

Overgeared

c 1841-1850

Overgeared

Chapter 1841

The god of the surface and the king of hell were fighting in a thunderous manner. Compared to them, a very small and insignificant black mouse hid in the rubble of the collapsed castle.

‘This is for the best right now.’

Squeak squeak! Squeak!

The round eyes of the mouse weren’t shaken as he cleaned his fur that was soaked with blood that poured like torrential rain from the Absolutes. It was proof that he had confidence in his judgment and actions.

It was natural. An Old Dragon was a being who believed ‘my way is the truth.’ He had polymorphed into the form of a lowly creature, but Bunhelier never doubted himself. He didn’t even feel shame. It was because his very existence was an honor. It didn’t matter what he looked like or what he did. The value of an Old Dragon was immutable, but...

‘Baal has better defenses than I expected. He is unrivaled when it comes to tricks.’

In the process of collaborating with Baal in the past to drive Nevartan insane, Bunhelier was unknowingly cursed by Baal. Not only was he unable to exert his full power in hell, but he was also bound as soon as he became targeted by Baal. He tried his best to resist, but it was useless. Baal had prepared more means and methods. Bunhelier was at a disadvantage because Baal was in a position to control all of hell.

In any case, facing Baal head-on in his current state was nothing but suicide. He hid in the form of a mouse. It was just like before. The moment when Baal’s senses focused on Grid and he narrowed the vision of the hell moon—

Little Bunhelier planned to aim for that moment to run to Grid and get Grid on his back.

“Bunhelier...! You managed to hide so well in a manner that isn’t befitting your size!” Baal shouted after losing his life once because of Bunhelier, who appeared out of nowhere like an illusion. He didn’t lose his composure just because he died once. He just raised his voice to provoke Bunhelier.

It was meaningless. Despite the provocation, Bunhelier was as quiet as a mouse.

‘This is a headache. He didn’t get caught in the hell moon’s surveillance.’

By sharing his senses with the moon that distorted hell, Baal’s vision extended throughout hell. Most areas could be monitored in real time, except for the areas of Amoract, Leraje, and Eligos, as well as some safe zones. But now was an exception. It was because the vision of the hell moon was heavily focused on searching for Bunhelier.

In fact, Baal had been wary of Bunhelier from the beginning. It was because he was an Old Dragon. He couldn’t let go of the potential of Grid’s Dragon Knight. Baal made it a basic premise of this war not to allow Grid and Bunhelier to cooperate.

Yet he allowed it once. At some point, Bunhelier escaped the surveillance of the hell moon and suddenly appeared to cooperate with Grid.

‘Could it be that he turned into a creature smaller than a human?’

He might be weakened, but he was an Old Dragon. He was a master of magic. In other words, it was easy for Bunhelier to erase his traces. The only way for Baal to find him was to follow Bunhelier with his eyes, but Bunhelier was nowhere to be seen. It could simply be inferred that Bunhelier had ‘become smaller.’

‘There is a high chance he is mixed among demons.’

Baal’s consciousness turned toward the gate. It was the place where Asura’s head and the demons protecting it were fighting against the intruders. There were thousands of demonic creatures there. There was a high chance that Bunhelier had changed into the same appearance as them and mixed in with them.

Laughter emerged. The demons who were escort demons usually took the form of ‘dogs.’ He was dumbfounded when he imagined that an Old Dragon had polymorphed into the shape of a dog. He almost felt sympathy.

That’s right. Even the great Baal was limited to thinking about dogs. He never imagined that a dragon would polymorph into a mouse...

“Evil Dragon Bunhelier... you are a cunning bastard who isn’t obsessed with pride. You are the only Old Dragon that has ever turned into a demonic creature and crawled on the ground, and you will be the only one in the future.”

The eyes of the hell moon moved again according to Baal’s will during the provocation. Tens of thousands of eyes watched the demons at the entrance to Baal’s castle.

“.....”

