zik’s mental world was the sobbing of a child, the precursor of Braham’s mental world was the perception of blueness created by the whirlpool of magic power, etc.

Mir’s mental world was opened through self-harm. By inserting a blade into his heart, Mir opened up his own space that was cut off from the world.

[You have entered Mir’s mental world, ‘Broken Mainspring’.]

Click, click, click...

The scene in front of Grid's eyes was really unexpected. It was the inside of a huge machine. Tens of thousands of mainsprings and gears were interlocked and turning.

A yangban who stuck to old-fashioned clothes and way of speaking had such a mental world. It didn't suit him at all.

"....."

Grid noticed something jarring. Not all the gears were properly interlocked. Each of them acted independently, twisting and creaking. The shape of their teeth was as different as their color, so they couldn't fit together at all.

"It was in a city covered in snow and deserted by the inhabitants."

Mir emerged from the large mainsprings and spoke. He stood on the small gears as a stepping stone and his body rotated slowly. Nevertheless, his dōpo didn't fly and he stood as straight as a blade. This was the ability to control his body as well as his clothes and was commonly referred to as 'qi.'

"I thought the bells of the grandfather clock that ring every hour even though no one is listening was particularly pitiful. It seemed to be unaware it was abandoned and still responded to the wishes of its maker. It was just like seeing us in the future."

The yangbans were just tools created to accomplish Hanul's purpose. Most yangbans tried to deny it or to not realize this fact, but Mir didn't turn a blind eye to reality. He knew that if he was broken in the process of achieving Hanul's purpose, he would be abandoned. Additionally, once Hanul achieved his purpose, then Mir would become useless and would be abandoned. The grandfather clock left alone reminded him of it again.

Therefore, he was even more eager. He would cut down the Martial God and change his fate. Of course, he knew it was a long shot, so he built this desperate mental world.

The small sparrows that came every morning to eat the seeds on the snow-covered outdoor terrace weren't saved by Mir. Instead, the sparrows saved Mir. They made him realize that he could exist for something other than the gods. Without the sparrows, Mir's mental world would be even more horribly ruined than it was now.

'...Did he think of himself as a tool that is broken or is bound to break?'

Grid's chest felt heavy as he vaguely fathomed Mir's position. He was so frustrated that he almost exploded. He came to despise the gods of the Hwan Kingdom, who made the yangbans only for themselves.

'I'm glad I didn't make ego items.'

If he made an item like Talsha with his own hands, he would've felt like Hanul.

Grid suddenly had a scary thought and shook his head to shake off his thoughts. As always, he could only say one thing.

"Believe in me. Everything will change when you are with me."

"Can you fix me when I am so broken?"

"You aren't an object. What do you mean by fix you? It isn't about fixing you, it is about changing."

Mir had always considered himself a tool.

Grid gave a poignant and accurate piece of advice and continued. "You need to face yourself fully in order to change."

Grid activated Intent Production.

"Let's put this place into the sword I am going to make now. This way, you can watch every moment until the broken mainsprings and gears are fitted together and working properly. Who knows? Once they fit together and work properly, they might be completely independent of you."

At that time, he could fill in the new mental world that he wanted...

Grid was worried about whether his intentions would be properly conveyed since he wasn't good at talking. Contrary to his worries, it was delivered properly. The small smile that spread across Mir's face was evidence.

"Yes."

Ttaaang!

The answer was a signal.

Grid hammered Trauka's bones. The broken mainsprings followed Mir's will and responded as much as possible. Most of the movements were mixed, but some

clearly helped Grid. They fit right with Trauka's scales and bones, creating a tremendous sense of unity.

It felt like Trauka's arm was being restored to its original form.

Grid was excited and his hammering accelerated. The form of the sword that was soon completed was something that even Grid had never seen before.

[One]

[Rating: Only One

Durability: 5,900/5,900

Attack Power: 36,770~???

★ Strength + 1,000.

★ Increases attack speed to the maximum.

★ Every time the durability decreases, a 'Winding Spring' effect will occur.

★ Every time the 'Winding Spring' effect occurs, the weapon's attack power will increase further and there is a normal chance of resetting the cooldown of the skill.

★ Once 'Winding Spring' occurs five times, 'Interlock' will occur.

★ 'Interlock' restores all the lost durability and beneficial effects will be unconditionally applied when attacking or being attacked. It can be a critical hit, weak point attack, evasion, block, counterattack, etc.

★ 'Fire Dragon Trauka's Weak Protection' has been acquired.

★ It is possible to replace 'Fire Dragon Trauka's Arm.'

A sword created by Only One God Grid in a state of mental world unity with Apostle Mir.

Mir's mental world—in the form of mainsprings and gears—has completely bound together the bones and scales of Fire Dragon Trauka. This means that while the form is judged to be a sword, it is equal to Trauka's arm.

Fire Dragon Trauka will be very interested in it. He will consider anyone who damages this sword as a challenge to him.

Conditions of Use: Mir, Grid.

Weight: 16,000]

“...Hah.”

Find the original at "novelbuddy.com".

Grid was reminded in many ways about when he made Ifrit's Horn. He couldn't help smiling. The true value of One lay in its possibility rather than its power. It was the possibility of a relationship with Trauka. Of course, its power was just as great as the exclusive weapons of the other apostles.

‘Is it possible that I am really going to take the same side as the Old Dragons?’

It wasn't an unfounded conjecture. It was a possibility following Raiders' attitude. Above all, the function of Dragon Knight itself gave a lot of room for a relationship with Old Dragons. Grid wanted to think in as positive a manner as possible.

If the Old Dragons really became allies—

Maybe he could prevent the bloody apocalypse. There might be a world where his friends and family were safe without him.

‘I really want to make it like that.’

Sometimes he wanted to be free from these scary and troublesome responsibilities... Grid thought up to here only to come to his senses in surprise. Mir was looking at him anxiously.

“Are you not satisfied with this?”

“That isn't it. I was just thinking about something else for a moment,” Grid answered with a bright expression and returned to reality with Mir.

