

Overgeared

c 1811-1820

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Chapter 1811

‘Of course, I don’t intend to go against Bunhelier.’

Those who knew about the Old Dragons often criticized Bunhelier severely. Putting aside Bunhelier’s weakening in front of Baal, there was an atmosphere of evaluating his natural authority itself as substandard. However, this was just a perception among Absolutes. Even the Absolutes who rated Bunhelier low hadn’t been able to do anything about him so far.

The Old Dragon in front of him, who seemed to have been arbitrarily escorted to the tower by the tower members, was one of the monsters that survived safely from the beginning to now despite all types of resentments. Just because Bunhelier was making various expressions like a human didn’t mean he should be treated as a human, as if he was an insignificant being.

The moment it happened, Dragon Slayer Hayate sent a warning.

-We might not be able to bear it even if the three of us work together to suppress him. If it was possible, I can assure you that Bunhelier would’ve already died in the distant past.

Hayate used an extremely respectful expression while whispering in a tone that only Grid could hear. It wasn’t done consciously. It happened on his own because he felt respect for Grid.

-Bunhelier either has unknown means, or the hierarchy of Old Dragons is greater than what we’ve experienced. It will be one of these two.

Of course, he immediately changed his tone when Grid showed signs of discomfort. It also meant that he was only able to talk without honorifics when he was conscious of it.

-Are you saying there is no benefit in being hostile to him?

-That's right. It isn't just because we are afraid. It is because we have so many things to carry.

Let's give a simple example. Even if the three of them fought Bunhelier here and won, there was no guarantee that they could stop Bunhelier from escaping. It was fundamentally impossible to prevent the rampaging Bunhelier from devastating the continent in real time. To add some exaggeration, how could they respond to the magic bombardment of the Old Dragon that 'crosses the continent with one flap of its wings?' Except for some areas protected by the Overgeared World, most areas would disappear from the map that day.

-That leash was made by Bunhelier himself.

Biban inferred the contents of the conversation between Grid and Hayate and interjected to add.

Grid nodded.

-I don't intend to be hostile in the first place. I just want to get the upper hand in this relationship.

It was only half true that Bunhelier was unnecessary in defeating Baal.

First of all, Grid wasn't able to accurately estimate Baal's current level of power.

Yura's regular reports revealed that Baal had mastered several new skills, including the energy of a God Killer, and the ability to move endlessly in all directions. However, Grid judged that Baal wouldn't be able to handle the joint attacks of Grid, the apostles, and the tower members.

He was confident that he could kill Baal hundreds or thousands of times even without Bunhelier's help. In the process of these countless deaths, it was also calculated that using the epics would erase the root of fear that humanity harbored toward Baal. But if Baal became stronger than expected or he had a number of hidden trump cards... at worst, he might've completed Asura.

At that time, Grid would definitely need Bunhelier's help.

'Bunhelier's specialty is magic. Even if he is weakened in hell, he is likely to have amazing synergy with Braham.'

It was okay for Grid to simply board him. After all, the effect of riding Bunhelier was greater than riding Nefelina. Of course, Nefelina was a one minute supercar,

but Bunhelier was a high-end hypercar. He was a bit aged when compared to the other Old Dragons, who were the latest high-end hypercars, but he was still much better than Nefelina.

‘...Saying this makes Nefelina seem useless, but that isn’t the case. No matter how good the rental car is, my own car is the best.’

Above all, Nefelina could speak short but complete Dragon Words. At least in terms of Dragon Words, she might be better than Bunhelier.

‘Is this right?’

Pity flashed in Grid’s eyes as he looked at Bunhelier. It was a feeling that came momentarily and disappeared, but Bunhelier didn’t miss it and captured it.

“What? Are you really mocking me right now?”

Bunhelier was in a position where Baal had to be destroyed. There was a feeling that he would be reduced to a dog shackled by Baal if he couldn’t overcome the curse. That couldn’t happen. It was naturally right to cooperate with Grid, who was equally hostile to Baal. It was based on the judgment that there would be a possibility of taking Baal’s infinite life if they joined forces.

He didn’t want to be Grid’s enemy as much as possible. It was a thought he had since they fought in hell together. Therefore, Bunhelier gave Grid the respect he deserved. It was to the point where he praised Grid as great while the world was watching.

Yet Grid was arrogantly making fun of him. It wasn’t enough to refuse cooperation. He also sent Bunhelier a pitying gaze. As could be seen from that low ranking man over there...

“You’ve become very arrogant. Is it some type of defense mechanism? You want to conceal your humble birth by insulting a higher being than yourself?”

Despite his temper, Bunhelier was now aware that he was making a mistake. However, he was an Old Dragon. He was in a regrettable position, but his hierarchy meant he couldn’t bear the humiliation.

Grid saw Bunhelier growing increasingly angry and first tried to calm his mood.

-It is a misunderstanding. Putting aside the fact that your strength is unnecessary to kill Baal, I don’t underestimate you. Why is it that you are unnecessary even

when I clearly know that you are stronger than all of us in the first place? It is because I don't need to use a cow knife to kill chickens. Can't you put it this way?

Black eyes with orange divinity hovering in the center—Grid stared at Bunhelier with deep and mysterious eyes while seeking the advice of Lauel and Huroi.

After a short period of time, he opened his mouth, “Evil Dragon Bunhelier.”

“.....?”

“Aren't you in a very poor position to call yourself noble? The only ones who fear you right now are humanity. If the world comes to an end and all of humanity dies. You must know that you will be nothing at that time, right?”

“You...! You are crazy...!”

“No, it is a terrible reality for you. You weren't able to handle Nevartan, who has already gone mad, and you have become even weaker because of Baal. Do you think the demons of hell and the celestial gods will respect you properly? From the moment you collaborated with Baal, you would've been branded as a black sheep by the other Old Dragons... keep this in mind. You are a piece of trash right now. You wouldn't be able to have any prestige without humanity who fears you because you are a dragon.”

“.....”

Bunhelier's complexion, which had started to turn red, returned to white. He couldn't find any words to refute it. He controlled his mind the moment he acknowledged the situation.

An Old Dragon's mental spirit was indeed transcendent.

“We are in an awkward position to cooperate with you. At best, cooperating with you to invade hell again? Even though you lose most of your power in hell? It would just be raising the morale of Baal and the demons as they wonder how bad our situation is to rely on you.”

“.....”

From now on, should he be strict to stop those guys from harming humans?

Bunhelier seriously pondered this while Grid's criticism continued.

“It is the seed that you have sown. After repeated deception and ridicule without respect for others, you have become lonely. There is no one in the world to help when you are weak.”

“I fully understand your intention of not wanting to cooperate, so do it in moderation. There are limitations to what I will listen to.”

“But only one person.”

Now—

Grid embraced the spirit of craftsmanship, just like when he was making items. He connected every word perfectly through Lael's wisdom and Huroi's mouth.

“Only I am willing to help you.”

“.....”

Bunhelier's eyes sharpened at the unexpected words. He was clearly suspicious and wary.

“Of course. It is because you respected me.”

When Bunhelier praised Grid as great, faint Dragon Words emerged. The world identified the protagonist of that moment as Grid. It was proof that Bunhelier's words were sincere. Bunhelier himself knew it best. Therefore, at this moment, he no longer doubted Grid's words.

“Bunhelier, make me a promise if you want to join the Baal subjugation expedition and end Baal's life without fail. In the future, you will also truly respect the things we are trying to protect, just as you do me and my colleagues. If you don't deceive us, we will be on your side. So it won't be a loss.”

“...Is that all?”

The doubts that Bunhelier had erased were rekindled.

“Respect you, your colleagues, and humanity, and that is enough for me to cooperate with you?” *freewebnovel.com*

Grid hadn't always fought and won. At times, he persuaded others with words and emotions. Based on this, he built up his power. The emotions came from Grid's heart while the words usually came from Lael's head and Huroi's mouth. Grid collaborated with the two of them and was invincible in a slightly different way.

It wasn't impossible to convince an Old Dragon, who became lonely after repeated bad decisions due to his innate evil nature. Of course, it was possible because Grid was the Dragon Knight. Dragon Knight originated from the wishes of Fire Dragon Ifrit and was the only being worthy of being the object of desire of a dragon.

"Yes, the whole world might deny you, but I think differently. Just as you told me I am great, I also think you are great. Even if cooperating with you does more harm than good, I want to be with you out of respect for you."

"...I see, thank you."

'How absurd.'

Biban, who had been watching the situation with interest, smiled blankly. Bunhelier was the one who approached like his cooperation was an honor. Yet his position changed in an instant. He was expressing his gratitude and believed that cooperating with Grid was possible purely thanks to Grid's goodwill.

It was an unbelievable sight even when he saw it with his own eyes. It was an opportunity to once again realize the power of the Dragon Knight.

[Evil Dragon Bunhelier has unfamiliar feelings toward you. They are feelings he still can't admit.]

-You've solved it well.

-It is thanks to you.

-You are being too modest.

Grid, Lauel, and Huroi exchanged whispers and praised each other.

"I... I want to gather my thoughts a bit. I want to be here alone for a while."

"I'll give you another room so you can relax."

"No, it is a waste of time to move. I actually feel like I'm wasting my time... I don't think I've ever experienced this before. It is very interesting..."

"...Understood." Hayate slowly nodded. In this atmosphere, it was a bit embarrassing to tell him to go somewhere else because this was his office.

"It is perfect timing. We needed to move locations."

At the very least, Grid's words were comforting.

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Grid moved locations and revealed the reason why he came.

“Intent Production...”

The faces of Hayate and Biban were filled with admiration as they listened carefully. Battle gear made using the body of an Old Dragon as the material—no matter how many destroyed worlds they looked back on, Twilight was the first one. Before Twilight, such battle gear had never existed and couldn't exist.

However, he intended to create a more powerful weapon than Twilight. It was by adding the mental worlds of the creator and user as better materials. In theory, it was the ultimate battle gear.

“I'm really looking forward to it. But Sir Hayate doesn't need a sword or armor.”

Biban looked rather sorry. *freewebnovel.com*

The Dragon Killing Sword—it was Hayate's weapon that the entire dragon species was wary of, but it was a concept rather than real. It originated from Hayate's mental world and responded to the will of its master in real time, becoming a sword that could kill enemies or armor to protect its master.

“My mental world doesn't match a dragon weapon in the first place.”

The biggest feature and strength of the Dragon Killing Sword was that it erased the power of a dragon. It was completely different from the dragon weapon and armor that embodied the power of a dragon. There would naturally be a collision. The dragon weapon held and wielded by Hayate would instantly be reduced to merely ‘good sword.’

Of course, if he suppressed the energy of a Dragon Slayer when wielding a dragon weapon, he could unleash its full power, but the Hayate who didn't use the energy of a Dragon Slayer was no longer a Dragon Slayer. Many of his inherent strengths would be lost.

“Isn't it the blacksmith's ability to supplement and improve the item according to the client's circumstances? Armor. Leave it to me to at least make armor.”

In fact, Grid didn't necessarily want to make a sword for Hayate. He had already witnessed the power of the Dragon Killing Sword many times and received its help. Why be insistent on making a weapon that would replace the Dragon Killing Sword? It was impossible unless he had courage that came out of ignorance.

Of course, he was motivated to make a weapon that could be used with the Dragon Killing Sword rather than replacing it, but at a certain point, even this faded away. It was from the point where he speculated that the dragon weapon and Hayate would have a bad compatibility. When he thought about Hayate's weapon in the first place, Hayate was already using the Dragon Killing Sword. It would be a waste of energy to worry about it.

However, he couldn't give up when it came to armor. There was a definite limit to the self-defense force created by the Dragon Slayer energy. This was a fact that Kraugel found by watching the videos recorded when he fought with Hayate and Marie Rose against Bunhelier.

First, the energy of the Dragon Killing Sword weakened whenever Hayate used it for self-defense. It was a situation that occurred because the energy of a Dragon Slayer that was concentrated on the sword was distributed.

Secondly, there was a limit to the strength of the self-defense, even at the expense of the Dragon Killing Sword. It was speculated that it was because he used the energy that was being divided up in the first place, but the self-defense ability was unlikely to improve significantly even if Hayate poured all his energy into it.

'If Hayate is confident in the Dragon Slayer energy armor... he wouldn't have needed to be afraid of dragons for so long.'

Hayate was an Absolute, but he was also pure human. He was a very great man deserving of more respect, but he had the limitation that he couldn't be free from death.

A Dragon Slayer—this was why he had been hiding despite being the only one with this identity in the world. He was incomplete. Behind the imperfection was a low survival ability.

"I want to free you from the threat of death in some small way."

Of course, Grid couldn't make armor that made a target invincible or immortal. However, he was able to make armor that would make the enemy wonder, 'Is that a cockroach?'

He learned from Hexetia and Khan. The technique that purely used the heat of the flame to divide Trauka's scales into hundreds or thousands of strands and then weaved them together. This new technology was currently concentrated in the Fire Dragon's Armor that Grid was currently wearing.

'The key isn't to melt the scales slowly, but to create a high enough heat to break them in an instant.'

The moment the explosive firepower broke scales like glass, the cells in the scales became rigid at once and became even harder. It took a high degree of concentration, quickness, and dexterity to weave the hard strands of scales that had been thinly 'torn' along the grain before they hardened or burned out. This caused even Hexetia to lose dozens of scales in the process. In the end, he completed the Fire Dragon's Armor with the help of Grid and Khan, but...

'I can do it.'

Grid decided that he could do it all on his own. He believed in the effect of Dragon Knight, which tripled all stats.

That's right. In the Dragon Knight state, Grid also had his dexterity tripled. It clearly transcended the dexterity of Hexetia, the God of Blacksmiths. It was possible for him to do the part of three people alone. He also had a separate insurance policy.