Grid’s expression wasn’t comfortable as he quietly watched the situation. He realized the sacrifice of Bunhelier, who risked the humiliation of turning into a mouse to catch Baal off guard. He felt respect and gratitude for Bunhelier, who came up with and carried out the best method in the worst case situation.

‘I have to do my best as well.’

According to Grid’s plan, Baal should’ve died at least 20 times by now. However, Baal became stronger than expected and Grid only managed to kill him five times. It wasn’t enough to shake Baal’s mentality. Then, as he was feeling nervous, Grid witnessed Bunhelier’s sacrifice.

The weakest and the worst of the Old Dragons—in many ways, he didn’t think highly of Bunhelier, but Bunhelier was still an Old Dragon. In a new and unexpected way, he seemed great.

Grid wanted to emulate him. He carefully calmed down his anxious mind.

‘The sword dance below a five fusion one is meaningless.’

It might be different in the Overgeared World, but it was too much to rely on just a single six fusion sword dance. Basically, there were too many movements. He had to do all six sword dances to complete the six fusion sword dance. If it was blocked in the process, it would be judged to be a sword dance that was less than a six fusion one.

Then Baal would be immune.

Grid recalled his skills other than swordsmanship. They were the skills obtained by completing various quests and from the Martial God's secret techniques. He also checked the types and functions of the magic he learned from Braham and the skills attached to his items.

Baal had been pressing Grid using the power of those killed by Grid. In other words, he was denying the path that Grid had walked. Ironically, Grid had to trust and rely on the path he had taken to fight and win against Baal.

This wasn't just a brawl. It was also a stage where Grid's life was being put to the test. Above all, the future of humanity was at stake...

An order to gather—hundreds of God Hands gathered around Grid. The swords and shields they were armed with were returned to Grid's inventory.

A golden sun rose. It was a sun made by the God Hands binding together to form a circle. It was brilliant, unlike the black sun created through Baal's magic. Grid stood in the center of the sun and transformed Twilight. It was a greatbow resembling Trauka's roaring head. It was the dragon weapon he made for Jishuka.

[Fire Dragon's Roar]

[Rating: Myth.

Durability: Infinite Attack Power: 25,020 novelbuddy.com

★ Create a magic arrow every time the bowstring is pulled. The magic arrow's attack power is affected by the user's strength, agility, intelligence, and the total amount of invested resources.

★ There will be additional attack power the fewer the number of arrows on the bowstring.

★ The greater the number of arrows on the bowstring, the higher the absolute accuracy rate.

★ The longer the time the bowstring is pulled, the more the attack power increases.

★ The shorter the time the bowstring is pulled, the higher the firing speed.

★ The absolute hit rate is always increased.

★ The constant burst firing rate is increased.]

Etc, etc.

Originally, the basic effects of Fire Dragon's Roar was optimized for archers. However, various effects were added to the Fire Dragon's Roar that Grid reproduced with Twilight. It was because it was, as proven by its infinite durability, influenced by the material called 'Greed.'

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

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

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

★ There is a probability of Disintegrate and Meteor occurring while attacking.]

The weapon that Grid recreated with Item Transformation—its current form was more powerful than the original. It was the result of the growth of Greed. It was the result of his work with Braham.

An arrow made of orange divinity—the fully pulled bowstring aimed at Baal and fired with a roar. The impact was huge. It was like a real dragon shooting a Breath.

Baal snorted while the world was feeling shocked. "What are you going to do with a bow?"

Basically, projectiles were bad against Absolutes. No matter how fast a projectile was, it couldn't exceed the reaction speed of an Absolute. Of course, the Fire Dragon's Roar had an absolute accuracy rate. The arrow shot by Grid chased after Baal like a guided bullet, rendering dodging meaningless.

It was useless. In the first place, Baal didn't dodge the arrow. He swung his demon sword lightly at it. The arrow of divinity failed to hit the target after it was cut in half by the sword. It scattered light and fell helplessly.