The mental worlds of Piaro and Mercedes were unlikely to exist, so he planned to climb the Tower of Wisdom after working with Sariel.

It was as expected.

“Coincidentally, I still haven't...”

“Me too...”

Piario and Mercedes had yet to create a mental world. However, Mercedes’ reaction was strange. He thought she would be upset, but she was very calm.

“Mer, you... do you have a mental world?”

“Hiccup!”

Mercedes’ face, which was as white as a snowflake, quickly turned red.

Overgeared

Chapter 1807

‘I’m not in a hurry about Piario’s mental world.’

Piario relied the least on items among the apostles.

It was because his combat style focused on skill damage rather than weapon damage. His dependence on weapons was relatively low because the various stat values that affected skill damage were met through the use of ‘Natural State.’

In the first place, Piario’s weapon was farming tools. The emphasis was on plowing the field faster rather than strength. Piario fought using the connection between sowing seeds and rapid growth, so the important thing for Piario was the speed of plowing the field. This speed had already reached its peak.

‘Additionally, Piario has lowered the importance of fighting these days.’

Piario was a farmer. It was only when he developed and produced crops as beneficial as the golden walnut that he showed his true value.

In the days when Piario was the best power of the Overgeared Kingdom, he was forced to ignore his duties as a farmer to play an active role, but now things had changed. Currently, there were at least five people in the Overgeared Empire who could replace Piario’s role. Unless all of them collapsed, there was virtually no reason for Piario to be on the frontlines. No, it was desirable not to put him on the frontlines.

Of course, it was necessary to take him on the Baal expedition, but there was plenty of time until then. It wasn’t Baal who coordinated the expedition schedule, but Grid himself. There was no need to be pressed for time. Above all, Grid had a

strong faith. He believed that Piaro could open up the mental world. It was based on the fact that the fields created by Piaro were already playing a role comparable to the mental world.

‘Piaro understands the principles of the mental world. The moment he had a small enlightenment, he will be in a position to open the mental world.’

It wasn’t known when the exact moment of enlightenment would come, but it was clear that it wouldn’t be long...

Piario himself was aware of this fact, so he didn’t show any signs of nervousness. However, Mercedes was in a different position. Not only did she always want to be on the frontlines, but she was also highly dependent on weapons. Originally, the class of knight itself had a correction effect when wearing equipment. Even Mercedes’ chivalric code was heavily influenced by Grid. By respecting items, an additional correction effect was obtained when wearing equipment.

Simply being an apostle placed her in a much better position than the other apostles to properly handle Grid’s items. The faster she replaced the White Tiger Sword, which was considered an old weapon, the higher her combat power would rise. It was right for her to be frustrated if she couldn’t open the mental world. She wasn’t in the position to answer ‘I can’t open the mental world’ with a casual expression.

“Mers, you... do you have a mental world?”

“Hiccup!”

It was as expected. Mercedes couldn’t hide her flustered expression.

Grid smiled. ‘She can’t even lie. Why is she trying to deceive someone?’

Mercedes had a strong personality. She couldn’t lie. Grid couldn’t imagine Mercedes deceiving anyone.

“Show me your mental world.”

“.....”

“It might be a bit embarrassing, but it is okay. I just want to make a new weapon... think of it as the same logic as undressing in front of a medical staff.”

“I don’t undress in front of anyone other than My Liege.”

“Y-Yes... anyway.”

She was reacting in a weird way. Grid was overwhelmed by Mercedes’ pretty eyes and waited for a while. Then he persuaded her again, “I need the user’s mental world to create a new dragon weapon.”

“You can make it without the mental world, right? Just like Twilight.”

“Yes, but it is disappointing in terms of power.”

“It... isn’t like that. My Liege’s Twilight is one of the best swords. What is disappointing about it? For me, a weapon equal to Twilight is enough. It will be rewarding to grow together.”

Definitely, the appeal of growth-type weapons was great. Looking at Twilight right now, it was clear that it would one day match Defying the Natural Order. However, it wasn’t easy to create a growth-type myth rated weapon. Additionally, dedicated weapons exerted more power from the beginning than growth-type weapons that had completed their growth.

“You have to bring your own exclusive weapon with you. For growth-type weapons, you can grow it by using it as an auxiliary weapon later.”

“...Uh.”

Mercedes’ plump lips twitched. It was a habit she showed when she was embarrassed. It was a habit Grid first witnessed on the day they spent their first night together.

‘I understand.’

Showing the mental world required courage. Grid’s mental world was very healthy because it used Khan’s heart as its source, but this usually wasn’t the case. The mental worlds of Zik and Mir proved it. In fact, Braham’s mental world was close to a mass of arrogance and desire.

Wasn’t the name ‘Center of the World’? It meant he considered himself the center of the world. Normally, it was a mental world that was embarrassing to display in front of others.

Mercedes’ mental world was likely to be similar to theirs. It was because there was darkness in everyone’s heart. In particular, Mercedes was abandoned by her

parents because she was born with Keen Insight. It was natural that a deep darkness lurked in her heart after she lived such a life filled with ups and downs...

“I know how rude it is to ask you to show your mental world. I fully understand why you are hesitating to show it. But keep this in mind. In this world, I will never be disappointed in you.”

“.....”

Mercedes stopped as she was about to dissuade Grid. She reflected on Grid’s words that he wouldn’t be disappointed and tried to raise her courage. In the end—

“...Really, no matter what type of woman I am, please don’t be disappointed.”

The determined Mercedes spoke with difficulty. She put her hands together like a shy girl and wriggled her fingers. She was pretty and adorable no matter what.

Grid was once again infatuated with Mercedes’ innocent and cute appearance and nodded with a smile. “Of course, I promise you with everything I have.”

This answer was the signal. Mercedes’ breath thickened like a breath on a cold winter’s day. A cold chill intertwined with her blue hair, blurring the color and the earth cracked because it was dry. The world froze around the ground on which Mercedes stood. Everything froze before Grid’s divinity had a chance to stop it. More precisely, Grid had fallen into an already frozen world.

