

Overgeared

c 1831-1840

Overgeared

Chapter 1831

“Ugh! Ek! Uchuchuchuchu!”

“What does that mean?”

“Eek! Kuweeek! Ugh!”

“Since you lived with orcs, have you really become an orc?”

“...Ahh, ah! Can you understand me right now? Haha, I turned off the interpreter. Isn’t it hard to be conscious of this every time? Please understand. It hasn’t been long since I’ve changed to the fifth class advancement.”

“I’ve heard rumors. Isn’t it said that the fifth class advancement of the orcs strengthen the orcs’ habits?”

“That’s right. It is a setting that despises the culture and habits of other species. So even the language I speak is the orc language. It is annoying in many ways.”

The hundreds of burly orcs—they were all players, and most of them were Chinese. They fell for the propaganda of the Communist Party and changed their species to an orc. They visited Reinhardt as a group.

“There is a terrible rumor that a second Great Human and Demon War will break out soon. We will try to help out a bit, so let us use the hell elevator.”

“...I can’t do that,” Lauel stared blankly at the orcs who made the demand so confidently and refused.

The orcs were bewildered.

“Why? If we go to hell and get rid of some demons, won’t it help in the war? In the first place, didn’t you often open up the elevator to high level players in the early days? Why are you being like this all of a sudden?”

“It was announced a few months ago, but it seems you have been living with your ears covered. Among the demons, special entities that become stronger as they hunt players have started to appear. We are trying to prevent people with poor skills from stepping out for no reason and raising the level of the enemies.”

“Really? But we aren’t people with poor skills, right?”

The impression of the orcs became fierce. It was natural. The orcs who visited Reinhardt today were strong players in the top 10,000 of the warrior class. The media outlets and fandoms that were friendly to them described them as ‘high rankers.’

Of course, it would’ve been unimaginable in the past. A person who ranked in the top 10,000 of their class, not even the overall rankings, was treated as a high ranker? It would’ve been a disgrace just a few years ago. The media who described them as high rankers would’ve been suspected of taking bribes and lost credibility.

However, the times had changed. The average combat power of players had increased significantly. It was around the time of the Great Human and Demon War. In particular, the change in the world meant the number of people who owned legendary items increased dramatically. It was because there were many boss monsters. Now it wasn’t uncommon to see people handling field boss monsters of the same level alone or with less than three people. All of them were treated as high rankers.

“I changed to the fifth class advancement. My overall ranking is in the triple digits. It might be impossible for me to join the Overgeared Guild, but I want to assist you with my strength, so I brought 250 high rankers to visit. You might not bow down to thank me, but you should at least welcome me, right?”

“Hong An. I know you well. After changing to an orc, you rose through the ranks and became a superstar.”

Hong An shrugged with confidence after hearing that Lauel knew him well. It was with an expression of great pride. The orc rankers who followed him proudly puffed up their chests.

Lauel poured cold water on all of them, “But there is no law that states that skills are proportional to fame. What isn’t allowed isn’t allowed. You can’t use the elevator.”

“...Why?”

Hong An stood in a daze for a while and doubted his ears. Then he frowned.

“Why are you ignoring me? Ranking is skills... no, have you ever seen me fighting in the first place? On what basis are you devaluing me? Ah, is it that? Are you ignoring me because I am Chinese? Is it because I am a fool who only listened to the party and changed to an orc? Then you are racist.”

“How rude.”

The moment Hong An raised his voice, Lauel’s escort responded immediately. Dozens of knights and hundreds of elite soldiers surrounded the group of orcs.

Lauel restrained the knights who were about to strike and said, “Hong An, didn’t I say that I know you well? The feats you’ve achieved since becoming an orc. Most of it was exploited from other people, right? There is no way that a person who gained power in an unjustifiable way can use it properly.”

“What does that mean? Do you want to be sued for defamation?”

“There is a lot of evidence. Don’t tell me you are looking down on my information network?”

“...Let’s concede and say that you are right. What is wrong with that? Isn’t it all the same anyway? Aren’t you also trampling on the weak and rising up? The one who gained power in an unfair manner is speaking nonsense. I guess your chuunibyou disease hasn’t been fixed.”

“.....”

“Why are you being so rude and merciless and regarding everything? It is good to help each other, right? In fact, Grid has repeatedly stated to the media that players should cooperate with each other. Why treat us so badly and make us feel resentment when our strength isn’t weak? Even if you don’t want to cooperate with us, you should try to maintain a smooth relationship. People think you are a genius because you are the number one contributor to creating an empire, but I’m disappointed to see that you aren’t as good as your reputation.”

Hong An wasn’t agitated. He criticized Lauel very logically. What Lauel initially pointed out as the problem—

In other words, the orcs had been focusing on Hong An’s unethical behavior, but now they found themselves nodding in agreement with him.

Lauel sighed. “I understand why Hao advised me not to associate with you as much as possible.”

“Hao...?”

The orcs were agitated. His reputation plummeted after he was defeated by Grid several times in the National Competition and eventually became a subordinate of Kraugel and Grid. Even so, Hao was one of the best players who once represented China. He had been keeping a low profile these days, but his skills wouldn't have gone anywhere.

The Chinese media might criticize Hao, but the Chinese rankers still admired him. Above all, they trusted Hao because they knew that he was a man of integrity.

“Hao told you not to deal with Hong An?” one of the orcs asked.

“Now it makes sense. That traitor is playing tricks behind the scenes,” Hong An interjected, “Hao doesn't want the Overgeared Guild to have a deep relationship with us Chinese rankers. His own transgressions might spread widely within the Overgeared Guild and weaken his position.”

“What transgressions did Hao do? Admitting defeat to Grid in front of the whole world? Why is that a fault?”

“I agree...”

“I won't say anything else to you. Be obediently captured.”

“...Huh?” Hong An, who had kept his cool until the end, became dumbfounded. Captured? So suddenly?

“Why?”

“It is the sin of conspiring with the great demon, Rose.”

“W-What? What do you mean?! Is there any evidence? Additionally, what right do you have to accuse me of a sin...?!”

The orcs were agitated.

The always composed Hong An was rarely agitated, so they wondered if Lauel's words were true.

“You are a man who gets along well with a traitor. It isn’t worth getting along with. Let’s stop playing around with nonsense and go back,” Hong An thought this couldn’t be done so he tried to regain his composure and urged his colleagues.

The knights of the empire blocked his way.

The knights of the Overgeared Empire—their equipment was full of legendary items. It was a sight that would be astonishing before the change in the world. Now it didn’t matter.

“Lauel, remove these guys. I don’t want to be hostile to the Overgeared Guild by killing them for no reason.”

“Don’t worry.”

Lauel smiled. A black fire dragon appeared as he covered half his face with one hand.

“They aren’t people you can beat.”

The knights of the Overgeared Empire were trained by Piaro and Asmophel. They also inherited items that had been used by the Overgeared members themselves. They had a strength that was different from ordinary knights of other kingdoms. Of course, they weren’t good enough to defeat a ranker like Hong An one-on-one, but the number of knights was close to 30.

“Kuek...!”

Hong An’s expression gradually distorted as he received the knights’ pincer attacks. He felt that the battle wasn’t going as it should. He utilized the racial special quality of an orc and condensed power in his huge hand that was like a pot lid, swinging it. However, he was blocked by a shield.

He blocked a spear that protruded from between the interlocking shields with his shoulder and grabbed one of the knights by the neck while shouting at his companions, “What are you all doing not helping? Their level is high, but if we work together, we can break through in an instant...”

“What does it mean by you conspiring with Rose?”

“I was honestly a bit puzzled when you suddenly gathered people to go to hell. Were you going to sacrifice us to the great demon?”

The orcs were cautious. They doubted things and didn't help Hong An. In the first place, they didn't have a deep relationship with Hong An. The famous Hong An suddenly posted on the community to recruit party members and they joined.

Hong An sighed. "I didn't expect you to take this crazy guy's nonsense seriously. This is a trap and oppression. Lauel is trying to stop our Chinese people from uniting..."

"I'm not trying to incite the people here. There is no way that the Overgeared Guild would make enemies for such a ridiculous reason."

"...Tsk." Hong An's eyes changed. He was filled with killing intent as he broke the neck of the knight he was holding.

Stopping the Breath—it was one of Hong An's ultimate skills. It instantly killed non-named targets with force. Of course, it was a skill that could only be activated on the premise that the target was held by the neck, but it was excellent for controlling the situation.

"Lauel's unfounded instigation is ridiculous but it won't work if the target isn't agitated. It's fine. I don't need anything. I will break through alone...?"

Hong An's expression stiffened. The knight whose neck he had just broken and he had thrown away—the one who should've died and turned to gray ash was slowly getting up. It was a very bizarre sight.

Lauel told the flustered Hong An, "The knights of the empire aren't dull enough to be caught by an orc."

".....?"

What was he saying? So this guy wasn't a knight of the empire?

Hong An's eyes widened as he was feeling bewildered. The knight who was immune to instant death and completely got up before he knew it. It was because a purple glow flashed between the crooked helmet.

"A death knight?"

"That's right. My escort force has become a bit more diverse."

"Hah, what are you going to do with an undead?"

The undead were vulnerable against physical attacks. They were easily destroyed. After all, Hong An was an orc. He was an orc warrior who completed the fifth class advancement. The fists and club he wielded were so powerful that they were excellent against the undead. It had to be so. Compatibility was that important. However...

‘What? This guy?’

The death knight standing in Hong An’s way was incredibly powerful. It used advanced swordsmanship to block all of Hong An’s attacks. Above all, it was calm. Unlike the ordinary undead, which clung to a target until the target was dead, it slowly and calmly pushed Hong An. It was a relaxed, hunter-like attitude.

Hong An felt extremely uncomfortable and noticed one step late.

“I see. This is... an Overgeared Skeleton. Grid must really like you, Lauel, to send such a precious power as your escort.”

“No.”

“”Don’t call God’s name so recklessly.””

“.....!”

Hong An was stunned. It was because the death knight suddenly became reanimated and the speed at which it flashed in was like a flash of light. It was an executive of the No Offspring Tomb with the modifiers of ‘Thick, Big, Speedy, and Powerful.’

The Specter’s death knight started to rapidly push Hong An. Unlike ordinary undead, the gesture of counterattacking by deflecting the destructive power contained in the club wielded by Hong An was elegant. It was an overwhelming sight. Who would’ve imagined that there was a death knight who would dominate Hong An, who had a three digit overall ranking?

Lauel explained to the speechless orcs, “The Overgeared Shadow team captured the scene where Rose’s minions met with some rankers. You are free to believe it or not, but I guarantee that Hong An was going to sacrifice you. Looking at his past actions, he is a very bad person. He came from a dark gamer background and is one of the worst dark gamers. I recommend that you don’t meet him again.”

“.....”

The orcs didn't refute it. They didn't have enough loyalty to defend Hong An by refuting it and in this atmosphere, wouldn't they also be beaten up if they refuted it? They watched in silence as Hong An was overpowered by the knights' cooperation as he was fighting the death knight.

In Hell...

"Huhut," Great Demon Rose chuckled.

The Black and White sisters—these big names are active in hell.

Rose visited the twin sisters who were slaughtering demons with excellent skills and offered an irresistible proposal, "With your chaotic figure, you can definitely evolve into a demon. I happen to be serving Baal. If I recommend you to Baal, you can get a throne immediately. You will be a great demon like me. Haven't you ever dreamed of the experience of being a named boss with a player's body?"

"Hehe... I think so?"

"I knew you must've dreamed of it! You can be as great as Grid was as the Demon King in the National Competition! How about it? Are you tempted?" Rose's large eyes sparkled like the stars as soon as she mentioned Demon King Grid.

Black and White watched her crazy appearance and exchanged looks. They had meaningful smiles on their faces.

"Okay. Let's give it a try."

At the same time, Grid...

'What? Why do I keep feeling good?'

He felt very refreshed. This was despite information that Rose was in contact with former dark gamer rankers. Would there be some unpredictable variable that would interfere with the defeat of Baal? Despite these worries, he quickly felt better again.

'Of course, most decent rankers can handle a full truck of enemies without any problems.'

Even if several trucks full of rankers attack, they would be cleared up by the 10 Meritorious Retainers. Surprisingly, it wouldn't be much of a hindrance even if a

large number of rankers joined Rose as an enemy. To be honest, he wondered who in the world would become an enemy of the Overgeared Guild these days. Even if there were those who sided with Rose, he thought it would be very few.

Lauel even boasted that he would use his hands in advance.

‘Is that why I’m at ease...?’ novelbuddy.com

Grid decided not to think too much. He just enjoyed this good feeling.

Taang, taang, taang...

The weapons for the angels were being completed. He had made up his mind about who to give the remaining angel positions to. He also created new farming equipment in Piaro’s mental world yesterday. Not only had Kraugel secured dozens of marks, but he also brought the unexpected news that he had obtained the ‘mark making method’ itself.

Everything was ready.

Overgeared

Chapter 1832

Haster—he was considered the greatest professional gamer in the era before virtual reality was commercialized. His life had been likened to a roller coaster. It was so curved.

Evaluations before and after the launch of Satisfy were sharply divided. He was even on the verge of becoming the epitome of degeneration. His failure to live up to people’s expectations and his failure to perform in Satisfy led to a constant downward trend.

This was before he joined the Overgeared Guild. After becoming a member of the Overgeared Guild, Haster’s evaluation rose again. The public finally concluded that the great gamer was perfectly revived. This was how great his performance was. In particular, the image of him sweeping away the broken guardians protecting the city of the ancient giants with just Hurent was strongly imprinted in the public’s mind.

Once asked by reporters about how he adapted to virtual reality and regained his second heyday, he said, “It is thanks to Grid helping me train.” His personality was very humble and he established himself as a representative likable character.

Haster himself was realizing his popularity. He was careful not to disappoint those who admired him again.

The same was true now. Haster’s words were extremely cautious at a scene where there were many witnesses. He coordinated his facial expressions and speech like the actor in ancient drama.

“I finally found him.”

The blind swordsman, Cabelon—a transcendent who claimed to be the disciple of Sword Saint Muller, but went missing after Muller appeared. He was a suspicious figure in many ways. He was a target of vigilance. However, they couldn’t let him be hunted by Baal. Putting aside his suspicion, they had to secure his personal safety.

Haster had been authorized to operate 100 assassins from the Overgeared Shadows and he was desperately tracking down Cabelon’s whereabouts for the past fortnight. At this moment, he finally faced Cabelon.

Buzz buzz.

