

Overgeared

c 1821-1830

Overgeared

Baal had a very convenient ability.

It was the ability to divide his ego into dozens or hundreds of fragments to create and operate clones. It was possible for him to climb up to the surface without many restrictions, kill humans, and bring them to hell.

The targets had always been similar—humans who would become angels after dying. Simply put, they were talents coveted by the archangels. If Baal didn't have this ability, hell would've been a world of only the weak, just as Yatan intended at first.

Thump!

A pillar of gray fell over Baal's head. A fragment that had ascended to the surface had died. Baal recovered the experience and memory of the life that lasted shorter than a day and returned as a handful of light.

"This is good."

Originally, Baal used to feel unpleasant whenever he absorbed the memories of his ego fragments. It couldn't be pleasant to watch the disgrace of the fragments who didn't realize they were only an insignificant part of him. However, it was different this time.

A deep smile spread across Baal's face.

"It is better than expected."

Asura's hand—even though he was unable to withstand the power of Sword Saint Kraugel's 'sword' and his ego died in vain, which caused him to fail to secure the soul of Sabaek, there was still a result. He clearly confirmed that Asura's hand resisted the law of the Sword Saint. His expectations weren't just expectations and had become reality.

'Learning means... It is proof that it has an ego.'

The Evil God—a truly evil being, unlike Yatan, had started to conceive life. The moment he longed after for many years was just around the corner.

“Excuse me... are you okay?” Rose—a figure who had become a great demon as a player—asked cautiously while watching Baal from the side. It was a few months ago. She had been scouted by Baal, the 1st ranked Great Demon.

Baal—he had been beaten a few times by Grid, but he was still a strong final boss candidate. In the first place, wasn’t it a setting that he had infinite lives? There was no chance that Baal would be defeated, even if Grid invaded hell with two billion players.

Becoming his subordinate? In terms of fairy tales, it was like becoming one of the Four Heavenly Kings of the Demon King.

Rose couldn’t resist the sweet offer. She betrayed Amoract, who had turned her into a great demon, and went straight to Baal’s side. She dreamed of a brilliant future. A future where she became the supreme existence of hell. It was a future where she had a reputation as the best player along with Grid.

She was truly thrilled when she saw Baal’s ability to create dozens of clones and sent them to the surface. She became convinced that the future she dreamed of would surely become a reality. But now—

Less than an hour later, her faith started to waver. It was right after she watched one of Baal’s clones die with a magic crystal ball. He was instantly overpowered by Kraugel and Old Sword Demon, who weren’t even Grid. Of course, she knew the clones were weak when compared to the main body. However, ‘achievements’ were the biggest nutrients for players.

Baal’s clone, who looked just like Baal, was killed in an attempt to kill them, so Kraugel and Old Sword Demon must’ve received huge rewards.

This damn Baal. You are raising my competitors instead of me...

She seriously suspected that something in his brain was severely damaged when Yura shot him in the head.

‘Did I grab a rotten rope?’

The reason Rose betrayed Amoract was because she decided there was no hope for Amoract.

Amoract—an idiot who was so focused on watching Baal’s movements that she couldn’t do anything to oppose him. It was highly commendable that she wasn’t hostile to Grid, but that was it. It felt like Amoract was protecting her body so much that there was little potential for development.

Rose’s ambitions were too grand to entrust her future to Amoract. Thus, Rose sided with Baal. This was even though she found it troubling that Baal’s personality was so aggressive and cruel that he was considered an enemy of humanity as a whole, let alone the players. Rose was afraid that she would be branded as an enemy of humanity.

However, she was already a great demon. It was too late to be conscious of public opinion. She also judged that public opinion would easily change if she achieved her dream someday and gained strong power. Didn’t Grid actually show it? Grid was now treated as a hero, but he was once considered a psychopath due to his high level of brutality.

That’s right—Rose’s role model was none other than Grid...

“Am I okay? What do you mean?”

Baal, who was smiling after confirming the completeness of Asura, turned his head to her.

A great demon of human origin—maybe it was because of her unusual birth? Baal often didn’t understand her. How could a low ranking great demon look worried and ask if he was okay? He was a bit puzzled because it was his first time experiencing it.

“Ah, that... a fragment of your ego was just killed by a few humans, right? I wondered if it would damage your reputation.”

She saw him smiling after experiencing such a thing and was worried about his mental state, so she asked if he was okay...

“It’s fine. It might’ve been different previously, but the value of my fragments has become very low now,” Baal explained to Rose, who couldn’t speak honestly and trailed off.

It started with Grid. After that, his ego fragments were hunted by too many humans, including Agnus. As a result, Baal’s ego fragments were engraved in the world as having very low value. At first, Baal’s reputation and status were slightly

damaged every time his fragments made mistakes and failed. It wasn't like that any longer.

Ironically, Baal was able to operate his ego fragments without any pressure thanks to Grid. It was nice that he didn't have to be conscious of the mistakes or failures of his fragments.

"...Really? So the humans who killed your fragments won't gain much fame either, right?"

"Who knows? That is none of my business."

"Aish."

".....?"

"N-Nothing. I was admiring it! Hehe! My way of exclaiming is a bit unusual, right?"

"....."

She was truly hard to understand. Well, she was worth looking forward to. He made her a subordinate, but thought about killing her because she knew surprisingly little about Amoract. Now he thought it would be good to keep her around for a while.

Fortunately, her magic crystal balls contained something unique. The dozens of crystal balls—they were the 'eyes' of the fragments sent to the surface.

Rose made them by connecting it to her magic power. Originally, Baal wasn't interested in them. After all, he could retrieve his experiences and memories through the fragments that returned to him. He didn't have to look into the crystal balls.

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However, he naturally became interested when he saw the characters in the crystal ball. He watched the situation in real time with Rose.

"B-Biban...!"

The contemplative Rose's heart suddenly sank.

Sword Saint Biban—he was one of the members of the Tower of Wisdom who accompanied Grid when he invaded hell. He killed Valefor, the 6th ranked Great Demon, with his excellent skills. Recently, there was even the world message that he had become the Sword God.

Sword God—it was a being that must transcend the Sword Saint. There was a high probability that he was an Absolute. However, the voice of the fragment that flowed from the crystal ball was calm even with Biban in front of him. Rather, he treated Biban as a subordinate with an arrogant tone. Far from being intimidated, he didn't even seem to be vigilant.

Rose felt very small hope.

“The head... is Asura's head really amazing? Is that why he is so confident despite meeting Biban?”

“It is incomparable to the hands.”

Baal was usually kind to his subordinates. No, it wasn't just that. He took care of them very well. It was just like a parent. Sometimes he was like a friend. Not only did he gain their loyalty, but he also built up tremendous affinity. It was to the point where he meant the world to the other being. There were countless demons who would die for Baal without hesitation.

‘What is with this way of speaking?’

Rose was also at the stage of developing a subtle liking toward Baal. He was almost always gentle and benevolent. Additionally, he had demonically handsome looks, so it was enough to capture Rose's heart. She was entangled in a web she could never be detached from.

One day, she too would be betrayed and ridiculed by Baal at the most critical moment, dying a miserable death. It was just like all beings who were involved with Baal.

“But that isn't enough to instill confidence in the fragment.”

“...Huh?”

Rose had been staring at Baal with an expression of ecstasy, only to suddenly come to her senses and ask again. They were words that she couldn't understand.

Baal added an explanation, “An ego fragment is literally just a fragment. It is a very small part of myself that embodied some of my personality, memories, and abilities. He can’t accurately identify the hierarchy of the opponents in front of him and respond appropriately.”

“To put it simply... you’re saying the ego fragment can’t figure out his opponent right now, right?”

“It is nice that you have a bright mind.”

Baal laughed while nodding. He was praising Rose. However, Rose wasn’t happy at all. She glared at Baal, who was watching the situation with a nonchalant expression.

‘Another fragment died meaninglessly and became an experience pack. How can he laugh at the current situation?’

She resented Baal’s lack of thoroughness.

An evil being with great strength and thoroughness—was there really no perfect being that could give despair to all players, except for her?

Rose had been lamenting to herself. Then her complexion gradually brightened. The other magic crystal balls also started to convey the situation of those that the fragments met. She was happy because most of them seemed to have a high chance of winning, except for Biban.

In particular, the situation of Talima was overwhelming. As many as four fragments surrounded one dwarf. It was unlucky that Jishuka arrived at the scene just before the completion of the barrier to block teleportation magic, but the situation wasn’t bad.

‘It is 4 against 2, but there is no chance. Baal will win no matter what.’

In fact, if she thought about it calmly, the fragment that was defeated by Kraugel and Old Sword Demon were simply unlucky. Kraugel was second only to Grid. Additionally, thinking back to the last sight in the eyes of the dying fragment, there was a ‘mark’ on the back of the hand of Kraugel and Old Sword Demon. This meant that the guy called Sabaek had secretly buffed the two of them. It also wasn’t known what tricks Hwang Gildong might’ve pulled.

In the first place, it didn’t make sense for one fragment to dream of winning against a group of four cooperating legends or transcendents. However, the

situation in Talima was completely different. Jishuka was one level below Kraugel's and the target of the hunt was only a dwarf who was good at blacksmithing. It was safe to say that the four fragments had no chance of being defeated.

'It is too bad, Jishuka. You are the heroine along with Yura, but you will lose big this time. I just hope you don't get dumped by Grid.'

Rose was smiling happily when a different look appeared in her eyes.

The bow that Jishuka took out—it was shaped like a dragon's head with its mouth open and it was very large and threatening.

"Grid, this guy... has he succeeded in mass producing dragon weapons?"

Baal's sigh drove in the wedge.

"Eh?"

It was the moment when Rose was suddenly overwhelmed with great anxiety...

Two of the four magic crystal balls relaying the situation in Talima exploded. It was faster than the magic crystal ball showing Sword God Biban.

"You must not be arrogant toward today's humans," Baal advised Rose, who had a bewildered expression on her face.

Rose's face turned red.

Seeing this reaction, she couldn't grasp a subject, just like his ego fragment...

It sounded like Baal was implying this.

Overgeared

Chapter 1822

Talima.

It was a city of dwarves that had been isolated for hundreds of years due to the lair of Fire Dragon Trauka. Not long ago, it was an unfamiliar land for people. Only a few people accidentally entered it, and most players couldn't get any information about Talima. They heard rumors that the blacksmiths of Talima sold

legendary rated battle gear and ego items on stands, but they dismissed it as absurd.

“...It wasn’t just a rumor.”

The players exploring the city surrounded by rocks were dumbfounded. It was while watching weapons such as swords, axes, and maces rise up from smithies all over the city and fly somewhere. They were ego items that judged and moved on their own. It was probably an exaggeration that they were sold on the stands, but the smithies of Talima all had a few ego items.

Dozens of ego items dove toward the hill behind Talima Castle. They were aimed at four intruders. Not a single one hit. The intruders with extremely trained senses evaded the surprise attack of the ego items with swift movements. If they wanted to claim themselves as Baal due to having the same appearance as him, they needed to have the minimum qualifications.

“I haven’t even adjusted to the peace that has come...”

The dwarf standing in the center of the fallen battle gear murmured with a gloomy face. It was the one with superhuman strength, Antrino. He was a transcendent who freely wielded the strength of a short body.

Until Talima was isolated by Fire Dragon Trauka, he was the hero who protected the lives of the dwarves for hundreds of years. Then not long ago, Trauka moved his lair and Talima joined the world again. Antrino felt a sense of responsibility to reclaim his reputation as a hero. Now that the natural disaster of an Old Dragon had left, he vowed before King Charles and his people that he would surely protect Talima in the future.

However, they were facing a new disaster without a break.

The 1st ranked Great Demon, Baal. Seeing that there were four of him, it didn’t seem to be his main body. Even so, each one of them had strong skills.

“Are we to be forever swayed by the wishes of the Absolutes...?”

Antrino sighed.

Dwarves were a species with exceedingly high dexterity. They had a habit of honing their natural dexterity to the limit. Thus, he was a suitable existence to be targeted by other beings. As Ke ong proved while being active in the Overgeared Empire, a nation could enjoy a strong military force with just one dwarf. Even Fire

Dragon Trauka built a lair here because he coveted the technology of the dwarves. The natural talent and instincts of the dwarves could be likened to honey for all types of insects.

Therefore, Antrino's sense of responsibility was great.

One of the rare warriors of his species—he was the only one to have built up transcendence among them, and he had a duty to protect his species. Throughout Talima, he was the only one who could do this.

However, even a transcendent was powerless in the face of a natural disaster. Just as he couldn't do anything against Fire Dragon Trauka, he felt incredibly helpless against the 1st ranked Great Demon. If this was the real Baal, he wouldn't even have the will to fight.

'Even if I'm lucky enough to defeat these guys... eventually, I will see Talima being dominated by the real Baal one day.'

Antrino couldn't think of the option of relying on Grid. Talima had been isolated until just a few days ago. They were ignorant of the outside news. In the first place, it was far from common sense to think about relying on others just because a crisis had come.

'Well... it is worth fighting compared to an Old Dragon.'