The experience of completing 'Fire Dragon's Armor' once was saved in 'Item Auto Production.' If even a triple increase in his dexterity failed to weave the scales of Trauka together, he would be able to solve the situation by shortening the time using Item Auto Production from time to time.

Of course, this was the next best option. The item would be less complete from the time he used Auto Production.

'The simple way is to invite Hexetia.'

The mental world was the inner heart of the person. It contained too many things. Looking at it from a narrow perspective, it could be expressed as a person's shame, but it was more accurate to say that it was everything. Therefore, it was a lethal move.

Opening up the mental world to the enemy—it was a manifestation of their determination to kill the target without fail. Every time Grid entered the mental worlds of his apostles, he politely asked for understanding because he knew it was

very disrespectful. In the end, stepping into Hayate's mental world was a huge burden for Grid.

Asking him to let Hexetia inside as well? No matter the reason, it didn't make sense. From Hayate's perspective, what reason did he have to believe in a complete stranger?

'I will blow away all the good feelings I've built up.'

...In any case.

"I understand... I am honored by your kindness and gratefully accept it."

Hayate's permission was given. Armor that made him no longer rely on the Dragon Slayer energy armor—this was what Hayate wanted more than anyone else. Besides, he respected and trusted Grid. He didn't hesitate to open the mental world to Grid. There was only one problem.

"Just be careful. It won't be easy for you to deal with my mental world."

"I am determined."

Hayate once bestowed infinite sword energy on Grid. It was sword energy from Hayate's mental world. However, now he knew. The fact that even that infinite sword energy was only a part of Hayate's mental world.

Grid was certain that there must be a dragon in Hayate's mental world. He just couldn't guess what form it would take. This was the background behind his judgment of being able to activate Dragon Knight within Hayate's mental world.

'I can survive in any situation if I activate Dragon Knight.'

Grid's hair started to flutter. His orange divinity fluttered along with it, making Grid's neat black hair look like naturally colored long hair. It was due to the wave of sword energy overflowing with Hayate as its source. The wave of infinite sword energy, like the sea, filled and shook the spacious room before he knew it.

It happened the moment when Grid captured the energy of a Dragon Slayer lurking beyond the waves...

[You have entered Hayate's mental world 'Dragon's Tomb.']

[Some of the effects of the 'Fire Dragon Sword' are sealed.]

[Some of the effects of the ‘Gujel’s Dao’ are sealed.]

[Some of the effects of ‘Twilight’ are sealed.]

[Some of the effects of the ‘Defying the Natural Order’ are sealed.]

[Some of the effects of the ‘Fire Dragon Ifrit’s Arm’ are sealed.]

[Some of the effects of the ‘Cloaked Dragon Cranbel’s Head’ are sealed.]

[Some of the effects of the ‘Fire Dragon’s Armor’ are sealed...]

.....

...

The scenery seen by Grid changed at once. At the same time, numerous notification windows disturbed Grid’s vision. It was more like a red warning light. The effects of all items related to dragons had been disabled. The mental world of the Dragon Slayer didn’t allow the power of a dragon.

It was amazing... it was a mental world filled with power he couldn’t believe even after experiencing it directly. He was keenly aware of why so many dragons were obsessed with Hayate.

Kurarararara!

A mountain range with endless high peaks. What he saw below the mountains wasn’t the ground, but clouds. It was a high and narrow terrain that daoist immortals like Yeo Yulan came to when training. Somewhere there, a dragon’s cry could be heard faintly.

Grid shifted the direction of his gaze. He saw the shadow of a huge dragon that completely covered one side of the sky at a distance so far away that it was hard to judge the distance. It was a scene of it being suppressed and beheaded. The Dragon Slayer energy that took the shape of a straw cutter cut through the long, thick neck of the dragon. The dragon’s head soon regenerated as it screamed and the reloaded straw cutter repeated the same task.

There were no feelings of killing intent or hatred. It just felt very mechanical.

“Duty... is it the duty of a Dragon Slayer?”

The dragon killing simulation that repeated infinitely to withstand the pressure.

Kurarararara...

Grid tried to interpret the meaning of the distant sight when a new cry came from another place. Grid's gaze followed the sound. He saw the shadows of many dragons.

The shadows filled every corner of the sky. They were all being slaughtered in different ways. The screams were so horrible that Grid felt like he was being constricted in this mental world.

'No... it isn't just a feeling.'

Dragon's Tomb—Hayate's mental world denied Grid. To be precise, it was a denial of Dragon Knight. The source of the mental world showed signs of being antagonistic to Grid and suppressed him. If Hayate wasn't by his side, the energy of the Dragon Slayer that was slashing at the shadowy dragons would've poured down on Grid all at once.

In reality—

[The title 'Dragon Knight' is sealed.]

Even the effect of Dragon Knight was sealed.

"What can I do to help?" Hayate asked after calming down the Dragon Slayer energy that started to fluctuate wildly.

Grid barely managed to answer, "Just... please stay still."

"....."

Grid's Intent Production that he did with the apostles was naturally assisted by the apostles. It was to smelt and temper Trauka's bones and scales using the energy that made up the apostles' mental world. However, it was right to handle Hayate's mental world differently.

Smelting and tempering Trauka's bones and scales with the energy of a Dragon Slayer That would be destruction, not creation. Of course, it wasn't making it together if he didn't receive Hayate's help.

"Just stay still for now... once I ask you..."

Grid made a thorough plan. Rather than smelting and tempering Trauka's bones and scales with the energy of a Dragon Slayer, he planned to treat them as if they

were bones and scales so that he could accumulate and utilize them as parts of the armor. He also planned to activate the power of Dragon Knight when he created the armor...

However, things were twisted from the start.

Dragon Knight was sealed...

“As expected... are you very uncomfortable...?” Hayate carefully asked Grid, who was so flustered that he couldn’t speak properly.

He predicted this situation and was very worried about Grid.

“That... wait?”

After hesitating for a moment, Grid was about to explain his position only to suddenly come up with an idea.

‘Tearing apart Trauka’s scales. I don’t have to do it myself, do I?’

A way to solve the underlying problem came to mind.

“Hayate.”

“Yes. What is it?”

“Can you use the Dragon Killing Sword to seal the power of an Old Dragon with a single blow?”

“That is impossible. The hierarchy of an Old Dragon is much higher than mine. It will take sufficient preliminary work to properly apply the energy of a Dragon Slayer. It is in such a way as to injure the target’s body or to cause a mental blow.”

“Then can you please attack this?”

Grid pulled out Trauka’s scale.

“Yes.”

The Dragon Slayer energy that filled the mental world reacted to Hayate’s will at once. It immediately took the form of a lightning bolt and struck Trauka’s scale that was placed on the large anvil.

‘This is it.’

A smile spread on Grid's face as he identified the way that Trauka's scale was terribly split.

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The reason why a dragon couldn't be raided even with a large number of transcendents gathered was because the dragon's absolute defense and scales couldn't be penetrated. The fight itself couldn't be established because they couldn't inflict damage.

'It is a terrifying power.'

In that sense, Hayate was a different person.

A Dragon Slayer—the Dragon Killing Sword that Hayate created could easily break the dragon's absolute defense and split apart its scales. The scales of an Old Dragon were no exception. There was no need to form the Dragon Killing Sword. His will trembled like a lightning bolt and the energy of a Dragon Slayer tore Trauka's scales to shreds. To be precise, it was the 'scale that came off Trauka's body' and he had to take into account that this was Hayate's mental world.

It was still great even when considering these things. It was all the more so considering that when Grid first smelted Trauka's scales, he needed the help of the flames of Hexetia and the Red Phoenix.

'It looks like a pine cone squid... Shit.'

This was Grid, who had laughed when Peak Sword saw Innocent, Mercedes' exclusive weapon, and said that it looked like star candy. He had asked, 'Is this the only way you can express it?'

So at this moment, his pride was hurt even more. Trauka's scale that was torn apart by the energy of a Dragon Slayer looked like the pine cone squid in jjamppong.

'The power was stronger than necessary. It is fortunate that the unique attributes of the scales weren't destroyed, but...'

"Is this enough?"

"No. It is hard to make armor in this state."

Of course, he could make it. However, it lacked practicality. Above all, it was somewhat ugly in appearance.

“Maybe the strength... Um...”

“Should I increase it?”

“...No. Please lower it. Only 20%...”

This wasn't the maximum power? The astonished Grid placed a new scale on the anvil and asked again.

“I understand. I will try.” Hayate nodded and closed his eyes like he was meditating. His breathing changed. The Dragon Slayer energy that responded to him also slowed down and faded. Then the scale on the anvil shook violently. It was due to the Dragon Slayer energy that fell the moment Hayate opened his eyes. It was once again torn apart.

“A little weaker, please.”

“Yes.” freewebnovel.com

“Weak. Weaker, even weaker. Don't set the striking point in the center and raise it diagonally 5 cm upwards. This is the center of the 'grain.' Yes, the power should be the same as it was a moment ago.”

“Yes.”

“It is a bit better, but it is still vague...”

“This 'tearing' is a result achieved through the form of a lightning bolt, but... would you rather a different form?”

“No. It is very good right now. Is it possible to hit multiple points at the same time? Oh, as expected of Hayate! I'll check the location separately. It's good! This is it! Let's go in this direction!”

It took so much time that it was hard to be aware of it. It was work to obtain the results of smelting and tempering purely through 'striking.' Naturally, it wasn't easy and there were more things to coordinate than expected. Dozens of trials and errors were repeated.

“That's it! That's it! It is a success!”

“Hah.”

There was nothing sweeter than a reward for hard work. Moreover, making battle gear was a completely different world for Hayate. He was very impressed that he had played a part in the process.

The scale of the Old Dragon was torn to pieces along the grain and intertwined like thread. It was what the greatest Only One God in the world wanted and he made this amazing result with his own hands... It was a very mysterious and emotional experience.

“The standards aren’t consistent. I think I have to try it again and again...”

Hayate’s personality was revealed. Far from rejoicing in the success he finally tasted, he tried to find flaws and improve it.

Grid shook his head. “It isn’t something to be sorry for. Rather, this is better.”

Armor wasn’t a rectangular object. It had to be made according to the human body. Naturally, the length and thickness of each part were different.

“Long and short, thick and thin. It can be used in many ways. It is a great material in this state. Don’t mind it.”

Grid opened the Sanctuary of Metal to form the unity of mental worlds and started his work in earnest.

Hayate’s blue eyes, as transparent and clear as a bead, gradually colored with interest. The process of repeatedly waving, cutting, and adding the threaded scales happening at Grid’s fingertips seemed miraculous to him. Before he knew it, the thread had become the framework of his armor. Trauka’s leather was used as the inner lining and an exoskeleton was added to it.

“.....”

Grid’s divinity wasn’t even moving. It was stiff like a statue, as if representing the heart of its master who was only focused. Nevertheless, the eyes of the ‘Yellow Dragon’ continued to move from side to side and looked around. It looked like a living creature. It was very strange.

‘It isn’t just a form of divinity...?’

The energy of a Dragon Slayer that Hayate handled right now could take all sorts of forms. It was also easy to take the form of a dragon. However, making the dragon look like a living, breathing creature was another realm.

‘It isn’t a matter to think deeply about.’

In any case, the Yellow Dragon wasn’t a living being. It just had the appearance of it. If it was something like a creature, it would’ve received the hostility of Dragon’s Tomb and been targeted by it. It was wisest to interpret the simple dignity as something Grid painstakingly crafted for his own majesty. It seemed possible to refine the divinity with Grid’s incredible divinity.

Taang, taang, taang...

The clear hammering sound echoed. It was the process of completely binding the scale threads on the frame. Depending on the angle of light, the armor being completed was dyed orange and red and was reminiscent of a faintly shimmering flame. It resembled the Fire Dragon’s Armor that Grid was wearing.

‘It has to be different.’

Grid took into account that the wearer was Hayate. A figure who was more aristocratic than anyone else. He thought it wasn’t a good idea to dress Hayate, who had bright blond hair and white skin, in such gorgeous red armor. It was so glamorous that he was afraid he would look rustic in comparison.

‘Let’s use dye.’

Originally, dyes should be used to dye cloth or leather based armor. This was why the metal battle gear didn’t take on color well. It was closer to the feeling of a coating, so there were times when the desired color didn’t come out properly.

Of course, this was a story among ordinary technical experts. Grid’s dexterity meant he could bring out the desired color in any metal. It happened the moment when Grid opened the dye list in his inventory and was thinking about what color scheme to use...

“What are these tubes?” Hayate asked a question.

Thin tubes made of Divine Stone by Grid were connected from the shoulder line of the armor to the chest and waist. It wasn’t on the outside, but on the inside.

“I made it so you can use this tube when using the energy of a Dragon Slayer in a self-defense manner.”

The energy of a Dragon Slayer denied the power of a dragon. There was a concern that if Hayate overlaid the dragon armor with the energy of a Dragon Slayer, there was a risk that the dragon armor’s unique effects would be sealed. It meant that if he wanted to overlap the Dragon Slayer energy for a higher defense, the defense might actually weaken instead. These pipes were set up just in case.

Divine Stone—the valuable mineral obtained from Hexetia were used as materials. It would prevent mishaps in which the energy of a Dragon Slayer melted into the dragon armor.

“Can I give it a try?”

“Yes, gladly.” Grid allowed it.

Then Hayate sent out the energy of a Dragon Slayer along the pipes.

“.....!!”

Grid’s eyes widened. He admired the appearance of the armor slowly turning white from the inside. It was very beautiful. It was a color that he could automatically imagine Hayate wearing.

Grid closed his inventory.

[The ‘Dragon Slayer’s Dragon Armor’ has been completed.]

Then a system message popped up. The energy of a Dragon Slayer finally completed the armor. Naturally, the rating was Only One. It had to be so.

Dragon armor for a Dragon Slayer. Nothing like this had ever existed before.