A restaurant in the center of a marine city—people were agitated by the appearance of a superstar.

“It isn’t an exaggeration to say that there is no place where the eyes and ears of the empire don’t reach in the continent. It is safe to say that the entire empire is acting like a living and breathing dragon,” the blind man at the table said casually as he ate.

Despite having his eyes covered by thick bandages, he was able to identify the location of the assassins around the restaurant in real time. The assassins of the Overgeared Shadows were holding their breath in the direction his eyes, covered by bandages, were facing. The assassins felt as if they had made eye contact and were somewhat nervous.

Haster immediately got to the point. “I will take you to Reinhardt. It is purely for your safety, so please don’t misunderstand and cooperate.”

“Safety? Was it because of this?”

Cabelon smirked as he pulled something out and threw it. It was a piece of purple fabric. No, it was leather. It gave off a terrible stench.

“This is skin obtained by cutting Baal. The 1st Great Demon was nothing special.”

“It was just a fragment. The Baal who appeared on the surface was nothing more than a fake body overlaid with a fragment of his ego as a soul. It is very weak unlike the main body.”

“In any case, he is forced to send such a trivial alter ego up. Isn’t that what you mean? I am someone who can take care of myself, so get lost.”

“Muller said that he wanted to meet you.”

“.....”

Cabelon, who had been talking proudly, closed his mouth. They couldn’t read his expression because half his face, including his eyes, were wrapped in bandages. But at the very least, he didn’t seem calm.

“He said he didn’t know a blind swordsman or someone called Cabelon.”

Haster started to check the entire situation. The state of the surrounding terrain, whether the position of the Overgeared Shadows was maintained as scheduled, what passive skills should be activated to signal special situations, if the quantity of potions was sufficient, etc. He predicted that Cabelon would go on a rampage and prepared for battle. He thought he unconditionally had to win and subdue Cabelon.

There were too many witnesses. Haster couldn’t be defeated for the sake of the honor he had regained, or for the sake of Grid and the Overgeared members who had restored his honor.

“Hmm...”

The self-proclaimed disciple of Muller—the blind swordsman who had disappeared when Muller returned alive suddenly rose from his seat.

“Your ears are very sensitive,” Cabelon murmured.

The sound of the breathless people gulping, the rustling of their collars, the stepping backwards, the noise of chairs dragging on the ground, the noise of the dining table, and even the chirping of birds outside the windows—he noticed that Haster was responding to all these ‘sounds.’

“It feels like you are always ready to go out immediately in the direction where you heard the sound... are you as blind as me?”

“.....”

“No, that isn’t possible. I clearly remember what your stride was like when you came in here. What? Are you a pervert pretending to be blind?”

Cabelon laughed mischievously. Just then—

One wall of the dining room split in half, just like his mouth that opened to reveal white teeth. It was the result of Cabelon’s sword drawing technique. Faint groans could be heard from everywhere beyond the collapsed wall.

The barely swallowed down the groans—it was the sound of the assassins of the Overgeared Shadows, who were trying not to be discovered even though they were wounded.

"Kyaaaaack!"

The screams of the citizens unrelated to this situation followed with a slight time lag. Many people were surprised to see the restaurant suddenly split in half.

“I would appreciate it if you could evacuate the citizens,” Haster requested of the players around him.

“Ah... Yes!”

Haster was the only member of the Overgeared Guild on the field. The players who received his request were simply third parties who happened to be here. Nevertheless, they all moved at Haster’s request. Haster was weighed down by the reputation of the Overgeared Guild that he carried on his back, but they had a great respect for Haster.

“I aimed for the neck, but not a single one was cut... what a monstrous nation. There is a lot of talent. When I left for the East Continent, the Saharan Empire used to be considered the strongest nation of all time, but the gap is too great compared to the empire of the current time.”

Putting aside his admiration, Cabelon was still relaxed. It was natural. From inside the building, he slashed at external enemies who were hiding at an invisible angle. He even hit those hidden in cover tens to hundreds of meters away with a single

blow. He didn't cut down any of the innocent civilians and precisely targeted the assassins.

He was a disaster-class monster. Everyone at the scene noticed it. If Haster was to fight a monster like this, Haster was going to lose.

Only one person—Haster himself thought differently.

‘It is a battle of hearing.’

Just now—Cabelon identified the location of the assassins through their breathing. It was enormous considering the fact that the breathing of the assassins was so low that ordinary people couldn't even perceive it right in front of them. However, it wasn't a special thing for Haster.

The reason why Haster was able to check the position of the assassins before the battle was because he could also sense the assassins' breathing. The reason why Haster was still worshiped as a legend in the FPS world was because he used sound to play the game in ways that ordinary people could never imagine.

Meanwhile in Satisfy, Haster had accumulated transcendence and had a physical body beyond human limits. His hearing wasn't inferior to Cabelon's at all.

“.....”

“.....”

The two men stood facing each other among those fleeing in panic—without any hasty movements, their hands clung to their swords as they remained wary of each other's hearing. It was as if they were sculpted together from the beginning.

How much time passed?

Clang!

The chandelier, which had hung dangerously from the slanted ceiling, fell to the ground and shattered. It was a signal.

Haster took a stride as Cabelon's hearing focused on the noise. It was while dancing the Wind Dance. It was one of the Red Sage's skills that allowed him to freely control his own and other's mana and use them in various ways. A wind that was indistinguishable from natural wind manifested using Cabelon's mana, not Haster's, as a resource. The disastrous mess inside the restaurant was ventilated very naturally and kept Cabelon from noticing his actions.

Haster's footsteps became silent.

A gentle wind blew.

The assassins watching the situation from outside admired it and thought it resembled Faker's assassination technique.

“.....”

The image of Cabelon reflected in Haster's eyes grew rapidly. Haster, who had stopped breathing, easily put Cabelon within his attack range. The dragon weapon held in his sinewy hand was inserted into Cabelon's shoulder. After inflicting maximum damage at once, he had to use mana to induce an irresistible stun and suppress Cabelon in one go.

Just then—

“You should've aimed for the neck.”

Cabelon's voice rang out. The weak wind created by Wind Dance loosened the bandages covering his face. Both eyes were exposed. There were dark black marks over his eyelids and they seemed to be wounds from long ago. It looked miserable, but surprisingly, they opened up well. The clearly focused eyes captured Haster's horrified face.

‘Jewels?’

Were they artifact eyeballs? There was no information about this...

The panicked Haster slashed at Cabelon's shoulder, while Cabelon's sword aimed for Haster's neck. A close match that was divided only by a single piece of paper. If only Haster had aimed for Cabelon's neck—it was the moment when the match that was close enough to be a tie was decided...

“This...!”

The players who evacuated the people and returned to watch turned pale. The assassins of the Overgeared Shadows were already flying over. It was too late, but they were aiming to rescue Haster. It was unnecessary help.

“...Hah,” Cabelon sighed.

Heroic Story—it was the power of the Seven Malignant Saint that was inherited by Haster. It was conditionally the strongest defensive skill. If he took damage within

two minutes of consuming resources, and if it was damage caused by ‘skills’ or ‘magic,’ he was immune to the damage.

Funnily enough, there was a fatal disadvantage in that it had no effect on ordinary attacks, but the counter that Cabelon just used was swordsmanship that was classified as a ‘skill.’ Thus, Haster was unscathed.

“It is a crazy nation. A monster like you is a mere hound sent to catch me. You—aren’t you on par with Muller at this point? It seems that even Muller’s sword can’t cut you easily,” Cabelon slumped due to being unable to handle the power of the dragon weapon and spoke honestly.

He agreed to the result. He lost the will to resist and spoke as he pleased. The repercussions were huge.

A named NPC who was obviously a transcendent was evaluating Haster as comparable to Sword Saint Muller. It was just a personal guess, but because there was a precedent for Grid becoming an Absolute as a player, people couldn’t easily dismiss it.

In addition, this was Haster. A professional gamer who was a legend among legends. At one time, he was so close to Grid that it was misunderstood that he had changed class to ‘Grid’s Successor.’ There was even a time when he was spotted handling Grid’s God Hands like they were his own limbs. There was no way Grid could just leave the God Hands with anyone, so people whispered that Haster was really getting close to becoming an Absolute.

“.....”

Haster was embarrassed. In fact, luck accounted for 90% of the victory, so it was very embarrassing. Still, as it was said in the beginning, he was in a position where he had to be conscious of people’s gazes.

He didn’t try to deny Cabelon’s speculation. In the first place, the reason Cabelon evaluated him so highly wasn’t just because of his defensive ability. He was highly evaluated due to his ability to eliminate sound and the reverse use of other people’s mana. In any case, his skills were reflected to some extent.

“Who knows? As long as Muller decides to serve God Grid, I won’t exchange blows with him.”

“What? That Muller is serving another? Wasn’t it just a temporary favor? It can’t be.”

“If you don’t believe it, go and check it yourself. Let’s go back to Reinhardt.”

Haster captured Cabelon and used the return scroll. One by one, the assassins followed. They didn’t forget to reimburse the restaurant owner.

“You’ve sent me a support request, but handled it by yourself...?”

“It happened to turn out like this, so...” Haster scratched his beard.

Lauel had a somewhat puzzled expression as he looked at Haster, who was embarrassed after a proud achievement. Then Lauel soon smiled. “There was only a slump for the hero who dominated an era, no collapse. I respect you.”

Securing Cabelon was a difficult challenge. It was hard to find his whereabouts. Even if they did find him, it wasn’t easy to subdue him. Cabelon had skills that even Kraugel acknowledged. This was why Lauel immediately dispatched the city’s best people after being informed by Haster that he had found Cabelon. Haster’s performance in beating Cabelon alone far exceeded Lauel’s expectations.

Sword Saint Muller arrived and raised an eyebrow when he saw Cabelon sitting in a corner.

“The ruins hunter? You are the one who impersonated being my disciple? Unbelievable. I didn’t know you were alive all this time...”

“There is no law that I should die when you, Muller, and the Great Robber of the Red Night are alive.”

Cabelon snorted.

Muller confirmed his appearance again and told Lauel, “You’ve saved a great treasure.”

Overgeared

Chapter 1833

A ruins hunter? Ancient ruins had awakened since the change in the world. There was too much information that even the Skunk expedition’s capabilities couldn’t uncover. Of course, it was a matter that time would solve. Players were growing

steadily. However, the Overgeared Guild was obliged to maintain the lead. Time was more precious than gold.

‘He is a ruins hunter. This is why Cabelon was able to get to the No Offspring Tomb one step ahead of us. Is that eye-based artifact also an artifact that Cabelon salvaged himself?’

Lauel discovered Cabelon’s identity and was excited in a positive sense. In fact, didn’t Muller describe Cabelon as a treasure? The person he thought was a hostile force was actually a valuable talent.

Lauel’s eyes gradually curved into a half moon shape.

Cabelon snorted. “I’m not a treasure, I’m a retired person. Don’t look at me with expectant eyes.”

“A retired person? I didn’t know that you, who has a high nose, would say such a thing even as a joke.”

“Hmph, is there any nose to protect when I can’t even see in front of me?”

Looking at Cabelon’s usual behavior, it was hard to believe he was blind.

His ability to read all the flows around him with his hearing was no different from that of a person who could see. No, on the contrary, he was superior to ordinary people to the extent where one had to wonder if he had eyes in the back of his head. Additionally, it was possible to gain vision briefly using the artifacts.

However, Cabelon himself seemed to have a huge complex about the fact that he was blind.

Indeed. How much effort did it take to get where he was now? Naturally, those who could see shouldn’t recklessly try to understand the hearts of those who couldn’t see.

“Those eyes... did you lose them to the Great Robber of the Red Night?”

“Stop talking nonsense. Do you think my courage is big enough to offend that old man?”

“I made a guess because I don’t know how people will change over hundreds of years. It is a good thing that you didn’t lose them to the Great Robber.”

“...Losing my eyes was a simple accident. I failed to respond to a threat lurking in the ruins. I made preparations every time, but it can’t be perfect.”

“Did you hone my swordsmanship after that as a small guarantee?”

“Yes, the secret techniques you had left behind all over the world were quite helpful. I couldn’t find one of the beginning level secret techniques, so it seems that my swordsmanship is quite flawed.”

“There are no beginning level secret techniques. My swordsmanship was originally arranged for a talented swordsman, so I didn’t feel the need to teach the basics.”

“...Damn. My bad luck is still the same.”

“Um? What’s the problem?”

“Forget it. No matter whether you roast me or boil me, do as you please.”

In the first place, the reason why Cabelon became obsessed with Muller’s secret technique was purely to survive. He didn’t have a very good relationship with Muller when they were active, so it hurt his pride, but he decided it was for the best. It had been hundreds of years since then. He even built up transcendence after hundreds of years of polishing Muller’s swordsmanship, which he had learned in order to survive.

From then on, the situation was reversed. Cabelon was compelled to perfect his swordsmanship. He went back and forth between the West Continent and East Continent in search of Muller’s secret techniques that hadn’t been found. In the process, he met the Sword Saint of the present era and everything became twisted from then on.

Kraugel—he tried to gain a secret technique from the guy that must’ve become the Sword Saint from finding a higher ranked secret technique than his, but he wasn’t successful. The problem was that the Sword Saint was too powerful to be suppressed with force.

Somehow, he ended up in Reinhardt and became entangled up in a bad relationship with the monstrous new nation called the Overgeared Empire. Eventually, the thought to be dead Muller came back alive. The fact that he was relying on Muller’s swordsmanship to survive was exposed. He was even caught claiming to be Muller’s disciple...

It was so disgraceful that he wanted to stick his nose in dishwashing water and die. Cabelon resented the whole situation.

“The pervert who pretended to be a blind man and the present day Sword Saint... I want to curse the world where such bastards with monstrous talents are running rampant.”

“Pretending to be blind?” Muller cocked his head and looked at Haster.

Haster immediately denied it. “I never did that.”

“Haha, that friend has been suspicious since a long time ago. More than that, Cabelon. I am finding out your name for the first time now. Our exchanges were quite active, but it is a bit bittersweet that we didn’t even exchange names.”

“You are the one who treated me like a grave robber. You didn’t even give me a chance to say my name. Now you are talking such nonsense...”

“Did that happen...? Oh, I remember. You were digging at the graves of the deceased when I first met you. I misunderstood for a while. At that time, I thought you were doing it for selfish reasons.”

“You didn’t even give me a chance to defend myself. I didn’t care after that.”

“It was a misunderstanding. Didn’t you go into seclusion due to the Great Robber? Later, I wanted to apologize, but I didn’t get the chance. Well... my condition was also getting worse.”