[You have entered Mercedes’ mental world, ‘Frozen World.’]

“.....”

The first thing Grid saw were statues of three people made of ice. There was a statue of a little girl sitting alone while the adult statues, who appeared to be her parents, stood looking away from her.

-The cursed child.

-There is no way that monster is my child. What type of man did you play with?

-Kyaaak! It is because of that girl...! Due to that cursed monster, I am like this...!

Auditory hallucinations were heard. The auditory hallucinations were filled with suspicion, hatred, and anger. They caused all sorts of abnormal statuses.

However, Grid didn't falter. He just gently patted the head of the young girl who rose slowly and stared at the intruder. "You aren't a monster. Don't be swayed by the suspicions and hatred of your foolish parents. You are going to meet good people soon, right?"

A warm divinity melted the statue of the young girl. The auditory hallucinations moved away and the landscape seen by Grid also changed. It was a training ground with a huge palace behind it.

Dozens of ice statues were swinging their swords at someone's command. It was the command of a knight carrying the statue of a young girl on his shoulders. The knight was also carved out of ice, thus his facial features couldn't be seen properly, but Grid could recognize the knight's identity immediately.

The one who made the wounded girl laugh for the first time. It was a young Piaro. As a knight of the empire, he worked with the other Red Knights to both train the girl and act as her parents.

It happened as the sound of the girl's laughter mingling with the knights' calls brought a smile to Grid's face...

The knights turned to Grid in unison. They aimed cold ice blades at him. The sharpness of the White Tiger Sword burst forth from every blade. It meant that the weapon's attack power would be applied to Mercedes' mental world that was reenacting the past and antagonistic to intruders. Being overgeared was really important to her.

-We are the ones who have devoted our whole lives to the empire and the emperor! How can they frame us as traitors?

-Mercedes! Testify for us! There is no way we would betray the empire!

The faces of the knights attacking Grid turned red. It was the aftermath of tears of blood. Coincidentally, the cries of the knights didn't reach the girl. Before she knew it, she was isolated in a tall tower. Other knights, persuaded by Yatan's Servant, locked her up in the name of training. They were wary of her Keen Insight discerning the truth.

-Asmophel! You are our family...

-Mercedes, why didn't you help me?

The seasons changed several times while the screams and resentments of the knight statues echoed endlessly. Finally, the place where they stood was filled with only bloodstains. It wasn't a massacre committed by Grid.

Grid didn't fight back and only defended. After the time limit, the knights collapsed on their own. Around this time, a terrible crack appeared on the chest of the statue of the girl who had emerged from the tower. The statue grew into the form of a woman without this crack recovering.

'From Mers' perspective, she was betrayed by her newfound family.'

In a situation where the truth was blocked, Mercedes could only mistakenly believe that Piaro and the Red Knights betrayed the empire and her.

'It isn't pain that makes up Mers' mental world.'

The identity of the emotion that dominated the mental world was vaguely felt. It was regret, not pain. In a way, it was natural.

Mercedes' mental world was opened relatively recently. It was after learning the truth about Piaro and the Red Knights. The reason why the events of that day were engraved in her mental world wasn't from the pain of being betrayed by Piaro and the Red Knights, but because she resented her past self for failing to help them.

'She is so kind... Mers feels guilty toward her parents who hated her and threw her away.'

As a child, Mercedes had read her parents' minds and was shocked and silent. If she hadn't been silent at that time, wouldn't her parents have stayed together and her family would've been saved?

Mercedes seemed to think so. The memory of that day was also held in her frozen heart.

She was indeed a very kind person. He was glad that he loved Mercedes. In this frozen world, Grid felt warm. Wasn't it actually warm?

'...Warmth?'

Grid was lost in thought for a while, only to become taken aback. His mind returned and he saw that there was steam everywhere. It was due to the open air hot spring placed alone on the snowy field. It seemed that the heat of the hot spring accounted for a significant portion of the warmth that Grid felt.

‘A hot spring?’

Why a hot spring all of a sudden? It happened as Grid was cocking his head in confusion...

-Get on your knees.

He heard an auditory hallucination again. The auditory hallucinations heard this time resembled Mercedes’ voice. Grid’s gaze turned in the direction of the voice. He could see an ice statue of Mercedes on a throne.

There was a man kneeling in front of her. It was a man with a crown. It was Grid. To be exact, it was Grid who just established the Overgeared Kingdom.

It was certain. This Grid wasn’t carved out of ice and was the same as the real person.

“Ah...”

It was a scene of the first day they met. Grid’s heart was moved.

‘Mercedes also regrets her attitude that day.’

Mercedes was the number one knight of the empire and she acted for the emperor. She forced Grid, whom she met for the first time, to kneel and placed all types of sins on him. For Grid at that time, it was naturally humiliation and disgrace.

However, it was now all in the past. It was just a memory. Yet for Mercedes, it remained as a deep regret. She reenacted the events of that day infinitely in her mental world...

‘There is no need for it...’

He would have to appease Mercedes well. At least regarding the events of that day, he would reassure her that she didn’t have to regret it.

“...Huh?” Grid became resolved, only to cock his head again.

The statue of Mercedes had red cheeks as she raised her foot to the mouth of the kneeling Grid?

-Kiss it.

“.....”

Asking for a kiss on the back of her foot? This wasn't real. The real Mercedes hadn't done this.

Kiss.

The kneeling Grid's attitude was extremely mild. He obediently kissed Mercedes' foot.

-More. More, more.

Mercedes wasn't satisfied. She kept her foot outstretched while on his knees, Grid moved like a dog and kissed her ankle, calf, knee, and thigh.

"It is up to here!"

What was this?

Grid was mesmerized without understanding the scene that was happening in front of him. Then someone's cry entered his ears. This time, it was a real voice and not an auditory hallucination. Mercedes jumped out of the hot spring and used all her might to smash the statue that was sitting arrogantly on the throne.