“Let’s take a look.”

Just like he was dealing with the most precious treasure in the world, Grid carefully lifted the armor and handed it to Hayate.

Hayate nodded. That was enough. The Dragon Slayer energy flowing from inside the armor responded to its master’s will. The ‘wearing process’ was omitted and Hayate was armored all over his body.

“...Huhu.”

Hayate moved his body a few times before he burst out laughing. From the time he became a Dragon Slayer to now, he had lived for countless years, but this was the first time he felt at such ease. It felt like lying in a cradle. It was a comfort he believed he would never feel again.

“It seems to be alive and breathing.”

They were words that contained too much meaning.

Grid’s eyes were red. His heart was filled with emotion. “From now on... from now on, live like a cockroach...”

He wanted to say something nice, but it wasn’t easy without the help of Huroi and Lauel. Thus, the words came out in vain. It was created by the desire to give Hayate a life force that was as tough as a cockroach.

“...I will always cherish your precious favor.”

It was something that was conveyed even if he didn’t speak well.

Fortunately, Hayate smiled. Grid was relieved and replied politely, “I respect you.”

This time, he conveyed his true heart properly. As Hayate smiled, Grid’s consciousness returned to reality.

“Welcome,” Biban greeted them. He had stood there motionless from the time Grid and Hayate entered the mental world. He silently escorted them while the greatest Absolutes on the surface were united. He was the most reliable escort in the world.

“I’m back.” There were mixed feelings on Grid’s face as he answered. He was very happy and excited. He was grateful that he could do something for the people he cared about.

During the time when he was immersed in his emotions, Biban carefully examined Hayate’s armor and asked Hayate politely, “Can I hit you just once?”

“.....”

As expected, Biban was Biban. Grid burst out laughing in bewilderment and finally shook off the lingering feelings. He shifted Biban’s attention to help the flustered Hayate. “This time, it is your turn, Biban.”

“The biggest sword in the world.”

Biban already had something in mind. He clearly requested what he wanted, as if he had no intention of troubling the creator, Grid.

“I want a sword big and heavy enough to cut a dragon’s throat.”

Sword God Biban—he could handle a sword of any shape and weight as he pleased. There were no restrictions. Even if he carried a great mountain, he could wield the great mountain and use it for swordsmanship as long as it was judged to be a ‘sword.’

Grid also understood. "Yes, I understand. I will give it a try.”

There happened to be a huge sword in Biban’s mental world. It was the sword that Biban had been longing for. From a creator’s perspective, it was very nice to have an object to refer to. His mind was light.

‘...No, I don’t think this is something to be happy about, right?’

In order to actually make the giant sword from Biban’s mental world, it wasn’t enough even if he poured out Trauka’s remaining bones and scales. Biban didn’t miss the look on Grid’s face as he was interrupted by a real problem.

“What is it? Is there a problem?”

“I don’t have the materials to make the sword you want... I don’t think there is enough.”

“Hmm... Is that so? You are running out of materials...”

Biban was unable to hide his disappointment as he stroked his chin. He looked pensive. His gray eyes facing the ceiling slowly shifted their direction. It was in the direction of the room opposite them.

Hayate’s office—it was the space where Evil Dragon Bunhelier was sitting alone and gathering his thoughts.

“Materials... the bones and scales of an Old Dragon...”

“.....”

The faces of Grid and Hayate stiffened.

Overgeared

“That is a bit...”

“That can’t happen.”

It was the aftermath of the unity of the mental worlds.

Grid and Hayate spoke at the same time.

The Old Dragon who was feeling agonized—they tried to calm down Biban, who treated Evil Dragon Bunhelier as mere prey.

“You don’t want to provoke someone who is trying to become a reliable ally. Are you going to undo Grid’s efforts?”

“It doesn’t have to be a big sword, does it? The giant sword that exists in your mental world. That is Biban’s will, right? It would be heavy and bloated enough if you could put that will into the new dragon weapon. It is to the point where you can easily behead a dragon if you mean it.”

“Hmm... Leave the easy way and go back to the hard way... it is a mindset that an Absolute should have. I learned a great lesson from both of you today.”

Biban had recently become an Absolute. He was called the Sword God despite being a human, but he was humble rather than arrogant. He recognized himself as a rookie rather than a god and acted with an attitude of learning everything.

“Take anything as an ordeal, overcome it and train myself... I understand it well. In the future, eating and sleeping will also be an ordeal. Um... Should I arrange to sleep in a dragon lair...”

“.....?”

Was he being sarcastic? Grid had a solemn expression on his face. It was a suspicion that happened because Biban’s personality remained despite him overcoming his dementia. It was a misunderstanding.

Biban was speaking sincerely.

“You interpreted it correctly.”

Hayate nodded. Biban’s misinterpretation wasn’t corrected. Hayate felt guilty due to his upright personality, but it couldn’t be helped. For now, this was the best thing to do.

“Sometimes, it is best to go back to the hard road.”

“I understand.”

Biban’s gaze that was fixed on the room across from him finally returned to Grid and Hayate.

Grid was startled. There was no rebuttal. Biban’s eyes were calm and tranquil. It was unbelievable for someone who had just discussed beheading a dragon and thought of hunting Bunhelier. It was like a person going about his daily life. There wasn’t even a trace of stimulating emotions such as killing intent and fighting spirit.

‘That is why Bunhelier is still.’

Bunhelier was an Old Dragon. He had the ability to disperse his consciousness into multiple parts to sense across the entire continent in real time. He couldn’t feel any ill feelings directed at him in the immediate vicinity.

Grid had been nervous. He wondered if Bunhelier would’ve read Biban’s intentions and gone on a rampage. Gaslighting would probably be useless. At best, he was educating an Evil Dragon...

He kept being worried. Fortunately, that didn’t happen. Bunhellier didn't seem to feel anything. Biban’s high mentality kept the peace.

“Grid.”

“Yes.”

“It is definitely a tough road. Simply fighting, cutting the enemy’s throat, and destroying their head... destroying the head is an easy thing for you, but I doubt you can handle this.” Biban warned the relieved Grid. “You experienced it firsthand the other day, but my sword in the mental world is broken. I am talking about the mental aspect. It was just broken and cut, so its appearance was naturally restored quickly.”

The giant sword in Biban’s mental world—it was a party of Biban, but ironically, it was a denial of Biban. It tried to devour Biban. It was a monster created by Biban’s desire to become a sword.

“Is it still broken? Didn’t you become a Sword God because you subdued it and fully embraced it?”

“It was definitely the case. But as I became stronger, it became stronger as well. It broke away from me again. It isn’t the main part of the mental world like before, but it is like a thief lurking in the bushes and is looking for opportunities.”

“It will be hostile the moment I enter the mental world, right?”

“Such a simple method isn’t a threat. How could it be hard for you even if it is hostile to you? Moreover, I will be with you.”

There was something else Biban was worried about.

“On the contrary, we should worry about the situation where it hides and doesn’t come out. It once dominated my mental world and knows zones that I don’t even know. If it decides to hide, then there is no way for me to find it.”

In the mental world, ‘zones’ meant part of the subconscious. It was natural that there was a subconscious part that Biban himself wasn’t aware of. On the other hand, the giant sword was born in the mental world and dominated the mental world. It wasn’t strange that it penetrated into the subconscious areas that even Biban didn’t know about.

“Even if I work with you to find it, what will happen after that is even more of a problem. It won’t cooperate at all.”

The sword that Biban wanted was the giant sword in the mental world. In order to make the same sword with limited resources, it was natural to use the entire giant sword as a material. The identity of the giant sword in the mental world was a ‘mass of intent in the form of a giant sword.’

After smelting and tempering Trauka’s bones and scales together with Biban to form a normal-sized sword, it was only by having it contain the mass of intent in the form of a giant sword that the sword Biban wanted would be completed.

A giant sword that responded to Biban’s will and increased its size and weight.

“...Um. Of course, that giant sword is the most ideal sword in Biban’s mind, right?”

“That’s right. It is the most ideal and strongest sword for me, even if everyone else denies it.”

This wasn’t a statement to dismiss Grid’s works. The giant sword in Biban’s mental world was the result of Biban’s desire to ‘become the strongest sword that

cuts through the strongest creature.’ At the very least, it would be reborn as the strongest sword in Biban’s hands.

‘That’s right. Even if the power of the giant sword isn’t as powerful as Defying the Natural Order, Biban can handle the giant sword better than Defying the Natural Order.’

It was called compatibility. A compatibility close to fate that Biban made himself.

‘...It is embarrassing.’

Grid accurately grasped the situation and his gaze shifted to one side. It was the direction of the room opposite him. It was Hayate’s office with the troubled Bunhelier.

‘Should I just ask him for an arm? It can quickly recover anyway, right?’

Another way to make the big sword that Biban wanted was to ‘match the materials.’ It was to actually create a giant sword of exactly the same size and shape as the giant sword in the mental world. Additionally, he could add a bit of Biban’s wishes and make it a specialized weapon for Biban. It was naturally ignorant and unsophisticated.

A sword that always maintained the size of a great mountain would be born rather than a sword that was usually a normal sword and increased in size as needed. There were many problems in practical terms. Strictly speaking, it was rubbish. Grid’s pride wouldn’t tolerate making such a thing.

“...Grid?”

It lasted until a look of anxiety flashed in Hayate’s eyes. Grid took away the eyes focused on the room across from him and made up his mind.

“Let’s give it a try. If it doesn’t work, then do it until it works. Let’s see who will win and who will lose.”

Grid’s greatest weapon was his tenacity and persistence.

The mental world—it didn’t matter how long he wandered in a place disconnected from reality, where one second could stretch into an eternity. Grid was confident that he wouldn’t become frustrated or give up.

‘Because it is the only thing I have in the first place.’

“.....!”

Hayate’s eyes widened slightly. He was astonished when he glimpsed at Grid’s determination.

Hayate had lived for over a thousand years. However, Grid was trying to endure years that even he couldn’t fathom.

‘Of course, practice and commitment are completely different, but... Grid is sincerely trying to put it into practice. The more I get to know you, the more I respect you.’

How had Grid grown over the years? Hayate vaguely glimpsed the secret and admired it again and again.

“...But I need some time to prepare.”

Grid excused himself and logged out. He had a clean shower, met Yura and Jishuka, and filled his stomach. He worked out and shared love with the two of them to build up his physical and mental strength.

A deep night—as he drank his last drink, he injected himself with the idea that they should be happy even when he was gone.

In any case, Grid was fully charged. He woke up after a good night’s sleep and immediately logged in. He renewed his determination to endure decades, hundreds of years, or even more in Biban’s mental world.

“I... maybe I won’t be able to remember your names and faces when I come back. Please keep an eye on me rather than feeling sorry for me. Take your time and help me recall my memories.”

“???”

The moment he logged in, Grid gathered the Overgeared members and asked this of them. He went to Irene, Mercedes, and Basara separately and told them the same thing he had told Yura and Jishuka last night.

“You might forget me, but I won’t forget you.”

“...Dear husband?”

He also visited his son, Lord.

“On the outside, you can rely on the apostles and Overgeared members. On the inside, you can trust and follow your mother and Lael.”

“Father...?”

He ended up shedding tears in front of Khan.

“Trust me and wait, even if I come back as an idiot who knows nothing. I will surely recover and protect you, Khan.”

“Grid... why are you like this? Confide in me.”

He was like a person leaving on a long journey. Grid visited and talked to his important people one by one, causing the atmosphere throughout the empire to become upset. They were worried that something big had happened to Grid.

The person who was the most surprised was Lim Cheolho, the chairman of the S.A Group.

‘...He is sincere?’

He monitored Grid in real time and noticed a surprising fact. It was the fact that Grid was determined to endure eternity in Biban’s mental world.

‘We can’t let that happen, can we?’

Grid was right that he properly understood the mental world. Theoretically, if he wandered in the mental world, then he could really wander for eternity. But Grid was a player. He was subject to the minimal safeguards to protect him. It couldn’t really happen...

‘Really... he is truly an amazing young man in many ways.’

He really wanted to try and endure eternity. It was purely to fulfill Biban’s wish. This was no longer an ordinary human being.

‘At this level, isn’t he actually a transcendent?’

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Of course, he meant in the mental aspect.

A transcendent. It was right to think so. Either that or he was just crazy.

“...I will support you this time too.”

Chairman Lim Cheolho was sincere. He was the longest follower of Grid in the world and was arguably Grid’s biggest fan. He understood and felt sorry for Rebecca’s position, which made the worldview distorted, but he truly supported Grid.

[.....]

Morpheus should’ve pointed out Chairman Lim Cheolho’s attitude, but it was silent. It was as if it was also rooting for Grid.

On the screen, Grid was entering Biban’s mental world.

Overgeared

[You have entered Biban’s mental world, ‘Missing Heart Sword.’]

It was originally called ‘Heart Sword.’ It was the state of killing the enemy with the sword of the heart, even if he didn’t have a sword in his hand. In other words, it meant a realm that Biban had already achieved a long time ago. However, Biban’s changed mental world after he became the Sword God had the absurd name of Missing Heart Sword. It didn’t suit him at all.

‘Is it the aftermath of the giant sword hiding?’

The giant sword that was larger than a great mountain—it towered over Biban’s mental world and pierced the sky and earth. It really represented so many things. It was the sum of all the swords and swordsmanship that existed in the world. It meant Biban’s strong will and also his desire to cut down a dragon. It felt like it supported the entire world of Biban’s mental world.

Now it was completely gone. The wilderness stretching out beyond the bushes came into full view. The giant sword stuck in the center of the wilderness and the hundreds of thousands of small swords that roamed around the giant sword had all disappeared.

“As you know... the cause of the illness I suffered was the vibration of the sword energy.”