“That... what exactly did Cabelon do?” Lauel interjected from where he had been silently watching the two people have an interesting conversation. It was because from the moment Muller recalled his later years, the conversation suddenly stopped and an awkward silence came.

“I was a grave robber digging at other people’s graves,” Cabelon snorted and replied sarcastically.

It was very unpleasant because he remembered Muller’s smirking face.

Muller explained it instead, “He is a friend who wandered aimlessly in search of hidden ruins. He collected ancient artifacts and gifted them to the heroes of the era. He tried to contribute to the peace of the world. He isn’t widely known because he didn’t reveal his identity, but he is also a hero.”

“...That is all in the past.” Cabelon lowered his head. His expression was very dark.

“You’ve been unable to serve the people since you’ve lost my eyes.”

“No, to be exact, I wasn’t able to do it long before that.”

The grinding sound was eerie.

“I was forced to remain quiet due to the Great Robber of the Red Night, that crazy old man.”

“It was bad luck. This friend got an artifact that the Great Robber targeted first...”

“Until then, I didn’t even know who the Great Robber of the Red Night was. A crazy old man flew in and broke my limbs... the Baal I saw a while ago was cute compared to him.”

“.....”

The puzzle came together naturally.

The Great Robber of the Red Night—according to Grid, he was an irregular who had witnessed and experienced the destruction and creation of the world countless times.

The Great Robber had only one purpose—it was to collect the treasures that the Refractive Dragon left behind whenever the world was destroyed. It was said that it was to break the chain of destruction. Perhaps from his perspective, he couldn’t allow ordinary people living in one era to touch the treasures of the Refractive Dragon.

One day, Cabelon accidentally acquired what was presumed to be a treasure of the Refractive dragon and he would’ve started to be oppressed by the Great Robber. The misfortune of losing his eyes while working secretly overlapped and led to his present state.

‘In any case, this is the conclusion.’

Cabelon was an incredibly capable person. The Great Robber of the Red Night had been active for a long time. Cabelon’s history of preempting the treasure before the Great Robber, whom even Grid called a monster, and then being retaliated against proved his abilities.

‘Of course, it could be the result of sheer luck.’

In any case, it should be noted that he managed to stay ahead of the Great Robber of the Red Night once. Moreover, the Overgeared Guild had the Skunk Expedition team. It was speculated that the synergy between Cabelon, an expert on ruins, and the Skunk Expedition team would be tremendous.

“Congratulations, Cabelon, on becoming a member of the Overgeared Empire.”

“...What? Who said that?”

“There are no human rights for prisoners. That is the law.”

“Ah, I am going to be a slave. Then cut off my limbs beforehand. It is only then that you will be barely able to deal with me.”

“No. From today on, we are a family. I will trust you.”

“...Are you crazy?”

He said prisoners didn’t have human rights and now they were a family? Muller winked at the dumbfounded Cabelon. He hoped this pleasant feeling could be conveyed even if Cabelon couldn’t see.

“You should trust them too. From what I experienced, the empire of this time is a very good place to live in.”

“I can’t believe you when you say something like that...”

Cabelon was still feeling shame. The coercive situation was unpleasant in many ways and dissatisfaction piled up.

“Would you like to meet the colleagues you will work with in the future? They just came back from an exploration and are staying at the palace.”

Lauel continued to push it. He forced Cabelon toward the Skunk Expedition team. It wasn’t desirable from Haster’s perspective.

‘Wouldn’t it be better to give him time? It is the norm to slowly build up trust and wait until he opens his mind.’

Why was Lauel in such a hurry? The question was quickly resolved.

“What a beautiful drill... does it run on magic power? The output is amazing. When I was young, I couldn’t even dream of this and had to dig at the ground with a shovel one by one.”

“Look at this too. It is a probe made by a giant engineer...”

“Hoh...”

“.....”

The workshop of the Skunk Expedition team. In a place where all types of exploration items were stored, Cabelon’s eyes shone like a child who encountered a treasure trove.

Really—he operated his artificial eye artifact and showed great enthusiasm as he checked the exploration items with his own two eyes.

There was even a smile on his face as he talked to Skunk.

“There is happiness that can only be felt when you do what you love,” Lauel said while looking very proud.

He had anticipated this situation from the beginning.

‘He is a young man who shouldn’t be doubted.’

Haster also had great confidence in Lauel. Around a month later...

It was the day when the legends and transcendents protected by the Overgeared Guild arrived in the realm of the Overgeared World.

Grid appointed Asuka as the last angel and proclaimed, “We are going on an expedition now.”

It took longer than expected, but the preparations were thorough. Dragon weapons and armor were made and provided to all participants of this expedition. There were even weapons and armor enhanced with the ancient enhancement scrolls. Additionally, there were even marks suitable for each individual.

They succeeded in protecting most of Baal’s potential targets and Reinhardt’s safety was re-examined. The situation in hell was being understood by Yura in real time through interacting with Leraje and Eligos.

‘It is perfect.’

Nothing could be better.

Kurarararara!

A dragon flew to Grid's side and sat down. It was such a huge dragon that it made the high walls of the castle shake. It was Evil Dragon Bunhelier who looked down at the humans on the ground while exhaling a jet-black breath. In the past, he caused fear and despair when he first appeared in front of people. The distant existence that was designated as the final boss candidate was now by Grid's side.

Grid placed his hand on Bunhelier's body for a dramatic effect and he scanned the faces of the people gathered in the square.

The Overgeared Guild and the people of the empire.

Celebrities and ordinary players in every field.

A wide variety of people were gathered. There were hundreds of thousands of them. There were also tens of thousands of media cameras from all over the world. The number of people watching this moment through the screen would have been at least in the billions.

From now on, Grid would express words he couldn't keep suppressed. Everyone knew it. Therefore, they trembled.

"Today, we will cut off the source of fear and despair."

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

[Overgeared God Grid is writing the 27th epic.]

[The epic begins with the declaration to eliminate the source of all evil.]

The epic—the expedition that would go down as the greatest raid in Satisfy's history started. It was the final fight or the final gateway to the final fight.

The headlines published by media outlets around the world were very different. Seoul, Tokyo, Washington D.C., London, Beijing, Paris, Berlin, New Delhi, Moscow, etcetera—on this day, the major cities around the world, including capital cities, became quiet.

Cars disappeared from the road and only the lights from the buildings were bright. Most people were sitting in front of a TV or computer.

Overgeared

Chapter 1834

“The Overgeared Guild is the best. Not a single person will deny it. Besides, I heard that all the elites of the Overgeared Guld will participate in this expedition.”

“Grid, Kraugel, Yura, Jishuka, Hurent, Haster, Zibal, Faker, etc... They are so great that they deserve to be treated as guests of honor no matter where they visit. Each one is an irreplaceable, all-time great player. Grid’s apostles and Sword God Biban are also there. What raid would be impossible?”

“Baal’s death will really make a big difference. The fate of those who suffer even in death will be corrected and the world will overcome despair. The rejuvenated people will rapidly develop civilization with an incomparably higher level of activity. Many people see the change in the world caused by Trauka as the beginning of season two, but I think season one will end and a new beginning will open only when Baal dies.”

“Baal is a being who must die. He must disappear in order for Satisfy to move forward. He can’t be a non-raidable boss. In other words, he can’t be invincible. The Overgeared Guild will succeed. They will surely kill Baal. It is a necessary event in the flow.”

People from all walks of life guessed that the success rate of the Overgeared Guild’s Baal raid was very high, and even if they failed this time, they would try again and surely succeed one day. After all, to be able to try again was a player’s privilege.

However, Grid’s thought differently. ‘If I fail this time, I might never get another chance.’

The ability to prey on the power and skills of the dead—Baal’s fraudulent power didn’t just apply to NPCs. It often even took away a player’s skills.

In a way, it was natural. It was because the named beings received the privilege of ‘become stronger as the players become stronger.’

It was a basic law. Baal was the named one among the named, and he also received the same preferential treatment. He could absorb a player’s skills when killing a player.

‘Of course, it seems there are many restrictions, but...

So far, the skills of the players absorbed by Baal were very few and the level was low. Perhaps Baal had to meet certain conditions in order to take away a player’s skills. Either Baal had to kill them himself or he had to go through some process after killing them.

In any case, Baal became stronger as time passed, as he fought more and as he won. He was like a player. If they couldn’t kill him this time and were defeated—

Additionally, if Grid or the apostles died in the process and their power was lost. It would become very difficult to plan for the future.

It was okay. They knew everything and were fully prepared. As stated earlier, Baal became stronger as time went by. So time played into Baal’s hands, not theirs. The exception was the past month. That period of time was spent producing dragon weapons and armor as well as collecting enhancement scrolls and marks. It could be affirmed that they had far surpassed Baal’s growth.

[You have entered hell.]

A notification window popped up the moment the hell elevator stopped descending. The apostles and the Overgeared members were somewhat nervous. The moment the elevator door opened, there was a high probability that the traps set up by demons would be triggered. Everyone immediately prepared for battle because they had experienced it once in the past.

Grid was relaxed. He took a step forward the moment the elevator door opened.

“Wait...!” Mercedes rushed out after him before stopping. Her beautiful eyes shook.

Demon Slayer Yura—the woman who had spent most of her time in hell alone at Grid’s command came out to meet the group.

“Compared to the previous visits, the level of magic has risen significantly... We would’ve suffered quite a loss if we stepped on it without any preparations.”

There were signs of magic in every crack in the ground around Yura. This was Braham’s assessment after looking at it.

At this point, Mercedes had to fully acknowledge Yura. Wasn't she sacrificing herself alone here in hell, far away from her loved ones, while leaving a steady track record?

"Have you been well?"

It was an amazing sight. Mercedes first bowed and greeted Yura.

"Yes," Yura replied with a smile. She must have many things to say but she didn't show it.

Mercedes felt it a lot. She wanted to emulate Yura.

Jishuka's eyes widened as she watched the two of them from behind. "Why is Mercedes being mean only to me? Is she jealous of big breasts?"

"...I think I know why."

Isn't your tone of speaking a problem?

As Vantner couldn't bear to say this and was distracted, new figures arrived by Yura's side.

"It has been a while. Hello, Braham."

The 10th Great Demon, Leraje, who didn't know defeat.

"Welcome, god of the surface."

The other was Eligos, the Black Knight whose tone had become subtly polite. It looked like it was right after a battle. His entire body was covered with the blood of demonic creatures. It seemed that all the demonic creatures waiting nearby were slaughtered.

The senses of the Overgeared members were on edge. It was the aftermath of their transcendence reacting to the two demons. They realized that these two were powerhouses representing hell. Things that weren't seen when they met in the past were now visible.

'It is even said that they lead large armies of tens of thousands.'

They were truly formidable allies. The tension of the Overgeared members was relieved somewhat.

[When God descended to hell, the rulers of hell greeted him.]

[Eligos, the Black Knight who guards the river of reincarnation with Cerberus, the watchdog of hell.]

[Supreme King Leraje who doesn't know defeat.]

[The only rulers that 1st Great Demon Baal failed to subdue, bowed their heads to the god of the surface.]

The epic was updated and helped viewers understand. It let the world know that the beings who came with Yura to meet Grid were huge powerhouses. Viewers marveled and the humans on the surface rejoiced. Their jubilation created a notification window that was only visible for Grid.

[Humanity's fear toward Baal has faded slightly.]

‘Good.’

It was as expected. The epic started to create a development in Grid's favor. In Lauel's words, it acted as a ‘key’ to kill Baal. Everyone knew about Grid's progress from the time that the epic started. The more Grid threatened Baal, the more humanity's fear of Baal would fade. The moment it disappeared completely, Baal would suffer serious damage.

An infinite number of lives—it was a loss of the strongest power that stemmed from the fear of humanity.

‘This is why we must never act rashly.’

Depending on his performance, people's fear would fade. The performance he was talking about here wasn't just about destroying the enemy. It was also important not to be agitated in any particular situation. The moment he was agitated, people also became agitated. At worst, they would recall the fear that had faded.

‘From now on, I'm not an ordinary person. I am a genius. No matter what trap I fall into, act as if it is expected from the beginning.’

And in addition to that, invincible. Even if a knife was stuck in his heart, he had to act like he was bitten by a mosquito.

—Although it was best not to go through that in the first place.

“.....”

Grid took a deep breath to control his mind before taking a step. There was no time to lose. He hurried to match the schedule so that everything would go according to plan. He even delayed having a conversation with Leraje, who was happy to see him.

‘No.’

Grid stopped moving. He stood in front of Leraje, who was sad to see him passing by with just a glance.

“Supreme King who doesn’t know defeat.”

“Huh...? Yes?”

“Please assist me along with the valiant Black Knight Eligos, who treats Cerberus, the greatest demonic creature of hell, like a horse.”

“Nyang? This body is hell’s greatest... Oof oof.”

The quick-witted Huroi blocked Noe’s mouth. Grid’s comments were emerging in the epics. It was described as a great god of the surface bestowing a divine message to the transcendents of hell.

[Humanity’s fear toward Baal has faded slightly.]

The effect was immediately apparent. Grid smiled with satisfaction and quickened his pace again.

Leraje was still looking dumbfounded, while Eligos mumbled as he stared at Grid’s back.

“Your dignity has increased. I like it.” novelbuddy.com

“.....”

After a moment of silence, the group hurriedly chased after Grid. The parties were organized as originally planned.

The first party was composed of Mercedes, Haster, Euphemina, and Pon. They would move to Chepardea’s ‘spawning place’ to remove the ‘eggs’ that allowed Chepardea to resurrect even when killed, and eliminate Baal’s subordinates standing guard there. Yura pointed it out as one of the most important places, so they invested a lot of power there.

The second party was composed of Piaro, Hurent, Damian, and Zednos. Their purpose was to move to the 'Demon's Cradle' where endless demonic energy was produced to strengthen demons and demonic creatures. To be exact, it was to change it, not destroy it. The moment Piaro turned the cradle into agricultural fields, it would create a favorable environment for humans operating in hell. Since Piaro was the key to creating and sustaining the agricultural fields, the assistants he added were Hurent and Damian, who were excellent in combat. Zednos was added to resist magic.

The third party was composed of Braham, Peak Sword, Huroi, and Laella. They would search for and slaughter the great demons who followed Baal. They were planning to go wild to the end. Braham's magic, Peak Sword's draw sword, and Huroi's profanity were a triple bombardment. Braham was less likely to take care of others if excited so Laella was added. Her role was to protect Peak Sword and Huroi from magic.