"Gasp...! Gasp...! T-This...! This!"

Mercedes' face turned red with agitation and she couldn't bear to say anything.

[Mercedes' mental world, 'Frozen World,' has overcome one regret and has evolved.]

[The evolution strengthens the debuffs, freezing, and reenactment effects of 'Frozen World.']

A notification window rose to break the atmosphere.

"...Congratulations, Mers. It is a good start. Right?"

Grid tried to smile as brightly as possible. A mouse hole appeared in the corner of Mercedes' mental world.

Overgeared

The key word running through Mercedes' mental world was regret. The sights reenacted here were 'moments I want to take back' for her. It was quite unexpected that she picked the day she first met Grid as one of them, but... in any case, Grid wanted to respect Mercedes' tastes.

'One day, when I gather all my energy and get to sleep with them again...'

On that night, he would put a crown on Mercedes' head and practice a master-servant reversal relationship. There wasn't the dignity of the Only One God. Mercedes's voice permeated Grid's ears as he made a sincere promise. It was a calm voice without trembling.

"Thank you. Thanks to My Liege, I was able to develop further."

The image of Mercedes forcing Grid, who was on his knees and looking like a puppy, to kiss her instep, ankle, calf, thigh, and even higher was gone. Mercedes had smashed it.

Was that why? The scene from just before seemed to have been deleted from her memory. The evidence was that she spoke calmly, without the slightest sign of embarrassment.

'Is it a good thing...?'

Grid's expression was subtle as he looked at Mercedes, who had regained her composure. He felt both relieved and sorry. He was willing to match Mercedes' tastes. In fact, it was a reward for him. He always thought that Mercedes' slender white feet and ankles were pretty...

'...Stop.'

Grid barely blocked his stream of consciousness that kept going astray. He shook off his idle thoughts and spoke calmly, "I haven't done anything. As always, I admire you for pioneering a new field on your own, Mers. Congratulations."

Grid didn't bother to mention the scene that Mercedes had seemed to have forgotten about. He acted casually as if he hadn't seen anything.

"Yes..."

A shadow briefly fell over Mercedes' face. She couldn't be happy. Her memories with Grid... no. One delusion was gone forever. It was sad. At best, a new regret was about to grow in the mental world that had erased one regret.

Grid could feel it. Weren't they a couple? They always had a rapport and this was Mercedes' mental world. If Grid couldn't read her feelings and thoughts in this place, then it would be a disease beyond the level of tactlessness.

"I'll do it myself next time."

".....?"

Mercedes was puzzled by the words, only to soon turn pale. It was the aftermath of reading the meaning in Grid's words. It had been devastating that her bad taste was exposed to the person she loved the most in the world.

Grid felt Mercedes' mental world shake and urgently continued, "I've wanted to try it for a long time. That... a kiss on the back of your foot."

It was only then—

"...Really?" Mercedes' stiff expression relaxed.

"Of course. Why would I lie to you?"

"I'm glad."

Sharing that went beyond a respect for her taste. Wasn't this a match made in heaven? Mercedes was really glad that she fell in love with Grid.

[The 'Sanctuary of Metal' has assimilated with Mercedes' mental world, 'Frozen World.']

The unity of their mental worlds was reached.

What was in the hot spring? It happened while he was trying to identify the picturesque things that could be glimpsed through the thick steam...

Mercedes was still a bit hesitant to show it, even if they were a match made in heaven. Therefore, she shifted Grid's attention. "Are we starting now?"

"Uh...? Y-Yes. By the way, what is behind that thick..."

"A weapon that unites me with My Liege. I'm very happy and excited. It's just like the first night we spent in the mountain range stained with the blood of monsters."

"So am I. Like that night, I won't let you down."

The two of them started to concentrate fully. He activated Intent Production and started the production of a new dragon weapon. At the same time, a miraculous scene was created. The surface of the flames in the furnace repeatedly froze and melted.

It was a cold that froze even the flames. It went against providence. It was a sight that reminded him that the mental world was a space disconnected from reality.

Taang, taang, taang!

The chill of Mercedes' mental world continued to influence Grid's production. It wasn't in a positive way. Repeatedly cooling the heated bones and scales of Trauka damaged the surface.

"Am I just getting in the way?" In the end, Mercedes looked worried because she saw it was worse off.

"That isn't the case. Look at this. Isn't it as beautiful as a snowflake?"

Grid's expression brightened. He was deciding that he had to accept this whole situation fully.

'This is a result that came from the unity of our mental worlds. This phenomena must be natural and beneficial.'

In fact, it was hard to see Trauka's bones and scales that he was tempering as a failure. It was because the form was as beautiful as a work of art. The cracks that occurred on the surface of the bones and the scales every time it was damaged by the cold were like snowflakes and they even contained a very strong energy. Of course, if he had to make a weapon in this state, then it should be a mace that smashed enemies, not a sword that cut enemies...

'Mers and a mace. They match well.'

The legendary knight Mercedes was good at handling all types of weapons. It was different from the swordsmen who were bound by the sword.

"....."

Grid suddenly felt his face become itchy and looked away.

Mercedes was staring at him with solemn eyes. "Why do I go well with the mace?"

He forgot they were in a state where their mental worlds were united. Currently, Grid and Mercedes were deeply connected. It was to the point where they could read each other's minds without having to say anything.

Grid explained calmly, "Look, look. How beautiful would the mace made in this state be? It must feel like holding a pillar of red and transparent snowflakes in your hands. It will really match Mers' fair skin."

"In... deed." Mercedes didn't bother to imagine herself holding the mace. Grid himself said it would suit her, thus she just nodded in satisfaction. In fact, she thought a mace was good. Most of the other apostles used the sword as their main weapon, so it was necessary to be mindful of cases where they would confront a being who couldn't be harmed with a sword.

Grid read her thoughts and nodded. "That's right. In particular, Baal is likely to have achieved becoming immune to sword damage."

Baal had already suffered several deaths to Grid. Of course, Grid's death toll was higher, but Baal was properly hit by Twilight. He wouldn't want to be cut again. He would properly defend against it.