He thought as positively as possible. Antrino floated dozens of ego items centered around him into the air. Unless they were out of control ego items sealed in Pandemonium, Talima's ego items moved according to his will. They respected Antrino, the strongest dwarf warrior. At least here in Talima, Antrino was able to control the swords equal to the Sword Saint.

"A stupid dwarf dreams of resistance."

"His thoughts are as stupid as his ugly looks. Stupid guy."

"What warrior?"

The four Baal had subtly different speech patterns. They seemed to have different personalities based on the way they showed different reactions to the same scene.

'Is each person derived from a different ego?'

There was no end to Baal's powers...

Antrino remembered a story that had been passed down since ancient times and took a deep breath. He held the equipment in his hand like a pot lid and completely combined his consciousness with the ego items floating around him. The fierce battle immediately began. It was fortunate that all four Baals were bare-handed. The strongest warrior of the dwarves used a number of weapons and had a natural advantage.

“Useless things.”

One of the Baals used the blade of the large axe blocking his path as a stepping stone and clicked his tongue. He had the attitude of treating the other three Baals as subordinates. He seemed to believe that he was the real Baal. His figure shot up into the air.

“You can’t have a hard time with just one dwarf.”

Dozens of magic circles floated around the Baal in the sky. He intended to use ranged attacks to easily intercept Antrino, who had a distance advantage from using various weapons. As a bonus, he intended to devastate all of Talima. He was going to kill all the dwarves and transfer their skills to hell. It was why Baal sent as many as four clones to Talima. It wasn’t because Antrino was particularly strong. From the beginning, his goal had been all of Talima.

“I’ll see you again in hell.”

The Baal in the sky laughed. He didn’t realize that he was only a day old and promised the future without knowing anything. Punishment immediately fell.

“.....!”

The magic circles that had started to activate the magic were instantly erased. It was by a pillar of red flames that was just like an eraser. The pillar of flames that shot in a straight line erased everything in its path without a trace.

“Groan...

Cough. Cough!!”

At almost the same time that the magic circles around him were erased, the Baal was swept away by a pillar of fire and fell to the ground. He was in a ragged state. His limbs had vanished without a trace.

“Fire Dragon...”

“...Trauka!”

Antrino and the Baals on the ground were shocked. They stared up at the sky with expressions that were close to contemplation. The pillar of fire must’ve been the Fire Dragon’s Breath. However, the appearance of the Fire Dragon that should’ve filled the sky was nowhere to be seen. In the first place, the Fire Dragon had just moved his lair. There was no reason for him to come back here again.

Antrino watched the sky nervously only to realize one step late.

‘No, was that a real Breath just now?’

The energy was similar, but wasn’t the power quite weak?

It happened as Antrino remembering Trauka’s Breath that he had witnessed in the past and questioned it...

Flash!

There was a flash of light from the edge of the sky. His transcendent status responded. Antrino moved instinctively and hurriedly left his position.

Just in time, a second bombardment hit the ground. Another Baal was turned into rags. The first Baal was a fragment born from his arrogance and the second Baal was a fragment born from his laziness. It was the weakest of the four fragments. Still, it shouldn’t have been so easy.

The two remaining Baals took out the ‘Asura body part’ that was with them and were convinced.

“It was Trauka’s Breath.”

However, it was very weak. Perhaps a Breath fired from hundreds of millions of kilometers away had reached this point.

“Is it a warning not to target the dwarves because they are his...?”

The interpretation of the two Baals made Antrino frown.

“.....”

Then some traces got closer. It was so weak that they were ashamed to mistake it for Trauka. It belonged to Bow Saint Jishuka.

“This...?”

Antrino’s eyes widened when he confirmed the appearance of the woman who got closer.

A dragon—it came from a greatbow made from the scales and bones of Fire Dragon Trauka. The bow held by the woman was something that even the dwarves of Talima had never imagined. It was an object that forced a change in their common sense.

A dragon weapon—he couldn’t believe that such a thing was real.

“You dodged that? Even if you are the same fragment, is there such a big difference in level?” Jishuka said as she soon came to Antrino’s side. She compared the two dying fragments with the intact ones. There was a sense of relaxation in her lively voice. The fragments of Baal noticed that it was nothing but an exaggerated performance.

‘Only two shots... that is the limit.’

The sniper shot that was like a Breath. Surprisingly, the present day Bow Saint armed with a dragon weapon gave up the sniper point she had secured and came close to them. It meant she couldn’t snipe them any longer. In fact, her hands were bloody. She seemed to have restored her wounds using regenerative potions and other means, but based on the amount of blood on her hands and clothes, it was presumed that her hands had completely exploded before. She paid a severe price for embodying the Breath of an Old Dragon with a human body.

“The distance is too short for an archer. Are you going to wield a sword?” one of the fragments spoke in a leisurely manner. Asura’s shoulders were spinning and hovering around him. The flames of the Fire Dragon around Jishuka’s bow slowly dissipated. It was the same with Antrino’s power.

“What... is this?”

Antrino, who was in daze for a while, belatedly noticed the difference and was wary.

An object that looked like it was cut out of a giant’s shoulder—every time he got close to it, strength drained from his body. The endless energy rising from his dantian disappeared without a trace. He easily noticed that these shoulders were a very ominous and dangerous object.

“This is the message of Only One God Grid,” Jishuka spoke to Antrino, who was backing away.

“.....?”

“From now on, Talima is protected by the Overgeared World.”

At the same time as Jishuka’s declaration, the world darkened dramatically. It was due to the shadow that filled the sky. A huge object could be seen approaching through the thick clouds. No, it was too big to be described as an object. It was more like a city.

It was the Tomb of the Gods. It was the advent of the moving Overgeared World.

“Hurry up.”

This huge object gave a sense of intimidation just from its size. The Baal fragments felt a sense of crisis and moved urgently. They gave up on securing Talima and aimed for Jishuka and Antrino in front of them. It was one step too late.

The Tomb of the Gods started firing. The Overgeared Cannons had greatly increased in number due to actively utilizing the proliferation characteristics of Greed. Disintegrate and Meteor fell from hundreds of cannon barrels and hit Baal’s fragments.

“It is useless...”

Disintegrate was a magical spear composed of magic power. The magic power scattered and disappeared the moment it got close to Asura’s shoulders. The fragments smiled when they saw this, only to stiffen.

Meteor—it was a simple meteorite. In other words, it was a physical power that the power of Asura’s shoulders didn’t work on. After being crushed again and again by the meteorites, the mangled fragments turned to ash.

The aftermath was great. All of Talima shook. The castle’s tall spires finally started to fall.

The regi stone—the door of Pandemonium, made from the heaviest stone in the world, also became wide open from the shock. The ego items like Talima's Shame, that were sealed due to their dirty personality, popped out into the city. This gave

the already chaotic dwarves a greater sense of crisis. There were going to be victims everywhere.

‘First of all, save King Charles...??’

Antrino was flustered but he quickly made a judgment and moved. However, he soon stiffened like a stone statue.

The gods who were believed to only exist in heaven—he watched in amazement as the people of the Overgeared World poured out of the Tomb of the Gods and protected and restored Talima with various powers.

Jishuka smiled.

“I told you. From today onwards, this place is protected by the Overgeared World.”

The domain of the Overgeared World was about to expand again.

Overgeared

Chapter 1823

A sudden change in the world—it referred to the change in the world caused by the liberation of Fire Dragon Trauka’s power.

Titan had been one of the busiest cities since this change occurred. It might be purely coincidental, but many of the areas judged to be ‘dangerous’ occurred around Titan. Among them, the Mirror Mountains and the Forest of Mist were the most difficult.

They were areas where fantasy-like creatures that existed only in dimensional gaps appeared. Beings beyond reason threatened people with strange abilities.

The legendary Lightning Warrior Kyle—Titan’s strongest spear and shield was patrolling the Mirror Mountains as usual.

The mountain peaks that distorted and reflected light like mirrors and showed things that couldn’t exist in reality—Kyle moved among these ominous things that easily deceived and led humans to danger and was intact.

His lightning burned all enemies that approached. His legendary skills combined with the body of a transcendent were strong. It was because all the processes and

results he gained were judged to be achievements worthy of being recorded in legend and they had a strengthening effect.

“Thank you! The supply route has been secured thanks to Kyle disposing of all the illusionary bodies!”

“...You are saying the same thing as yesterday,” Kyle responded with displeasure to the saluting knights.

Just like the demonic creatures in the hunting grounds, the illusionary bodies would reappear at regular intervals. The objects reflected by the ice mirrors of the ice caps of the mountain points were soon reborn as illusionary bodies. It was meaningless to kill them.

Kyle was going to be given the same task again and again tomorrow and the next day. He had enough of it. A fundamental solution was needed. However, they had long concluded that it was impossible to physically destroy the ice mirrors of the mountain peaks.

“Fire Dragon... that damn creature.”

The dragons—Kyle’s attitude of cursing at the Old Dragon was unstoppable. He showed a clear disregard for the warnings of scholars, who claimed that a dragon’s hearing could cover the entire continent. There were only two existences in the world that he feared—Grid and Braham.

Except for those two, he wasn’t scared of anyone, including dragons.

“...Is that an illusionary body?”

“Kuaaack!”

Kyle cocked his head when he suddenly heard the screams of soldiers.

A path leading to the Forest of Mist—an ominous being, like the mirrors of the mountain peak, were approaching and slaughtering the soldiers.

The 1st ranked Great Demon, Baal. A great evil that shouldn’t be on the surface. In Kyle’s eyes, this guy was simply ‘color.’ He was bright red, but far from a flame. Kyle wondered if negative concepts such as blood, killing intention, hatred, and anger could be painted in color.

‘It is cute compared to the demons of the surface.’

Kyle compared Baal's appearance to Grid and Braham and snorted. Beads made by condensing lightning floated around him. The lightning orbs intercepted all of the attacks of the approaching Baal's. The red hands, feet, and tail were shaking from the electric shock.

"Ugh. Did you copy Grid's God Hands?" Baal asked, forcing his facial muscles twitching from the electric shock to move. His mouth that opened slowly was big and black.

"Che." Kyle read some ominous omens from it. Then the bright beads of lightning exploded in unison.

At the same time, rays of magic shot from Baal's mouth.

—!

Sound disappeared for a moment from the white-tinged world. The light coming from Baal was also buried as he turned to ash. The first sound heard as the world soon returned to normal was the sound of blood dripping from Kyle's pierced chest.

Soon, a large amount of blood poured out. Kyle stopped the bleeding by closing his wound with electricity and looked around. It was to check the condition of the knights swept away by the explosion. Unfortunately, there were quite a few casualties.

'It was unavoidable.'

If he had hesitated for even one second, then everyone except for himself would've perished.

A gloomy voice permeated Kyle's ears as he struggled to control his mind. "It is a clone made from a fragment, but you did a good job. Croak. Lightning Warrior Kyle. I can understand why His Majesty wanted you and sent me here. Croak."

It was a giant toad.

Chepardea—he was a demon known for being Baal's closest ally. He had a power comparable to a single digit great demon.

Step, step.

A new Baal walked out from behind him. He was accompanied by the 'body' of a human-like creature.

“Is this the fragment of Asura or something?”

Some time ago, when Grid conquered the No Offspring Tomb. The central government had disseminated information related to Asura to Titan. Kyle had already received it.

“Yes, croak. He is a god who will soon arrive in hell,” Chepardea replied while blinking his bulging, round eyes.

Kyle was secretly sending over electric currents. However, the currents that came close to Asura’s torso disappeared without a trace.

‘It disappears the moment it gets within two meters.’

He heard the other day that it was within one meter. Had the range expanded? In the end, they had the worst compatibility. A strong person who valued ‘body’ over ‘energy.’ In Titan, Spear Saint Rachel was the best opponent to fight against it.

‘Of course, it is too much for Rachel to handle on her own.’

Wasn’t it a situation where even Chepardea had shown up?

‘She will need the cooperation of Empress Basara and the other dukes... if that monstrous torso can neutralize even the empress’ red energy or Grenhal’s resilience...’

The odds were slim. At this point, wasn’t there enough justification to retreat?

Kyle started to sneak away. The reason he stayed in Titan in the first place was Grid’s coercion. Ever since the disappearance of the former emperor, Juander, he didn’t feel the need to be tied up here.

“...Shit.”

Of course, it was different now. In the process of performing the duties he was forced to do, he unintentionally acquired a sense of responsibility. It wasn’t easy to leave the knights he had known for a long time and to run away alone.

‘I was caught by Grid.’

Did that devil know he was going to end up like this and kept making him take responsibility? It was as he was thinking...

“Run away. Don’t look back and run.”

Kyle stopped walking and stood with his back to the wounded and fallen knights. The sword left behind by the dead knights were drawn up along with the electric currents.

One, two, three, four... there were nine in total. Kyle held two of them in his hands while the other seven swords were at his feet. He intended to resupply himself immediately when he lost the two swords he was holding. Since he wasn't a swordsman, this was the worst case scenario.

'I promised myself that I would never hold a sword again.'

Due to his natural constitution, Kyle was always alone. His situation didn't change much even when he entered the palace due to the former emperor, Juander. Juander appreciated Kyle's constitution and tried to teach him a lot, but Kyle was always weighed down by the eyes of those around him and had to give up on most of his learning halfway. Swordsmanship was one of them.