The fourth party was composed of Mir, Yura, Faker, Leraje, and Toban. Their purpose was to stop the operation of the factor that produced the red flesh projecting the hell moon, or Asura, by infiltrating underground. The road was so complicated and heavily guarded that Yura's role was extremely important, since she was knowledgeable in the terrain. Faker would tear down the security without a fuss and Toban would protect Yura. The red flesh had a high chance of resisting, such as the clones used on Grid previously, so Mir and Leraje were deployed to have enough attack power.

The fifth party was composed of Zik, Jishuka, Vantner, and the evil eyes' king. The fifth party would first move with Grid. According to Yura, the purpose was to neutralize Asura's head, which was decorating the entrance of Baal's city. It seemed to be a place Baal had built as the first line of defense, so there were many garrisons. It was necessary to keep Asura's head in check with the destruction rays from the evil eyes' king while tearing down the defenses with Jishuka's sniper fire.

Vantner escorted the evil eyes' king. The destructive power and survivability of the entire party would be greatly boosted by Zik's runes. Zik's own combat capability after being able to handle King Sobyel's divinity was sufficient to respond to any variable.

The sixth party was composed of Nefelina and Zibal. They followed Grid from start to finish. Nefelina could be deployed if Grid's cooperation with Bunhelier was cut off for some reason and Dragon Knight was deactivated. Thus, the distance had to be kept as close as possible. Zibal could use 'Providence' to protect Nefelina, but if he was targeted by Baal, there was a high possibility that he would have to completely leave the battlefield.

The seventh party was composed of Kraugel and Eligos. They were solid insurance. If Baal was on the defensive, there was a possibility that he would prey on the souls wandering in the river of reincarnation to promote recovery. Thus, the river of reincarnation had to be guarded. It was such an important role that it could be described as the last bastion. For Kraugel, it was very regrettable that he couldn't be on the front line, but he silently accepted his role.

The five angels, including Ibellin, comprised the eighth party along with Biban. They would wait on standby and be dispatched as soon as a request for assistance was received. Angels could communicate with Grid and the apostles in real time. In particular, it was good to play the role of reinforcement because they weren't hindered by any magic or physical force. It was also possible for them to fly at high speed regardless of topographical features. Biban was the next strongest power after Grid and would coordinate the battlefield by grasping the situation through them.

Finally, Katz was on a solo mission. Guided by the red-skinned demon Glant, he was to move to the 2nd Hell, where he would keep a check on Amoract's movements while attempting to contact Beriache. He was Beriache's Warrior, so he was looking forward to the possibility of some hidden piece appearing.

All the plans were based on Yura's knowledge and information. The ultimate goal of all these plans was to 'establish and sustain a one-on-one battle between Grid and Baal.' The goal was to make sure that Grid wasn't disturbed and that Baal didn't receive any help.

It was to maximize the effect of the epic. It was only when Grid proved that he could fight Baal one-on-one and win that humanity would be relieved and completely shake off their fear.

'...It is technically two against one.'

Well, it was practically one-on-one if he regarded Bunhelier as a 'mount.' It wasn't a cheap trick at all...

Kurarararara!

A huge shadow appeared over the heads of Grid and the others as they split into their groups. It was the shadow of Bunhelier, who had just arrived in hell through the dimensional shift.

"You might have to fight for days and days. For those who have restrictions on your stamina, make sure to control your physical strength well," Grid once again

warned the group. It wasn't known how many times he said it already. It might be tiresome, but the group nodded silently.

Everyone was already far away.

Grid also sped up toward his destination.

Overgeared

Chapter 1835

Their feet were swallowed by the swamp on every step they took, and soon, even their calves were submerged.

"It is kind of disgusting," Pon said with a frown. A large leech clung to his ankle that he had pulled from the swamp. It was a demonic creature that took away health and magic power. The blue and red veins wriggling inside the translucent outer shell aroused disgust.

"Plus, it hurts quite a bit. What percentage is the damage over time? I feel like I will run out of mana if I let my guard down."

"Doesn't Euphemina have almost infinite mana?"

"It isn't me, but all of you."

Chepardea's spawning ground was located in a large cave. The access route was so narrow that it was impossible to use flying magic. They were forced to walk, which was a problem because it was a swamp. Their movement speed was too slow. In particular, Euphemina was a magician and had low physical strength and health. She was greatly affected by the swamp area. She couldn't easily pull her feet out from the swamp, and she was often submerged to her waist.

"Can't you use your magic to evaporate the whole swamp?"

"Is that all? I can blow up the entire cave. But if I do so, the enemies will immediately detect something unusual," Euphemina replied as she grabbed Haster's hand and was pulled out of the swamp. In her heart, she wanted to blow up the entire cave.

Mercedes, who had been walking silently in the lead, calmed the group, "You aren't a gorilla so don't be impatient. We have plenty of time because we planned it to be a slow march. It is important to stealthily sneak in as planned."

“Yes, I know.”

It was Mercedes herself who had recently been obsessed with gorillas. The party knew the reason, but they didn’t bother to show it.

After several hours of arduous marching, the group arrived at their destination. Mercedes faced the wide space that endlessly stretched out in front of her and commanded from the front, “Stop for now.”

In the center of the space, hundreds of eyes that were many times larger than a human torso were wriggling. To be precise, they were eggs that looked like eyes. Chepardea’s eggs, wrapped in sticky body fluids, hung heavily from purple vines that scattered unusual demonic energy.

“Did the bodily fluids flowing down from the eggs form this swamp?” Pon clicked his tongue.

“There is a high possibility that there are vines under the swamp. Be extra careful with your feet,” Mercedes warned as she examined the scale of the vines lining the cave’s ceilings and walls. Most of the creatures in hell were demons, and the plants were no exception. It wouldn’t be strange if these purple vines moved like they were alive and aimed at an intruder’s blind spot.

The group nodded. Euphemina and Haster cast flying magic, while Pon summoned his white horse and mounted it. From the time they left the narrow space, the swamp could no longer disturb them.

Just as Mercedes warned, the vines identified the intruders and started attacking from a distance and they intercepted the attacks without difficulty.

“These rat bastards crawling in the mud. Indeed, there is no room for the weak to keep their pride.”

Someone reacted to the noise generated by intercepting the vines. It was the demon who moved the spawning ground and protected it. His name was Helgaric. He was one of the ones Yura identified as a close associate of Baal. She said that ‘moving something’ was his specialty. This was why they tried not to be discovered beforehand. It would avoid giving him more time to move the spawning grounds they had worked hard to arrive at.

Then countless footsteps were heard from the road Helgaric had arrived from. It was the sound of the advance of the army led by this guy. The ground shook. The purple vines on the ceilings and walls swayed like they were falling.

“Still, it is a bit shocking that an invasion was allowed before the spawning ground was moved... The Demon Slayer’s tenaciousness has paid off.”

Chepardea’s spawning grounds—its location had already been discovered by Agnus and Betty. The location was moved, but intruders came once again.

Helgarric sighed and shrugged. “Well, it doesn’t matter. This time, I am guarding this place myself. I will teach the Demon Slayer how foolish it is to target this place by killing and getting rid of all of you.”

“Don’t mention Yura.”

“.....?”

“It is offensive to put her name in that filthy mouth.”

“...You are quite eccentric for a human being. Are all of Grid’s apostles like you?”

The army arrived as Helgarric was speaking. Behind him, hundreds of heavily armed demon soldiers were marching, but their military discipline was unusual. Like the knights of the Overgeared Empire, they quickly took a formation and waited for their master’s orders.

“Aren’t they quite armed? Where did they get the same armor and weapons as us?”

“I think they plundered it from the surface.”

Pon and Haster reacted with some surprise.

Hell—it was a primitive dimension where the level of civilization was greatly reduced compared to the surface. Unless they were high ranking demons who could cross to the surface relatively easily, most demons didn’t even have proper clothing. In the first place, what could be expected from a world where there was only one blacksmith? However, Helgarric and his army were well-armed, like soldiers owned by nobles on the surface.

Helgarric snorted when he overheard their conversation. “You ignorant humans. Do you believe that the civilization on the surface is better than hell? How can that be?”

Gurgle gurgle!

With every step that Helgarric took, the swamp boiled up like lava.

The entire cave, which was as large as several football fields, instantly heated up. The irresistible heat tormented the group.

“Think of Baal’s power. He, who is greater than the gods, devours the knowledge and skills of the dead. Human civilization can be developed at any time.”

‘Certainly...’

Pon wiped away the sweat dripping down his face like rain and agreed. In the first place, there were huge castles in hell.

They were castles inhabited by great demons. It had a huge scale and complex structure that was rare even on the surface. It was proof that the civilization of hell had transcended human civilization in some ways.

That’s right. The civilization of hell wasn’t undeveloped. It was suppressed because it wasn’t necessary, or perhaps it was suppressed because it was necessary.

“I predicted and prepared for your raid from the very beginning. Judging from the way you crawled through the swamp, you seem to believe that you have prepared this operation secretly, but you are mistaken. Instead, you have fallen into a trap.”

It wasn’t a bluff. The number of troops proved it.

The viewers witnessing the situation in real time also realized this. Most of the other parties, as well as the one led by Mercedes, were surrounded by enemies in the area where they were acting. The demons of hell knew exactly what the Overgeared Guild was aiming for.

It was a clear crisis.

“If they are reacting this well...”

“...I think it will fail?”

The response of the demons was too good. The viewers were filled with anxiety.

The epic was narrating the situation.

[There was a dirty and vicious trick lurking at every entrance of hell where God and his messengers descended.]

It wasn't a particularly negative statement. It merely recorded the fact as it was. Nevertheless, the impact was great. The humans of the surface thought the worst. They were influenced by a fear that was ingrained in their subconscious.

[Humanity has recalled the fear they have forgotten for a while.]

It happened when the faded terror of humanity sprouted again...

"I expected it," Grid opened his mouth.

He had arrived in front of Baal's city.

Vantner and the evil eyes' king cocked their heads when they heard him suddenly talking to himself.

The fifth party was composed of Zik, Jishuka, Vantner, and the evil eyes' king. First of all, they were a group that worked with Grid. Grid was conscious of their gaze and continued speaking while feeling somewhat embarrassed, "Demons are a group that are infinitely weak and parasitic in the darkness of hell. I predicted in advance that they wouldn't dare to oppose us and would use tricks."

Grid's comments were recorded in the epic. It was because it was a statement that responded to the flow of the epic. Grid, who had already written the 27th epic, knew when to speak and how to act to influence the epic.

Grid took off the glasses of the evil eyes' king, who was still looking confused. At the same time.

Kuwaaaaaang!

Rays of destruction were fired. The huge head adorning the gate of Baal's city. It wasn't a statue, but the living, breathing head of Asura that was precisely targeted. The distance was so great that it looked like a dot, but the power of the rays after reaching it wasn't diminished in the slightest.

"Ughhhhh!" A rather funny groan rang out like thunder. It was a groan from Asura's head, whose mouth was being crushed by the rays of destruction.

The demons were flustered.

"Attack! The humans have arrived!"

"What are those rays...! Asura's head can't open his eyes!"

The frightened demons were in disarray. novelbuddy.com

Grid stared down at them and handed the evil eyes' king over to Vantner. Jishuka was already shooting arrows. They were arrows with runes wrapped around them. The Breaking Evil Arrows, which exerted great power against evil beings, became several times more powerful with Zik's help.

The baptism of arrows fired by Jishuka bombarded the demons who were in chaos. The firmly closed high gates of Baal's city were quickly torn down.

The whole process was described in the epic. People's fears became even lighter than they were in the beginning.

The satisfied Grid winked at Jishuka. "I'll be back."

"Yes, I will protect you from behind no matter what, so just look ahead. Destroy everything."

"Yes."

Grid was happy to see Jishuka as bright and energetic as always and smiled. He smiled in front of the castle of Baal, the 1st ranked Great Demon, in the middle of the enemy camp. The implications were great. People's faith in Grid deepened and their fear of Baal faded.

Coincidentally, the leaders of each group were helping Grid.

At the spawning ground, Mercedes triggered the Heart of the Frost Queen. A terrible chill quickly froze the swamp that was boiling like lava, baffling Helgaric. Mir immediately cut down the previous generation legend summoned by the red flesh, while Braham chased after the great demon on the way to support Baal's city and killed them.

The whole process was passed onto Baal.

Bunhelier, who had been polymorphed into human form for a while to avoid being spotted while infiltrating, also regained his original form and spread out his wings widely. Under the barrage of Jishuka's arrows, he passed over the heads of screaming demons and entered the interior of Baal's city with Grid.

Now humanity had gone beyond courage and became energetic. However, this only lasted a moment.

“Even the foolish celestial gods would’ve predicted your cooperation with Bunhelier.”

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

In a dark hall—Baal sat on a lofty throne and spoke suspicious words. It was the majesty of the demon king and the demon god. The black sky that stretched out above the broken ceiling was filled with thunderclouds.

Braham witnessed the scene from a long distance and frowned. ‘Magic.’

It was even a curse spell that had been prepared over a long period of time. The depth was immense. Braham was in a rare hurry. He drew his staff and released divinity. He hastened to analyze and extinguish the sinister curse magic that was sinking in the distant sky.

He was too late. It was really a small difference. It failed because of the extremely far distance.

Baal’s curse in the form of thunderclouds released thunderbolts. It fell while aiming for Bunhelier, not Grid. An Old Dragon would naturally resist magic, but it was different this time. Against his will, he obediently allowed the approaching thunderbolts that wove together like chains. His big body was tied up tightly.

“What a disgrace...!” Bunhelier roared while struggling.

Baal grinned while still leaning against the throne. “Evil Dragon Bunhelier. This is the reason why you are the only one with a low evaluation among the Old Dragons. What are you saying when you have already been incapacitated once by me in hell? You are so cute.”

It was a huge event. The world was in a state of turmoil.

Grid was baffled by Baal’s thorough preparation and was the same. He almost lost his mind for a moment. It was a notification window that brought his mind back.

[Humanity has recalled the fear they have forgotten for a while.]

In the end—

Grid recovered his composure in a hurry and opened his mouth, “...Even this was expected.”

“Hoh...? You expected it?” Baal had an interested look on his face.

On the other hand, Bunhelier's expression was terrible. Of course, it was hard to read his expression because he was in the form of a dragon, but it somehow seemed like this.

"What arrogance do you have to accompany Bunhelier even though you know he will be useless? Did you know I would bind that guy and put you on the defensive?"