That’s right. The reason why Biban became senile was due to the vibration of sword energy. He constantly vibrated his near infinite sword energy like a

chainsaw. There was no way he could be mentally or physically perfect. Inside his body, the sword energy that vibrated without stopping for a moment in the mental world caused sharp waves and destroyed his body and mind in real time. It was a sort of warm-up process. It was the process of sharpening and maintaining the sword energy to make sure to cut off the dragon's neck someday.

In fact, it even cut down an Old Dragon's will. This was the decisive factor in forcing Trauka to step down since his seemingly invincible, unbreakable will usually couldn't be broken with a single blade.

The repercussions were huge. The moment when the sword energy, which had been vibrating indefinitely, achieved its purpose and stopped—Biban's body and mind crumbled like a broken doll. He was reduced to a wasted man. No, it was right to express that it was the process of being reborn as a sword.

It was the giant sword that tried to devour Biban whole at that time.

Grid saved Biban by overpowering it, and Biban, who overcame the ordeal with Grid's help, was reborn as a swordsman, not a sword.

"I've been vibrating my sword energy for a very long time. At some point, without even being conscious of it, I vibrated my sword energy as naturally as breathing. I did it subconsciously. The giant sword in the mental world has become the subject of that subconscious and became so bloated that it threatened me... no, it didn't threaten me. It is trying to make my wishes come true."

Biban's expression as he explained the entire process was bittersweet.

"In fact, I can't hate it. I will definitely cut a dragon. It is the existence created by my greatest desire to become a sword. It is the origin of my mental world. Its hostility and desire for survival are ultimately derived from its responsibility to carry out my will, so it can't be considered an enemy."

"So you embraced it. But now you've lost it."

Grid was composed.

"Your wish might be its origin, but it is currently hostile to you and denies you. How long do you intend to favor the one who wants to become one with you, dehumanize you, and turn you into a weapon? Please let it go."

The total amount of intent held by the giant sword was very high. It was right to interpret it as the other side of the coin and it was right to be vigilant of it. It was an insecure element that would devour Biban at any opportunity.

Of course, Biban's status was so high that it would be impossible to swallow him forever, but being able to take away the consciousness and body of an Absolute for even one minute or one second was a great threat to the entire world.

'He already overcame his dementia at best. This time, he might become a person with multiple personalities...'

"I know this." Biban nodded. "I cherish it as my equal. Even though I know it is not my enemy, I will be thoroughly hostile to it from this moment on. I will completely subdue it and make it mine this time."

It was only then that Grid noticed—Biban's words weren't directed at Grid from the start. It was a declaration made to the giant sword who was eavesdropping on him from somewhere.

Listen. I care about you and trust you. But in the end, you are part of me. You can't be me, so I will subdue you and make you fully mine...

It was a neat declaration of war. Biban was talking to the giant sword.

I'm not afraid of you. But you are right to be afraid of me.

"We're leaving."

"Yes."

Biban used Shunpo first and Grid followed. Then the two of them started exploring.

Shunpo—it was the power to reach the edge of their vision in a single stride. If this technique was used in real life, it would've been a matter of seconds for someone to move from South Korea to South Africa. Yet in the mental world, the power of Shunpo wasn't absolute. It was because the area of the mental world was infinite. A human's consciousness could expand infinitely and the mental world was the same.

A wilderness stretched out endlessly even after using Shunpo hundreds or thousands of times in a row.

“...You might’ve been living many years without much thought, but your mental world is unnecessarily wide.”

How long had they wandered? It was a space with no distinction between day and night, so the passage of time couldn’t be detected. After wandering there for a long time, the nervous Grid eventually complained.

Biban laughed. “You misunderstand. It is an excessive leap to say that I lived without thinking due to my illness. At that time, I just forgot anything I thought about. All the thoughts I forgot were accumulated here. It is natural for it to be spacious. This vast land proves how much I’ve been thinking in my life.”

“I don’t think you mean to sound like you’re bragging, but...”

“The person who is called a god has been mumbling for quite some time. Keep an eye on your surroundings if you have time to chat.”

“...Yes.”

He couldn’t believe he was being nagged by Biban. Grid realized that his current condition wasn’t right.

‘It is dangerous.’

This was much harder than he expected. It was fatal that he wasn’t aware of the passage of time. It was incomparable to the days when he spent several months searching for Pagma’s book. It wasn’t an environment where he could focus on the situation...

It happened as Grid’s nervousness reached the peak...

“Come to think of it, it is absurd. Why are you taking it out on me when you are the one who made me leave the easy way and come back to the hard world? Who would dare to blame someone else, rather than resent and apologize for their own poor judgment?” the sharp-eyed Biban glared and criticized him.

This might be Biban’s mental world, but Biban, like Grid, seemed to have a bad mentality due to wandering aimlessly. Grid didn’t want to escalate things, so he apologized.

“...I understand. I was wrong. I’m sorry.”

“What is the point of apologizing now? Is this going to end just because you are sorry? Dammit! You shouldn’t have done anything to be sorry about!” Eventually, the angry Biban even revealed a faint hostility.

At this point, Grid couldn’t stand it. “Why do you keep yelling at me? The way you are talking is just like the old days... Huh?”

The growling Grid suddenly closed his mouth. Why was he saying this now? It was hard to comprehend the appearance of Biban, who looked like the days when he repeatedly talked such disgusting nonsense over and over again. Even though Biban’s personality was still there...

Even considering that the situation was very special right now...

Was there a need to return to the days when Biban suffered from dementia?

“...It happens just as I was in a hurry.”

The atmosphere around Grid distorted like the heat of a summer day. It was Defying the Natural Order that had been pulled out from its sheath on his waist. The atmosphere couldn’t handle the spirit and divinity contained in Defying the Natural Order.

Biban frowned. “What are you doing?”

“I will kill you... I will cut you.”

“You are serious. You’ve finally gone crazy.”

Biban clicked his tongue and pulled out his sword as well. It was Gujel’s Fang. It was the sword that was gifted by Grid. The blade that should’ve been aimed at the enemy fell toward Grid’s neck.

“Calm down now. You aren’t a match for me in swordsmanship in real life. Do you think you can handle me here? I’ll forgive you at least once if you obediently offer that sword to me.”

“...It is reversed.”

“It is reversed? It isn’t you, but me who will ask for forgiveness? You are too arrogant.”

“The grain of the blade and the decoration of the handle.”

“.....?”

“Everything is reversed, like a mirror image.”

“.....!”

Biban’s face stiffened and a deep smile gradually spread across Grid’s face. He started stacking his buff skills, while a hint of killing intent that went beyond hostility blossomed in his eyes.

“If you are going to copy it, you should’ve done it properly.”

“Kuack...!”

Biban fell to the ground in the aftermath of stopping Defying the Natural Order’s sword trajectory and was pushed back for a while. The sound of metal rubbing against metal shook the world like an explosion.

Biban’s hands trembled as he hurriedly raised his head to find Grid’s location.

“What is this power?”

“You blocked it using sheer force? If it was the real Biban, he would’ve easily blocked it with swordsmanship.”

A voice came from far away.

Biban—to be precise, it was the ‘giant sword’ in the form of Biban. It snorted like a bull and released Formless Swords from the bottom to the top, strengthening its stomach to counter the incoming Defying the Natural Order. This time, there was a roar as shells were fired in succession. It was a noise created by the body of the giant sword being pushed backward through the wilderness and piercing through several rocks because it was unable to bear the weight of Defying the Natural Order.

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“...As expected, the human body is insignificant.”

The body of the giant sword was full of injuries as it slowly stood up. The lower half of its body was mercilessly stabbed by the Formless Sword and was soaked in dark red blood. Its two hands holding the sword were horribly broken and bones protruded from various places. The giant sword forcibly twisted and fixed its bent wrist and smiled with a distorted face.

“After all, it is right that ‘I’ must be a sword. I will cut everything without breaking.”

“Where is Biban?” Grid approached and asked.

He barely managed to swallow down the sharp pain rising from his abdomen. The moment he attacked, he was hit back. Thus, Grid couldn’t track the opponent right away and gave him a chance to get up.

‘The fact that he stopped the surprise attack in the first place... did he fully realize Biban’s stats?’

He was really fast and powerful, but he wasn’t durable because he reproduced the human body.

“Who knows? I’m sure he is already a long way away. I wouldn’t have thought you were so stupid that you lost him.”

“.....”

Grid couldn’t refute it. A few hours or even a few days. He had been chasing after Biban’s back for that long and at a certain point, he lost his concentration. It was to the extent where he didn’t chase after Biban’s back, but the back of the giant sword in the form of Biban.

‘It was my mistake.’

In fact, he would’ve only lost his concentration for a split second. However, the giant sword’s camouflage technique was so high, and the timing of the intervention was exquisite. In the first place, this place was the mental world. It wouldn’t be strange no matter what type of miracle occurred. He was caught in a trap that was bound to happen.

Nevertheless, Grid blamed himself. He used it as an opportunity to resolve that he needed to work harder in the future.

“In any case, it went well.”

Grid pulled out a few bottles of liquid. It was from an angle that the giant sword couldn’t see. He swallowed potions in an instant from a direction that the giant sword couldn’t see and continued talking with an expression like he didn’t know anything.

“I was nervous because I didn’t know how much longer I would have to search. Thank you for showing yourself.”

“There is no need to be conceited.

The giant sword started to melt. It took off its Biban form and regained its true form.

A shadow loomed—it was a huge shadow like when an Old Dragon descended to the ground. Suddenly, a giant sword completely covered one side of the sky and stood tall in the wilderness. It felt like the wilderness had been split in half.

-Here, I am invincible.

The huge sword declared and swung its large body toward Grid.

A sword born to cut dragons—it naturally didn’t break. No matter how many times it bumped into Defying the Natural Order, Grid’s body would eventually flatten first.

Common sense dictated this.

-.....?!

The giant sword that had been talking loudly fell silent. It realized that its body was floating in the air the moment it collided with Grid.

The special buff potion made from the golden walnuts grown by Piaro and the collaboration between the Overgeared Tower and Reidan’s alchemy facility—every dose increased all his stats by 20% and his strength was at a level that transcended the mental world. It was close to physically using the power of an Old Dragon to ignore Asgard’s dimensional effect.

‘You think you are invincible in a world where dragons and gods aren’t invincible. You don’t know anything about the world.’

Grid shot forward like a thunderbolt while using the fusion sword dances in succession. The size of the giant sword was so large that it boasted a 100% hit rate. Of course, the giant sword didn’t suffer much damage. It only stumbled like it was about to collapse for a moment. Then it steadied the blade that was as thick as the trunk of the world tree. It endured it as if absorbing all the destructive energy released by Defying the Natural Order.

-Let's see how long you can run wild! It will be the end of your life the moment you are tired out!

The giant sword cried out in an agitated manner. It was constantly pushed, but it took its victory for granted. It was because it was a given. It was mistaken. It might be different mentally, but Grid couldn't become tired physically.

This was Biban's mental world. Contrary to his outward attitude, Biban served Grid. He was a follower of Only One God Grid. Therefore, Biban's mental world was judged to be similar to the Overgeared World.

The fact that he infinitely linked the six fusion sword dance without a cooldown time proved it.

Grid wasn't the only one here.

"I'm sorry I'm late."

It was a battle between Absolutes. A great uproar ensued. It was to the point where the distant Biban could barely sense it.

-You... You have to become me!!

Holding out without becoming tired until Biban arrived? The giant sword exclaimed in consternation after glancing between the faces of Grid and Biban, who already arrived before it expected.

"No, you become me."

Biban's strong will engulfed the giant sword.

Thump! Thump!

The vast expanse of wilderness shook. It was the aftermath of Biban hitting the ground with the giant sword that he held 'in his hand.'

[Biban's mental world has started to recover.]

Then a welcome notification window popped up.

Hundreds of thousands of small swords, scattered due to the confusion of their masters' ego being split into two, were coming from beyond the horizon.

Overgeared

Chapter 1816

“How did you notice that he was fake?”

The noise that had been ringing in Biban’s hand as he gripped the giant sword stopped. The last struggle of the giant sword stopped. The guy who had been twisting his big body to escape Biban’s grip was unable to leave Biban’s hands and lost consciousness.

Unity. No, the expression ‘returning’ was correct. The intent in the form of a giant sword merged with Biban’s intent. Now the giant sword was part of Biban. In any case, It was originally Biban.

“Even I was fooled.”

Biban’s eyes were filled with interest and admiration as he asked Grid.

Around two hours ago. At a time when it might’ve felt like years to Grid, Biban clearly sensed that Grid was following him. It was a presence that followed immediately every time he used Shunpo. It definitely contained Grid’s divinity. He naturally thought it was Grid. He recognized that he was searching for the giant sword with Grid.

This was until he heard an explosion. It was only when he heard sounds in the distance that he looked back in surprise and saw that what was standing there was a doll, not Grid. It was a doll made by the giant sword who acted like a master in Biban’s mental world. It had the appearance of Grid and contained his divinity, but it had no expression. It was also strange that it didn’t respond to the commotion.

It was only then that Biban understood the identity and situation of the doll and hurriedly rushed over. Then he was surprised to find Grid, who was overpowering the giant sword. How did Grid figure out the identity of the giant sword that looked exactly like him? It was a difficult question to answer.

Grid simply replied, “There is no way I wouldn’t recognize you.”

“...Hah.”

In fact, he had been fooled. If the personality and manner of speaking of the giant sword hadn’t resembled ‘Biban before becoming a Sword God,’ Grid wouldn’t have

noticed the identity of the giant sword until the end. Still, did he really need to tell the truth? Grid calmly hid the truth to prevent Biban from being upset and to protect his prestige.

“That’s right. Our relationship is quite special. If I was in your shoes, I think I would’ve noticed it right away.”

Biban also hid the truth for the same reason as Grid. He didn’t bother confessing that he had been fooled by the fake Grid. It was consideration for the other person and a bit of bravado. The two of them were close to a match made in heaven.