The former Red Knights—Kyle used to leave the training grounds with shame because they laughed while saying that an electric eel was learning the sword. He couldn't train deeply in swordsmanship.

'Looking back, they weren't laughing at me.'

The Red Knights were just pointing out that Kyle's constitution and swordsmanship didn't match. At that time, Kyle couldn't control his lightning properly. Under the influence of the black lightning in his hands, he often changed the trajectory of the sword arbitrarily. He was in a position where he couldn't learn swordsmanship properly. He could've seriously injured someone if he insisted on continuing to learn swordsmanship. They wanted to tell him that he should take a different path.

However, at that time, he was a person who couldn't be communicated with and they ended up hurting each other's feelings.

"...Kukuk."

"Kyle, you are laughing now. Croak. You've lost your mind. Croak."

"You don't have to tell me that. I'm aware that I am insane."

As the time of death approached, all his poor memories came back.

Kyle stopped laughing, took a deep breath, and took a stance. He calmed down his lightning and planned to deal with the enemies in front of him purely with swordsmanship. He believed in the body of a transcendent. The swordsmanship he learned in the past and the swordsmanship he observed so far would be embodied with this transcendent body.

He believed in the value of a legend. Everything a legend did, no matter how small, was given great meaning. It was easily recognized as an achievement. He hoped that the world would expand and interpret the choices at this moment, made with emotions in the heat of the moment, and create a miracle.

However, reality was grim.

“You are weak! You are so insignificant when you can’t use your lightning power! Croak!”

Kyle couldn’t withstand the offensive of Baal and Chepardea and collapsed. All nine swords had already been broken. He performed the martial arts he acquired during his time as a follower of the Martial God, but as expected, it had no effect. It was impossible to hit Chepardea’s slippery body with his punches or kicks.

“Go ahead and kill me.” Kyle exhausted even his immortality and stopped resisting. The knights had already fled. They would’ve delivered the news to Titan’s empress and dukes, and they would’ve started preparing the defenses. It was good that he didn’t have to work hard to buy more time than this. He had no lingering attachment to life.

A life as an orphan—he was very lonely and he sometimes took the wrong path. Wasn’t it great enough that he could rise to this position?

“Chepardea, you are still the same.”

Kyle, who was waiting for death, suddenly heard a voice and looked in that direction. He saw a green-haired man. His pale face, exposed beneath his short, neat hair, looked completely lifeless and it was bizarre. It felt like he was seeing a moving corpse. In fact, it was actually a corpse.

“The traitor, Agnus! Croak!”

The green-haired man’s robe fluttered at the magic power spread by the shouting Chepardea. It revealed his upper body, which had only bones and no flesh and skin.

“Agnus...”

Kyle was briefly fascinated by the unbelievable sight as he pondered on the man’s name.

The former Baal’s Contractor—Kyle remembered encountering him a few times in the past.

“You have changed a lot?”

“Kyle, your eyes have become quite sad as well.”

The ground trembled. The dead rose from the ground and formed an army in an instant.

Chepardea showed a puzzled reaction. “What? How can you maintain that level of control when you have been reduced to an ordinary necromancer? Croak?”

“I’ve never been ordinary.”

Before contracting with Baal, Agnus was originally the 1st ranked necromancer. Just because his contract with Baal was cut off didn’t mean he had no skills.

“More than that, you are pitiful, Chepardea.”

“Pitiful...? Croak?”

“If you are betrayed by Baal and die again this time, it will be at least the 50th time. Betty’s words are quite credible.”

“.....?”

The brief conversation between Agnus and Chepardea ended. It was because Baal flew over and attacked Agnus. He ignored Kyle, who was no different from prey, and aimed only at Agnus.

“Agnus, you shine brightly when it comes to the subject of abandoned toys.”

“On the contrary, it is good killing intent.”

Agnus responded casually, but avoided a head-on battle. It was because he witnessed the undead in Baal’s path collapse. Asura’s torso showed an almighty power to disrupt even a necromancer’s control. Agnus didn’t think he had any

odds of winning. Nevertheless, there was a reason why he proudly made an appearance.

‘Grid has to be aware of the situation here.’

It was due to that belief.

It was as expected.

Thump!

As if responding to Agnus’ faith, a person fell from the sky. It was someone who scattered brilliant light.

“I was worried because I thought I was late, but I arrived on time.”

It was Vantner. Unlike the smiling Vantner, Agnus’ expression was rotten.

“...Is there a temporary shortage of workers in the Overgeared Guild?”

“Eh? Agnus? What are you doing here? And what do you mean by your words just now?”

“No... There is no shortage of workers. It is correct to interpret that there will be additional reinforcements.”

Putting aside underestimating Vantner, Agnus noted that Vantner was a tanker.

A tanker—he literally served to guard against enemy attacks from the front. There was little he could do alone.

“It is a solo mission, you bastard.”

Vantner belatedly noticed the meaning of Agnus’ continuous nonsense and his expression distorted.

“A lot of mongrels are flocking! Okay, croak! I’ll take you all to hell, croak!”

Chepardea flicked out his tongue.

His long tongue moved like it was alive and it not only contained acidic poison, it was also covered in slippery fluids. Even when slashed or stabbed with a blade, the blade would slip, have its trajectory twisted strangely, or produce additional derivative attacks.

“Vantner, don’t face it head-on...” Agnus was well aware of Chepardea’s abilities and warned Vantner, only to stop in mid-sentence.

The pupils of his golden eyes shrank as he saw Chepardea’s severed tongue fluttering in the air.

“Y-You... Croak...”

Chepardea stepped back. He tried to regenerate his tongue by swallowing the fluids pouring out of his mouth. Meanwhile, the huge red shield attracted everyone’s attention. Awl-like blades protruded from the lower part of the shield, so it looked like a tail at first glance. They wondered if a dragon’s back would look like this when looking at it from above.

The first dragon shield in history was revealed.

“I guess you didn’t hear an explanation from Baal based on how surprised you are. Poor toad, you must be a toy.”

“.....”

Kyle felt like the peaks of the Mirror Mountains had increased by one.

Vantner was the first tanker to become a legend and built up a transcendent status. He looked as tall as a mountain. Even the way that he distorted and reflected light was similar.

Overgeared

Chapter 1824

‘This... these crazy items...’

There were now only seven magic crystal balls when there were initially 33. This meant that 26 of Baal’s fragments had perished. The influence of the Overgeared members, who predicted Baal’s potential target and interfered, was great.

Top rankers such as the 10 Meritorious Retainers, Kraugel, Zibal, Hurent, and Haster—their ability to cooperate with the targeted transcents was completely different from the past.

It was far beyond what Rose remembered. It was thanks to the dragon weapons that suited each of them. The fragments of Baal, accompanied by parts of Asura, couldn't withstand the 'physical power' and often perished.

Ding!

Another crystal ball was on the verge of breaking. Kyle's image passed by in a crystal ball projecting the view of a dying fragment.

Lightning Warrior Kyle—even the man who was identified as the most important target of this operation wasn't secured. Standing next to him, Vantner's rough face was tinged with light joy.

'Even considering the fact that he received the help of Agnus and Kyle, a tanker raiding alone...'

Rose stared blankly at Vantner's dragon shield, whose offensive power was proportional to his defense, only to soon recover and grit her teeth. Who was a stronger player than her apart from Grid? When she thought about it, the 10 Meritorious Retainers who were always in the lead had become even stronger. They were getting stronger in real time even at this moment. Their rewards for hunting the fragments of Baal this time alone would be significant.

"The hell moon... don't you think things would be better than they are now if you had projected the hell moon?" Rose cautiously asked. She looked at Baal, who was still sitting on the throne with a calm expression. In terms of her personality, she wanted to hit him and use all sorts of curses while asking him why he didn't use the hell moon, but she couldn't do so.

Right now, Baal wasn't just an object of fear. He was also a superior. This was the last rope she chose after changing her affiliation several times over the past nine years. At this point, she thought it might be a rotten rope.

"The moonlight of the hell moon would've made the fragments much stronger than they are now. Then wouldn't your chances of success have increased significantly? Why didn't you project the hell moon on the surface?"

Maybe it wasn't that he didn't do it, but that he couldn't? If so, wasn't Baal's heyday already over?

"It is because it is meaningless," Baal spoke to her, who was suffering from severe anxiety. It was a very gentle tone. He smiled as he tilted his head and his black hair fell over his shoulders.

“Grid would’ve reacted directly if I projected the hell moon on the surface. The mission success rate of the fragments would’ve been completely zero.”

Just then—

Another pillar of gray fell over Baal’s head. It was without a newly broken crystal ball. It meant that someone other than Baal’s fragments had died and had been absorbed by Baal. One of the transcendents Baal targeted had died. The Overgeared Guild wasn’t omniscient either. It was impossible for them to identify and interact with all the transcendents of the surface.

“In the first place, killing a transcendent and absorbing their power is nothing but a bonus.”

Baal raised his body.

Kujarak—Baal approached the crystal ball with this person and examined it as if intrigued by the appearance of this active, non Overgeared Guild member.

“The biggest reason I operated the fragments is to collect information.”

Another gray pillar fell over Baal’s head as he spoke. This time, it was a pillar created by the death of a fragment. It was killed by Kujarak, Juander, and Chensler. Baal closed his eyes as if savoring his memories and experiences. Then he opened them again. His eyes were no longer on Kujarak. It felt like he had lost interest.

A chill went down Rose’s spine. “Perhaps...?”

“Yes, I learn through the fragments. The power and skill of the humans who harmed the fragments will be rendered worthless against me.”

Baal naturally grew stronger over time. It was thanks to the ability to absorb the power of the dead. It was safe to say that just breathing made him stronger.

Time was on his side. Originally, he didn’t need to put in any effort to become stronger. Then a while ago, Baal changed his attitude. It was while encountering Grid’s epics that he constantly heard. Grid finally started interacting with the Old Dragons. Considering his status as Dragon Knight, he must’ve been becoming stronger at a greater speed than before.

Baal remembered the feeling that he had tried so hard to ignore. Grid, who got back up and challenged him even if he fell down again and again—after reflecting

on the vague sense of crisis he felt when he encountered Grid over and over again, he became alert. From the time he experienced it, he started to think that relying on his natural power wasn't enough.

Baal focused on the 'experiences' that existed in the background of Grid, who grew while compressing time. He was inspired. He also felt the need to gain experience and learn. It was why he started to make active use of the fragments.

The clones where his consciousness was split into small pieces—he decided to let them accumulate experience and knowledge on his behalf. He would absorb everything, study it, and accumulate strength faster.

This was the process.

“Even the dragon weapon that Grid trusts won't be able to pierce my skin.”

The demonic energy wrapped around Baal's body started to change slowly, but surely. It took a new form and became even more solid. The fragments created a structure to neutralize the power of the dragon weapons. The shape and nature of his hands and nails were also changing. It was to a form where he could easily tear apart the impenetrable dragon armor.

In a few days, when this change was completed, Baal would be reborn as an existence who didn't need to be wary of the dragon weapons and armor. The main factor was that the level of Grid's newly created dragon weapons wasn't particularly outstanding compared to Twilight.

‘Grid... you are bringing me back.’

A very long time ago, Baal also had an enemy. It was Beriache, who was of the same bloodline as him. She was a big threat to Baal whenever she met certain conditions and she made Baal always think and work hard until she was banished from hell. He was just fed up with it at the time, but in retrospect, her rivalry with Baal and his competition with her rapidly propelled his development.

‘You are going to pay a heavy price.’

The wave of power caused by the smiling Baal was enormous. It was like he was in his prime.

Rose was thrilled because he was incomparable to before.

“I’m here to see God.”

The capital, Reinhardt, was in turmoil. It was due to Biban’s visit. Hundreds of knights lined up politely and Lauel ran out personally to greet him.

As he guided Biban to Grid, Lauel cautiously asked, “Excuse me, may I dare to ask you what this is about?”

Biban nodded. “Of course. If I spoke to God, won’t you know the content anyway?”

Biban was well aware of Lauel’s position.

“I met something called Asura’s head. It isn’t ordinary, so I decided I should inform God beforehand,” he explained to Lauel, who was inwardly proud.

“The head...”

Asura’s shoulders, legs, torso, buttocks, etcetera—the fragments of Asura encountered by the Overgeared Guild members over the past few days weren’t much different compared to Asura’s hands. Lauel had judged that the head wouldn’t be much different, so he gradually stiffened when he heard this.

“You must not let him see, hear, or speak.”

It was because Biban’s words were very meaningful. At this point, the two of them arrived at their destination.

Randy, who was playing with air at the entrance of the smithy, smiled at them and opened the door. Her attitude was very different from Noe, who only rolled around in the sun and didn’t bother to look at the two of them. Biban stroked the girl’s head before entering the smithy.

Grid stopped working for a moment and greeted him. On the other hand, Khan didn’t notice Biban’s visit. A dragon weapon that turned normal attacks into wide area attacks—he stayed up a few nights to develop the work Grid required and he had just fallen asleep.

In the first place, the level gap with Biban was too great. An ordinary legend couldn’t detect the visit of Biban, who was conserving his energy. He remained in his dream while only being aware of the fact that Grid was talking with someone.