Grid pulled out Defying the Natural Order. After upgrading his companions' equipment, he poured out all the remaining ancient scrolls to enhance Defying the Natural Order to +6. A subtle aura was added to the orange divinity and it gave off a mysterious energy like a galaxy in the universe.

"It isn't arrogance."

How could he explain this? Grid felt even more pressure from Bunhelier's glare and gave a rough answer. He didn't have anything to say so he focused on actions, not words.

Defying the Natural Order cut at the chain of thunderbolts pressing against Bunhelier's body.

'Can I cut it?'

He wasn't sure. From Grid's perspective, the depth of the curse magic that was just invoked was enormous. He thought it would be very difficult to break the magic that Baal had been preparing for a long time with physical force. However, he had expectations for the power of the dragon weapon and the power of the conditional Sword Saint. It was fine even if he couldn't cut it. He would pass over it as casually as possible and hurry to think about the next move...

"You did something stupid..." Baal read Grid's intentions and snorted, only to fall silent. It was because the magic chains were broken by the sword that Grid swung casually.

Bunhelier, who had been crouching like a bird trapped in a small cage, regained his freedom.

'This worked? Is it the power of enhancement?'

Of course, there was some luck involved. In any case, it was a huge jackpot. Grid barely suppressed his cheers and spoke casually under Baal and Bunhelier's briefly

mesmerized gazes, “Baal, no matter what type of evil scheme you think up, it is of no use against me.”

It was a voice that looked down on him as much as possible. It was an attitude that overshadowed the high throne Baal was sitting on.

[People’s fears are greatly reduced.]

The world started to move according to Grid’s will.

Overgeared

Chapter 1836

“...It is disappointing in many ways.”

Baal stared at Grid’s new sword—the sword that broke the curse chains—and rose up from his throne. Then he slowly stepped down the thousands of stairs from the high throne to the great hall one by one. His red eyes were fixed on Grid.

All types of status abnormalities overlapped and weighed down on Grid. It gave the sense that he was being targeted by all CC techniques present in Satisfy. Grid felt a huge sense of pressure. Putting aside resisting the status abnormalities, he was horrified and overwhelmed by the result of one of Baal’s ‘gazes.’

“Manipulating myths in real time to turn the flow to your advantage... It is the attitude of a lowly cheater. Isn’t it the same as before?”

With every step he took down the stairs, the demonic energy emitted from Baal’s entire body thickened. The vast hall that contained even Bunhelier’s huge body started to shake.

“Speaking of which, it seems you are relying on Bunhelier and the dragon weapon just as before. You haven’t improved at all.”

‘Is there a Xing trash game like this?’

Grid’s heart sank.

The decent manner of speaking.

The low, solemn voice.

The appearance that overwhelmed everything.

Baal's appearance was different from before. He didn't just enjoy the situation and wield force. Instead, he acted with a certain intention.

The intention? It was obvious. Baal was also conscious of the epic. He maintained his posture so that the epic didn't dare to mock him. He didn't want people to be 'surprisingly' afraid of him, so he arranged his words and actions so they were 'forced to be afraid.'

It had an effect. People's fears deepened again. The epic had stagnated because it couldn't disparage Baal and worship Grid.

'It is seriously a trash game.'

Grid continued to inwardly swear. He had expected that Baal would be much stronger than before. However, he had never imagined that Baal would've evolved to the level of using the system—the epic. He might be a super named boss, but wasn't this infringing on a user's rights at this point?

'...Ah.' Something flashed in Grid's mind. It was the past Rebecca, who gave divine messages and blessings to himself and some players.

Hanul of the Hwan Kingdom, who singled out the desired group and distributed a large-scale quest.

Chiyoun, the Only One God who greatly increased his abilities under the pretext of 'potential.'

That's right. The Absolutes were already using the system from the very beginning. They moved people and the world as they intended. It was just so obvious that he hadn't noticed it. Conversely, players had also intervened in the system by creating quests on their own. The epic was the ultimate power.

'The right to move the world doesn't just belong to me.'

The world that used to move around Grid stopped. The epic was still silent. It finished describing Baal's appearance and watched the situation in silence. It knew this wouldn't help Grid, but it couldn't help it.

Baal's force was so great. It was more likely to harm Grid if it described things recklessly.

The 1st Great Demon—the source of all evil that had distorted and usurped hell. In more ways than one, he was no ordinary enemy.

“.....”

Grid’s eyes changed when he became aware of it. As he focused his sight on the gradually approaching figure of Baal, he visualized the battle that would soon ensue. He abandoned the arrogance that he was the only protagonist of this world and the illusion that only he had prepared for this moment.

In the world of dead silence—

“Yes, that is the look. It is right to be desperate against me.” Baal’s voice rang out. The smile that spread across his face represented his feelings. He was having fun. It was purely fun.

Baal’s figure disappeared. Ignoring the steps he had taken one by one so far, he jumped over thousands of steps in one go and arrived in front of Grid. It wasn’t until Grid’s body flew far away that an explosion rang out. The recoil as he blocked Baal’s raised shoulder with his sword shifted his position back hundreds of meters.

“Um.” Bunhelier snorted. He was trying to understand the seriousness of the situation and to keep calm.

He had seen it just now with the eyes of a dragon—it was the purple body part that rose like an illusion in line with Baal’s movements. It resembled Asura’s head that was decorating the gate. It meant that Baal had transplanted Asura’s body parts into his body.

“.....”

Bunhelier used Polymorph. He abandoned his big body and turned into a handsome man with black hair. It was an act to move stealthily. Meanwhile, Grid was in the midst of his sword dance, Pinnacle. It was a blow that halted Baal’s advance.

‘It is crazy.’

He barely swallowed back the curse words that almost popped out of his mouth. Having just been ambushed by Baal, he knew that this battle would be harder than expected. He was embarrassed to think that Baal would flee to the river of reincarnation when on the defensive.

“It ended with a bit of your skin peeling off, right?”

Grid scanned Baal’s shoulder and right wrist in turn. They were the areas that had just collided with Defying the Natural Order. Grid had intended to slash Baal to death when blocking Baal’s shoulder with Defying the Natural Order or when stopping his advance with Pinnacle. But he couldn’t cut Baal.

Both Baal’s shoulders and wrists fully bore the destructive power of Defying the Natural Order and were intact. It was the aftermath of the purple body part emerging like an illusion and suppressing the power of Grid’s sword energy and Conditional Sword Saint.

The pure offensive power of Defying the Natural Order was lost to a large extent in the process of penetrating the demonic energy used as a self-defense power. As a result, Baal’s hard skin easily handled the remaining destructive power.

“You said you were going to make a true Evil God different from Yatan and then you were going to devour it?”

The more formal ‘you’ had been changed to the impolite ‘you’—it was evidence that Grid had lost his cool. Even during the brief moment when he spoke, he was tense and too busy observing Baal’s every movement to make any pretenses.

“It is still new. I only borrowed it for a while, just like my clones.”

Even the clones on the surface were accompanied by parts of Asura’s body. There was no reason why the main body couldn’t handle Asura. It was only natural for him to handle it in a better manner. Then Baal’s straight kick hit Grid in the jaw. The absolute defense that was activated was broken and Grid’s bleeding body flew hundreds of meters away. It was close to the ceiling of the great hall, which had already collapsed.

Baal immediately chased after him and unleashed dozens of strikes. With the flair of a martial artist who had been training all his life, he repeatedly hit, cut, grabbed, and threw Grid’s entire body with dazzling movements, before finally slamming him into the ground.

“Kuk...” Grid groaned as he was slammed into the ground face first from hundreds of meters in the air.

Baal was laughing because he thought it was a good look for Grid, only to frown. He noticed that his ankle was in Grid’s hands. The grip was so powerful. It was a level that was hard to shake off immediately.

‘It would’ve been suitable even if someone called him a God of Strength.’

Baal’s eyes unknowingly harbored such sentiments and his expression crumpled even more. He noticed that Grid’s groan was actually laughter.

“I got you. You X jerk...”

The fortunate thing was that the epic was silent. Thanks to this, Grid felt relieved enough to express his true thoughts. In any case, the cameras of the broadcasting stations were far away. They couldn’t capture Grid’s voice because they couldn’t chase after Grid and Baal, whose location rapidly changed.

Turning the World Upside Down—this skill had a history of putting even Sword God Biban into the ground and had a tremendous effect since it was affected by Grid’s stats. The fact that Baal’s form resembled a human also had a great influence. The super named boss who originally should’ve resisted the CC was overturned. He fell to the ground face first, just like Grid.

Grid stood up in the gap and immediately stabbed downward with Defying the Natural Order. The fusion sword dance based on Pinnacle and Kill became entangled with Baal’s fingernail. As befitting of a man who moved in defiance of physical laws, Baal was able to respond to the attack under any circumstances. He was almost lying down as he countered a series of attacks from Grid.

Baal grinned as he restored his nails that were broken after several collisions by regenerating them. “It is fun. As expected, it is good to be alive.”

This was usually the case with fights between Absolutes, but the battle between Grid and Baal wasn’t properly established. The moment they allowed each other’s ultimate attacks, it would be difficult to continue the battle. Therefore, it would be concluded in almost an instant.

However, it was different this time.

Grid and Baal—they were durable enough to withstand the overwhelming attack of their opponents. It meant they could enjoy it to their heart’s content.

The genuinely excited Baal glared at Grid like he was going to kill Grid.

How disgusting. A demon bastard who easily hurt others. He was grateful for life.

“You... Do you think others will be like you? Life is precious to others as well.”

“It is sophistry,” Baal immediately rejected it, “A finite life is worthless. What is the point of a life that only reaches death? I would rather die quickly and fall to hell. It is only when you come here that you can find any value.”

A conversation was impossible. After being reminded of Baal’s essence, Grid started to use the five fusion sword dance and six fusion sword dance. The techniques that caused Baal to die several times in the past had unfolded one after another.

“.....!”

The smile disappeared from Baal’s face. The sword energy, divinity, and powers formed on the rushing blade scattered every time it approached Asura’s body, but this didn’t mean much.

[Critical!]

[The target has received 79,554,405 damage!!]

[Critical!]

[The target has received 120,623,800 damage!!]

[The target has received 301,889,777 damage!!]

[The target has received 676,244,050 damage!!]

Sword energy, divinity, and powers—they were all incidental.

Grid’s strength was his pure power. Stats far beyond the level of a player. Items that amplified his high stats and exerted great power. Skills to bring the powerful weapon damage to the limit along with stats. All the titles that multiplied the power of his skills.

Grid was purely powerful.

“...Kuack!” In the end, Baal screamed. Skin that withstood the dragon weapon and nails that pierced the dragon armor—it was the aftermath of the new body that was formed based on his experience and knowledge from the clones being disastrously crushed.

The last boss? It was familiar to Grid. In any area, there were those who were like the final boss and they got in Grid’s way. Most of their endings were similar. After

being reduced to a sandbag to measure Grid's damage, they were then turned to ashes.

...The final destination of that ash was always Baal.

“.....?!”

Continue, continue, continue. Just a little bit more. Just one more step.

Grid stiffened as he was repeatedly slashing and stabbing at Baal, trying to split him apart with gritted teeth.

[The 1st Great Demon, 'Baal,' is immune to 'Drop Dragon Pinnacle Kill Wave.']

The absurd notification window made it so. The flow of the sword dance was interrupted. Baal took advantage of the gap that Grid briefly exposed and acted at high speed. He completely recovered in an instant and retrieved the demon sword that had been exchanging blows with the God Hands.

The black demon sword became incandescent. It was the power of a God Killer.

Grid's heart was instantly pierced with the glowing demon sword. It was a blow that silenced the cheering viewers.

“Do you know?” Baal's voice permeated the ears of the staggering Grid. “You have killed more beings than I have.”

The path that Grid had walked. All of his journeys had made Grid who he was now.

“It was quite a chore to find their souls and absorb and hone their knowledge and information. Now it has turned out quite rewarding.”

It was at this moment that Grid's ankle was grabbed for the first time.

The 1st ranked Great Demon, Baal—the source of all evil brought the god of the surface to his knees.

Overgeared

Chapter 1837

Ahh...

Ahhhh...

The screams continued endlessly. They were close to sobs. Screams tinged with emptiness and despair, not pain, echoed and swallowed even the noise of the river flowing violently.

“Aren’t you nervous?”

Hundreds of billions—no, a huge river where the number of souls that drifted was even more than that.

Kraugel had been quietly watching the cruel and sad scene of the river of reincarnation, only to look away. Black Knight Eligos was approaching.

“You won’t have a chance to play if you stay here.”

“.....”

Kraugel withheld his answer for a moment.

In the first place, he didn’t like Eligos. Unlike Grid, who didn’t wear colored glasses when interacting with others, Kraugel was somewhat conservative. He paid attention to the nature of the target as much as possible. He didn’t know about anything else, but he made a clear distinction between good and evil. It was very different from Grid, who easily interacted with or harmed a target, regardless of which faction they belonged to.

Of course, it wasn’t a very good attitude. Common sense thinking and choices had few opportunities to bring about special events. It wasn’t suitable for the position of a ranker. In fact, Kraugel had a much lower hidden quest acquisition rate compared to Grid. Nevertheless, his level was second only to Grid and it was great that he was so strong.

In any case, Kraugel was suspicious of Eligos. Putting aside Grid’s trust, this was a great demon. He had even guarded the river of reincarnation. It meant he watched the bondage of countless souls drifting without leaving the river. It was something that he might’ve mocked.

‘...No, at the very least, I don’t think that happened.’

Kraugel turned his gaze to the hill behind Eligos. He could see Cerberus waving its tail as it gazed at the spirits wandering in the river. It was bigger than several elephants put together and it was definitely like a puppy, except for the fact that it

had three heads. It showed pure curiosity to the souls without expressing any malice nor intent to kill. In other words, it was proof that this guy's master, Eligos, didn't abuse the souls. Dogs were bound to resemble their masters.

Kraugel briefly organized his thoughts and opened his mouth, "The meaning of your words is offensive. Do you think Grid can't do it?"

Kraugel came here to block Baal's retreat. It was an activity with the possibility that Baal would be weakened after several deaths to Grid and come here to help himself recover. However, Eligos said that wouldn't happen. It was as if Baal wouldn't be on the defensive.

Eligos shook his head. "I have no intention of disparaging the god you serve. This is just... It is a simple matter."

Black—it was a color that meant darkness, evil, death, etc. It was heard that those who used the color black in hell had very great authority.

This actually seemed to be the case. Armed with pitch black equipment, Eligos might only be ranked 20th in hell, but he retained a sharper demonic energy compared to the single digit great demons that Kraugel had encountered. His force was so great that he wasn't certain he could win in a fight. It didn't seem to be a myth that even Baal didn't touch him hastily.