The unity of their mental worlds was easily accomplished. Grid wanted to get out of here quickly, so he immediately opened the Sanctuary of Metal and the mental worlds merged as if it was natural.

“Then I will start.”

Grid took out the hammer and anvil and activated Intent Production. Trauka’s bones and scales and Biban’s intent were the materials.

Biban nodded and helped out. Biban’s sword energy was added to the flames in the furnace that melted Trauka’s bones and scales.

Flames of sword energy—it went through the preliminary work of polishing and crushing Trauka’s bones and scales, not just melting them. It was close to imprinting a sharp shape. The red molten iron that eventually melted and poured out had a sharp edge like a blade. It was hard to imagine how sharp it would become when it was completed as a sword.

Taang, taang, taang!

Grid forged it while consulting with Biban in real time. It was a collaboration between Grid—who inherited the skills of the Blacksmith God, Hexetia—and Biban, the Sword God. It had to be completed in the most ideal form.

However, the form of the sword that gradually took shape was far from ideal. It was out of line even with the usual standards. The shape was so incomplete that he wondered if it was even a sword. The blade seemed to be split. The blade scattered a cold glow rose smoothly from the handle before it seemed to cut off midway. The sword that Grid and Biban painstakingly completed was broken from the start.

“...Are you really okay with this? The imprinted sword energy during the smelting process has become useless at best.”

“It is perfect.”

Grid was worried, but Biban’s expression was bright. A short sword that seemed cut in half. He showed a very satisfied reaction as he held it and swung it, the tip of the blade forming a straight line. He seemed to have returned to the past. The way he smiled and swung the sword that had been cut in half made him look like the swordsman with dementia.

[Broken Sword]

[Rating: Only One

Durability: 9,200~???

Attack Power: 13,060~???)

Grid double checked the information of the completed sword. The stats were so disastrous that it was hard to believe it was a dragon weapon. It was because the form was incomplete. It wasn’t judged as a complete sword. The stats were low even though the materials used were the bones and scales of a dragon. There were even no additional effects.

It was a glaring failure. A passing dog would recognize it as a failure. However, the truth was different.

Grid slowly accepted reality. ‘This isn’t a failure, but a treasured sword among treasured swords.’

The true value of Broken Sword could be summed up with a single line. It was explicitly stated in the description following the item information.

[A sword created by Only One God Grid in a state of mental world unity with Sword God Biban.

It uses the bones and scales filled with Fire Dragon Trauka’s intent and the intent of Sword God Biban as materials, and it was forged with the flames of sword energy.

It is a sword that responds to the will of Sword God Biban and its length and power can’t be measured.]

The length and power couldn't be measured. It meant the length and power followed Biban's will. It resembled Defying the Natural Order, but it was different. It was like Defying the Natural Order when Grid swung vertically or horizontally, stabbed or straightened it, etc etc. It responded to Grid's will by taking an optimized shape according to the situation.

On the other hand, Broken Sword grew the moment Biban wanted it. That was all. It was much simpler, but it was unpredictable.

"It has a great feeling when holding it in my hand. It seems to be wrapping itself around me".

It was a sword that completed the blade with the will of the user (Biban). From the perspective of the creator, Grid had to put the greatest effort into the handle. Grid felt rewarded at the sight of the delighted Biban and urged him, "Try swinging it. Shouldn't you test the performance?"

"In front of you? I'm afraid it won't catch your eyes..."

"No way. You are too humble."

"Then I won't hesitate."

Biban turned to one side of the wilderness. It was in the direction where a rock was placed. The distance was 500 meters.

Biban aimed the broken sword toward it. He didn't close one eye or control his breathing, but he vaguely resembled Yura when she aimed her gun. Just then—

Flash!

Broken Sword increased in length. For a moment, it took the form of a giant sword. The rock that stood 500 meters away was already split in half.

Grid belatedly noticed it. Biban's target wasn't a single rock. The other rocks lined up several kilometers behind the rock were simultaneously split and destroyed, proving it.

'Crazy.'

Biban wanted to slash the entire body of the dragon, not just its neck. Grid realized it and trembled. Biban stabbed his sword again and again, wide-eyed. It was a sight where it wouldn't be strange if the entire wilderness was split apart.

However, the sword wielded by Biban only slashed precisely at its target. Even if Grid stood in its path, it wouldn't harm Grid. It was possible with the power of the Sword God.

Biban's huge sword only slashed what Biban wanted.

"This makes me feel invincible..." Biban murmured after testing the performance of Broken Sword many times, "Can I lose when wielding this sword? It is like struggling over a seemingly minor problem. Of course, the story would change when fighting against an Absolute."

"That's right. Those who can't be cut must surely exist."

"...Once you reach this point, the level of enemies you assume you will meet is too high. How have you endured it all this time?"

A sad expression flashed across Biban's face as he cautiously asked.

The Absolutes of hell and heaven—Grid had been prepared to confront them even though he clearly knew their level. It couldn't have been tolerated with ordinary mental strength. It was brave that he didn't run away.

Grid laughed.

"I was able to endure it because there were people like you."

Hope existed in a hopeless reality. It was a bond for Grid. He had endured it by always reminding himself that there were many beings to rely on.

"From now on, I will rely on you even more."

"That's right. I'll pay for the meal."

Their two hands met. The sound of the hands with hard calluses colliding was surprisingly soft.

Grid and Biban came back to reality side by side.

He had even made armor. The Fire Dragon Armor belonging to Biban was a deep gray mixed with the energy of a Dragon Slayer and the color of sword energy. It was less beautiful compared to Hayate's pure white armor, but it gave a sense of

intimidation. It might be because Biban had developed muscles and shoulders, unlike Hayate, who looked somewhat thin and weak.

“It is amazing no matter how many times I see it.”

Hayate’s gaze alternated between Broken Sword and the Fire Dragon’s Armor as he greeted the two people.

Works made in the mental world—originally, it was impossible to take it out into reality. However, it was materialized through Intent Production and came to exist in reality like this. At this point, he thought it was right to say that nothing was impossible for Grid.

“Did you have any problems?” Grid asked while wary of his surroundings.

Evil Dragon Bunhelier was in the room directly opposite them. He shouldn’t forget that no matter what happened, it wouldn’t be strange.

“It just so happens that Bunhelier’s mood has changed.”

‘As expected.’

Grid’s sharp eyes shot up. The opponent was an Evil Dragon. An Evil Dragon. It was highly likely that he suddenly changed to have a black heart.

“His magic power is vibrating violently. Is it a precursor to great magic?”

Biban felt suspicious as well and prepared the Broken Sword. Grid and Biban were ready for battle in an instant. At the same time, the door burst open without permission. It was a disturbance caused by the invader who didn’t know fear, or to be precise, didn’t need to know it.

It was deep night before they knew it.

Bunhelier’s face popped up in the darkness that filled the hallway. His pure white face was pale like a corpse.

“You don’t know how to knock, do you? After all, there is no need for an Absolute to learn the laws of insignificant human beings.”

Grid pointed out Bunhelier’s attitude. It was while assessing the strength of his allies, which had risen sharply compared to the morning. If Bunhelier went on a rampage right away, it would be difficult, but it was possible to subdue him. The key was to not lose sight of him.

'If Biban makes good use of the Broken Sword's capabilities, he might be able to stop Bunhelier from escaping...'

It was the moment when Grid calculated this and pulled out Defying the Natural Order.

"The laws of humans."

Grid's eyes resembled a bird of prey, while Bunhelier's eyes resembled that of a snake. It was even sharper.

Bunhelier stared at the three of them with these piercing eyes and slowly opened his mouth, "I will learn them from now on.'

".....?"

It was bizarre nonsense.

It happened the moment Grid was flustered and lost concentration...

"Do you know about the origin of the half-draconians? I've said in the distant past that I gave birth to them using a drop of my blood, but that is a complete lie. I was so ashamed, but now I will reveal the truth I have been hiding... they are the result of me mating with human females."

Bunhelier's nonsense continued. A series of question marks rose above Grid's head. It was difficult to immediately understand the context of the conversation.

Bunhelier started to add an explanation as if he considered Grid's position. "I... I used to love human females. The shameful past that I wanted to bury forever... I am confessing this to gain your trust."

"....."

"I can live with human beings. My instinct to love human females is the proof. If there is one dragon you can trust, it is me."

Bunhelier had been thinking in a troubled manner in Hayate's office, only to become shocked during the process.

Toward the end of the day—in other words, in less than half a day from Bunhelier's perspective, the aura of Hayate and Biban had rapidly intensified. At first, he thought it was an illusion. It was such an unrealistic event. However, this was reality. He just checked it with his two eyes.

The armor worn by Hayate and Biban, and the strange sword held by Biban—all of them were threats to Bunhelier. At this rate, he really had to worry that he would die like this. He regretted the choice to go to the tower.

Then he put an end to his troubled thoughts. He recalled that due to the karma he had accumulated, he had been reduced to a state where he was unable to stand in heaven or hell. The only ones he could rely on were the humans on the surface. Therefore, Bunhelier declared, “From now on, we are companions.”

“.....”

Really?

...But why did he want to do it?

Putting aside Grid’s confusion, there was a rare sincerity in Bunhelier’s declaration. The energy of Dragon Words that started to flow in the atmosphere was the evidence.

Overgeared

Chapter 1817

“From now on, we are companions.”

[Evil Dragon Bunhelier’s Dragon Words have set a new law in the world.]

Companions—it was a relationship where they had to trust and rely on each other. At the very least, it meant to not be hostile.

The new law established by Bunhelier was unconditionally beneficial to Grid, just like the epics that rose and fell through the mouths of people even at this moment.

[Evil Dragon Bunhelier won’t antagonize you and humanity.]

“Of course, there is the premise that you don’t betray me.”

Bunhelier himself looked even more perplexed after Dragon Words was triggered. He hurriedly added a way to escape. It was to prevent situations where he could become powerless. However, it was more of an attitude that nailed in the fact that he wouldn’t betray Grid first.

“What does ‘we’ mean?” Biban asked on behalf of the flustered Grid.

“To be companions means... it isn't a relationship that can be made because one side wants it unilaterally.”

“I know. We need to be able to trust each other.”

Bunhelier fully understood Grid's position. He even nodded and responded to Biban, who pointed out his attitude. He was very confident.

“So there is no problem. I have given you enough trust. Do you think there is anything in the world that is more reliable than Dragon Words?”

“.....”

“.....”

Both Grid and Biban couldn't refute it. They couldn't provide any reasons for doubting it even when recalling the fact that the other being was Evil Dragon Bunhelier, who had betrayed even his own kind. It was purely the power of Dragon Words.

Bunhelier was relieved at heart. He recalled the conversation that Grid had with the daughter of the Insane Dragon the other day.

“It is true that I worked together with Bunhelier, but we didn't become friends. So let's kill him together later. Huh?”

Looking back, he was dumbfounded. Saying to kill him in front of him. It was even directly after they had just joined forces to overcome a crisis.

‘He is a twisted guy.’

Grid was somewhat crazy from the perspective of an Old Dragon, who wasn't bound by common sense. He didn't want to get involved with Grid. If it wasn't for Baal, Bunhelier would've tried to never run into him again. However, Bunhelier had to defeat Baal. Even if he was reluctant, he had to cooperate with Grid.

Then he had a justification. It was the justification that humans were rapidly becoming stronger.

Bunhelier decided to take advantage of this opportunity. He decided that he would rather have Grid, who would one day be a threat, as an ally. He had faith that Grid wouldn't be able to resist.

Surprisingly, Grid hesitated. He didn't answer hastily. Naturally, Nefelina was on his mind.

'Nefelina said she would get revenge on Bunhelier as soon as she becomes an adult dragon.'

Insane Dragon Nevartan—the reason for the insanity of Nefelina's father lay in Bunhelier. Bunhelier cooperated with Baal to trap Nevartan and drive him mad. For Nefelina, he was her father's enemy. He was someone she had to get revenge on.

However, he suddenly had a question. 'Is that really the life that Nefelina wants?'

Grid recalled the moment Nefelina was reunited with her father. She was hurt. Every time her father opened his mouth, she looked distressed and could barely hold back her tears. It was because every word from Nevartan struck her heart.

[Unfortunately, you aren't likely to lay my eggs. If I think you are really in danger, I will eat you before you become an adult dragon. Once that day comes, try to increase your strength as much as possible.]

[Understanding my child's feelings? It is an unnecessary act. I gave birth to that child, so she belongs to me. It is my right to treat her according to my will.]

Nevartan treated his daughter as insurance for himself. He took his daughter's affection for him for granted and used cruel words. It might've been common sense for a dragon. However, Nefelina had been raised by humans and she couldn't accept it as common sense. She didn't dare blame her father, but she felt sad and distressed. Please visit freewebnovel.com

In the end, she disobeyed him because she didn't like it. She said she would live with Grid. Maybe her father's revenge wasn't of much importance to her now. He hoped so.

"I need time," Grid opened his mouth.

Bunhelier doubted his ears. He cocked his head in confusion and then frowned.

"...Are you serious?"

Bunhelier was an Old Dragon. As an Old Dragon, he declared that he wouldn't antagonize Grid and humanity. It was an extraordinary proposal.

Grid had to be thrilled. Yet he needed time to think about it...?

For Bunhelier, it was a terrible blow to his pride. He was so angry that he almost went crazy like Nevartan.

Grid fully understood his position. “It is no wonder you are offended. I’m also sorry that I have to do this, but the relationship of a friend is superior to that of a companion.”

“.....”

“The daughter of the Insane Dragon, whom you saw the other day, is my old friend. She holds a grudge against you. I have to hear her perspective.”

“...You are prioritizing a trivial hatchling over an Old Dragon?”

“It doesn’t matter if it is a hatchling or an Old Dragon. She is my friend, so I will give her priority.”