"It is safe to say that he must be searching the souls of the dead again and again to be immune to the sword... Huh?" Grid explained while tapping on the hammer. Then he stopped talking in a confused manner.

It was because the fragments of snowflakes were being separated from Trauka's bones and scales as it was being forged into a single weapon. The sharp particles fell off and the weapon being forged had a smooth surface.

"...In the end, it is more of a sword than a mace."

It was the moment when Grid corrected his words. The fragments of red snowflakes separated from the dragon's bones and scales and flew toward Mercedes. They slowly rotated and resembled the rings orbiting Saturn.

"Ah..." Mercedes' eyes, which had been filled with deep lust, suddenly became clear as she communicated with Grid. The look in the eyes of a noble knight. She seemed to have gained a new enlightenment and the rings rotated, united, and scattered repeatedly while following her movements in the air. They flew to the 'sword' that was placed on the anvil that Grid had stopped hammering. They clung to it like the beginning and took the shape of a mace.

'It is a bit like Defying the Natural Order in that it can change its shape.'

It happened as Grid was thinking this...

Every time a fragment of a red snowflake moved, an unexpected object reacted to the rapidly cooled temperature. It was the Heart of the Frost Queen. It started to emanate an unparalleled chill and showed signs of merging with Mercedes' mental world.

'Where is it going?'

Grid naturally blocked it. The Heart of the Frost Queen had a fatal disadvantage in return for its terribly powerful functions. It always radiated a chill that 'can't distinguish between allies and enemies.' It was a chill that created an ice kingdom that no one else could survive in. To borrow the words of Peak Sword, the Heart of the Frost Queen was the ultimate elixir for making a boss monster.

This was why it had been sealed in Grid's inventory, which was currently considered the safest vault in the world. Grid had no intention of allowing this cursed object to invade Mercedes...

"...Mercedes?"

Grid was heating up the furnace to suppress the Heart of the Frost Queen, only to become flustered. It was because the ring of red snowflakes wrapped around the furnace and lowered the heat. As a result, the Heart of the Frost Queen started to beat again.

Mercedes spoke in a calm tone as if to calm Grid, "This thing. I think I can control it. No, I can digest it."

The declaration that she would control the Heart of the Frost Queen, which even the Red Phoenix was reluctant to do, was great. It could seem very arrogant. However, Mercedes vowed that she would go beyond the level of control and would digest it.

Could he trust her? If it was someone else, then he naturally wouldn't have believed it so easily. However, the other person was Mercedes. Grid trusted her unconditionally. It had nothing to do with his feelings for her. She had Keen Insight that even the gods were wary of. A person who could call Grid's divinity without the permission of Only One God Grid to achieve God's Descent.

Mercedes was a woman with somewhat lewd tastes and used the mental world as an outlet for her desires. She was very capable regardless of her taste. Of course, there was no choice but to trust her.

“Okay. Try it.”

The moment Grid gave his permission...

Duguen!

The Heart of the Frost Queen pulse and released the chill that had been lost. It was a chill that stretched throughout Mercedes’ mental world. It had the momentum to dominate Mercedes’ mental world. The momentum didn’t last long.

Mercedes wrapped the red frost shards in her hands and grabbed the Heart of the Frost Queen. Then the cold air that filled the mental world started to be sucked into Mercedes’ heart.

It was just like when Grid embraced the Heart of the Red Phoenix.

Mercedes embraced the Heart of the Frost Queen.

“...With this.” Mercedes’ appearance changed as she let out a cold breath. Her dark blue hair was dyed a clear sky blue and her fair skin became whiter than snow. “My heart also hasn’t stopped.”

[Your Apostle, Mercedes, has absorbed the ‘Heart of the Frost Queen.’]

[The forced option effect generated by the ‘Heart of the Frost Queen’ is controlled according to Mercedes’ will.]

[She has a heart that can be restored even if broken. Therefore, she will be resurrected again even if she dies.]

“We will be together forever.”

A blush spread across Mercedes’ face as she whispered with an ecstatic expression. It was a deep flush with lips that looked particularly red because her skin was too white. Grid got a chill for some reason, but he ignored it. Right now, his joy was the greatest.

Overgeared

Chapter 1809

“It looks like there is star candy on it...”

This was the sentiment of Peak Sword. It was while looking at Mercedes' mace, 'Innocent,' which had beautiful thorns that looked like snow crystals.

Mercedes cocked her head. Her hair flowed over her collarbone and caught people's attention. Somehow, she looked even more beautiful. She had entered her mental world with just Grid, so people wondered if it was the power of love.

"What is star candy?" Regas asked on behalf of Mercedes.

Peak Sword shrugged. "People who aren't Korean citizens might not know. It is a delicacy among the biscuits supplied to the army. It is star-shaped candy made by melting sugar. It is one of the secrets to making the nation rich and its army powerful. It is a traditional treat that boosts the morale of Korean soldiers."

"Traditional? Isn't Japan the origin of star candy?"

"...What? Lael, you have immigrated to Korea, but you are pro-Japanese? If you have to bring up the origin for no reason, Portugal is the origin, not Japan!"

"No, what..."

He was a light novel author, so why did he overreact every time the word Japan was mentioned?

'Is he worried that the Korean Patriotic Association will be ruined if it is found out that he likes Japan?'

The Korean Patriotic Association—originally, it was just a small gathering, like a group of elderly people in a rural town. It was more like Peak Sword's business card without any public credibility. Then as Satisfy's popularity kept growing and Peak Sword became a ranker, the association's recognition also rose. Once Peak Sword joined the Overgeared Guild, it became one of the representative groups of South Korea. The responsibility of the president, Peak Sword, was also quite heavy...

'Why was the association created in the first place?' Lael suddenly became curious, but he didn't bother to ask questions. He was a rational and reasonable person, and wouldn't waste his energy on worthless things.

"Anyway... once you check Sariel's mental world, will the exclusive weapons for the apostles be finished?"