"It doesn't matter if your god wins or loses when fighting against Baal. Baal had transcended the concept of death. Even if Grid killed the bastard, who overcame death the moment they died without going through resurrection, what was the big deal?"

Eligos' gaze went down the cliff. His vision captured the souls floundering in the violent swirling river.

"This guy won't weaken no matter how many times he is defeated by your god and dies. It is safe to say that there is virtually no chance of him coming here to recuperate."

"Get to the point."

Eligos's eyes revealed through the helmet were slightly curved. He seemed quite satisfied with Kraugel's attitude. He wasn't the type to chat either.

"Sword Saint Kraugel. You and I are at the level to stab through Baal's gap. Rather than waste time here, it is right to infiltrate Baal's city and help Grid. We should

hurry as much as possible. There is the rule that movement magic isn't allowed throughout hell so it will take quite a long time to get to Baal's city."

"There is too little explanation this time. Why should I intervene in the battle against Grid's will?"

"It is to put Baal on the perfect defensive. You see, there is only one way to kill Baal. We need to get rid of humanity's fear of him, but in fact, this is impossible. The conclusion that I have come to after many years of deliberation is to not expect anything from humanity. Rather, it is to directly instill fear in Baal."

There was only one reason why Eligos remained in charge of the river of reincarnation and stuck to the rank of 20th place.

A symbol—he wanted to be a symbol of hell. Thus, he stayed here for thousands of years. Along with Cerberus, who left footprints in mythology, he guarded the river of reincarnation and carved his own image on the souls of the dead. He left his name in the cries of souls who craved a life they would never regain again.

Look.

Listen.

I am hell.

It was a grand ambition. For him, Baal was just a stumbling block. He longed for Baal's death more than anyone else.

"Do you mean to beat fear with fear?"

"That's right. I am sure that the moment Baal feels fear, the fear that sustains him will betray him."

It was the logic of fighting evil with evil.

Kraugel thought it was quite possible. Therefore, he shook his head. "I refuse. We will protect this place."

"Are you saying you can't disobey the will of the god whom you serve?"

"I will ask you in reverse." Kraugel was a constant stream of change. He always responded to those who were good with a bright smile and he was aloof to those who weren't good. He had unbreakable will in his eyes when expressing a firm

belief like now. “Do you think that threatening someone who is beyond death will make them feel fear?”

“...Of course, it won’t be easy. Therefore, we have to work with Grid to push him to the limit.”

“You are wrong. Baal is the type who will willingly throw himself off a cliff if driven to the edge.”

He knew this. But there was no other way than this. Eligos wanted to object but he couldn’t express it. Before he knew it, he was overwhelmed by the look in the eyes of the present day Sword Saint, Kraugel, who had completely removed the air of a novice.

“Simple force isn’t a means of terrorizing Baal. In order for him to understand the feeling of fear, he must first learn the feeling of despair.”

Suddenly, Kraugel felt that the screams of the souls seemed to have faded. He had the idea that they were eavesdropping on his conversation.

The center of the worldview. It was the world Grid had lived in. Even a moment or a little action could give hope to countless brings or bring despair. A stronger will was added to Kraugel’s self-aware voice.

“Grid must’ve known that, so he went to Baal alone. It was without the apostles and Sir Biban, who are more powerful than us.”

“.....”

Stronger than him?

Eligos frowned. He didn’t agree with Kraugel’s one-sided assessment. It was only for a moment. He remembered Sword God Biban, whom he saw when he picked up Grid.

‘Certainly, he... is a monster.’

He didn’t seem sane wearing a broken sword at his waist. But in terms of skills, it felt comparable to Grid. If Grid was accompanied by Biban, he would’ve been more advantageous in the fight against Baal. However, this wasn’t the case. He went to Baal alone.

Kraugel explained the reason why, “Grid understands the only way to kill Baal.”

Just then—

The screams of the souls completely ceased. The river of reincarnation became calm for the first time in thousands of years. There was only the sound of the river flowing.

Kraugel was convinced that the hundreds of billions of souls were looking at him. He noticed that all of them were feeling expectant at Grid's name. He didn't think Grid would betray these expectations.

“He will bring despair to Baal.”

It was while single-handedly overwhelming Baal. Of course, objectively, it was close to impossible. However, Kraugel believed in Grid. It was a situation where he had to believe in him.

“Ah...” Sighs were heard all over the world.

Grid and Baal, who had been fighting across the vast castle like maniacs—the turbulent appearance of the sky and earth with every swing of their fists or feet reminded people of an imaginary war between gods. It was simply a different dimension. They thought it wouldn't be strange if this fierce battle continued forever. They even joked that Zeratul should be demoted and Baal promoted to a god.

However, the balance was unexpectedly broken quite quickly. Baal's sword pierced Grid's heart and people witnessed a sight they had never imagined. Grid collapsed as if crumbling down.

It became a situation where he knelt down before Baal.

Grid, who had always brought opponents to their knees, was now in that position. Some ignorant media outlets were already pouring out breaking news with headlines such as ‘The Hero's Defeat’ and ‘The Fallen God.’ That was how serious the situation was.

There was a fatal blow right after a fierce battle that raised suspicions that his immortality had already been lost. This was really dangerous.

The 1st Great Demon, Baal—Grid alone wasn't worthy of challenging him. Why did he bother to try it alone in the first place? It was a terrible arrogance.

It happened as public opinion doubting Grid's judgment was forming...

"God Killer. It is a force created only to kill a god," Baal said while twisting and pulling out the demon sword stuck in Grid's heart, "It is a familiar energy to you. It is the energy absorbed from Hanul's failed work that you killed with your own hands."

A smile gradually spread across Baal's face.

God Killer—it was an energy that had been honed to the extreme after taking it away from Garam's soul, who had endured so much. At this point, he thought it would be a good idea to target Asgard. It was that powerful.

Baal had already qualified to be a God Killer. He used the authority and effort of an innate Absolute to even acquire the qualification of a God Killer. He had been reborn as something that had never existed before. Baal was proud that he was now the Absolute of Absolutes.

One day, he would transcend even the Gods of the Beginning. It was nice not to be afraid of an Only One God. "This energy makes your death inevitable."

Baal took a step back. It was to savor and appreciate the appearance of Grid, who was already crossing the threshold of death.

A notification window emerged in Grid's field of view.

[You have been struck by a fatal blow.]

It was a phrase that came up when allowing an instant kill skill.

[The energy of a God Killer has pierced you. The immortality and emergency escape passive skills are sealed.]

It was followed by a phrase telling him how dangerous the energy of a God Killer was. There was one fortunate thing.

[You have become immune to the damage due to the effect of the '+1 Fire Dragon's Armor.']

The dragon armor Grid was armed with—it wasn't powerful just because it used the scales and leather of an ancient dragon as materials. It was completed only because it contained the desire of a precious person to protect Grid.

[★ Immunity to instant death and assassination skills.]

This was one of the effects attached to Fire Dragon's Armor. It was an absolute counter to the energy of a God Killer that Baal had honed.

"...What?" Baal hadn't dared to act rashly due to being conscious of the epic, but he was taken aback.

Grid's black eyes were staring at him. They were clearly projecting him when they should've lost focus. This reaction moved the epic that had stopped. It wasn't only the humans on the surface, but also the souls in the river of reincarnation took note of this moment.

"Weak."

Baal was an Absolute who overshadowed the absolute defense, but he couldn't take away Grid's immortality. There was also the 'Shock Mitigation' effect that 'significantly' reduced all types of damage attached to the Fire Dragon's Armor. It was even after the fierce battle where he eventually had his heart pierced by a blow containing the energy of a God Killer.

Grid's complexion was fine as he slowly raised himself up. "If you are immortal by overcoming death, I am immortal because I haven't died."

"....."

Baal's mental world was shaken for the first time. The shape of his self-defense and the demon sword created with magic power was disrupted for a moment.

Grid didn't miss this opportunity and cast Another Tomb. It was a massive bombardment skill that returned all the damage suffered in the last 20 seconds to the target.

Overgeared

Chapter 1838

"If you are immortal by overcoming death, I am immortal because I can't die."

A declaration of invincibility—it was beyond arrogance. It was a statement that even the humans who believed in and followed Grid would accept as absurd. However, Baal intuitively sensed it wasn't a lie.

In fact, there was something that had been making him slightly uncomfortable since the beginning.

Armor made by waving the scales of the Fire Dragon like threads—Grid and Hexetia's knowledge and skills were integrated, and it activated the absolute defense by default. The power of the attack was inevitably weakened in the process of penetrating it. It also had a remarkable elasticity. No matter what form of attack, it would absorb a significant amount of the shock. At best, it overshadowed the information and experience that Baal's fragments had gained.

The demon sword and nails that should've torn, pierced, and smashed the dragon armor weren't working properly. Of course, he initially judged that it wasn't a big problem. The current Baal had made tremendous progress after predicting that Grid would challenge him again and acquired all types of techniques.

In particular, Baal had focused on the powers and skills of those who were killed by Grid. He analyzed the reasons why they lost to Grid and learned how to defeat Grid. Baal's attacks were linked in a way that he thoroughly neutralized Grid's strengths.

Thanks to this, he had gained the upper hand during the battle. Finally, he achieved the feat of piercing Grid's heart. It was even with the energy of a God Killer. In other words, he succeeded in driving Grid to death. This was even though it took longer than expected to subdue Grid.

It was a very good achievement considering that Grid had a 'durability similar to that of an Old Dragon' thanks to his armor. From now on, he judged that he could include dragons as his hunting targets. This was until he saw that Grid was alive and well.

'What is the principle behind this?'

Of course, an Absolute didn't die easily. Furthermore, Grid was a god who virtually monopolized human worship. Baal knew it would be difficult to extinguish him. He knew that Grid would be resurrected even when he died.

However, it was right that a considerable amount of power and strength would be permanently lost due to the soul being damaged by the energy of the God Killer. Additionally, he expected that Grid's authority would plummet because the epic would mention his death.

However, Grid was immune to death itself. The energy of a God Killer should've been like Hayate's Dragon Killing Sword, which exerted absolute power against dragons, but it was reduced to nothing. It was purely due to that armor.

'...Why is that so special?'

The legends and transcendents that his clones fought against were also armed with dragon armor. It was similar in form to Grid's armor and resembled its functions. So why was there such a huge difference in performance?

Baal quickly figured out the cause.

'It is the heart's desire... it contains a wish.'

Why was the armor on Grid so special? It was because it contained a strong desire. It was a desire for Grid's well-being. It was similar to the origin of the canyon of metal that he experienced in the place. Baal had studied Grid, so he immediately came up with an existence.

'Blacksmith Khan.'

The one who died and ascended to heaven without falling into hell. It was a great loss that the angels took him away. If only his death was a bit later. If only he had died around the time when Baal became conscious of Grid. Khan would've fallen to hell and then Grid would've been in his hands forever.

'...Am I feeling disappointed?'

Baal stopped his random flow of thoughts and was somewhat agitated.

Regret—wasn't it an emotion that only trivial existences felt? It wasn't a suitable emotion for him to feel.

Just then, the atmosphere shook. The aura that emanated from Grid's armor rapidly engulfed the infernal sky.

The sky split apart with a roar. It was louder than any portent of great magic. A huge wave could be felt rising from the cracks in the sky. For some reason, it was familiar.

"Is it my magic power?"

It was a magic power that contained the energy of a God Killer. It felt like another Baal was lurking in the sky. The vision of the confused Baal was submerged in a sunset light.

Grid's divinity was pouring out. It was a divinity that had the power to return the damage suffered in the past 20 seconds to the target. It was the skill attached to the Fire Dragon's Armor, Another Tomb.

Absolute Defense, Shock Mitigation, an instant death immunity, and the unconditional reflection that followed right after that—a single piece of armor was creating an incredible fraudulent miracle that the opponent couldn't understand.

A column of orange divinity that fell in a straight line exploded, targeting Baal. It was an explosion that dispelled the darkness of hell.

The entire hell was dyed with sunset with Baal's castle in the center. It was a scene reminiscent of a nuclear explosion. It was larger and more spectacular than any skill effects that had ever existed in Satisfy.

The viewers, demons all over hell, as well as the Overgeared members and apostles were overwhelmed. Even Grid himself gulped. How could Another Tomb exert such power and impact? It was evidence of how powerful Baal's attacks that pushed Grid to the defensive were.

The aftermath was great.

"...Kuaaaaack!"

1st Great Demon Baal—he, who reigned as an object of terror, couldn't stand it and screamed. He just couldn't be seen clearly because he was obscured by divinity. His whole body seemed to go through the process of burning and disappearing.

It was understandable. Baal had already been hit by Grid's six fusion sword dance several times and had already suffered heavy damage. It wasn't strange for him to die. In fact, notification windows popped up in Grid's point of view.

[The 1st Great Demon, 'Baal,' has died.]

[Your level has increased.]

[Your level has increased.]

[Your level has in....]

.....

...

It wasn't even one time.

[The 1st Great Demon, 'Baal,' has died.]

[Your level has increased.]

[Your level...]

.....

...

It was just as how Hayate's Dragon Killing Sword could exert overwhelming power against non-dragon targets.

[The 1st Great Demon, 'Baal,' has died.]

[Your level...]

.....

...

The God Killer energy of Another Tomb also dealt a fatal blow to Baal.

[The 1st Great Demon, 'Baal,' has died.]

[Your level...]

.....

...

As many as four times—Baal received the damage inflicted on Grid and suffered a total of four deaths in a row. The epic told the whole world about it.

A god who fought for humanity—it said that he punished the demon who twisted hell and took his life many times. It didn't state exactly how many times.

How many times did Baal die in that moment? It was left purely to the imagination of the listener.

[Humanity's fear has faded.]

[Humanity's fear has faded.]

[Humanity's fear has faded.]

[Humanity's fear...]

.....

...

What lurked at the end of death wasn't rest, but eternal torment...

Humanity had been in despair after learning this truth and had originally lost all motivation. They collapsed and couldn't get up easily. There was no point in clinging to a meaningless life.

Grid was the one who raised them back up and sustained them.

A god who had always taken the lead in fighting—his declaration that he would restore the distorted hell became the hope of humanity. It brought humanity back to life.

Yes, it was the only hope.

The trust that humanity had in Grid was beyond imagination. Many interpreted the epic that Grid killed Baal 'several times' as dozens or hundreds of times. Some even claimed that it was thousands of times. The impact of the description was great.