“.....”

Bunhelier’s expression gradually became complex and subtle. What was the concept of friends? He knew it in his head, but he couldn’t understand it in his heart? It was natural. The Old Dragons were beings whose ultimate goal was to prey on its own kin, who had been with it since the beginning of time. The relationship of cooperation due to necessity could be understood, but he didn’t understand a relationship that had to be maintained even at the expense of a loss.

Grid spoke to him who kept cocking his head, “If the day comes when you understand the current me. At that time, we can trust each other without any Dragon Words.”

“...You will trust an Old Dragon who doesn’t use Dragon Words? What nonsense.”

“.....?”

Was it a self-denigrating joke? It wasn’t suitable for Bunhelier, an Old Dragon who normally couldn’t use Dragon Words.

‘I’m glad that he used Dragon Words once after so long.’

Grid let out a laugh. He couldn’t help laughing. He was overjoyed. Bunhelier might have a lot of flaws, but he was still an Old Dragon. An Old Dragon used Dragon Words and claimed to be an ally. He would be a psychopath if he wasn’t happy.

Grid barely calmed down his excitement and excused himself from Hayate and Biban.

“I will be in Reinhardt for a while.”

In order to decide his relationship with Bunhelier, the first thing to do was to meet Nefelina. That was respect and courtesy.

‘There is no chance that Bunhelier will change suddenly while I am away.’

Suddenly changing after promising to be companions with Dragon Words? That would never happen unless Bunhelier was going to permanently diminish the value of Dragon Words.

The members of the Overgeared Guild were gathered in Reinhardt.

I might not be able to remember you...

They were worried about Grid, who left with meaningful words. For the past half a day, the Overgeared members had been waiting for Grid. It was the same with the apostles, Irene, and Lord. Basara, who was supposed to be in Titan, also stayed in Reinhardt.

“Why are you all gathered?” In the midst of the people’s growing anxiety, Grid returned as the sunset colored the night sky. He looked puzzled.

“...Are you okay?”

People asked him anxiously. It was only then that Grid remembered his past self from half a day ago.

‘Why did I do that?’

It was very embarrassing. It made him want to hide in the mouse hole in a corner of Mercedes’ mental world.

“...I am fine.”

What could he say?

After thinking about it for a while, Grid decided not to explain. It was embarrassing to explain it in detail, so he wanted to dismiss it as something that didn't happen.

'He must've suffered greatly.'

'Is he taking on everything by himself again this time...?'

'How many times are you saving this world, Grid?!'

Sometimes, silence was the best. People interpreted it arbitrarily and the atmosphere became somber.

Grid just happened to find Nefelina and immediately got to the point. "I hope that Bunhelier will be an ally."

".....!"

".....!!"

There were collective gasps.

Evil Dragon Bunhelier—he was the first to imprint upon people the greatness of a dragon. The majesty of the one who invaded the 3rd National Competition and overwhelmed Grid and Kraugel was still talked about through the mouths of many people. Recently, he was often linked with Grid and he showed off his strength.

In any case, it was a different world. Yet he hoped that such a monster would become an ally?

'What is he doing while wandering around?'

As everyone watched Grid in amazement—

"It is a good thing," Nefelina opened her mouth, "I think it is beneficial to keep him by your side as long as there is a guarantee that Bunhelier won't betray you. It is because I'm afraid of what will happen behind the scenes when I can't see you. Of course, it would be a great help in terms of force."

"...You are okay with it?"

"Do you care that Bunhelier is my father's enemy? Of course, it is fine. I don't want to hold you back due to a personal grudge. Additionally, it is a problem that

can only be solved a thousand years from now. It is unnecessary to obsess over it right now.”

She wondered if she even needed to avenge her father. When she met her father in person not long ago, it wasn’t what she had expected. The most obvious fact was—

“You are more important than my father.”

Nefelina had too many precious connections to be obsessed with blood. Her relationship with Bunhelier was bound to be for when she became an adult dragon. In other words, it was only when most of the people here disappeared that it was right to make a new decision.

“Nefelina! How can you be so cute?” Jishuka hugged Nefelina’s small body tightly. Nefelina said she was being impolite, but Jishuka didn’t care and rubbed against her cheek. Nefelina was the mascot of the Overgeared Guild, along with Noe. Naturally, many people cared about her.

Grid watched the two of them with a warm smile on his face.

After a while—

“Nefelina has allowed it.”

After returning to the Tower of Wisdom, Grid sat down with Bunhelier and said. “So I will accept your offer. Let’s trust and rely on each other and get along well in the future.”

“...Yes.” Bunhelier’s expression trembled as he answered. His wish had been fulfilled, but it was only after a hatchling gave permission. He wondered if this was right.

‘This body, an Old Dragon, gave you the opportunity to be a companion. Why did you have to ask for permission from a trivial hatchling...?’

‘It is useless even if I try to explain for a hundred years.’

The more he thought about it, the more absurd it was. Grid looked at the frowning Bunhelier and just smiled. He fully understood that Bunhelier’s notions didn’t allow him to understand that relationships took precedence over hierarchies.

‘I hope you will learn it gradually.’

[Overgeared God Grid is writing the 26th epic.]

[The beginning of the epic stems from an Old Dragon's desire to be with him.]

Baal—the 1st ranked Great Demon who distorted hell.

An expedition was being completed to remove one of the main enemies who inflicted eternal suffering to humans.

Overgeared

Chapter 1818

All the members of the tower, with the exception of Betty, had a mental world. Their mental worlds were stable, unlike Biban's. None of them possessed a power that collided with the dragon materials such as the energy of a Dragon Slayer.

Things proceeded smoothly. Grid easily completed the exclusive weapons and armor of the tower members.

‘The concentration of the tower members is good. The fact that Bunhelier is on the same side must’ve greatly boosted their morale.’

The Tower of Wisdom was the only force in the world that clearly defined the dragons as enemies. It wasn't because they weren't fools who couldn't grasp the subject. On the contrary, the tower members knew the danger best and dedicated their lives to keeping the dragons in check. The moment they heard the epic recounting Bunhelier's pledge to side with humanity after he made Grid his object of aspiration, they took the weight of this event most heavily.

It was different from the Absolutes of hell and heaven, who valued Bunhelier relatively low. The tower members respected Bunhelier as an Old Dragon. They were very happy that they had a dragon they could trust and rely on in the future.

Jessica even had tears in her eyes. It was a reaction that made Grid proud.

‘Even if it is a god, it is arrogant to evaluate the value of an Old Dragon so low...’

The tower members criticized those who looked down on Bunhelier. They referred to the fact that Asgard, located up high, was once reduced to a hunting ground for Trauka. Bunhelier might be inferior to Trauka, but it was the opinion of the tower members that this shouldn't be the standard to measure an Old Dragon's worth.

Grid felt the same way. In the first place, Grid had little intention of antagonizing Bunhelier. It would be difficult to deal with the aftermath that would occur if he

became hostile. He fully realized how difficult it was. This was why he seriously considered and accepted Bunhelier's offer to be companions, regardless of his past actions. He even asked for Nefelina's understanding.

'It can be compared to poop.'

The Old Dragons—no, it was actually best not to get involved with most dragons. If forced to deal with them, it was best to deal with them properly so that it didn't get on his hands.

"I think there is a high probability that Baal will move first," Radwolf said.

It was just after Betty answered Grid's question about why she didn't have a mental world.

"God has gained an Old Dragon. Moreover, you have gained Bunhelier, who has a grudge against Baal. Baal has no choice but to be wary. He will clearly know that he will become the next target and try to move quickly."

"What can he do in this situation?"

"I think he will aim at the powerful people of the surface. If I was Baal, I would first target the lightning warrior named Kyle. Lightning energy above a certain level somewhat dulls even the sense of a transcendent. Kyle's power must be tempting food for Baal."

Radwolf cited the very few dragons who survived after being targeted by higher status dragons than them by relying on lightning attribute magic.

Grid once again agreed.

'Definitely, the lightning attribute is tricky.'

Fire attacks at a level that could be resisted would give the impression of warmth, while cold attacks at a level that could be resisted gave the impression of coldness. Meanwhile, a lightning attack produced static electricity at the very least. Anyone who had ever suffered from static electricity in winter would agree that it was a pretty unpleasant sensation.

"I agree with you in many ways. From Baal's perspective, it would be best to quickly gain new powers. With his ability, it wouldn't be impossible for him to infiltrate the Overgeared World..."

He was the one who invaded the No Offspring Tomb. Baal had absorbed countless powers of the dead and was still absorbing them at this moment. So putting aside being powerful, he was close to omnipotent. It was something Grid always reminded himself about and was wary of.

“I think it is better to instruct legends and transcendents to move as a team for the time being. Of course, you might be a god, but even you can’t control all the legends and transcendents on the surface...”

Radwolf was advising carefully, only for his voice to trail off. The surface’s legends and transcendents who could be targeted by Baal—each and every one of them was great. They could live when alone as long as a natural disaster like Baal didn’t intervene.

Would those who were so arrogant move according to someone’s will? In real time? It was impossible. Even Grid couldn’t control them unless they were a legend and transcendent belonging to the Overgeared Empire. In the first place, there would be no means to contact them.

Radwolf was anxiously thinking about it when a voice entered his ears.

“Yes, I have instructed them.” Grid’s calm voice permeated his ears. “In the future, all the legends and transcendents of the surface will move in at least groups of two. Considering that Baal is greatly weakened in the Overgeared World, this should be enough.”

“.....?”

Radwolf doubted his ears. He couldn’t hastily trust Grid, who did the impossible. In the first place, Grid remained where he was. It made no sense that he gave instructions to all the legends and transcendents of the surface in a matter of seconds.

‘It would take a while even if he sent a divine message.’

In the past, when Rebecca was active as the Goddess of Light, she often gave divine messages to humans. Even the divine message from her, the supreme god, rarely had a clear message. In particular, she seemed to have great restrictions when it came to communicating her will to all those who served her. Due to the vague content, it took quite a long time to interpret the fact that it was a divine message.

‘It is unreasonable to assume that all legends and transcendents serve Grid.’

Grid deserved respect, but people's values were different after all. Each person would accept Grid differently. A very small minority might harbor animosity toward Grid. Grid's conviction that all of the surface's legends and transcendents would move in at least groups of two in the future was lacking in credibility.

It was a separate matter from Radwolf's liking and trust of Grid.

"I have to leave now due to my future schedule. I appreciate all the extremely valuable advice. I will see you again soon."

Grid said goodbye to the hesitant Radwolf and immediately turned around. The tower members waved to him from a distance. He looked sadly at Betty, who was among them.

'She emptied her mind and created an empty space to maintain her sanity.'

This was why Betty didn't have a mental world.

The first Baal's Contractor. She had lived a life of great cruelty. Her small body hidden underneath her robe proved it. It was a body with no blood or flesh left, only bones. She carried a fate where it wouldn't be strange if she went crazy straight away. In order to not go crazy, her mind had to be empty. Therefore, her mental world wasn't formed.

'I have to believe that she will gradually get better when Baal dies.'

It was another reason to be sure that Baal was destroyed. Grid barely kept his composure by suppressing the terrifying surge of killing intent and he bowed deeply to the tower members.

"Please be careful."

The members of the Overgeared Guild were busy.

Sword Saint Muller, Kyle the Lightning Warrior, the Great Robber of the Red Night, the former emperor Juander and Armored Cavalryman Chensler, the Blind Swordsman Cabelon, Sabaek of the East Continent, the strongest warrior of the dwarves Antrino, Yeo Yulan and the other daoist immortals, the dukes of Titan who had started to build up transcendence in recent years, the number one spearman Kirinus, and the yangban of the Hwan Kingdom—they were targets to be escorted.

It was right to hurry.

After returning from the Tower of Wisdom, Grid immediately started producing dragon weapons and armor and those who received them were deployed on missions.

“It is true that Baal becomes extremely weak in a space outside of hell. He basically moves a fragment of himself, not his main body. On top of that, there is the penalty from the Overgeared World, so the 10 Meritorious Retainers, armed with dragon weapons, can easily defeat him. However, we have to take into account that Baal can temporarily become complete through some means, such as the help of the hell moon. If you encounter Baal’s fragments, please report to me immediately and concentrate on protecting who you are escorting until assistance arrives.”

“Okay. By the way, have you figured out Juander and Chensler’s whereabouts? I understand that the two of them have been wandering the continent for quite some time and never had any personal contact with Grid?”

“Kujarak has a deep relationship with the two of them. Thanks to him, I’ve been able to hear about them constantly.”

“Kujarak...? Didn’t you say that the legendary class ‘Beast in Human Form’ that popped up last year is likely to be obtained by Kujarak?”

The level of humanity had continued to improve after the Great Human and Demon War. Many new legends and transcendents were born outside the Overgeared Guild. In particular, the ambiguous legend of a beast in human form was deeply imprinted in the minds of the Overgeared members. It was because Toon, who was always by the side of the Grid siblings, and Beast King Morse, one of Basara’s closest associates, welcomed it as a legend.

It was exciting. All sorts of situations pointed to the identity of the Beast in Human Form as Kujarak.

“That’s right. As long as Kujarak is by their side, it is safe to say that Juander and Chensler don’t need an escort. In the first place, Juander and Chensler are also transcendent who have reached the highest status.”

“Yes. In addition, Kujarak will send a whisper to inform us if there is an emergency, so the response will be quick. We don’t have enough hands, so why set them as an escort target?”

“Please consider it an opportunity to build up friendship with the three of them.”

“Ah... Is it like that? Then it is better to send someone with high social skills if possible.” The eyes of the Overgeared members turned to Regas in unison before pausing. They belatedly felt sorry. They were reminded of Regas’ situation, where his growth was reversed due to his Asura class.