"Yes, I will climb the tower after meeting Sariel."

“Why am I ignored?”

A small head rose between Grid and Lael as they chatted. It was Nefelina, the daughter of the Insane Dragon. She was polymorphed into the figure of a girl as usual and her cheeks were puffed up like balloons.

“Why aren’t you making my weapon?”

“Huh...? Of course it is because... you don’t use weapons, right?”

Grid thought of Nefelina as more of a vehicle. She was just a means to activate the Dragon Knight abilities and he had no intention of putting her on the front lines. The problem was that the level of the enemies Grid had to deal with was too high. As a hatchling, Nefelina was naturally awakened to providence and was often intimidated by the enemies Grid fought. Even if Grid pushed her to fight, she would ignore it and hide. What type of weapon could he make for her?

‘It is a waste of resources.’

Of course, Nefelina also had times when she fought directly. She helped using magic and Dragon Words, but it was only once in a while. Yes, she didn’t need any weapons.

“In the first place, you don’t have a mental world, right?”

In fact, dragons didn’t need a mental world. They were a creature that made whatever they said a reality. There was no need to wish for a miracle. They could do it themselves. There was no reason for their conscious and subconscious to be separated.

“You know me well.” Nefelina’s sulky face brightened like what just happened was a lie. She was glad to know that Grid wasn’t neglecting her out of indifference, but because he knew her too well.

“...Huah?”

Nefelina was smiling when she let out a rather ridiculous gasp. She was surprised by the killing intent that came at a completely unexpected timing. Mercedes was glaring at Nefelina like she wanted to kill her.

“.....??”

Dozens of question marks repeatedly appeared and disappeared above the head of the dumbfounded Nefelina.

Grid was also puzzled. “What? Why are you suddenly acting like you saw your father?”

Did she feel signs of Nevartan’s invasion? Nefelina came to her senses while Grid was looking around their surroundings and she pointed a trembling finger at Mercedes. “S-She...”

“What about me?” The killing intent in Mercedes’ eyes was erased without a trace. Her friendly smile and the tilting of her head showed that she really didn’t know anything.

“?”

“??”

“???”

Nefelina, Grid, and the people around them didn’t understand the situation and were puzzled.

“I have answered God’s call.”

Then Sariel arrived at the scene. At first, she had a female figure. It was because Grid’s reaction was always bad when Sariel took on a male form. It was because he was too handsome. He used to raise Grid’s vigilance due to Grid’s instincts to protect his women. Therefore, Sariel stuck to the female form as much as possible when meeting Grid. Now Sariel naturally changed to a male form.

His eyes were fixed on Mercedes with some consternation.

“S-She is crazy,” Nefelina interjected.

She had been staring in a dumbfounded manner at Mercedes. She clearly witnessed the killing intent that appeared in Mercedes’ eyes again the moment Sariel appeared.

Then Mercedes started smiling again.

“What is it?”

“S-She became a monster...!”

“Calm down, Nefelina.”

Sariel calmed down Nefelina, who was gradually becoming pale. He noticed that Grid and the others weren't aware of the situation.

"As you can feel, she has a terrible chill. I remember hearing rumors in the past about the existence of a snow woman with a frozen heart and no emotions. I almost remembered that monstrous being. It is my judgment that it is better not to be involved. It is right to distinguish her as a cold weapon, not an apostle like us."

Whisper whisper.

Sariel's voice was very soft as she whispered in the ears of Nefelina, who was trembling in anger. However, it was a voice that could reach Grid, an Absolute.

Sariel knew this. The problem was that Mercedes knew it as well. From the moment Sariel brought his mouth to Nefelina's ear, Mercedes moved her red snowflakes to attract people's attention.

"There must be a more beautiful concept in Sariel's mental world, right? Sariel has a good heart, unlike normal angels."

"Certainly..."

The anticipation of the Overgeared members was amplified.

Innocent—it was more beautiful when it was a mace than when it was a sword. It was because each red crystal clinging to the mace was as pretty as the work of a master craftsman. Some humans with a poor ability to respond to others talked about star candy, but in any case, the snowflakes were a concept that bloomed in Mercedes' mental world. It was a mental world that would be very noble considering Mercedes' usual image. The weapon had the name Innocent attached to it for a reason.

Expectations rose that Sariel's mental world would also produce extremely beautiful results.

'I hope so.'

Grid was also full of expectations. In fact, it was more like a wish than an expectation. He didn't show it, but Grid was very tired after experiencing the mental worlds of the apostles one after another. Most of the mental worlds of the apostles were dark.

Mercedes' mental world—full of pretenses—was far from bright. There were too many negative emotions that Grid got from interacting with them. Was it like when he thought of Ahyoung's face and name when he was spacing out in the shower? To be exact, it was himself who proposed to Ahyoung at the sushi restaurant...

He thought about getting married just because they ate together once...

“...Shall we start?” Grid managed to barely swallow down the scream that almost came out and asked Sariel. Sariel was still in male form, but Grid couldn't afford to care about this. In the first place, Sariel was equally beautiful when male and female. It was hard to distinguish unless he looked closely.

“Yes.” Sariel nodded. There were no signs of hesitation.

Grid felt a sensation like his body was floating and a golden wave spread across his field of view.

Divine clouds—they were the symbol of Asgard.

[You have entered Sariel's mental world, 'World of the Unqualified.']

“As God knows, my memory isn't perfect.”

Sariel had suffered from one corruption after another. First, he was expelled from Asgard and disqualified as an angel. Secondly, his memory was sealed and he became a demon, going on a rampage and dying. Thirdly, he lost himself completely and spent time in the Abyss. In the process, Sariel's soul was torn apart several times. There was no way his memory could be complete. Just regaining his original self was in the realm of a miracle.

“But nevertheless—”

A halo of brilliant light and wings spread out. Sariel's pupils expanded widely as he stood beside Grid. At the same time, Grid's field of view also widened. He saw huge shadows lurking beyond the golden clouds. It was the image of the gods.