[The King of Hell received punishment and screamed in agony.]

[The sunset divinity that burned the King of Hell colored the whole hell.]

It was a description that gave rise to faith that wasn't there. Ironically, it was the result created by Baal himself. Since he was so strong, it raised the power of Another Tomb beyond expectations.

"You..."

Once the aftermath of the explosion was over and the divinity was lifted. Baal gritted his teeth and appeared unscathed after overcoming death. He seemed to judge that any further conversation was worthless. He immediately rushed over to rectify the situation.

The demon sword containing the energy of a God Killer pierced Grid. It was a blow that should have dealt death.

However, Grid was once again fine this time. He ignored the sword stuck in his chest and counterattacked, slitting Baal's throat. It was a normal skill attack, not a fusion sword dance. This was because Baal had learned a defense that made him immune to the sword dances.

Blood gushed from Baal's neck.

Defying the Natural Order amplified the power of ordinary swordsmanship to a tremendous level.

However, it was still a far cry from dealing death to Baal. Like Grid, Baal ignored his wounds and fought back.

Hundreds of exchanges of blows continued like this. The two Absolutes got entangled with each other dozens of times in seconds.

The ruined great hall area turned into dust and scattered. It was a battle pattern that resembled the beginning. However, there was a clear difference. Baal's strength, technique, and speed were the same as the beginning, while Grid's strength and speed had increased.

It was the result of his level-up. Since Baal died four times, Grid's level rose by over 30 levels.

The second phase—Grid was showing what Baal was supposed to show.

‘What is this guy...’

A person who grew up by compressing time—after recalling Grid's true value, Baal fixed his posture to change the flow. For some reason, he withdrew the energy of a God Killer that wasn't effective and filled the demon sword with pure demonic energy.

Baal's inherent power was revealed to the world. With just a wave of power, the ground cracked and reduced all the objects in the area to dust. The God Hands, assisting Grid from the side, repeatedly stiffened and virtually stopped working.

‘Is he going all-in on his power?’

Grid read Baal's intentions and was somewhat nervous. Baal used the energy of a God Killer, various magic, and techniques to push Grid to the inferior position. His fighting style was the norm.

However, the efficiency against Grid was poor. He used all types of means to increase his attack accuracy, but it wasn't easy to fatally wound Grid, who wore the Fire Dragon's Armor and wielded the power of the Four Auspicious Beasts.

Then the story changed when the one blow fight started. There was a limit to the damage neutralized by Shock Mitigation and Grid's health wasn't infinite.

'It has a big impact that the sword dances below the five fusion sword dances are sealed.'

It was a situation where he had to endure with ordinary attacks and try to reverse it with one of his few six fusion sword dances. He was forced to aim for a long-term battle, but Baal's intention of aiming for a short-term battle ruined the flow.

It happened when the tension inside Grid grew...

"....."

Baal glared silently at Grid. The incredible energy condensed on the bloated demon sword didn't attack prematurely. It was because he remembered the situation a while ago. If the damage he inflicted was returned in full—

The fact that he could die several times again weighed on him. He could get over the deaths, but it was hard to stand by as Grid became stronger. If he couldn't kill Grid in a single blow, then he was just helping Grid...

Baal's thoughts went this far and hesitated.

'Don't tell me.'

Grid vaguely read Baal's heart. He thought it was natural to be like this. Baal didn't know that Another Tomb had a cooldown of one hour.

Grid decided to act boldly. He lowered himself into the White Tiger's Posture and pointed a finger at his heart. "Come."

"....."

Satisfy had billions of players. The number of times they succeeded in a boss raid was countless. An enormous amount of data on bizarre boss attack methods had accumulated on the main server. However, this was the first time they had seen a strategy of challenging the boss to attack while having no defense.

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The magic power condensed in the demon sword stirred the earth and the sky. It was on the verge of exploding and devastating the entire area. There were continuous roars that seemed to urge its master.

“.....”

Baal was still silent. He stood still and didn't wield his sword.

His eyes remained on Grid. It was more like meditating. In fact, Baal's eyelids were half-closed. He was trying to ignore Grid, who was pointing a finger at his own chest and provoking him. It was because he didn't know what type of nonsense the epic would say if he looked at it clearly.

‘Is it the feeling of a toy?’

Baal let out a laugh. It was the aftermath of realizing that he was playing on the top of Grid's palm. He had been wielding the fate of others at will and forcing his choices, but now he ended up in the opposite position.

All types of emotions rushed over him like a tide.

‘...It is unpleasant.’

Baal smiled and suppressed his competitive spirit. He gave an obvious answer to the choice Grid presented.

First of all, he activated the Demon's Cradle.

The Demon's Cradle—most of the demons and demonic creatures that inhabited hell were born there. Baal planned to summon the newly born demonic creatures and demons immediately to his side and used them as a means to attack Grid.

Damian, the leader of the Overgeared God Church—he, who had previously been happily looking at the portrait of the pregnant Isabel, doubtfully asked, “Uh? Isn't it suddenly wriggling over there?”

The attention of the group who was clearing the contaminated land was drawn to one side. There was a big black hole, akin to the abyss. The entrance of the cradle, which had intermittently spewed out demonic creatures and demons, was wriggling like a living creature. It was a trivial movement, like a caterpillar chewing on leaves, but it was a clear change.

“Hik~! Demons! Demons are pouring out!” Zednos panicked as he watched the scene with Damian.

The cradle exploded. Like an active volcano erupting lava, large quantities of demonic energy were scattered everywhere. Tens of thousands of red beads flashed through the mist colored the area. All of them were the eyes of the demons who had just been born.

Yes, demons. They had strength that didn’t compare to demonic creatures. Those who were judged to be ‘elite’ monsters displayed their own powers, just like a great demon.

“What is going on all of a sudden?!”

Zednos became flustered the moment the cradle poured out a large amount of demons since it was originally pouring out of demons and demonic creatures at regular intervals. He was very nervous, so he shot magic at random. Putting aside the ridiculous appearance, the results were enormous.

As a magician who started as a wind magician, he specialized in wide-area magic. He increased his damage by dozens or even hundreds of units with every stack of his magic. His staff increased magic attack power as the number of targets attacked increased, so it helped him by scatter brilliant magic. It was a dragon weapon.

“That cradle... it thinks and judges like an intelligent creature. It seems it judged it will be troublesome when the agricultural fields are completed,” Hurent said with a serious expression. It was while plowing at the land with hundreds of hand plows made of aura. The seeds scattered by Piaro went into it.

“Can’t you hurry up a bit?”

“I’m already doing my best. You have to understand that the pace is slow because there are no nutrients in the ground.”

Even Piaro’s Rapid Growth couldn’t immediately bring the crops to full bloom. The land of hell was that barren. There was no energy not only in the land, but in

nature as a whole. There wasn't much of a difference even when Piaro used Natural State.

It happened as Zednos was becoming even more nervous...

"I'll try to hold out as much as possible, so don't worry and maintain your pace."

Damian held Isabel's portrait in his arms and stepped forward. The consequences of his action were beyond common sense. He only took a few steps, but the bodies of the demons that rushed at him shattered and turned to ash.

Damian, the leader of the Overgeared God Church—he reached the stage where every step contained the technique of the sword dance. His sword dance was endlessly perfected and circulated in everyday life. He was a genius representing Japan.

"Phew," the admiring Hurent whistled.

In the worst case scenario, he was determined to leave clearing the land to Piaro and participate in the battle himself, but Damian's skills were beyond imagination. At this point, he somehow felt sorry for Lauel.

Piaro, Damian, Zednos, and himself—he hadn't been very happy when he first saw the list of party members.

Piaro was still the strongest in his heart.

Damian was an otaku who carried Isabel's portrait on his armor and shield, while Zednos was a half-wit who was bossed around by Laella every day.

Putting aside the world's praise of them, they weren't that great in Hurent's eyes. This meant he questioned Lauel's intent behind sending them to escort Piaro, who had various restrictions while creating the agricultural fields. To be honest, he cursed a bit inwardly.

'Now seeing this, it was purely my prejudice.'

Apparently, Hurent had little experience in joint combat with the Overgeared members. He joined the Overgeared Guild too late. Even after joining, he mostly pursued Piaro or went on separate missions with Chris and Haster. Therefore, he didn't appreciate his colleagues.

The somewhat embarrassed Piaro told him the truth, "Damian is your senior."

“...Huh?”

“He learned to work in the fields before you did.”

“Ah... That’s why he is so skilled.”

It was a consensus that was formed among farmers. Hurent also became curious about Damian’s skills at fieldwork.

“.....?”

Damian’s sword, which had sent chills down his spine, subtly slowed down. He deliberately slowed down the pace of hunting demons. For some reason, he felt Hurent’s hot gaze.

‘He is about to make me work in the field.’

It was Damian who had been playing the role of a sandbag every time Grid made a new weapon. Unbeknownst to himself, he became very quick at noticing things.

‘The leader of the Overgeared God Church shouldn’t have dirt on his hands.’

This was when Damian became crazy and started acting like all his skills were on cooldown. He slowed down his hunting speed.

‘...Is it stable?’

Baal was embarrassed by the sudden extermination of the demons who had just been born in the cradle. He frowned when he realized that Grid had done something, only to become relieved. It was because the presence of demons, which repeatedly disappeared as soon as they were born in the cradle, started to remain stable. It meant that the demons had destroyed the trap prepared by Grid.

The relieved Baal withdrew his attention from the cradle.

Next, he communicated with the red lump of flesh.

The red lump of flesh—it was the main culprit who distorted hell by projecting the hell moon and was also the production material of Asura. Perhaps Baal was the only one he trusted or relied on.

‘Send things that might pose a threat to Grid.’

Baal conveyed his will to the red flesh. The reaction came immediately. Through Baal's shadow, a 'door' opened and the head of a certain figure rose up.

The person who slowly emerged—he had the face of the yangban Garam. He exuded an aura that was incomparable to his lifetime. It was because Garam was helped by Baal when he was processing the energy of a God Killer. Of course, Garam didn't want such help. Baal tore apart Garam's soul and used it as inspiration and Garam naturally developed in the process.

“Gri...”

Garam had a displeased expression on his face, only to become filled with joy when he found Grid. His eyes were shining when he disappeared. Yes, he disappeared. He was sucked back through the door.

“.....?”

Baal was puzzled. That door that had been opened in the shadow under his feet closed without a trace.

Beyond that, the Overgeared members were active underground. Yura sniped the dead people that the flesh endlessly produced and Faker assassinated them. The flesh's ranged attacks targeted Yura first, but they were somehow blocked by Leraje and Toban.

Mir had barely managed to grab Garam and pulled him back, reuniting with him after a long absence.

“Mir, you... did you become Grid's subordinate? Even if you betrayed Hanul, I can't understand why you became Grid's subordinate. Isn't it a waste of the freedom you have gained?”

“Even if you search all over the world, there is nothing more valuable than Grid.”

“Hahat...? You are a fanatic. You are insignificant, just like a bastard who was born to be a puppet of a god in the first place.”

Mir and Garam clashed.

Blood gushed from both their bodies at the same time. Mir was superior in turns of pure sword skills, but the energy of a God Killer was a problem. The energy of a God Killer contained in Garam's Formless Will left wounds on Mir's body and soul

just by brushing against him. If they were hurt equally, then Mir would naturally be the one who received a bigger loss.

Currently, Garam's body was composed of the fragments of red flesh. Even if he was hurt, he would regenerate immediately due to the red flesh.

"Hey, sausage. Why don't you summon the souls of other yangbans as well?" Garam urged the lump of red flesh.

Flinch.

Does it have a sense of reason? The red lump of flesh trembled in displeasure but soon started to form new bodies. It was the flesh of dead yangbans. They slowly opened their eyes and lined up behind Garam.

"Many of you have died. All of you must've been killed by Grid. Don't you feel guilty when you see us?"

Their animosity and killing intent was directed at Mir. They were reborn as a concept similar to a demon and they were as strong as one.

A combination of a half-god and demon—they were reborn as a never before seen existence and there was a special aspect to them.

"Mir looks to be in danger. I think we need to clean up the yangbans first."

"No."

Yura shook her head at Faker's opinion.

The Demon Slayer—she had been attacking hell alone and her extraordinary eyes were able to see through the weakness of the red flesh.

"Every time it separates the flesh and reduces its size in order to shape another being, its offensive stops for a moment. The offensive doesn't stop when it recovers the flesh, it is hard to say it can't do both things at once. I think it is right to interpret it as its attitude changing passively."

The red flesh removed its own flesh to form the bodies of the dead. Why did its attitude change passively every time? It was because it became vulnerable. It judged that it would be dangerous if it was attacked at this time, so it was taking care of itself.

Faker was convinced after hearing Yura's explanation.

The two people concentrated. They kept an eye on the red flesh while saving their ultimate moves for the moment when it created a new existence.

-...Kiyaaaaaaah!

For the first time, significant damage was done.

“.....”

The red light leaking into the ruined great hall was deflected at an angle. It was the aftermath of the shaking of the moon that decorated the black hell sky. It was proof that the red flesh projecting the hell moon was shaken. Unknowingly, the humans who infiltrated the underground were playing their part...

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“You... you’ve prepared thoroughly this time.”

Grid grinned at Baal, who was trying to talk with a calm face.

“It was set up by Yura. I just inserted a spoon into it.”

“The Demon Slayer...”

Yura, the present day Demon Slayer, had surpassed Alex at some point. The reason where she was more difficult to handle than Alex was that she was cautious. Yura never appeared in front of Baal, unlike Alex, who came to Baal himself under the illusion that he was far superior to a demon. She used Alex’s failures as a lesson and was always behind the scenes.

It felt like a dirty bug running through his whole house. She was a really annoying person.

“Well, it’s fine... if I kill you today and evolve further... I will be able to find and eliminate even the timid Demon Slayer without difficulty.”

This wasn’t a big deal for Baal, even without the support of the red flesh. He gave orders not only to the Demon’s Cradle, but also the great demons who served him. The rulers of hell would soon arrive here with their respective armies and would consume Grid. He just had to finish exhausting Grid.

Was it possible that Grid was truly invincible? No way. Even the Gods of the Beginning and the Old Dragons weren't invincible. Every time the demons stabbed their blades into Grid or cast magic at him, he would surely weaken.

Buzz buzz...

Baal still held the sword containing strong magic power and silently waited for the right time. He happily thought about how to mock Grid, who would shrink back at the sight of the soon to arrive reinforcements.

However, the surroundings were quiet as time passed. There were no signs of an army coming.