To be honest, the current Regas wasn’t good enough to escort anyone. Forget the 10 Meritorious Retainers. Even in the entire Overgeared Guild, it was correct to look at his skills as being in the middle range. Grid might’ve declared that he would still make a dragon weapon and armor for Regas, but his priority was low. It was also doubtful if he would become stronger even if he gained the items.

Juander and the others didn’t actually need an escort. Even so, they couldn’t send someone who was blatantly weak. There was a risk that such blatant weakness would be revealed and antagonize them.

“Um...”

The Overgeared members felt sorry for Regas, who smiled bitterly. Then their expressions gradually distorted. Apart from Regas, it was difficult to think of anyone within the Overgeared Guild which had high social skills.

Euphemina and Damian emerged as candidates, but Euphemina was so powerful that it was a useless waste of power to send her to Juander’s party. They were too anxious about Damian because there was an area where one screw was missing.

“Why do you have so many worries? I am the right person.” Vantner stepped up.

Lauel ignored him and pointed to Pon. “Pon, I’ll leave it to you.”

“Yes.”

“No, why are you ignoring me?” Vantner cried in an agitated manner, but he was ignored to the end. There was still too much information for the Overgeared Guild to discuss.

“Can you find the whereabouts of the Great Robber of the Red Night and Sabaek?”

“In fact, I just put the Great Robber of the Red Night on the candidates list. He is actually the one who is least in need of an escort. He will be safe even if he is targeted by dragons and gods.”

There was only one way to meet the Great Robber of the Red Night. It was if the Great Robber of the Red Night wanted it. It was impossible to find his whereabouts unless he revealed himself. He said it when he retrieved Hexetia's Short Sword from Grid in the past. He said it would be hard for Grid to handle if he was targeted by the gods.

"In the case of Sabaek... he only met Grid once and it is hard to tell if he is an ally or an enemy. But... in any case, Old Sword Demon said he can arrange a meeting through Hwang Gildong. They have started interacting relatively recently."

"That is why Hwang Gildong isn't among the ones who need an escort."

"Yes, the escort of Sabaek will escort Hwang Gildong as well."

"Is Yeo Yulan figuring out the whereabouts of the daoist immortals?"

"Yes, there seems to be a means of communication. I'm thinking of having Faker join Yeo Yulan. He is a person who speaks well and it is important to maintain a proper attitude and behavior."

During the conversation, Jishuka arrived in the meeting room. She was armed with the just finished dragon weapon and armor. The red bow and armor matched her tanned skin very well. Google search freewebnovel.com

"We will start with the armed people and send them on missions sequentially. The mission period isn't that long. It will take about a fortnight for Grid to make a dragon weapon for all those participating in the Baal expedition."

The maximum duration of the escort mission was a fortnight. In other words, it was until the expedition went to hell and captured Baal's attention.

"The first escort targets are Antrino and Cabelon. Antrino is currently in Talima and has no one to rely on. Cabelon must be searched for since his whereabouts have been unknown since Muller's appearance. Time is urgent."

Most of the spare troops were already being devoted to search for Cabelon. The blind swordsman who claimed to be Muller's student—he disappeared without a trace when Muller appeared, so there were many suspicious areas, but they couldn't let him be hunted by Baal.

"We have to hurry."

One by one, the 10 Meritorious Retainers left the meeting room. They were armed with dragon weapons and had a legendary or transcendent status, and their dignity was comparable to Grid before he became a god.

It was reassuring. Thanks to this, Grid was able to focus on his role.

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“Excuse me, Lael... why did you call me?”

There was a rest time given after Jishuka left. During this time, a man approached Lael, who went to his office without taking a break. It was a man who had sat awkwardly throughout the meeting. It was Ibellin. Unlike Lael, who still had a bit of a youthful feeling due to his innocence, he had a face that looked like he experienced suffering.

It was different from the shining days of his youth. He was one of the first generation 10 rookies and was considered Lael’s biggest rival due to having a similar age and ranking to Lael.

It was a very old story. Lael had to take care of the Overgeared Empire’s internal affairs and he had stepped down from active duty a long time ago. Ibellin also failed to grow into a top power, contrary to people’s expectations.

Of course, this was a story when compared to those classified as the top powers of a ‘non-human standard’ such as the 10 Meritorious Retainers, Kraugel, Damian, Hurent, Zibal, and Haster. If this small number of monsters weren’t used as a comparison target, Ibellin was a powerhouse who could be ranked among the strongest.

However, it was clear that he didn’t meet people’s expectations. Ibellin boasted a tremendous growth rate based on his unique comprehension and ability to act, and he was definitely the best talent. All of the Overgeared members, including Grid, believed that Ibellin would one day become a pillar of the Overgeared Guild.

However, reality was cruel. From Yura to Chris, Damian, Hurent, Zibal, Haster, and Kraugel—the series of geniuses who might emerge once in a hundred years kept joining the Overgeared Guild and Ibellin’s talent became relatively weak. Ibellin was knocked out of competition due to these monsters and ultimately wasn’t included in the top powers. So far, the only consolation was that his skills were slightly superior to Coke.

For Ibellin, today's position was bound to be awkward. All the people gathered here today were the top forces participating in the Baal expedition. They all built up transcendence and were qualified to become masters of the dragon weapons and armor. Ibellin was the only plain and shabby one among them.

Lauel spoke to him, who was somewhat discouraged. "Of course, you are a candidate for the expedition. You should become familiar with the contents of your future mission in advance."

"Me? I'm a candidate for the expedition?" Ibellin questioned it. He seemed to doubt his ears. It was a semitone that was more bewildered than delighted.

"Your self-esteem has lowered during the time when I haven't seen you." Lauel had a slightly pitying expression. "I almost miss the time when you couldn't grasp the subject and had a rivalry with me."

"...Forget the old stories. In any case, how did I become a candidate for the expedition? Isn't there a mistake?" Ibellin was well aware that he didn't deserve it. Lack of skills was the second problem. He didn't meet the conditions to handle the dragon armor and weapons.

"Talking about a mistake to this body, the prime minister of the empire and the second-in-command of the Overgeared World... how pathetic." Lauel sighed while covering half his face with one hand. The retort of why he was the second-in-command of the Overgeared World entered one ear and went out the other.

"It isn't a mistake. After discussing it with His Majesty, I have decided that you are fully qualified. It was close to the cut-off line, but it is still great."

"No, isn't this strange? I haven't built up a transcendent status. I can't use items like the dragon weapon even if you give it to me. Why am I a candidate for the expedition?"

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"Angels."

".....?"

"The angels of the Overgeared World can use the items made by His Majesty Grid, just like the apostles. Of course, unlike the apostles, there are restrictions. Even so, the dragon weapon is very valuable."

“.....!”

“Of course, the number of angels that His Majesty can appoint is very small. It is only five angels. In order to be included in those five, you have to compete fiercely with the other candidates during the remaining fortnight.”

Only two angels could be appointed when the Overgeared World was level 1. Then in the process of securing the human gods, the level of the Overgeared World steadily rose and Grid was now able to appoint a total of five angels. It was still small, but Lael thought it was just right.

‘It is also a problem if the number of people reborn as a new power increases in a large amount all at once.’

The world changed in the aftermath of Fire Dragon Trauka releasing his power. On the surface that was exposed to new dangers, the top-tier forces of the Overgeared Guild were active on behalf of Grid and they accumulated a new level of transcendent status.

Of course, most of the people had accumulated a transcendent status by taking advantage of the legend skill tree, not becoming a transcendent, so they were still at a lower level. Even worse, there were some who only accumulated one level of a transcendent status.

In any case, the conditions to wear the dragon weapon and armor created by Grid were fully met. It was only right that angels should be appointed from talented people who would become top powers in the future, not in the present. This was also Grid’s meaning.

The five angels—in the hierarchy of the Overgeared Guild, they would enjoy a power and glory comparable to the 10 Meritorious Retainers. The number should be moderate so as to not cause confusion.

“Ibellin, I personally think that you will be the first to be appointed as an angel.”

Ibellin believed the reason why he failed to develop into a top power was purely due to the difference in talent. He was being too humble. The reason why Ibellin was pushed out in the competition with others wasn’t only due to the difference in talent, but also because he was a ruined character.

A ruined character—he was someone who got on the wrong growth tree. It wasn’t because he was as ignorant as Vantner, who placed all his stat points in strength despite being a tanker. Ibellin’s growth tree was twisted by external forces.

Grid's early masterpiece, the Thorn of Deep Grievance—it was the conditionally powerful weapon that inflicted 'damage proportional to health' on the target. It was Ibellin's pride and blessing, but it was also a curse. In the early days, Ibellin was able to grow at a terrifying rate thanks to the Thorn of Deep Grievance. Unfortunately, he was dragged down by the titles he acquired along the way. The cause was slaughtering the boss monsters.

Of course, the boss monsters were field and dungeon bosses, not named bosses. In other words, they were bosses that respawned. They were weak and powerless compared to the named opponents Grid had been hunting. However, they were a big challenge from the perspective of an ordinary player.

Ibellin slaughtered such monsters with relative ease. He took the lead in most groups and inflicted critical damage to the boss monster with a single blow. The accumulated achievements gave him a great deal of titles that were coincidentally very biased in their effect.

Additional damage was added when dealing damage proportional to health.

Acquire buffs when dealing damage proportional to health.

Stats will rise permanently when dealing damage proportional to health, etc.

They were titles that forced the use of the weapon, Thorn of Deep Grievance. Ibellin solidified this concept in order to take advantage of the power of the titles he earned and the vicious cycle was repeated. He grew in a completely different direction from ordinary swordsmen. He dealt one powerful blow, but he became powerless after consuming that one blow. It was different from the swordsmen who used footwork techniques.

During the few seconds of cooldown time that occurred after Peak Sword used Draw Sword, he used the sheath as a means of defense. If this didn't work, he used acceleration buffs and dodged to buy time.

Evasion skills—they were the basic skills possessed by not just swordsmen, but most combat classes. However, Ibellin had no evasion skills at all. Instead, he possessed a number of charge skills. In return for gaining the momentum to deal a powerful blow under any unfavorable conditions, he lost the potential to recover after dealing the blow. He had no skills that would help with utility.

Ibellin's skills were all focused on attacking. He had a few titles that generated buffs every time he dealt damage proportional to health, but even that was random.

The type of buff, the numbers, everything. Usually, there were no big problems. Ibellin's stats were very high thanks to the fact that his stats increased permanently when he dealt damage proportional to health several times. By adding his genius senses to his high stats, he often dodged enemy attacks without the need for an evasion skill. Even if he allowed an attack, he often avoided serious injuries thanks to his Grid produced armor.

This was a story for ordinary situations. It was different when it came to beings above the named level. Ibellin's subtle strengths were easily destroyed in front of higher ranked beings who had better stats than Ibellin or the insight to predict the players' intentions.

To put it simply, Ibellin was only good against moderately strong enemies. This was why he didn't become a top power.

'Still, his strengths are clear.'

Ibellin's ability to decrease the enemy's health by a large amount at once was invaluable. Of course, named bosses were immune to things like damage proportional to health, but Baal wasn't the only target of the Baal expedition. Were there only one or two demons and demonic creatures that moved according to Baal's will? The number of demonic creatures that poured out during the Great Human and Demon War was in the millions at least.

Grid had said it—Khan and Hexetia were working on a dragon weapon that turned normal attacks into wide area attacks. If Ibellin's attack extended over a wide area and affected many monsters, it would be easier for their colleagues to finish them off.

'Above all, if Ibellin becomes a legend or builds up transcendence, then he will be able to show off his strength against named enemies as well.'

Lauel believed that the old rival he acknowledged would surely break through the egg's shell and fly. Of course, he also had high hopes for the potential of the other angel candidates.

The areas newly formed by Trauka had various characteristics.

There could be distant ancient relics incomprehensible to modern common sense or knowledge, there were places where various wonders unfolded like gaps in the

dimension, and there were areas where demons appeared like the entrance to hell was connected.

Of course, the members in charge of the escort mission had to be wary of the areas connected to hell. There was a high chance that Baal would appear.

“I don’t want to.”

However, there was someone who had a twist in the mission from the start.

Sword Saint Kraugel—he was the second most powerful player after Grid and perhaps had an even better grasp of the East Continent than Grid. His escort target was naturally Daoist Sabaek. The East Continent was his main stage and it was unclear if Sabaek was an enemy or ally, so there was no one better than Kraugel to control a lot of variables.

Kraugel accepted the assignment without hesitation. Then he quickly regretted it.

“I don’t like it either. Do we really need to go back when there is a shortcut?”

“.....”

Kraugel’s grip on the sword briefly tightened. It was while looking back and forth between Sabaek, a guy who asked uncooperatively, ‘Who is this guy to escort me?’ and Hwang Gildong, who did the same thing rather than persuade him.

-Hwang Gildong has a very eccentric side. There is no malice in it, so please don’t misunderstand and calm down.

The whispers sent by Old Sword Demon barely calmed Kraugel down.

Kraugel took a deep breath and nodded. Wasn’t Old Sword Demon with him?

The oldest ranker—he was wise, like a sage. Even if the worst situation occurred, Kraugel calmly judged that he would be able to respond well if he cooperated with Old Sword Demon.

“There is an inn that I frequent at the entrance to a city called Jinju. Compared to you, the dog raised by the six year old daughter of that inn’s owner is better than you. At the very least, he is quiet when you throw him a bone.”

This was until a few minutes later when he saw Old Sword Demon start exchanging insults with Sabaek.

‘This place... I think Huroi would’ve been the right person to come here, not me.’

Kraugel’s black eyes gradually dimmed.

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Chapter 1820

“Do you know that the god you serve has been a long time admirer of my work?”

The dark dopo that flowed like a wave. The feeling of smearing ink to create waves. It was a sight created by Daoist Sabaek. The swordsmanship he used was unusual. He slowly used Tai Chi with his sharp sword. The demonic creatures couldn’t dodge and were often cut.