“...A god without divinity.”

Unlike Khan, who was having a good dream, Hexetia was horrified.

Sword God Biban—the human swordsman he had only heard about through rumors was clearly at the peak. Apart from the missing divinity, he thought it was natural for Biban to be revered as a god. He was at a phenomenal level.

Biban felt a similar appreciation for Hexetia. It might be due to the commonality of being in one field for a long time and reaching the peak.

“There was a fragment that ran wild without understanding his opponent. I read the traces of Biban coming forward and just watched. Have you properly tested the performance of the Broken Sword?”

“He wasn’t even worth drawing the sword. However, the head of Asura was quite intimidating, so I came to let you know in advance.”

“The head...? How was it?”

“You said that the other parts of Asura’s body dissipate any ‘energy that gets close’ to it? Meanwhile, the head extinguishes the energy simply by hearing or seeing. If that isn’t enough, the head can make a rule with words to make sure that the energy is extinguished, just like Dragon Words.”

“That... hearing this, it seems comparable to the power of a chief god. Did Baal seriously make such a thing?” Hexetia, who had exchanged greetings with Biban through looks, interjected with a somewhat disbelieving response.

Biban shrugged.

“I don’t know how it was made. In any case, there is no exaggeration in my words.”

“...It is natural in a way, ” the silently listening Grid finally opened his mouth, “In the first place, Baal’s purpose is to make a new Evil God. To borrow Baal’s words, it is a true Evil God, unlike Yatan, and is better than Yatan. It was designed and built as an absolute god from the beginning.”

Grid remembered the red flesh that projected the hell moon. It was a transcendent concept that contained the countless souls that fell to hell. It was to the point where he thought it was an excellent material to produce an absolute god. He was forced to understand.

“The hell expedition... it will be harder than you think. You should be careful,” Biban warned.

Grid nodded.

“I never thought it would be easy in the first place.”

Grid had fought directly with Baal. They had fought dozens of times and Grid had lost most of the fights. He even knew that Baal’s life was infinite. It would’ve been impossible to target him in a raid without the epics.

Grid took a deep breath and sent a whisper to Lauel, who was waiting outside the smithy.

-Bring me the king of the evil eyes.

A means to restrain Asura’s strong power. There was a dragon’s Dragon Words, but that wasn’t enough. Coincidentally, the dragon that Grid obtained as a colleague was weak in terms of Dragon Words. Therefore, Grid planned to rely on another strong power.

Grid and Baal—the Absolutes of the surface and hell were already engaged in a fierce battle of numbers.

Overgeared

Chapter 1825

“Great one who showed me the difference between day and night. Today too, I started my day under the sunshine you gave me. I was able to understand the process of the birth of life through the dew on the fields of flowers of all colors.”

Poriorderporonopitonojiodebe—it was the name of the evil eyes’ king, which was long enough to be omitted due to the character limit. It contained many meanings. It was from the desire to be wise and virtuous like the head of a species. In conclusion, the evil eyes’ king lived up to his name.

He didn’t forget the grace of Grid, who opened his eyes. He emulated Grid and became a king who was kind to his subordinates. However, there was the disadvantage that he said too much when he greeted Grid. It made Grid feel embarrassed every time. It was especially so ever since Grid became a god.

“What are you talking about?”

The chibi species—Biban looked curiously at the evil eye, who was smaller and cuter than a dwarf. Then he cocked his head and frowned.

“He is just saying good morning,” Grid explained briefly before he responded to the evil eyes’ king with a smile, “Have you been well, my friend?”

“Of course. According to the logic of the world, I have to constantly go through new trials, but it is better than the past. Ever since you have broken the curse, my life has always been brilliant. I, who feels infinite gratitude and glory to have been called by you, walked the path you have laid out for me and have arrived safely before you.”

It is easy to live because I am no longer blind. I can walk while looking at the road.

Grid interpreted it roughly like this and nodded.

“I’m glad you are doing well. In any case, the reason why I called you is to borrow the power of the evil eye. Will you cooperate, my friend?”

The evil eye of the evil eyes’ king was particularly powerful. It shot rays infinitely and destroyed anything he saw. He was forced to close his eyes and live by ignoring everything precious to him. To the king of the evil eyes, the evil eye was nothing other than a curse.

Grid felt uncomfortable to ask him to open his eyes again.

“Of course.” The evil eyes’ king readily accepted. The reason he sealed the evil eye with the ether glasses. It was to lead a ‘daily life.’ This didn’t mean that he gave up his power.

The group moved locations. It was toward one of the most difficult hunting grounds near Reinhardt. It was a lake that was formed after the change in the world. Just like Titans’ Mirror Mountains, it replicated the image of a creature reflected on the surface of the water and produced illusionary bodies.

The basic stat of the illusionary bodies were so high that it was impossible for ordinary people to access this place. It was used as a top level hunting ground even for the Overgeared Guild.

Thanks to this, Grid and the evil eyes’ king stood facing each other in a deserted place. Grid armed himself with the dragon armor and siad, “I am ready. You can take off your glasses now.”

“Okay. Like the stars in the sky, countless fates disturb me as usual. According to your will, I will open the curse deep in my blood and soul and engrave it on the world.”

Words that didn't suit his round and cute face—the sight of the evil eyes' king answering with a serene expression thrilled Lael.

At the same time...

Flash!

Beams of light shot from the large eyes of the evil eyes' king, who had taken off his ether glasses. All the surrounding bushes couldn't handle the waves and were uprooted. Large rocks also cracked.

['Absolute Defense' is activated. 50,000 mana is consumed per second.]

[You have become immune to the damage due to the effect of 'Absolute Defense.']

Apart from the loud impact, Grid wasn't harmed at all. Biban also expressed his disappointment in the beginning.

'It isn't a big deal.'

It happened as Biban was thinking this...

Step.

A faint footstep was heard through the noises of the flashes of light. It was the sound of Grid taking a step back.

".....?!"

Why did he back off?

The puzzled Biban noticed one step late.

The rays of destruction coming from the eyes of the evil eyes' king. This 'pushing force' was being replaced by enormous pressure. It was easy to think of water cannons. Water cannons firing nonstop.

Unlike most attack spells which were one shot, including the dragon's Breath, the evil eyes' rays had the advantage of being continuously shot. Everything around Grid was falling apart. It was why the evil eyes' king had to live as a blind person in the past.

'Of course, Absolute Defense isn't perfect.'

Grid thought as he pulled out his sword while being hit by the destruction rays. It took him 0.1 seconds to draw his sword. It was several times slower than usual.

‘If Absolute Defense was almighty, I wouldn’t have been able to fight a dragon.’

There was nothing invincible in the world. Therefore, it was necessary to cooperate with each other...

[The activation of ‘Absolute Defense’ has stopped.]

In the Overgeared World, Grid could overcome many constraints. It was also possible to activate Absolute Defense forever with infinite mana. It was just like a dragon. However, his experiment testing out his theory couldn’t proceed properly like this, so Grid deactivated the Absolute Defense skill.

A change occurred immediately.

[You have suffered 1,290 damage.]

The destruction rays of the evil eyes’ king started to inflict damage on Grid.

[You have suffered 810 damage.]

[You have suffered 1,905 damage.]

[You have suffered 366 damage.]

[You have suffered 2,678 damage.]

The infinite number of hits meant damage was accumulated quickly. Grid’s magic resistance was so high that the individual damage was very low, but it wasn’t at a level that could be ignored. The speed at which the damage came was very fast. There were 5-8 hits per second and he had to take into account the occasional critical hits or weak spot attacks that occurred. In addition, each hit overlapped at a certain level and caused debuffs that weakened magic resistance. Grid was immune, but...

In any case, it wasn’t the damage that mattered. There was something else that Grid paid attention to regarding the evil eye of the evil eyes’ king.

“What do you think? I think the light and heat of these rays will narrow the view of the ‘head’ a little bit.”

“Um... I agree. On top of that, it could disrupt its hearing.”

The destruction rays were accompanied by bright light, heat, and tremendous noise. It meant it could interfere with what Asura's head could see and hear. Of course, there were many magics and skills in the world that could improve the subject's sight and hearing. However, it couldn't be triggered non-stop like the rays of destruction.

"Theoretically, it is also possible to make it unable to speak. A beam of light can be shot into its mouth."

In fact, Grid's voice was actually trembling. It was because his organs, including his vocal cords, were constantly shaking under the pressure of the rays. If the beam was focused and aimed at Grid's mouth, the pressure would've made it difficult for him to open his mouth.

"Certainly..."

Asura's head exerted a great power through seeing, hearing, and speaking. The evil eye of the evil eyes' king had the extraordinary power to keep him in check.

Biban was convinced.

"It is good. Then put on your glasses. You've worked hard."

The rays of destruction, which had been fired with a continuous roar, stopped. The evil eyes' king put on the ether glasses he had taken off and looked relieved. It was due to the fact that he unleashed his suppressed power to his heart's content.

'Is it similar to the feeling when you hold back from peeing and then release it?'

Biban asked Grid, who had a fairly rude thought, "I understand that his evil eye is worth it. But how are you going to use it? There seems to be a huge flaw in his physical abilities."

The evil eyes species were one of the most powerful among the demonic species. It was purely thanks to the evil eyes. The evil eyes species without the evil eyes? They were like children. They would perhaps be weaker than a human child. Their body balance was so bad that they couldn't move their body properly. They couldn't even do a simple run properly.

"I've also heard that Asura's body parts can't handle the power of a dragon weapon, but that is because the dragon weapon you make is so powerful. It isn't that Asura is weak. Its physical abilities are close to a transcendent, even though it is divided into parts."

No matter how powerful the rays of the evil eyes' king, it was meaningless if they didn't last. The moment he shot a ray of light, the evil eyes' king would be immediately targeted by his enemies and was likely to be killed in an instant. No matter how he thought about it, there were many practical problems with the use of the evil eye of the evil eyes' king.

The evil eyes' king also looked anxious. He imagined his head falling off the moment he arrived in hell and took off his glasses.

"Will the effect of the evil eyes be maintained if you pull out the eyeballs?"

Biban pondered on it for a while before saying ridiculous nonsense. The face of the evil eyes' king turned pale and Grid frowned.

"Pull out the eyeballs of a precious friend? Please refrain from saying such terrible things."

"A precious friend? Um... I was joking."

"You are still mischievous. Wait."

Grid took out a portable furnace, anvil, and hammer, and started to make something. It was a handle. It looked exactly like the handle of the dragon shield he made for Vantner a while ago.

".....?"

Under the gazes of the puzzled people, Grid strode over to the evil eyes' king and put a handle on the collar of the evil eyes' king.

".....??"

People's doubts grew. The king of the evil eyes was suddenly lifted up by the handle and was particularly flustered and confused. Grid held him in one hand and moved him in various poses. Soon after, he started to explain.

"I have a friend named Vantner who uses shields very well. He is so skilled that he can even use two shields..."

".....?"

".....??"

People started to have doubts the moment the explanation began. Lauel was the only one who noticed something and quietly looked away as Grid's words continued. "I will tell him to use you as a shield."

"...What?"

"The evil eyes' king, as you can see. Jiode, my friend, you just need to keep your eyes open. Vantner will take care of aiming. Ah, he will naturally protect you as well."

"....."

There was a moment of silence. Everyone stared blankly at Grid, who was talking crazy with a normal expression.

"Wielding him as a shield in the middle of hell... I think it would be less harsh to just to pull out his eyeballs."

Biban soon came to his senses and clicked his tongue.

"I apologize..." the evil eyes' king opened his mouth, "...Jiodebe. That is my name."

He couldn't bear to refuse the daunting task he had been given. He indirectly expressed his disappointment by saying, 'Please correct my name at least.'

"In the future, I will call you Jio comfortably. Isn't that closer to each other?"

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"....."

The evil eyes' king had a lot to say but he swallowed down all the words. The favor he owed to Grid was too great. He didn't dare go against Grid.

"Do as you please..."

Finally, the king of the evil eyes nodded. This was the end. It was decided that the means to oppose the head of Asura was the evil eyes' king.

Overgeared

Chapter 1826

'By the way.'

The evil eyes' king who readily (?) agreed to cooperate—Grid's eyes slowly sank as he smiled at the king. It was because he felt the enemy's presence behind him. An illusionary body was rising above the surface of the lake. The aftermath of the destructive rays swept over it and caused ripples.

'They are really nasty, just as rumored.'

An illusionary body—it was a generic term for things that originally inhabited the gaps in dimensions and shouldn't exist in reality. Here in this lake, an 'illusionary body that replicates and mixes aspects of the invaders with the highest level or stats and uses them as its powers' appeared as a boss monster.

"Hah..." The evil eyes' king lamented.

It was a huge monster with a total length of 20 meters. It had a long body with hundreds of arms and legs wriggling like a centipede and its face resembled Grid's. The hundreds of arms and legs also resembled Grid's and were mixed with arms and legs that resembled Biban's.

Kieeeeeek!

The shout coming from the illusionary body caused a storm. It was a storm of blades. It even copied Grid and Biban's weapons and used them as powers. Every time it opened its mouth, all types of swords poured out of the black abyss.