“I remember their sins.”

Sariel's long and thin finger pointed to the highest point.

“A being who didn't take responsibility for the lives she made, for the world.”

Next, he pointed below.

“The one who took advantage of the moment when the highest being turned away and pretended to be noble.”

He moved his finger down again.

“A stingy being despite holding great authority.”

Down again.

“The one who reached the point of being too lustful to be unable to discern reason.”

Below again.

“The one who envies those who should be protected. The greedy one. The angry one.”

Sariel pointed out the images of the seven gods in turn and came to one conclusion.

“They are all useless. If they don’t correct it, then they aren’t worth existing. However, they’ve already refused to correct it.”

Wicked Eye—Sariel’s eyes revealed the target’s sin. The highest god made it so. Yet when Sariel revealed the sins of the gods, the highest god who made Sariel turned away from Sariel, just like she turned away from everything else.

“I’m sorry. My mental world is bright and brilliant only on the outside. It is actually a world full of hatred and resentment.”

“...Why should you be sorry?”

Grid’s face turned white as he smiled bitterly.

Anger, hatred, resentment, lamentation—all sorts of distressed feelings penetrated his heart, but he didn’t show signs that it was difficult.

“The shadow of the envious one is hazy. Does it have anything to do with Hexetia being reformed?”

“...Probably. I could feel my body and mind becoming lighter when God Hexetia reflected on his sins and followed you down to the Overgeared World.”

“Yes... I’ll do my best for you until I get rid of the other six gods or reform them.”

“Huh? N-No. You don’t have to...”

“No, this is my duty.”

Grid pulled out an anvil and hammer. It was a place where the imaginary gods created waves of unclean power, so it was particularly painful compared to the mental worlds of the other apostles. It was to the point where he was certain that any unauthorized person who broke in would surely die. In order to quickly get out of here, Grid hurriedly activated Intent Production.

“You must have reasonable strength in order to exercise your duty, right?”

“...Yes.”

The mental worlds of the two people united. It wasn’t until today that the apostles of Grid became complete. It was to the extent where they could be proud of being apostles of an Only One God in the world.

Overgeared

Chapter 1810

Jingle, jingle, jingle...

Sariel’s exclusive weapon was very different from Grid’s expectations. A chain connected with the halo. To be precise, it was a chain woven by shrinking the halos. It was like a long earring that hung down to the pelvis. Every time Sariel moved, it rang and made a clear friction sound. The sound was too clear to be metallic and it was somewhat like a thunderbolt. He wondered if this was the sound of light colliding.

[Purified Halos]

[Rating: Only One

Durability: Infinite

Physical Attack Power/Magic Attack Power: 21,871~???

★ All stats +500.

Increases by 100 every time a buff is received. There is a maximum increase of 2,000. It is maintained during the buff duration.

★ Attack power and magic attack power is increased every time a buff skill is used on yourself or an ally.

★ Each halo can ‘expand’ and ‘collapse.’ Depending on the size of the halo, the power and effect of ‘Punishment Ray’ will change.

★ The skill ‘Criminal Restrain’ is available

The halos of an angel, made by Only One God Grid in a state of mental world unity with Sariel, the angel who reveals sin.

The bones and scales that contain Fire Dragon Trauka’s intent have been tempered with Sariel’s divinity.

It is a divinity that is contaminated with deep distrust and resentment, but was purified by the trust they had in Grid. Unlike the divinities handled by the celestial gods, it is pure and optimized for blessings.

However, the moment when the crimes of the targets defined as enemies are revealed, it will suddenly change and exert strong killing power.

Conditions of Use: Sariel, Grid.

Weight: None.]

“It is as pretty as your heart.”

Honestly, in terms of beauty, it was the best of all the works Grid had made. The pure admiration made Sariel hesitate a bit out of the thought that Mercedes might have a competitive spirit if she saw this. It was because Sariel felt this was an atmosphere where it would be right to have a female appearance.

It was an obvious misunderstanding. Grid had a number of wives and lovers, but it wasn’t because he was blinded by lust. They just shared pure love. Perhaps it was the result of trying to respect the other person’s feelings. In technical terms, it meant, ‘I didn’t stop the women from coming.’ There were too many relationships involved to prevent it.

For example, Irene’s relationship with Basara was politically intertwined. Of course, that was just how it started. Grid loved his wives wholeheartedly. He wasn’t just falling in love out of courtesy. All of them were so charming that they naturally fell in love over the years.

Sariel was also aware of the situation. This was why Sariel, who hated the lustful celestial sinner, trusted Grid.

“Let’s go.”

Sariel’s mental world was a bit overwhelming for Grid to handle.

The virtual divinities lurking in the fictional Asgard—there was a lot of pressure even though he knew it was fake, not real. If Sariel’s enemies ever set foot in here—

In particular, if the protagonists of the fictional divinities stepped inside here, they would probably be in a lot of trouble.

‘I can put Sariel on the battlefield in the future, so it will be a great help.’

The system expressed that Sariel’s divinity was purified. There was plenty of room for interpretation that there was no possibility of running wild even if Sariel left the Overgeared World. In fact, he checked Sariel’s status window and the warning of the risk of running wild was no longer present. It felt like he had won thousands of troops and horses.

Grid smiled with satisfaction as he returned to reality once again. The people who were waiting were stunned. They were dazzled by the chain of light that swayed as it connected to the halo that hovered above Sariel’s head.

“It is like an accessory woven with light. It is definitely prettier than star candy... Cough.”

The commotion grew as Pon’s spear slammed into the side of Peak Sword, who was speaking nonsense.

“You are heading to the tower, right?” Jishuka asked while tidying up Grid’s clothes. They were reminiscent of a couple, but for some reason, Mercedes’ animosity wasn’t directed at her. Nefelina’s cheeks swelled up like a balloon.

“Yes, I don’t know about the other members, but Biban and Hayate’s mental worlds definitely exist.”

“Travel safely. In the meantime, we will study as much as possible on how to open up the mental world.”