Kraugel watched with interest, only to soon frown. During their recent meeting at a villa in South Korea, he remembered Grid and Jishuka waking up in the morning and performing Tai Chi side by side.

‘Why does it have to be Tai Chi?’

Was he lobbied by the Chinese Communist Party?

Even as Kraugel pondered on this, Sabaek’s words continued, “Additionally, the number of yangbans I have punished is at least seven.”

The sword moved slowly before stinging like a bee, cutting at a demonic creature. Sabaek’s wrists and collarbones, revealed through the fluttering dopo, were full of tattoo-like marks. They were marks that permanently raised a large number of stats.

Daoist Sabaek was the one who created the rare treasure that every player wished to have. He even had multiple marks on himself. If Baal killed Sabaek and took his soul to hell—

There was a concern that Baal, who already boasted high stats as a super named boss, would have his stats rise exponentially.

“It means I am one level ahead of you, who has earned a fairly high reputation as a Sword Saint. In terms of hierarchy, experience, and skills, you don’t deserve to tell me what to do. The same goes for that guy.”

The nose of a named NPC was inherently pointed high in the sky. From the beginning, it was close to impossible for a player to control an opponent who had lived for a long time as a transcendent. Kraugel might have a unique hierarchy and reputation like Grid, but he wasn't Grid. Kraugel's reputation was the second highest among players, but the gap with the first place Grid was too great.

‘Unfortunately, I didn’t meet Lauel’s expectations.’

He felt sorry, but what could he do? Hwang Gildong, whom they believed would be cooperative, acted just like Sabaek.

Kraugel gave up on persuasion. He silently followed Sabaek and Hwang Gildong, who said that this was a shortcut, and gradually advanced into a space infected by demonic energy.

The group’s destination was Norae Hills. The landscape was said to be all yellow hills. Hwang Gildong had seduced Sabaek there by saying he would be able to obtain a large amount of ‘materials for the marks.’ He had whispered to Kraugel that this was the safest area.

“Old Sword Demon.” Old Sword Demon, who had a dissatisfied expression in the rear, abruptly spoke. He gave his name again to Sabaek, who called him ‘that guy.’ It sounded a bit different to Kraugel. This was the aftermath of witnessing Huroi from up close since entering the Overgeared Guild.

‘Is he Korean?’

No, he didn’t think so. It was hard to imagine that there was more than one person like Huroi in the world. Kraugel believed that he misunderstood. He even felt a small amount of guilt toward Old Sword Demon and changed his listening language setting from Korean to English.

“Old Sword Demon. My name is Old Sword Demon. Didn’t I reveal it when I first introduced myself? Please engrave it clearly in that little head of yours.”

It sounded comfortable to listen to now...

He was able to shake off the horrible assumption that there might be some intention behind Old Sword Demon’s name.

Kraugel was relieved while Sabaek snorted. “Bah, I heard you are revered as a legend among the people, but there is a wild aspect to you. Well, okay. Stop this war of nerves and increase your pace, Old Sword Demon.”

He quickened his pace while wiping at his bloody sword with a talisman. It seemed to give an enhancement effect to the sword that was glowing blue.

‘He has been active for a long time. They said he would be at least a mid-level transcendent, but he is so talented.’

Sabaek used high level swordsmanship, performed daoist techniques with the talisman, and possessed his signature marks, so his value became higher the more Kraugel looked. It was to the extent where he wondered if Sabaek was an existence on the opposite side of daoist immortal Yeo Yulan.

‘I must protect him.’

Kraugel reminded himself of the importance of the mission only to stop abruptly as he was following Sabaek. He widened his stride. A shadow crept across the twilight-stained ground. It was the shadow of Kraugel, who immediately leaned his upper body forward as he drew his sword.

There was a loud explosion. The topknot on Sabaek’s head shook and blood flowed down from Kraugel’s forehead.

“Groan...” Old Sword Demon groaned. He suddenly received a shock and lost a large amount of health. He couldn’t understand the situation for a moment.

However, as a top ranker, his body moved non-stop. He activated his buffs and looked around while drinking potions. The first thing he saw was the back of Kraugel, who was holding out his sword with his upper body leaning forward. The place where the tip of Kraugel’s sword touched was Sabaek’s left cheek.

It had stopped while interlocking with a ‘hand.’ It was a purple hand that exuded a very ominous energy. It floated alone in the air like Grid’s God Hands. It was hard to tell whether it was real or imaginary. It was because it was transparent.

It originally aimed for Sabaek’s face, but it was blocked by Kraugel’s Twilight. In the glow of the sunset, it emitted a scorching heat that was beyond the light emitted by the sword. They were the traces of the use of magic. It was the fire attribute magic that struck at Sabaek while aiming at Kraugel, Old Sword Demon, and Hwang Gildong at the same time.

‘Can it use magic now?’

Kraugel’s expression became serious.

The fragment of Asura—the Evil God that had briefly put the Overgeared members and apostles into a crisis in the No Offspring Tomb boasted a higher level of completion than before.

“Good. As expected, you endured it.”

Step, step, step.

The gloomy voice that was followed by the sound of approaching footsteps caught the attention of the party. It was a smiling demon with sharp fangs. His appearance differed depending on the viewer. He looked like a huge bat to Old Sword Demon. It was very unpleasant and frightening.

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

“Kuek...” Old Sword Demon groaned and fell to his knees. He was crushed by the status abnormalities caused by Baal.

An old player who was the first assassin player to reach level 100 and be registered in the Hall of Fame as the ‘First Assassin Ranked Number 1’—Old Sword Demon had been playing Satisfy for nearly nine years, including the open beta, and he surprisingly only recently acquired a legendary class. To be exact, he changed classes.

Assassin Who Refuses to be Stealthy—there were parts of the name he didn’t like, but it was like the efforts and achievements accumulated over the past nine years were finally acknowledged. He felt great thrill and satisfaction. Now he was embarrassed that he had been happy.

‘I am unable to resist the status abnormalities? I was very suspicious due to the name. So was it a defective product?’

Legendary classes were immune to status abnormalities. It wasn’t an exaggeration to say that this was the reason why Grid was able to advance at an unrivaled speed after becoming the first legend. Yet at this moment, Old Sword Demon was suffering from all types of status abnormalities. The hard-earned legendary class was disabled without him being able to enjoy its basic rights. There was no choice but to doubt its performance.

Kraugel’s voice entered his ears as he was feeling agitated.

-Absolutes are equipped with the ability to cause status abnormalities by default, ignoring the status abnormality immunity. Regain your composure and recover while I buy time.

---Does the Golden Carriage later sell items that neutralizes the ability to ignore status abnormality resistance?

The online games from a century ago—for Old Sword Demon, there was an image file that became popular on the Internet in the past that listed paid items in games enjoyed by the generations older than his father. Old Sword Demon recalled what he had seen then while Kraugel replied seriously to him.

-At the very least, it wasn't on the list of products that I could view with my reputation. Currently, the only solution is to build up your level of transcendence and increase the chance of resistance.

-Yes...

He had to focus on the situation. Even jokes needed applause to be completed. In the first place, this wasn't the environment to make a joke.

The 1st ranked Great Demon had appeared in front of them.

Of course, it was likely to once again be a fragment, but unlike the past, he was accompanied by an unknown 'hand.' Old Sword Demon had never seen Asura's hand and he didn't even know what it was. Nevertheless, he could intuitively know that it was a very sinister and dangerous object.

The danger was intuitively revealed. It was because Kraugel's sword energy was being disturbed in real time.

A Sword Saint's sword energy—the moment the highest grade resource, perhaps comparable to divinity, approached Asura's hand, it became blurred and repeatedly disappeared. It was the same for the orange energy emitted by Kraugel's sword. This wasn't an ordinary thing.

'Hwang Gildong and Sabaek have to kill Baal while Kraugel ties it up.'

If Baal was just a fragment as he guessed, Hwang Gildong and Sabaek should be able to get rid of Baal relatively easily. However, he always kept the worst case scenario in mind and prepared measures in advance.

Old Sword Demon prepared for a situation where Baal wasn't just a fragment. He couldn't sit idle in case Kraugel missed the hand before Hwang Gildong and Sabaek could kill Baal.

'I need to get ready...'

Assassination—for assassins, it was an 'achievement' that accelerated growth. However, Old Sword Demon had never attempted a single assassination. It was a fact that the whole world knew because it was on record. People dismissed him as a fool. They saw him as a stupid old man who had forgotten his duty because he refused to do something cowardly.

This was only half true. Old Sword Demon wanted to be stronger than anyone else, thus he went all in on the skill tree related to swordsmanship. Due to this, he wasn't capable of assassinations...

In any case, that was in the past.

'Baal, you evil that shouldn't resist. Keep ignoring me like this.'

Old Sword Demon paid close attention to Baal, who didn't even give him a second look. It was while secretly preparing to attempt an 'assassination' that hadn't been carried out in the past nine years.

Some of the debuffs caused by Baal turned out to be good luck for him.

His stats and health that declined in real time and his armor and weapon that were rusting met the trigger conditions for his passive skill.

"Sword Saint Kraugel, the law that there is nothing a Sword Saint can't cut no longer applies to Asura. It learned this after being cut by you. Even I didn't expect Asura to have this talent, so it was an unexpected harvest. Thanks to this, the newly born Evil God has a durability comparable to the Old Dragons."

Baal only noticed Kraugel.

Sabaek saw this and tried to slip away, but he couldn't move recklessly. It was because Asura's hand chased after him.

Sabaek was vaguely aware of the desires and power in Asura's hand. He had to notice. His magic power and daoist energy were being dispersed just by being this close. There was a sense of complete helplessness. The feeling of helplessness that he was feeling for the first time since becoming a transcendent baffled him.

“.....”

Kraugel didn't bother talking to Baal. It was because the demons he had dealt with so far had excelled at bewitching people. Moreover, there was nothing good about exchanging words with Baal, the source of all evil.

“You are scared.”

Baal laughed. It was right after he turned to look at Hwang Gildong, who was creeping up on him like a rat. This made Hwang Gildong stiffen. Fortunately, his prey had come to an area connected to demonic energy.

Baal could feel a familiar smell from them. It was the smell of fear. It was a smell that made Baal feel alive. His infinite life that never disappeared came from the fear of humanity.

“Don't worry too much. Death is quick, so the pain is short. It is better to be grateful that your souls can exist with me forever after you die and fall to hell. However, once that time comes, the pain will last forever.”

Baal didn't move from his spot. He used just his will to call the surrounding demons to his side and led them. He put Asura's hand in the very lead. The hand of the Evil God absorbed and neutralized all resources of all targets except for Baal and it was simply invincible. Baal would finish the hunt without needing to step forward in person.

‘Grid, you must've sent the Sword Saint to stop my hunt.’

It is a misjudgment. You should've come in person to stop me...

“.....?”

Baal's eyes widened as he was thinking about Grid's unscrupulous face. It was because Kraugel blew Asura's hand away. He simply struck it with a sword and blew it away. The loss of the rule that there was nothing he couldn't cut and of sword energy meant this result was created simply using the power of the sword.

“That sword...?”

Baal noticed something as he operated a gravitational spell on Asura's hand, which was flying far away. He hastily brought Asura's hand to his side. It was one step too late.

Twilight—it wasn't Kraugel's Twilight made from smelting the scales of a low-grade dragon, but Grid's true Twilight made from an Old Dragon's fang that pierced Baal's heart.

-Grid lent you a sword that is more valuable than his life?

Baal's question was conveyed as a thought.

"You're mistaken."

Kraugel expressed his thoughts as he was covered by the blood gushing from Baal's chest.

"Even a million dragon weapons are worth less than a single life of Grid's."

"Grid... he must've become stronger?"

The effect was great. Baal read Kraugel's true feelings and was inwardly shaken. Of course, it was only for a moment.

"I expected it. In any case, it is within the scope of my assumptions..."

Baal's face distorted sharply as he sneered and shook off Kraugel. He belatedly felt a sense of urgency. He might currently be only an ego fragment and he was seriously injured by Sword Saint Kraugel, but he also strangely failed to read the signs. They were the signs of the man who maintained the number one ranking until the emergence of a rising star called Faker.

One of the strongest unofficial rankers, an old man who was writing a new legend after countless achievements. He attempted an assassination for the first time in his life and succeeded.

Baal's head fell silently and rolled on the cold ground. Baal's red eyes gradually became empty as he stared at Asura's hand, which belatedly arrived next to him.

"Sword Saint Kraugel... it will be different... in places where you aren't present..."

It was already the second time after the No Offspring Tomb. Baal declared to Kraugel, who ruined his plans, and turned to ash. Asura's hand, which terrified legends and transcendents, naturally disappeared along with him.

"...Please escort me well in the future." Sabaek's attitude changed dramatically. Kraugel's terrifying power had been intensely engraved in his mind.

‘In the end, being overgeared is the best.’

Kraugel realized it once again.

At the same time...

Fragments of Baal’s ego that were appearing on various parts of the surface were identifying the location of their prey. They were each accompanied by a part of the Evil God. In particular, the momentum of the fragment that was accompanied by the head was imposing.

He deliberately released demonic energy, as if saying he could fight against Grid like this. The reaction appeared immediately.

“Is it because your life is infinite? You’ve lost all fear.”

Biban descended to the ground. Baal’s ego fragment remembered him as a Sword Saint from a former era.

“I am disappointed. This area would’ve been handled neatly if it was Muller.”

Let’s test the performance of Asura’s head.

The pressure coming from Baal grew increasingly ferocious.

Biban just drew his sword silently. It was the Broken Sword.

Baal laughed. “Were the rumors that the Specter heard true? Well, it is good. I have no choice but to exclude those hiding in the tower from the hunt. Now I can hunt you as well.”