"Isn't this the strongest field boss ever?" Lael said while calming the storm with the power to change the weather.

"I think it is going to drop a precious item."

It was a rather pleasant voice. It was an effort to relax the tension. Of course, the illusionary bodies couldn't replicate 100% of the target's stats and skills. However, now it had cloned Grid and Biban. It was clear that the human centipede was one of the most powerful monsters on the surface.

"Despair can be easily experienced on the surface," Hexetia, the God of Blacksmithing, said with a regretful expression on his face.

The surface—Grid and countless other hands had cooperated to protect this land and it had accumulated unprecedented power and technology over the years. Despite this, it was still unstable. It seemed precarious to the point of now knowing when it would suddenly collapse one day due to a new enemy.

‘Therefore, he will fight until the end even if it means using a friend as a shield.’

Hexetia’s eyes showed pity as he looked at Grid.

—That there would be true peace on the surface. He thought that this might be impossible forever. It was natural since they were abandoned by the creator in the first place.

Rebecca, the Goddess of Light—from the beginning, she treated the surface differently from heaven. In heaven, angels were appointed as guardians, while the surface was neglected. She took a step back and watched all the events on the surface. At some point, she started to ignore it altogether. There was no room for the rule of ‘it will be protected’ to be established.

It happened the moment when Hexetia felt guilty...

“Let’s use this opportunity to test the power of the sword.” Biban took a step forward. He held a short, blunt sword in his hand. It was a sword whose blade looked like it had been cut in half. It looked like something found in a junk store.

“.....?”

Why was the supreme Sword God wielding this...?

It happened as Lauel and the evil eyes’ king were feeling puzzled...

Kiyaaaaaah!

The illusionary body created a storm again. It sprayed dozens of blades toward Biban and slammed its huge body toward Biban. Biban responded by swinging the Broken Sword. It seemed pointless. There was no way that such a short sword could reach the centipede. Even if it did, it wouldn’t be able to stab or cut it.

Flash!

“.....!”

“.....!”

A vision was projected into the eyes of Lauel and the evil eyes’ king—it was a vision in the form of a very large sword. The illusionary body, which had looked as huge as a dragon just now, quickly turned into something small.

The lake split in half. The image of a huge sword could be seen in between the streams of water soaring high enough to reach the sky. The appearance of the illusionary body couldn't be seen. It was because it was devoured by the sword much larger than itself and disappeared.

Gray ash spread like mist between the sinking pillars of water that were scattering heavy rain. It was the mark left by the death of the illusionary body that had been destroyed by an illusion greater than itself.

“.....”

Lauel and the evil eyes' king were both stunned for a moment before slowly turning their heads to look at Biban. It was the same for Grid and Hexetia. Everyone present was shocked. There was only one exception—Biban.

“...I didn't test it properly this time.”

Biban took back the illusion overlapping with the Broken Sword and clicked his tongue regretfully. He took for granted the power of the sword that killed the illusionary body with one blow. It was a sword that materialized the mental image he polished into a sword in order to slash a dragon. This was a sword that deserved to cut a dragon. It was right to be powerful enough that others couldn't even imagine it.

However, he wanted to check the limit of its power, so it was regrettable that this wasn't possible.

“Perhaps it will be difficult to properly check the power of the sword for the time being,” Grid told him.

Sword God Biban—he was a rare Absolute on the surface and a monster who would overwhelm a great transcendent with just one branch, let alone when he was armed with a dragon weapon and armor made from intent. Who could face him? It would take Grid, Hayate or Marie Rose to push Biban to his limits. Of course, Grid had no intention of confronting Biban.

‘It isn't a spar that will be helpful.’

Battles between Absolutes usually ended as short-term battles. Furthermore, Grid and Biban locked up their enormous offensive power. They had skills that could destroy defense. If they did their best when fighting each other—rather than learning from each other, it would be decided in an instant. There was a high probability that it would be a confrontation that would only leave wounds.

“I think it is better to ask Bunhelier. I should be prepared as much as possible for the showdown with Baal.”

Biban also seemed to have no intention of confronting Grid. In the first place, there was Bunhelier. It was a dragon that he could cut without any worries because Bunhelier would survive.

“Certainly, that is true.”

Grid nodded. Lauel and the evil eyes’ king looked at the two people having an absurd conversation with calm faces. The one who treated a dragon as item-making materials and the other who treated a dragon as a sandbag... weren’t they really illusionary bodies that defied logic?

“And—” Biban shifted his gaze to Hexetia. “There was something I wanted to ask if I ever met a celestial god.”

“What is it?”

“I heard there was a time when Trauka hunted the celestial gods.”

Hexetia’s face darkened rapidly. “...There is some exaggeration, but it is true. It is also true that the Goddess made a treaty with Trauka through that incident.”

“The souls of the gods who died at that time.”

Biban’s eyes flashed. A sharp gaze, that wasn’t easily shown during the days his mind wasn’t right, examined Hexetia’s reaction in real time. He would immediately catch it the moment Hexetia told a lie.

“Where are their souls? Have their souls also fallen into hell?”

The silent Grid had the illusion of his heart sinking.

This world—it was designed to favor Baal. All the souls of the dead fell into hell. The hell that Baal distorted made them all nourishment for Baal. The more people died, the stronger Baal became. Would the deaths of monsters and gods apply? If their souls also fell to hell and became nourishment for Baal...

“That’s right. The reason why Yatan created hell in the first place was for the dead. In addition, the aspiration of the supreme god becomes the law. The souls of the dead gods also fell into hell.”

“.....!”

“.....!”

Hexetia’s answer shocked Grid and Biban also gulped. They were thinking of the worst case scenario.

“Then... are you saying that the souls of the gods hunted by Trauka are now in Baal’s hands?”

Hexetia shook his head at Grid, who asked the question with a dark expression. “That isn’t it. Trauka went on a rampage in Asgard much longer ago than you think. It was before hell was distorted... so it was back in the days when Yatan ruled hell itself.”

“Then did Yatan send the souls of the gods who fell to hell back to heaven?”

“He extinguished them.”

“.....?”

“Yatan didn’t extinguish them himself. Yatan is a god who regretted the concept of the cycle of life and reincarnation but accepted it. That is what a supreme god is. They never go against providence.”

That’s right. The ‘Yatan of the past’ that Grid met felt sorry for the souls suffering from the cycle of life and reincarnation, but he didn’t change their destiny.

“I’m guessing that a ‘completely different divinity’ created by Yatan’s subconscious aspirations intervened without Yatan’s knowledge and extinguished the souls of the gods. Well, that is Judar’s guess. I just have a vague understanding of the basis for that speculation.”

“A completely different divinity...”

Just one thing came to mind—the Saintess. The divinity of the Saintess exerted a beneficial influence on the living, while acting harshly on the soul. It was enough to wipe out even the powerful souls of the archangels and great demons.

“Yes, the power that your sister inherited like it was fate. Judar is wary of it and speculated that it came from Yatan.”

“...It is possible to think so.”

“In any case, there won’t be a situation where Baal treats the souls of the dead gods like a secret weapon?”

Biban once again dominated the conversation. He didn't want a long story. He just wanted to get down to business.

"That's correct."

Hexetia responded. Hexetia was also reluctant to say anything else because he didn't know a lot about it.

"Take this."

Biban handed a bundle of papers to Grid. This was an item dropped by the illusionary body just now. It was an ancient enhancement scroll that could enhance myth rated items. Some of the monsters that popped out from the dimensional gaps were creatures that existed on the surface in the distant past. It wasn't surprising. Due to the change in the world caused by Trauka, the old land of the giants had also been revealed. Grid was already aware that the world could be turned upside down by something very powerful.

"...Thank you."

Grid received a total of 12 enhancement scrolls and immediately started to enhance his items. The dragon weapon and armor had very high basic stats, so it would be very powerful even if he enhanced it by +1.

'But I need three for my battle gear.'

Grid put away one scroll for the Twilight he lent to Kraugel for a while, only to belatedly notice Biban. He had a guilty conscience and took out one scroll.

"Let's enhance Biban's sword as well."

"...Forget it. I still don't know its limits. What is the point of enhancing it?"

"That is true, but it might be a shame when you fight in hell..."

"Then you can keep it for now and enhance it once we go there."

"I understand."

It was a strangely bright Grid.

Biban decided to erase the existence of the scroll from his mind.

Overgeared

Chapter 1827

[Ancient Accessories Enhancement Scroll]

[Enhance the target item from a minimum of 1 to a maximum of 3.

The probability of an enhancement failure doesn't exist.

Current quantity held: 6.]

'The scrolls with the lowest efficiency are the ones that come out the most.'

Grid also had a number of fraudulent accessories. However, the accessories commonly called fraudulent weren't because of their high basic stats, but the attached effects. For example, the Overgeared Crown. The legendary rated accessory that Grid created in collaboration with Elizabeth only had a base defense of 33. However, it was highly valuable because it increased various stats and resistance. It placed a CC skill called 'Confusion' on all targets that stared at the wearer.

'Of course, the attached effects are enhanced every time the enhancement value is increased by 3...'

Even considering this, it was naturally much more beneficial to enhance weapons and armor than accessories. Grid's weapons and armor were dragon weapons and armor. Due to their high basic stats, the range of stats that increased with each enhancement value was enormous.

'It would've been better if the weapon enhancement scrolls and armor enhancement scrolls came out the most.'

Grid smacked his lips with regret and asked Lael a question, "Have you not been able to raid the illusionary body here?"

If the Overgeared members had already raided the lake's illusionary body, the news that it dropped the ancient enhancement scrolls would've reached Grid. But he hadn't heard of such a story before.

"No. We raided it steadily every four days. However, compared to the difficulty level, the value of the dropped item is mediocre. Therefore, Peak Sword always complains that it feels like he is shoveling."

“But this time, ancient scrolls were dropped...”

“It seems that as the level of what the illusionary body copies increases, the value of the dropped item also increases significantly.”

This time, the illusionary body cloned an Only One God and a Sword God. In other words, it showed the appearance of the strongest field boss of all time and dropped an item that matched it. Although it died on one blow...

“It respawns every four days, right?”

“Yes.”

“Then Biban, go back today. I’ll see you here every four days from now on.”

Grid was talking with Lauel while looking at the quiet lake, only to suddenly point at Biban. The evil eyes’ king was stunned. Ordering a monster to come and go like this for personal reasons...

He gulped because he felt that something bad was going to happen. Hexetia was also nervous.

Contrary to their concerns—

“I understand. I’ll be there early in the morning.”

Biban nodded easily. This was Grid’s current status.

‘Unless I am unlucky, I can fully enhance one weapon or armor once every eight days.’

This was just talk. In fact, he had no intention of making +10 enhanced items. It was much more efficient to enhance multiple items little by little than to enhance one item to +10. The higher the enhancement value, the greater the stats increase. However, he had to take into account that the base stats of the dragon weapon and armor were too high.

‘Rather than enhancing one of my items to full value, it is better to apply one scroll each to the items of the apostles and Biban. I will try the full enhancement after that.’

Youngwoo came out of the capsule and turned on the TV. The news about Satisfy poured in from fixed channels. The world that was changed by Fire Dragon Trauka. People were enjoying a world that had become more mysterious and dangerous than before. The change in the world rekindled people's sense of adventure, which had previously calmed down.

Many people accepted it as the beginning of season two. Apart from Grid and the Overgeared members, who were preparing for a final battle, Satisfy was in its second heyday.

'...Should I apply at least two scrolls to Biban to clear my conscience? The most ideal picture is to use four scrolls to get +10... stop. Let go of my greed and go ahead with the first plan.'

Enhancing the pool of myth rated items—it would surely be recognized as a tremendous achievement and be rewarded. But there was no reason to rush. It was right to weigh the efficiency.

'In theory, I can use only four ancient enhancement scrolls to succeed in reaching +10, but in the worst case, I might have to use ten scrolls. If I turn a blind eye while being obsessed with one thing, it is really over.'

Shin Youngwoo was aware of the fact that his self-control was somewhat lacking. He realized it clearly in the past when he was addicted to the drawing system of the Golden Carriage. Of course, he was able to grow using these wounds as a lesson. Thanks to that, he was able to endure not making love to his wives for months, but...

He had a hunch that the moment he touched gambling again, the patience he had honed would quickly run out.

'I would rather go to Las Vegas than rely on luck in Satisfy.'

It wasn't just the ancient enhancement scrolls. Even the ordinary enhancement stones couldn't be bought with money. They were priceless. It was better to throw away a mountain of cash from his account than to gamble on enhancing items.

'Above all, it is now possible to receive ancient enhancement scrolls every four days. Time is on my side. I can proceed slowly.'

Youngwoo took a shower and left the house. He called Yura to tell her that he was leaving now, got into the car, and started the engine. Today's car was the latest sedan made by Daejin Motors. It was the day he promised to meet Yura's

grandfather. It suited Chairman Lee Jinmyung's desire to meet his grandson-in-law under the pretext of extending the contract period as an advertising model.

[Breaking news.]

The moment he turned on the engine, news about Satisfy flowed from the radio.

[Baal, the ruler of hell, has been seen in various parts of the West Continent. According to the testimony of some players, he is now targeting and killing the few remaining hermits...]