“There is no need to rush. You can use normal dragon weapons until you open up the mental world. They are powerful enough.”

Defying the Natural Order and the apostles' exclusive weapons were really powerful, but Twilight was still one of the strongest weapons.

Of course, ordinary dragon weapons that couldn't use Greed as a material should be regarded as weapons below the level of Twilight. However, if they were all made into growth items, then it was expected that they would be on the same level in the future.

The individuality of the Overgeared members was that outstanding.

"I'll be back."

Grid didn't delay. He went straight to the Tower of Wisdom.

Hayate and Biban—in terms of force, they could be evaluated as unique 'humans' comparable to the current Grid. Developing them was an important task even in the context of human history. It was a duty that Grid must be responsible for. Apart from this duty, he also had a strong curiosity. Grid was so curious about how strong they could become that he couldn't sleep properly for days.

"Welcome."

Grid had the honorary position of the 10th Seat. The location of the Tower of Wisdom was always communicated in real time and he could freely enter and exit.

"Why do you have to come to greet me? Are you treating me like a guest?"

Grid laughed as he watched Biban running out with socks on. Of course, the expression 'run out' wasn't accurate. He obtained the status of Sword God that had never existed before and his feet didn't touch the ground. He floated in the air. It was one of the miracles performed by the sword energy that was always active.

"Wouldn't it be rude if a family member came and I didn't greet them?"

Likewise, there was excitement in Biban's eyes as he answered with a smile. His eyes were full of the experience and wisdom accumulated over the years. It made Grid want to rely on it.

[The swords you possess are responding to Sword God Biban.]

[Biban's sword energy is caressing the swords.]

[The spirits of the swords you own have become sharper. The chances of a beneficial effect occurring increases with the weapon's attack power.]

[The ego of the 'Fire Dragon Sword' has fallen into ecstasy. It is further enhanced.]

'...I really have to rely on him.'

During the time when Grid was admiring the Sword God's 'passive skill,' Defying the Natural Order in the inventory seemed to flinch and floated into the air on its own without Grid's permission. Biban's will made it this way.

The smile on Biban's face gradually deepened as he examined Defying the Natural Order that floated right in front of him. "You've captured yourself in this."

"Yes, it was possible thanks to the help of God Hexetia and Khan."

"It is a precious relationship. Be good to them."

Just as I promised I would be good to you.

Biban swallowed down these words and led the nodding Grid to the top floor of the tower. This was where Hayate's office was located.

'He is still the same even though he is on the same level as Hayate.'

Biban had great respect for Hayate, who was older than him. He took it for granted that Hayate would have a conversation with Grid before he did.

He thought it was just that.

"...Huh?"

Grid's brow furrowed the moment he got closer to Hayate's office. There was a magic power so strong that even the tower's barriers couldn't completely hide it despite being able to deceive even a dragon's senses. It wasn't until he got close enough that there was only a single door in between them that he sensed the ominous magic power.

'How did someone invade this place?'

No, he didn't wonder how. He wondered what type of guts this person had. It was the moment when Grid pulled out Defying the Natural Order and squeezed it.

"Gasp." The sound of someone's gasps came from beyond the door. It was a voice familiar to Grid. The voice belonged to the owner of the ominous magic power.

"Calm down." Biban patted Grid on the shoulder and slowly opened the door.

“You have become more prominent.”

Hayate stood up from his seat and gave his usual greeting. It wasn't just a polite greeting. Grid's reputation was rising day by day. So for Hayate, he tried to carefully chose the most suitable greeting but the content of the greeting was always the same.

Grid bowed respectfully to him and slowly raised his head. It was from the feet to the face of the man sitting opposite Hayate. He examined this person clearly without blinking once.

It was a man whose hair—black enough to swallow up light—hung down to his waist. He had the name ‘Bunhelier’ above his head. As Grid sensed, it was Evil Dragon Bunhelier. The difference was that his face was whiter than before.

“You, what guts do you have to aim at the tower...?”

Grid didn't look down on Bunhelier. He was inferior to other Old Dragons because he fell into Baal's trap, but he was still an Old Dragon. He didn't want to run into Bunhelier as much as possible. However, he was also the only one among the Old Dragons that he judged as ‘must be killed.’ It was impossible to let such an unpredictable villain live for Nefelina's sake and for the sake of world order and security.

Additionally, this was the Tower of Wisdom. There were two Absolutes next to him that he could carry out a joint attack with. Grid saw a golden opportunity and was about to release killing intent.

“Look at this first.” Then Bunhelier pointed to his neck. His long, white neck was shackled with something akin to a dog collar.

Bunhelier was confident. “I didn't invade, I was captured. You can calm down, Only One God Grid.”

“.....”

What made him so confident?

Just as Grid's mind wasn't able to keep up with the flow of events, Hayate and Biban explained it to him.

“He surrendered himself and expressed the desire to cooperate with the defeat of Baal.”

“I’m sure you also expected to collaborate with Bunhelier. It is right to say that your prediction came true in a pretty ridiculous form.”

“...Why didn’t you come to me?”

“Isn’t this place the Overgeared World just like Reinhardt? It just happened like this.”

He couldn’t go to Reinhardt because he was afraid of Trauka’s endless energy that he sensed... Bunhelier was unable to confess honestly and his anxious eyes briefly glanced at Defying the Natural Order. It contained faint astonishment like it was an unbelievable sight.

“Come, let’s start negotiating.”

Finally, the impatient Bunhelier urged.

Hayate and Biban looked at Grid. Of course, the main protagonist of the negotiations had to be Grid. Yet contrary to his expectations, Grid shook his head. “There will be no negotiation.”

“.....?”

Biban laughed like he was having fun, while Hayate cocked his head.

“...Why?!”

Bunhelier’s eyes widened and he jumped out of his seat. His face was shocked, as if he had been shocked by lightning and electrocuted.

Grid explained, “I judged that I can kill Baal without your help. I don’t need you.”

“How can that be?”

Bunhelier burst out in a dismayed manner.