"This is how I am different from you, who has grown stronger alone."

Grid drove a wedge into Baal, who was thinking the worst.

Baal's eyes shot up in a terrible manner.

A person who grew stronger by compressing time—right now, the one who was growing stronger in real time was talking shamelessly, so his killing intent surged.

"...There will be limits to growth."

The veins wriggled over the back of Baal's hand as he gripped his demon sword. The target of the sword lowering at an angle was Grid's neck.

"Even if I suffer death in return for killing you and you repeatedly become stronger because of it, there will be limits in the end. Can you deny that this isn't the case?"

'Why is he suddenly in a rush?'

Another Tomb's cooldown was still a long way from ending. If Baal really attacked now, he wouldn't be able to deal reflection damage and Baal would see through his weakness...

It was a tense moment for Grid.

"Voila. It is the appearance of reinforcements."

Just then, Great Demon Rose arrived at the scene. Since she was too insignificant, she could respond to Baal's call without being kept in check by Braham.

“...Hmm.” Thanks to this, Baal calmed down. His agitation subsided and he took back the demon sword.

“.....”

Grid had almost lost ten years of his life. Grid even felt a faint liking toward Rose.

Baal had no way of knowing Grid’s intentions and declared, “By my authority, I will give you the 9th throne, Rose.”

It was the birth of a new single digit great demon, and it was even a player. The world was turned upside down.

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“By my authority, I will give you the 9th throne, Rose.”

“.....!”

Rose’s eyes shook violently.

A single digit great demon—she gained a position that no player had dreamed of. It wasn’t an illusion. She was directly singled out by Baal in a situation where she was facing Grid.

“...Hahat! Ahahahat!”

A stage that attracted the attention of the whole world—Rose felt great excitement just by being on stage alongside the ‘protagonist’ named Grid, and trembled. She felt like she was proudly starring in a lead role.

Of course, it was as a villain. Most of the people watching this moment would be pouring out all types of accusations and curses, saying that she was a demon’s lackey. It was okay. The more immersed the audience was, the higher her value would increase.

‘Grid started as a villain as well.’

Technically, it seemed he didn’t start out as a villain and was simply a madman, but...

In any case, it was a world where awareness was directly linked to power. Just as Grid, who was a player like everyone else, had been reborn as the main character of the world, she could also set the stage for becoming the second main character from today...

Rose thought up to this point and became motivated.

[Will you accept the proposal of the 1st Great Demon, 'Baal'?]

It happened as she was about to answer 'yes' to the notification window that popped into his sight...

-It is great that you gained Baal's trust so quickly. Your qualities are really like a demon.

Someone's voice directly rang in her brain. It was a familiar voice.

The Great Demon of Conflict, Amoract—she was the master Rose originally served.

-Child. Surprisingly, Baal is at a disadvantage. Grid's subordinates are active at every major base and the whereabouts of the Old Dragon brought by Grid are also unknown. Think about what might be behind Baal's intention to give strength to you at this time. It isn't worth it to move according to Baal's will now. You won't get much results and you will be used as an arrow in the quiver.

Amoract's advice was valid. Rose was slightly moved. To be worried and give advice to a subordinate who ran away after stabbing her in the back...

At this point, wasn't she an angel rather than a demon?

'That is why she is a fool.'

Rose's brightly shining eyes cooled down.

-You intend to drive me against Baal. You're the Great Demon of Conflict. Yes, that's it. Just stay backstage and watch as you usually do, you old hag who is chained up and unable to do anything.

In the first place, Rose didn't trust Amoract.

The Great Demon of Conflict—Amoract's essence was to encourage conflict, although Rose had never personally witnessed any power related to conflict. It was understandable to be wary. In the end—

Rose ignored Amorract's subsequent persuasions and accepted Baal's offer. An explosion occurred around Rose. It was an explosion created by a powerful wave of demonic energy. It was powerful enough that Grid's divinity shook despite maintaining a fairly long distance. Lightning bolts crackled among the still surging demonic energy.

Rose's eyes revealed through the gap were red.

[A new 9th Great Demon has been born.]

[It is Rose, the Demon of Betrayal.]

“.....”

The soaring demonic energy started to sink calmly. Like melting chocolate, it flowed down Rose's body and hardened. Rose was soon dressed in a pitch-black dress that was as hard as iron armor and let out her stopped breath.

“Hah... I'm ecstatic.”

The world seen by a transcendent was somewhat familiar to Rose. However, at this moment, she was born as a being close to an Absolute, not a transcendent. It wasn't just because she was a single digit great demon.

[The existence who gave birth to you is right by your side. Your magic power and status are greatly increased.]

Rose stood beside Baal and became close to an Absolute. Some of Baal's power was being shared with her. It was a benefit of being reborn as a close aide of the 1st Great Demon.

“Grid.” Rose's movement through the air left afterimages. It was proof that she was incredibly fast. The viewers were extremely nervous. “I've admired you for a long time. It was from the time you oppressed me with great power. From that time on, I had the dream of being like you.”

Strength—it was a concept that everyone yearned for. In order to obtain simple freedom, strength was sometimes needed. Moreover, Rose was a woman of great ambition. She always wanted to gain great strength and power and rule over others. She felt the desire to become like Grid more than anyone else. The look in her eyes as she stared at Grid's splendid, blooming orange divinity that flowed like long hair was pure, unadulterated love.

“So today and in the future, I will bring you down. Until you also come to admire me. That is how our relationship will be complete.”

‘...Is she crazy?’

Grid didn’t see her as a normal person from the time Rose described herself as ‘oppressed.’ It was because the nature of the oppression she mentioned was retribution. Rose had simply paid the price for her sins. She shouldn’t talk like a victim.

‘A normal person wouldn’t be doing all this bullshit.’

Originally, there were few normal people among the transcendents or rankers. Wasn’t the habit of relentlessly digging into one field a form of mental illness in itself? It made him wonder such ridiculous questions.

Grid’s impression of her went up to there. He wasn’t very interested in Rose’s character personally, no matter what she said. He just felt a bit of gratitude. ‘Let’s match her properly and buy time until the cooldown of Another Tomb ends.’
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“The silent attitude is cool as well.”

Rose smiled and checked the newly created powers and skills.

Tightrope Walking. Each power and skill had a similar name. It was just as shown by the title of Demon of Betrayal. The system seemed to notice that she constantly changed factions.

‘It isn’t bad.’

It was just like the name, Tightrope Walking. Most of Rose’s newly acquired skills had high reliance on ‘probability.’ It didn’t exert great power on average, but had a low probability of exerting a tremendous power. Without any luck, the level was lower than normal skills. Nevertheless, Rose thought positively.

Grid and the Overgeared members—it wasn’t enough to fight and win against them, who were stronger than her, with normal level skills. It was important that there was a chance of getting a glimpse of some odds of winning, even if the probability was low.

[You have activated the power of Tightrope Walking.]

[Two major stats will increase slightly or by 3x and two major stats will decrease slightly or by 3x.]

[Critical probability will increase to 100% or decrease slightly.]

[The weak point attack probability will increase to 100% or decrease slightly.]

[Magic power will increase slightly or significantly.]

Rose was ready for battle. She overlapped skills that she didn't know would be buffs or debuffs. The target was Grid.

Her purpose wasn't victory. She thought it would be enough if she could put her name on Grid's myth, even if she lost. It was because she believed that this weak start would serve as a stepping stone for a great and brilliant future.

As the buffs overlapped, she turned into something other than human. Then Baal handed her the demon sword. It was the demon sword where powerful energy was condensed. Rose felt the power in it and was thrilled.

“Baal, it is good to be loyal to you.”

She felt sorry for her past self who suspected that he might be a rotten rope. Rose sincerely thought this. Maybe this—

Wasn't she capable of competing with Grid? In fact, this was the intent she moved with. Didn't she get the demon sword with Baal's magic power condensed? This meant that Baal had chosen her as Grid's opponent. A proper fight could be established.

“Finally... I'm finally at the same eye level as you, Grid.”

The twisted longing distorted Rose's expression in an even more grotesque manner. It was a moment that sent chills down the viewers' spine.

Rose sped forward. She left dozens and hundreds of layers of afterimages. The demon sword in her hand carved dark lines along the path she passed. It was a line that cut through the landscape. It was the sight of a new horizon overlapping on the horizon.

It was very unrealistic. In the first place, the whole situation was out of touch with reality.

A player who became a great demon—the beam of magic emanating from her fingertips as she wielded the demon sword that Baal directly handed to her turned everything she touched to ashes. It was completely beyond the realm of a player.

It was clearly threatening to Grid. The result couldn't be predicted at all. The situation itself was wrong, so it didn't seem strange if Grid was defeated like this.

The baptism of magic that Rose fired grazed Grid's body every time. Rose hadn't reached the realm of an Absolute even though she obtained Baal's buff directly. It was nearly impossible for her attacks to reach Grid in the first place.

However, the demon sword imbued with Baal's will was different. It relentlessly pursued Grid, who dodged with spectacular movements, and succeeded in cutting his chest. Baal's magic power that was concentrated on the demon sword swelled greatly.

It was as if the sun was rising. It was the precursor of an explosion that would devour the whole area.

“Ah.”

At the entrance of Baal's city—Jishuka and Vantner lamented as they were using the evil eyes' king as a shield to suppress Asura's head. It was because they witnessed the crisis of Grid with their vision that was in the transcendent realm.

Grid was fading. His orange divinity was being swallowed up by the black sun of the demon sword. The attack completed at Rose's fingertips was undoubtedly Baal's strength.

It was a time when everyone in the world realized it and despaired. In the midst of the black sun, the remnants of the orange divinity that was being extinguished shook. It was a feeble movement like a candle just about to go out.

The result was great.

Cutting something in half.

Defying the Natural Order, made by Grid to bring down the sky, easily cut apart the artificial sun made by a great demon.

The black sun split in half. The vast amount of magic power that should've caused an explosion soon scattered helplessly in all directions.

Rose's head floated through the black haze. It was separated from her body. She wandered around with a shocked expression before turning to ashes. The ashes created by her death didn't soar into the sky. It was absorbed by Baal, who was approaching from right behind her.

A smile spread across Baal's face as he stared at Grid with bright eyes.

"This type of armor doesn't accumulate damage. As expected, there were restrictions. This is the way it should be."

Rose's death only benefited Baal. Baal's attitude changed actively because he grasped Grid's state in the short time she was active.

'Shit.' Grid frowned. He originally meant to buy time, but he failed. The power of the demon sword wielded by Rose was so strong that he was forced to fight back, killing Rose with a single blow. The cost was disastrous. Baal's nails penetrated his absolute defense and struck Grid's face. His curved fingers grabbed Grid's chin and snapped his neck.

Grid counterattacked. Due to his strangely curved vision, he couldn't discern Baal's location with his eyes. He just relied on his artificial senses to attack. Defying the Natural Order was so powerful even with a basic hit. Baal's flesh was peeled off, his bones were crushed, and blood gushed out.

Nevertheless, it wasn't enough power to lead to death. Baal's superfast regeneration instantly healed the wounds.

"You can't die? I'll check for myself if it is true."

Baal was immune to the five fusion sword dances and below. Therefore, there was no reason to be too afraid of a counterattack by Grid.

After kicking Grid off, he shot a beam of magic power that occupied Grid's back, forcing him to consume an action to cut the beam. Then he hit the top of Grid's head with his elbow and repeatedly cut him with the summoned demon sword.

Baal's power and speed pressing down on Grid were the same as the beginning. On the other hand, Grid became faster and stronger than the beginning. Even so, he couldn't help accumulating wounds. The tide of the fight gradually turned in Baal's favor.

This was until Evil Dragon Bunhelier, whose presence had faded to the point where people had forgotten him, arrived. A mouse ran to the side of Grid's face as he landed on the ground and shouted, "Get on! Squeak!"

It was a real mouse.

To be more precise, it was Bunhelier, who polymorphed into a mouse. The great Old Dragon had become as small as possible in order to completely hide his appearance. He hid his magic power and looked at the situation. Then he saw an opportunity and ran in.

"This is our chance! Squeak! Quickly!"

"....."

Grid was about to ask if he was embarrassed, but stopped. In the first place, there was little difference between a human and a mouse in the cognition of Old Dragons.

'I don't think that is the case?'

Bunhelier had a history of mating with human women and having children. There was no way he would treat humans and mice equally. If he did, there would be a serious problem.

...No, it didn't matter now.

Grid shook off all the ridiculous thoughts that came to mind and turned around while lying on the ground. He lay his back on top of Bunhelier's small, chubby body.

Baal didn't notice at all. In the first place, Baal believed that Bunhelier had escaped from this place. It was because the nose of an Old Dragon was pointed higher than the celestial gods. He would be ashamed by the fact that he was shackled by magic the moment he appeared and would've left. Baal never imagined that he would be looking for an opportunity after turning into a mouse.

".....?!"

Baal's eyes widened as he aimed the demon sword with condensed magic power at Grid. Grid, who had been rolling across the ground just now, was right in front of him.

A storm blew—it was a wild wind created by the flapping of the wings of Evil Dragon Bunhelier, who revealed his true body. The surface of Defying the Natural Order glowed red. The heat of the Red Phoenix rekindled the flames of the Fire Dragon Trauka. It had the effect of drastically reducing Baal's fire resistance and magic resistance. Furthermore, reflective damage was applied proportional to Grid's magic power, willpower, and weapon damage.

After finally borrowing the power of the activated Dragon Knight, Grid's six fusion sword dance mangled the weakened Baal. Baal wasn't able to easily cope with the form of Defying the Natural Order that kept changing according to the sword path.

Disintegrate and Meteor launched a series of bombardments. Baal's body was shattered, pierced, and crushed, and he didn't have any time to regenerate.

[All your stats are tripled with the effect of Dragon Knight.]

[There is an 85% chance of 'Defying the Natural Order' neutralizing the target's defense skills, magic, and powers.]

[The effect of 'Defying the Natural Order' has greatly increased the damage dealt to a great demon.]

[The effect of 'Defying the Natural Order' has greatly increased the weapon damage in dark places.]

The damage increase effect was repeatedly stacked up.

“...Kuaaakl!”

Baal died again.

It wasn't over. He immediately overcame death and first activated a curse spell. It was a curse that only applied to Bunhelier. It was intended to kick Bunhelier completely out of hell after he dared to reappear and interfere. However, no target was specified. The curse spell didn't find Bunhelier and scattered pointlessly.

Squeak squeak!

The cry of a mouse was heard in the distance...

Before he knew it, Grid was alone again and trying to pretend he didn't know anything.