The few hermit experts that were left—it meant the transcendents who weren't discovered by the Overgeared Guild. The players who had some type of connection with them and lived with them must've witnessed their deaths.

'They would've spread the word right away.'

They wanted to tell the Overgeared Guild that Baal had started aiming at the surface again.

'This time, we will hit him. Don't worry and focus on mourning...'

Players with ties to transcendents naturally would've benefited enormously. It was just like Grid had met Piaro in the past and received a lot of help. It must've been a valuable bond both materially and emotionally. He could fully understand the shock and sadness of those who had witnessed the deaths right in front of them. Then he comforted them from afar.

He gritted his teeth.

'This XX Baal.'

"As expected, the car is from Daejin. I think I was riding a cloud."

Shin Youngwoo got out of the car and spoke loudly to himself. He was conscious of the eyes of the paparazzi. His senses had become sensitive in reality due to all the time lived in Satisfy and he accurately detected the presence of the reporters.

"It must be my grandfather's work." Yura sighed when she noticed the situation.

Chairman Lee Jinmyung must've been the one who leaked the information that Grid would come here today. Letting the world know that Grid moved to meet Lee

Jinmyung, the chairman of the Daejin Group, would have a significant economic effect.

“I’ll caution him not to do this again.”

“It’s fine. It would be nice if there were more photos of the two of us together taken. If it appears on the Internet, I’ll download it and hang it in a frame.”

“.....”

His ability to speak pleasantly had improved. Yura couldn’t be pleased about Youngwoo, who was developing every day. It was proof that Youngwoo had a lot of experience with various women. But what could she do? It was a good thing.

“Let’s go.”

“Yes.”

A smile spread across Yura’s face as she grabbed Youngwoo’s hand and linked their arms. It felt like all the fatigue accumulated in hell had melted away today. Joyful and excited, she kissed Youngwoo’s cheek without being aware of people’s eyes. It was while vowing to scold her grandfather.

“People are dying, but he is sitting down on a date,” White grumbled.

What was so great about it? The photo of Grid and Yura’s date, which was a hot topic in the American communities, provoked her. It was just a simple release of her anger. She had no bad feelings toward Grid and Yura. However, the situation she was in now was so hard that she naturally resented everyone who came into view.

“Baal... I will kill you. I will kill you. I will kill you. I will kill you. I will kill you. I will kill you. I will kill you.”

Black, whose head was lowered with her long hair hanging down, was repeating the same words.

Today, her teacher and love had died. For her, it was a relationship she gained from Satisfy and it was much more precious than reality. He was killed by Baal. By the time the emergency quest occurred and she ran over, it was too late. Baal had pierced his heart and his throat was cut.

“Emma...” White’s expression crumpled as she called out her younger sister’s name. It was after the Great Human and Demon War. They were confused by the aftermath of crossing the crossroad of good or evil, and the sisters embarked on a hopeless trip.

They really thought a lot. They had a force that was stronger than others. They started feeling that saving someone was much more enjoyable than hurting someone with this power. Wouldn’t it be nice to live like Grid all the time? But would people readily accept their change? Also, they wondered if they would receive unwanted attention and be criticized.

The sisters worried about it while traveling, killing monsters, traveling, meeting enemies, and traveling again. Then they arrived at a small village before they knew it. It was a village in such a remote, mountainous area that they wondered who would visit this place unless there was a hidden piece.

There, they happened to meet a man. He was as bright and warm as the sun. The untainted smile was very nice to see. The man, who had been hunting monsters from mountain to mountain purely to protect people, was very powerful due to his natural talent and the environment.

A transcendent unknown to the world—he was a pure man who lived disconnected from the dirty world. He made the sisters become honest. The sisters eventually developed a relationship where they confided their concerns to the man. In the real world, they had a hard time even going out because they weighed more than 250 kilograms. It had been so long since they connected deeply with someone outside their family.

They quickly found themselves admiring and falling in love with this innocent, wise, and inspiring man. However, White buried this love in her heart for the sake of her younger sister.

The sisters could be happy thanks to her sacrifice. Black gained love while White gained peace. They gradually learned to live with others.

After living in a reality that was too harsh for them, they slowly purified the poison in their hearts. They came to think that it wouldn’t be bad to try and live like Grid.

...It was all futile now.

“Shall we go to hell?”

“I will kill you... I will kill you... yes, I’m going.”

The villagers who were slain by Baal along with their lover—using the blood stains they left as dye, the sisters started to draw a magic circle. This was a demon summoning circle that they learned when they had a relationship with a Yatan Servant in the past.

“”What poor human has summoned me?””

A fairly high ranking demon was summoned. After enjoying the sweet air of the surface to the fullest, he smiled benevolently at the humans who called him desperately. It was a smile that contorted immediately.

“Take us to hell. Our chaotic figure is high enough, right?”

The sisters were once classified as sun-grade powerhouses along with Grid. Currently, they were now in a position where they couldn’t even step on Grid’s shadow, but they were still strong. They easily subdued the demon with force and presented the qualifications earned. The demon, who was caught by the collar, peeked at the abyss in the sisters and had a disgusted expression on his face.

“”You guys... how many people have you killed...?””

“We are going to kill more demons in the future.”

“”Kuek...! Kuhahahat! Okay! Give it a try!””

The sisters threw themselves into hell. They didn’t go straight to Baal to be killed like dogs. The fact that they survived for so many years despite being targeted by players proved their cleverness. The sisters had learned after being beaten by Grid several times. They planned to move slowly, carefully, and thoroughly.

“First, let’s find and kill the demons who serve Baal.”

“Yes, let’s cut off his limbs.”

“Then one day, Grid will come and take care of Baal.”

“That’s right. We are going to be watching. We will watch with a smile. Then we will kill Baal at least once.”

Two mad dogs broke into hell where Yura was guarding alone. It was a small change, but it was not negligible.

Overgeared

Chapter 1828

In the last four days, most of the transcendents and legends were escorted by the Overgeared members and fled to safety. On the other hand, the very few transcendents that the Overgeared members couldn't grasp were killed by Baal. Every time, the world was turned upside down.

It was like that today. One transcendent lost his life. In the process, a city was smashed.

“What just happened...?”

An inn in a city of the Cho Kingdom of the East Continent—a bright young man who worked as an inn waiter died tragically in front of people. It was done by Baal who suddenly invaded. There were many witnesses because the size of the inn was so large.

Many players who visited the inn to have a meal or restore their stamina witnessed the appearance of Baal. The 1st ranked Great Demon came to the restaurant to eat.

Players who didn't understand the absurd situation soon witnessed a horrific sight. It was a scene where the inn waiter, whom they thought was an ordinary young man, was killed while fighting against Baal. The purple transparent hands operated separately by Baal particularly drew attention. They were like the God Hands and they instantly took away the momentum of the inn waiter. The nearby players also experienced an instant depletion of mana.

Hands that prohibited the utilization of resources—in Satisfy where resources were absolutely necessary to use skills or magic, Baal's new weapon showed a fraudulent power. It seemed that no one could be Baal's opponent.

-Won't Grid be okay though? Grid is more about items than skills.

-This is a typical bias. Grid uses twice as many skills as others all the time. He has always relied on the sword dances to kill a boss.

-That's right. If you say that Grid is only overgeared, then you don't know Grid very well. He has skills, stats and items.

-Therefore, it is true that Grid has an advantage over others. Even if the skills are blocked, his stats and items will remain. Winning against Baal with just that is another story...

Broadcasters from all over the world aired emergency discussion programs. The videos of Baal's battle were aired and the causes and solutions to the incident were discussed. In the process, Grid's name was naturally mentioned. The experts predicted the second Great Human and Demon War through Baal's action of personally coming to the surface to find and kill the strong. They warned that the short-lived peace would soon come to an end and insisted on cooperating with Grid and the Overgeared members as much as possible.

The repercussions were huge. Inquiries from players poured in toward the Overgeared Guild. They asked if the Overgeared Guild was getting ready to fight the demons and many of them expressed their willingness to help. This was even though they weren't rankers. The people who were afraid during the Great Human and Demon War had grown up and were trying to help.

"They are better than me," Ibellin murmured as he stared blankly at the procession of hot-blooded people. His eyes were sunken. It was nothing like his youthful eyes that were full of ambition. The days when he was praised as the future of the Overgeared Guild and was on top of the world couldn't be the same as his present self who was blocked by a wall.

Someone suddenly asked, "You've lost motivation, haven't you?"

"Isn't it obvious? The reason I feel helpless is because I get fewer results compared to my efforts, not because I have lost my motivation..." Ibellin replied with a frown only to suddenly close his mouth.

The smiling man who approached his side—it was Grid.

"W-What are you doing here?"

"I'm here to give you a gift. Now, take this."

Grid handed Ibellin a sword. It was a flamberge. It was a sword with a wavy blade. It resembled the Thorn of Deep Grievance, but strangely, the color of the blade was red. It was because the material used was the scales of Fire Dragon Trauka.

'A dragon weapon...!'

Ibellin was looking at the item information when a shiver ran through his body.

“I’m certain I can handle this sword really well,” Ibellin expressed his confidence.

Was it because the dragon weapon’s attack power was nearly twice as powerful as other myth rated items? That wasn’t the case. The reason why Ibellin was confident wasn’t out of the expectation that he could rely on the power of the weapon.

Small Breath—he noted the wide-area skill built into the sword. For Ibellin, who dealt damage proportional to the health of the target, it was a great advantage to be able to damage multiple enemies at once.

Grid knew it as well. This was why he wanted to make sure that Ibellin was appointed as an angel and to make him one of the main pillars of the hell expedition. Ibellin’s character was ruined because he grew incorrectly?

This was wrong in Grid’s mind. There was only one area where Ibellin was worse than a normal swordsman. It was that he was powerless against NPCs or monsters of the named or higher level. For the majority of beings who couldn’t resist damage proportional to their health, Ibellin was a counter. This ability to wipe out enemy mobs alone was amazingly good. Additionally, Satisfy was a team game. Various roles were needed and Ibellin’s value was very high.

“Now, put this on first.”

Grid handed Ibellin three pieces of armor. All three were myth rated items, but their performance wasn’t overwhelming. It was because the function was adjusted to lower the wearer restriction.

“You are my first angel.”

Possess three myth rated items—the condition for becoming an angel of the Overgeared World was very demanding from a general point of view. However, Grid was the exception. For Grid, who could easily make myth rated items, appointing a specific target as an angel was a very simple task.

[Only One God Grid has appointed the player Ibellin as an angel of the Overgeared World.]

This world message emerged.

Flash!

Ibellin’s body was surrounded by an orange light. It was Grid’s divinity.

Buzz buzz.

The people who visited Reinhardt to make various inquiries—the crowds of people in the square were shaking after witnessing the palace bathed in light. It was the birth of a player-appointed player angel. It was a meaningful moment that allowed them to realize that the Overgeared World was developing into a dimension on par with Asgard.

“It feels like something is finally starting in earnest.”

The thrilled Overgeared members smiled. Please visit *freewebnovel.com*

[Ibellin is the ‘Angel of Slaughtering Mobs.’]

“.....”

The continuous world message calmed the excited atmosphere.

-...No, what is wrong with this? If you wanted to give a name like that, it should be Slaughter, not Slaughtering Mobs.

Lauel immediately sent a whisper to Grid. He fiercely criticized Grid’s negligent attitude.

Grid felt wronged.

-I tried to do that, but it didn’t work. I think it is because of Michael.

Michael, the 3rd ranked Archangel who was defeated by Grid in the past and wiped out by Ruby—he was the Archangel of Slaughter. Perhaps due to this, the system set it so that the title of ‘Slaughter’ couldn’t be given. Therefore, Grid gave the next best option of ‘Slaughtering Mobs.’

The reason why he tried to give Ibellin the title of ‘Slaughter’ in the first place was because he was good at slaughtering enemies.

-In any case, I feel sorry for Ibellin.

-Well, he likes it. Do you think that everyone in the world is as picky as you?

Grid briefly blocked the complaining Lauel and spoke to Ibellin, who was looking at the ‘angel’s armor.’

“That sword is actually close to a failure. The proof is that even after using the scales of an old dragon, only a Small Breath was recreated.”

Small Breath was a skill that was activated in items made from the scales of a low grade dragon. Ibellin’s dragon weapon had a clear flaw.

“But the reason for the flaw is special. The structure itself is different from ordinary swords. Khan and Hexetia devised it from the design stage.”

Grid handed Ibellin the Eye of Pallalian. He asked Ibellin to check the hidden function of the item for himself using this. Ibellin used the Eye of Pallalian to assess the sword. Then his eyes widened. “This...”

Ibellin injected sword energy into the flamberge and the wavy blade started to spin. It was a sword that vibrated sword energy with physical force to expand and scatter the range of the blade. It was a feature developed by Khan and Hexetia, who were inspired by the story of Biban turning himself into a sword. Simply put, Ibellin’s sword caused splash damage. Basic attacks were applied as wide area attacks.

“...No matter how many demons Baal summons, I will wipe them all out. I’ll make sure of it.”

Ibellin knew exactly what Grid wanted. He declared that he would live up to Grid’s expectations. It was an attitude that made Grid smile.

“Really. It is full of materials for the marks.”

Norae Hills—Sabaek smiled as he looked at the white butterflies floating in the all yellow landscape. His black eyes were only filled with greed.

“Didn’t I tell you that there is no way to lose money if you listen to me?”

Hwang Gildong puffed up. It was while wearing new straw shoes that he took out from his luggage. He must’ve changed ten pairs of straw shoes on the way here. The road was rough.

“Is there a reason to stick to straw shoes?” Kraugel asked Hwang Gildong as he watched curiously from a distance.

Old Sword Demon explained, “He said that he has to wear straw shoes to properly hide the sound of his footsteps. He is cautious because if he makes footsteps right

after using the cloning technique, there is a high risk of his main body being detected.”

“I see.”

On the way here, Kraugel had witnessed Hwang Gildong’s clones several times. He thought it had been particularly difficult to distinguish between the main body and the clones. It turned out there was a reason for it.

‘However, the equipment, including the shoes, are too simple. It seems to say that he has given up his defense.’

It was easy to see why Hwang Gildong was cautious with his main body. Kraugel remembered Hwang Gildong, who put Old Sword Demon in the vanguard and disappeared every time there was a fight. This made him feel sympathy for Old Sword Demon.

“By the way, how did you find out that the material for the mark is the cloud butterfly?” Sabaek growled out at this time.

The way he stared at Hwang Gildong was unusual. It contained a killing intent that exceeded hostility. He was ready to turn Hwang Gildong into an enemy and kill him immediately.

Hwang Gildong waved his hand. “I am the leader of the Chivalrous Robbers. It is only right to know a lot. I have done quite a lot of research on the marks you have made. I have no other intentions.”

“It is hard to believe. Aren’t you also aiming for the recipe of the marks?”

“I can’t get it just because I am after it, right? If I ask you how you make it, will you answer?”

“You will spy on me making it.”

“Isn’t it enough to make it here? There will be no end to it if you keep suspecting like this... Oh my!”

It was a mess. Sabaek started to attack Hwang Gildong. It was hard to count how many times it happened. Either way—

Unlike Old Sword Demon, who was chewing on jerky while enjoying the scenery of Norae Hills, Kraugel interjected between the two of them.

“Sabaek.”

“Don’t stop me. I can’t stand by any longer and watch him talk nonsense...”

“The marks. If there are enough materials for the marks here, can you make around 20 sheets first?”

“...What?”

Sabaek, who had been polite since witnessing Kraugel’s martial ability, frowned.

“I will pay a fair price.”

“You will put a value on my work? How arrogant. I won’t give it to you even for billions of gold.”

Sabaek’s words became shorter. The mark was a signature that determined his value. There was a concern that his value would be reduced if he hastily used it as a tool for trading. Therefore, Kraugel had to make an effort to convince him, who was reacting sensitively.

“This is for humanity.”

“Does that matter to me?”

“I only need 20 pieces. Grid will be happy.”

“I have no obligation to please the god you serve.”

“Don’t you owe me for saving your life? Think of it as returning the favor.”

“...How dirty.”

“You are the one making me like this.”

Kraugel pushed Sabaek to the end. He didn’t want to miss an opportunity to help his colleagues.

In the end, Sabaek was forced to raise the white flag. “Okay. Instead, I have conditions. Cover your eyes and ears.”

“I understand.” Kraugel nodded and glanced back. Hwang Gildong stood beside Old Sword Demon and was staring this way.

“Hwang Gildong, I want you to leave with me for a while.”

“I understand,” Hwang Gildong readily replied. Old Sword Demon’s expression was uncomfortable when looking at him. It was because he heard Hwang Gildong talking to himself.

“Everything up to here is as planned.”

‘...This is 100% a clone.’

Old Sword Demon could guarantee that the production method for the marks would be leaked after today. He thought that maybe production would start at the Overgeared Empire’s alchemy facility sooner or later.

Overgeared

Chapter 1829

The field boss’ hierarchy was the lowest among boss monsters. Not only could it not be compared to a named boss, but it was weaker than a dragon boss or elite boss. Naturally, the level of items that it dropped was also low. Instead, it had the advantage of a short respawn cycle, so it was suitable as a stable resource supply and for achievements.

Of course, there were exceptions such as the Guardian of the Forest. The lake’s giant illusionary body was also an exception. It was a very special one.

Unlike the Guardian of the Forest, which evolved into an elite boss only at certain intervals, the giant illusionary body was powerful from birth. In particular, the higher the level of the player challenging the raid, the stronger it became. Therefore, it was necessary to be prepared.

The rewards were enormous.

‘It really drops 12 pieces at a time.’

Grid raided the giant illusionary body at the lake for the third time and smiled with satisfaction. He even felt affection for the illusionary body that always dropped 12 ancient enhancement scrolls every time. It was only for a moment.

‘No, shit, did it mostly drop accessory enhancement scrolls again?’

This time, it was only 6 pieces, but it was 8 pieces just four days ago...

It seemed like it had a certain probability and it wasn't a coincidence. The clear evidence was that the armor enhancement scrolls, which he needed the most, were dropping the least. As expected, the S.A Group was the source of all evil...

Wasn't it the S.A Group who created the distorted hell in the first place? He even suspected that they created and ran Satisfy for the purpose of harassing people.

Biban's voice crept into Grid's ears as he was holding the bundle of scrolls. "I couldn't properly test the power of the sword again today. I can't wait to go to hell and cut down Baal. By the way, can you keep postponing the expedition to hell like this?"

"We have secured all the transcendents and legends that can be targeted by Baal. Baal can't play tricks any longer, so it is better to drag out time. I'm sure you are bored, but please be patient a bit longer."

Grid was steadily receiving the ancient enhancement scrolls and Kraugel was supplying the marks. There were too many ways to make the hell expedition stronger. The story would change if certain variables arose, but so far, time was on the side of humanity, not Baal.

In the first place, it took time to gather the transcendents and legends scattered across the continent in Reinhardt.

'Baal's search ability is beyond imagination. We need to summon the escort targets to at least within the range of the Overgeared World.'

The problem was that the escorts had their own lives and the transcendents were so eccentric that it was difficult to forcibly assemble them... in any case, it was a necessary procedure. He didn't want to do a rough job and make a mistake because they were hard to control.

"Ah, take this."

Grid handed Biban an enhancement scroll. It was while trying to prevent his hands from shaking.

Biban stared at it. He had an expression like he was thinking about something.

Soon, he nodded and received the scroll. "Thank you. I will use it well."

"I'm always grateful to you. I'm sorry that you come here every four days to work hard, but I've only been able to give you one piece."

“Are there only one or two people you need to take care of? I understand it.”

“You haven’t used the two scrolls I gave you before, right? If you don’t mind, can I apply them for you? I am a bit lucky.”

It wasn’t nonsense. Grid’s good luck stat was very high. It was to the extent where even professional players who made a living off gambling couldn’t dare to surpass him. Additionally, he possessed a passive skill that increased the chances of enhancement. It was a skill he had ever since becoming Pagma's Successor.

“...Um, don’t worry about it.” Biban glanced at Grid’s sword and armor and shook his head.

Grid was frustrated.

“This was because of exceptionally bad luck.”

Currently, Defying the Natural Order and Fire Dragon’s Armor were +1 each. He tried to strengthen it with the enhancement scrolls he got on the first day the illusionary body died, but he only got it to +1. The high good luck stat was overshadowed. It could simply be seen as being unlucky.

However, Grid guessed that the higher the rating of the equipment, the lower the probability of enhancement.

“Still, I assure you that it is better for me to enhance it than you, Biban.”

“I understand. I’ll ask you to do it later. More than that—”

Biban’s concern seemed to lie elsewhere. He quickly skipped over the topic related to enhancement and brought up unexpected words.

“Why don’t you call Hayate and Marie Rose in four days?”

“.....?”

“I think there is a high chance they are stronger than me. You will be able to raise the level of the illusionary body to a higher level.”

The lake’s illusionary body copied and mixed toward the appearance of the strongest enemies. Currently, Grid and Biban were the strongest here. Therefore, it copied and mixed the appearances of the two people. Then what if it faced someone stronger than the two of them?

It would be much stronger than it was now and the level of the items it dropped could also increase. Who knows? It might drop 20 scrolls instead of 12.

“Um...”

However, Grid was reluctant. It was for two reasons.

First, would the dragons be happy to see Hayate’s activities on the surface for personal reasons? The Gourmet Dragon and Fire Dragon showed similar, weak goodwill toward Grid, but Grid and Hayate were two different existences. From the perspective of a dragon who was wary of or desired a Dragon Slayer, it would be difficult for them to sit around as Hayate’s activities increased. There was a risk of creating an unnecessary disruption at a critical juncture.

Secondly, Marie Rose’s position should be considered. She said that she needed time. She pushed back the schedule even though she could break the curse by marrying Grid. She seemed to be agonizing over her future.

‘She seems to be questioning whether the life she is living to fulfill her mother’s aspirations is really her own.’

Grid thought that perhaps they were questions she had been harboring for countless years. Therefore, she hadn’t been active in her role and had been on the sidelines for all types of events. Braham’s hatred toward her explained it. The case where she was obediently sealed by Chreshler was similar.

‘It isn’t a human thing to ask her to help at perhaps the most important moment of her life.’

After a while—

“Now that I think about it, you are right.”

Biban was convinced when he heard the reasons why Grid was reluctant.

“It wasn’t a good idea in the first place. I wonder if I would’ve been able to control myself when seeing with my own eyes Marie Rose, who is stronger than me.”

Certainly. The huge illusionary body naturally arranged the ‘order’ of enemies. A person with a strong sense of pride or desire for victory might be unconvinced by the order set by the illusionary body and make trouble.

‘The Overgeared Guild has been in an uproar for a while.’

He wondered if it had something to do with why the Overgeared Guild's PvP promotion battles had been so active in recent months. Grid thought about this and was ready to go out.

The vampire cities—he planned to visit the castle where Marie Rose lived.

He felt obligated to not leave her alone when she was already in agony.

‘She is my fiance after all.’

It was a relationship where they had to rely on each other from now on. Furthermore, Marie Rose had saved Grid from danger several times. Grid couldn't turn away from her unless he was an ungrateful beast.

“Then I'll see you again in four days.”

Grid bid farewell to Biban and went to the warp gate. The closest city to Marie Rose's castle that was located deep underground. He planned to move to the primarily industrial city of Reidan.

Buzz buzz.

Reidan was a place where all types of industrial facilities were gathered and it was noisy. It was so lively that it was hard to believe it was the city that had once collapsed due to the dragon's invasion. However, looking closer, it could be seen that everyone was being careful. Even as they were moving in a hurry due to their busy work, they only moved along a certain route. The soldiers on the watchtowers placed at certain intervals didn't take their eyes off the sky.

They were wary of a dragon suddenly appearing again. At this point, caution had been ingrained in their bodies.

‘It is understandable.’

The city was first attacked by Xenon, swept up in the fight of the dragons pursuing Xenon, and it most recently witnessed the emergence of Fire Dragon Trauka. For Reidan, a dragon wasn't only a monster in the myths and legends. It was a real threat they had experienced several times. In fact, there were many victims and bereaved families. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that many of Reidan's residents suffered from PTSD.

Of course, the Overgeared Guild also took countermeasures. A large army was sent and stationed there in order to reassure the residents. Additionally, they planned to relocate the residents, except for essential technicians, to other cities.

But the residents didn't want to leave the city. This was originally what being a person was. They couldn't easily abandon their hometown.

“...Hmm.”

Was there any disturbance? Grid looked at the city with the Hooded Zip Up covering his appearance. Then he laughed. It was a pleased laugh. It was because he witnessed the Asuka and Black Teddy duo. During the time when Xenon attacked Reidan, they protected the residents and joined the Overgeared Guild due to this. They chose Reidan as their home under the pretext that they wanted to hunt the illusionary bodies near Reidan.

It was obviously a lie. For top rankers like Asuka and Black Teddy, the hunting grounds near Reidan were somewhat below their level. But they insisted on staying in Reidan.

‘They must’ve gotten attached in the process of fighting to save the residents’ lives.’

In addition to that—

“Aren’t the dragon bastards coming today?”

“Young Lady, please refrain from saying this. Rumor has it that a dragon’s hearing extends across the continent.”

“No, isn’t it too frustrating if I just let it go without dealing a proper hit? The next time we meet, I am confident I can deal some blows before dying. That is the only way I will be satisfied.”

“What if people get swept away?”

“You don’t have to worry. Lauel only has his brain. Do you think he hasn’t come up with a countermeasure?”

...Asuka’s pride was too strong. According to Kraugel, Grid was the only one she had ever given in to without a fight.

‘She lost to Kraugel ten times, but still attacked whenever they made eye contact.’

Over the years, Kraugel and Asuka had naturally ran into each other as high rankers. Every time, Asuka challenged Kraugel, lost, and repeatedly attacked him again. Her challenge always stopped when she died. Kraugel always intended to end it with moderate suppression, but he confessed that he was fed up with Asuka's insistence of fighting to the death because she didn't think it was a big deal to lose in the game.

'A persistence that makes even Kraugel tired of fighting...'

Indeed, she was also a candidate for an angel.

Step.

He thought about things over and over again. Before he knew it, Grid had arrived at Marie Rose's castle.

A deep, dark corridor—after passing through the paintings of the hellscapes, he was able to reach the coffin.

"I didn't expect Dear Husband to come and find me first."

The seductive voice made Grid's mind dizzy.

The human figure draped over the coffin—Marie Rose was still beautiful as she sat cross-legged on it and looked down at Grid.

"Are you going to impregnate me today?"

"...That is after marriage."

Grid blushed and tried to calm down. He had to gather his energy in order to make a child. It wasn't the time...

"I came here simply because I was worried about how you were doing."

"Worried...?"

Marie Rose cocked her head like she didn't understand it. Then she soon smiled. Her eyes curved like the crescent moon and she seemed to be performing some type of magic.

Grid's heart exploded.

"Yes, I see."

Marie Rose stood up and took a few steps. She slowly started to approach Grid. Her dress, which made a sound every time it dragged on the floor, seemed to be as soft as her white skin.

“I was also worried about Dear Husband. You are going to hell soon, aren’t you?”

“Yes.”

“I’m repeating this, but beware of Amoract.”

“Amoract... I heard she interfered with Baal by intercepting Beriache’s soul that was about to fall into Baal’s hands. She even asked for an alliance with me, so she seemed genuinely hostile to Baal.”

Grid was also planning to cooperate with Amoract. Of course, he had no intention of trusting her. They were just on the same boat for a while. Marie Rose said he couldn’t even do that.

“There is no way, but you shouldn’t cooperate with her even if she would sacrifice her life for Dear Husband. Don’t show her even the slightest gap. The Great Demon of Conflict is more dangerous than you think.”

“...Yes.” Grid didn’t speak for long. The reason he explained his relationship with Amoract in the first place was to ask for advice, not to refute Marie Rose’s words.

Marie Rose smiled with satisfaction. “Huhu, I hope you don’t blame me too much for not being able to be with you, even though I know that Dear Husband is approaching obvious danger.”

There was a lot to think about in many ways. Killing Baal with her own hands meant fulfilling her mother’s wish. For some reason, she kept thinking she shouldn’t do this. There was no basis for it. It was something instinctive. She didn’t explain it to Grid. What she wanted to share with Grid was love, not worry.

In the first place, it was unfamiliar for her to discuss her problems with others. It was a difficult concept to come up with.

“If you don’t mind, why don’t you show me around the castle?”

“...What is there to see in this dark castle?”

Grid’s suggestion made Marie Rose’s eyes widen for a moment. A rare look of bewilderment flashed across her fair face. It was fleeting. She soon regained her relaxed smile and held out her hand to Grid.

“Hold me if you don’t want to be a missing person.”

On this day, Grid strolled with Marie Rose through the serene and dark castle. It was a surprisingly calm and enjoyable time.

Overgeared

Chapter 1830

‘She knows how to be nervous.’

Grid’s expression was bright when he returned to Reinhardt. It was because the emotions he felt while dating Marie Rose were pleasant in many ways.

Marie Rose’s outstretched hand—her hands, which were icy cold when he first held it, gradually turned warm. Finally, it was sticky with sweat. It was a pleasant stickiness. A strange sense of connection was formed after knowing that she was as nervous as him. The appearance of her being outwardly calm while feeling awkward and nervous felt quite pure.

He thought she was an untouchable Absolute, but he realized that she was a person like him. Besides, her bodily fluids smelled good.

It was a fact that he had known since she stole a kiss from him in the past. The kiss, which had been filled with a dizzying pain and pleasure through the blood shed, was still strongly imprinted on Grid’s mind. Her hands smelled like flowers...

Grid, who had been sniffing Marie Rose’s sweaty hands, soon made up his mind.

‘Let’s kill Baal and then go and see her often.’

The source of Marie Rose’s anguish lay with Baal. She thought that her act of hostility toward Baal was for her mother’s sake and she seemed to feel some anxiety about it. The cause of the anxiety was unknown.

However, one thing was for certain. If Grid succeeded in defeating Baal, then Marie Rose’s anguish would naturally end. From then on, Marie Rose would regain her freedom in the true sense of the word. She would be able to face the world as ‘me’ instead of as ‘Beriache’s daughter.’

This was one more reason for Grid to get rid of Baal.

“Did you have fun?” A voice came from behind him. It was Piaro. He was carrying a pretty girl on his shoulders.

The half-elf born to Piaro and Beniyaru—their growth rate was slower than that of humans, but this was a story from a physical point of view. Piaro’s daughter possessed a powerful magic power that didn’t match her youthful appearance. Perhaps it was due to the combination of the human and elf race, but the growth of her various skills, magic, and stats also transcended the ordinary range.

“Hello, God!” The girl jumped off her father’s body, placed her hands in front of her belly button and bowed politely.

Grid got down on one knee so he was eye level with her and smiled. “Have you been well, Cecil? You’ve grown a lot in the last few months. You must’ve listened to your parents and ate well.”

“I-I’ve only grown a centimeter...” The complexion of the girl, Cecil, darkened. Grid’s greeting was painful for her since she already had a complex because she was shorter than her peers.

“...You have grown one centimeter, so you’ve grown a lot. It is great. One step in anything is great.”

“Is that so?”

“Yes. I also learned that from your father.”

It was an old story that felt like a long time ago. At the time of his appointment as a duke of the Eternal Kingdom, Grid learned swordsmanship while crossing the desert with Piaro. At that time, Piaro had always said it.

You really aren’t talented, but take comfort in the fact that you are a bit better than yesterday. Consider it fortunate that you have taken one step forward.

In fact, it was close to sarcasm. It must’ve been frustrating and Grid felt some sympathy for Piaro in the past.

“Cough...” Piaro remembered the old memory and coughed in embarrassment. Looking back now, it was shameful that he dared to teach Grid and that he lamented about Grid’s talent.

It was a memory for Grid. It would be nice to go back to those days. At that time, he only dreamed about a brilliant future without any experience of losing his loved

ones. It was also a time when he didn't dream of the demons of hell and the gods of heaven. He could be happy every day without worrying.

'No, going back is to cancel everything.'

In those days, Piaro survived only for revenge. His heart was a rag filled with deep anger and sadness. Grid didn't want to see the current Piaro, who had regained his friends and even a new family, go back to the past and suffer.

"Really? Father, did you teach God?"

"Cecil, My Liege is busy, so stop..."

"Yes. Your father was my teacher."

"Uwahhhh!"

"....."

Eventually, Piaro kept his mouth shut.

Grid's face was as bright as the sun as he recalled the past, and his daughter's eyes were shining like stars—Piaro couldn't bear to disturb the two of them. He kept quiet and maintained the peaceful time between the two of them.

Then he suddenly realized—even when he thought about the past, it was very rare for Grid to be a bright and carefree person. It was even before he despaired after encountering a great demon for the first time.

Even before he was disappointed and angry with the celestial gods. Even before he grieved knowing that humanity didn't find rest in death.

Grid always lived fiercely like a man chased by something. In fact, he was always threatened. It was by the monsters of the desert, his enemies, his nation, the churches, Braham, the Saharan Empire, and the people of various societies.

'He became his current self because he has never been comfortable?'

Ascetic practices—Piaro summarized the path Grid had taken and recalled his recent self. He wondered if he was too comfortable. It was ever since he became a farmer, regained his friends, removed the stigma, and got a family. He was satisfied with life. He wasn't fierce compared to the time when he lived in anger and desired only revenge. Therefore, he fell behind.

‘...No, it can’t be.’

Piario shook his head. It didn’t make sense that being satisfied with life meant he didn’t progress. By that logic, people could only progress if they were happy. In the first place, Grid wasn’t unhappy either. His asceticism was a stepping stone for a happy life, not a struggle to endure misfortune.

“...Hah.”

Something that never existed in Piario’s mind started to take hold. It was in the form of a house. The house where his wife and daughter were waiting. Fields stretched out around the house. It was an agricultural field surrounded by huge walls. Beyond the walls was Grid’s towering castle. It was a place where countless people lived.

These were the things Piario had to protect. It was the source that made Piario live. The more he became aware of it, the clearer the landscape in his mind became. The responsibility to protect it grew endlessly.

His heart became firm and the muscles of his body wriggled as if responding to his heart. It tightened up.

“...I guess I have to remake the farming equipment.”

How much time passed? Piario’s mind returned at the sound of a voice and his eyes widened. Dusk had come without him noticing. His daughter was lying on Grid’s back and she was already asleep with a small breathing sound.

Grid extended a fist toward Piario, who was making a puzzled expression. “Congratulations.”

The creation of the mental world—Grid was extremely proud of Piario, who achieved great things in his daily life. Piario’s heart skipped a beat. He bumped fists with Grid and smiled brightly.

“Thank you.”

An ordinary person—among Grid’s apostles, who were extraordinary from birth, Piario was at a disadvantage. Thanks to the acquisition of Natural State, his potential didn’t fall behind much, but his growth rate was clearly behind. Even though it was slow, it was steadily improving and narrowing the gap.

Grid thought that the current Piaro looked like his past self. “I always believe in you.”

“...I will live up to it.”

“Shouldn’t Miss Cecil grow up more? I think it would be a good idea for her to join Prince Lord’s adventure. She will be safe enough by the crown prince’s side,” Lauel said as he stared at the back of Piaro and his daughter, who were on their way back home.

Grid didn’t like it.

“Forget it. The education of children should be left to their parents. Are we in such a desperate situation that we need a child’s hands?”

“It is a tough position, but it isn’t to the point of borrowing a child’s hands.”

“...Yes, we don’t have enough power.”

In terms of the empire as a whole, Grid had tens of millions of troops at his disposal. However, the number of troops that could accompany him to invade hell was only a hundred at most. It was because there were several conditions attached to entering hell.

First of all, they must’ve gained the title that allowed them to ignore hell’s debuffs by raiding Hell Gao several times. Next, they needed to have enough stats to not be ‘one shot’ by Baal. To be honest, it was difficult for most humans to withstand the attacks of ordinary great demons, let alone Baal. The great demons in hell were very powerful. Grid could easily kill a great demon, but that was just Grid.

In any case, the reason why the number of people participating in Baal’s slaying expedition was reduced to the tens of units was because of Grid’s demand that all the above conditions be met, and they had to be ‘a person who can die.’

He didn’t want to sacrifice the wrong people and he didn’t want to watch Baal become stronger as more people died. In the end, only the apostles and players who could be resurrected after death could participate in the hell expedition. Other than that, he could add ‘powerhouses who can escape death on their own’ such as Biban.

It was a daunting task in many ways to handle Baal, dozens of great demons, and millions of demonic creatures with this number of people. It was simply physically difficult.

Grid fully understood Lael's desire to nurture new talent as soon as possible.

"There is nothing to be nervous about. The moment we invade hell, Leraje and Eligos will respond and they will have quite a few armies with them. In the first place, the rest of the people only need to block the advance of the great demons and demonic creatures while I kill Baal."

The situation that Grid wanted to establish was a one-on-one fight with Baal.

...It was 1v2 to be exact. Of course, his side was the 2. He would be riding Bunhelier.

"You are sure that you can kill Baal, right?" Lael managed to express his long-held worry.

A war that might be the last one—this operation would be the most important battle in Satisfy's history and it was planned by Grid, not Lael. Grid relied on Lael in most situations, but he prioritized his own judgment at the most important junction. It had to be so. Grid was the only one who could provide evidence that he could kill Baal.

"Yes. As I said before, Baal's life will be finite if we erase humanity's fear of him with the epics."

"But if you fail..."

"I can't fail. This is the only way to kill Baal, but it doesn't work? That means we can't kill Baal at all costs and human life itself will be meaningless. Humans must die one day. What is the meaning of life if there is only an ending where they die and become Baal's plaything?"

A world of only despair would make people give up. Players would leave one by one. The S.A Group might be perverts who bothered people with probability manipulation, but Grid was certain that they didn't want such an ending.

"I think the same. I just wanted to ask you one more time just in case."

The genius Lael thought the same thing. Therefore, Grid couldn't lose his courage.

“Looking back now, My Liege was chosen as a hero from the moment you became the Magic Swordsman of the Epics.”

The epics—it was the key to killing Baal. Of course, the epics couldn’t be the only arrangement. It was a high possibility that there would be a number of systems that performed similar roles to the epics. The problem was that the players who got them would be in the stage where they couldn’t use these systems properly yet, or they would be living a normal life without even imagining that they had obtained the key to kill Baal.

“That’s right. Even if I hadn’t become a god, I would’ve definitely fought Baal one day.”

No matter whether he was an ordinary transcendent or an Absolute like a Dragon Slayer or God Killer. It was destined to be like this. The moment he thought this, Grid felt a strong pull to Baal. In any case, he couldn’t wait to meet Baal. But it was still a bit early. It was really just a little bit.

Grid suppressed his excitement and left meaningful words as he turned to the smithy. “Oh, the condition for creating a mental world. All the people participating in the expedition meet the conditions. However, I think the system will respond only when they become aware of it through certain opportunities.”