『 This is the reason why ranged dealers have low success rates in a solo raid. It is a weakness that becomes more apparent as the level of the enemy increases. 』

The experts who silently supported Grid throughout the battle started to carefully give an explanation. There were many viewers who sympathized. No one understood why Grid had to take out the bow weapon.

Only one person—Jishuka was the only exception.

“Isn’t this the best?”

Flash!

A light flashed at the edge of Jishuka’s vision as she contemplated the battlefield like a satellite. It was a trajectory created by the fall of a spear made of magic power. It was Disintegrate. It was the magic created by Grid’s attack.

“Bah.”

The spear of magic falling overhead—Baal easily responded to it. This was a tactic that he had already dealt with several times in previous battles. Baal was learning that Grid’s attacks had a chance of triggering Disintegrate and Meteor. It wasn’t easy for him to be hit.

Of course, Grid didn’t think Baal would be easily hit either. Therefore, he took out a bow. Due to the combination of Weapons Mastery and Bow Mastery, Grid’s firing speed continued to accelerate. It was also the combination of the thimble that was based on the design that Jishuka personally obtained and Fire Dragon’s Roar.

The biggest advantage of archery was that he could act freely from a distance. Unlike swordsmanship, where he had to swing after putting the target in a ‘distance’ that was within reach, he could fire at the target to his heart’s content even from a distance with archery. Unless he allowed the enemy to approach, it was possible to shoot dozens of arrows in the time it took to swing the sword ten times. Additionally, the probability of triggering Disintegrate and Meteor due to Greed increased exponentially as the number of attacks increased.

A torrent of arrows rushed from all directions. The magic power spears and meteorites hurled toward the head of Baal, who slashed to block it. Finally, it covered the ground with shadows. There were just so many of them. It became physically impossible to dodge, so Baal focused his magic on his self-defense armor, rather than the demon sword.

Even Disintegrate and Meteor failed to penetrate Baal’s defense. However, Meteor’s principle of operation was to bring down meteorites from space. There

was a 'weight.' Baal's body was unable to bear the overlapping weight and was crushed to the ground.

This was the situation that Grid had been aiming for. He couldn't use Shunpo due to the barrier blocking all types of movement skills, so he just rushed forward and reached Baal using pure speed. He completed the six fusion sword dance while Baal was raising himself up.

The jet black self-defense armor was torn to shreds. The power of the six fusion sword dance wielded by Defying the Natural Order exceeded Baal's defense. The high probability of a critical hit and weak point attack was particularly threatening.

[The King of Hell fell after being struck by an arrow shot by God and died.]

A sentence was added to the epic.

Even his skill as an archer was the GOAT.

The imposing sight of Grid decapitating Baal and then stepping back to once again load more arrows stirred the world.

Overgeared

Chapter 1842

It was a vast wilderness, desolate without a single blade of grass. There was only gray and barren land as far as the eyes could see.

That was the case until just a little while ago.

Kurururung!

There was a roar and the ground shook. Finally, it cracked and collapsed. The hilly terrain formed was very wide. In the midst of it, a color was added. It was a red light. It was a color caused by lava flowing down every gap in the terribly damaged ground.

"Kikik... I can't believe it..."

At the center of the newly formed hilly area, there was a demon lying motionless and submerged in lava. It was originally a great demon.

The single digit great demon who used his own power to occupy the 9th throne that had become vacant after the Great Human and Demon War—he rushed to the city at Baal’s call only to be attacked by a magician. As he was being pushed on the defensive, he was stripped of his throne.

It was by Baal. The throne that he took purely with his own power—that which he believed was entirely his abandoned him the moment Baal desired it.

“I have been dancing on the palm of his hand from the beginning... Kukuk.”

The demon who became a great demon, Daltonjyul, laughed. He hated Baal, not the magician in front of him who made him this way.

Braham, the magician who stood stepping on his shoulder, opened his mouth, “The problem is that you, a demon, trusted and devoted your loyalty to others.”

It was obvious ridicule. It was as if he was speaking to the demons who must be watching the scene from somewhere.

“Is it reasonable for an evil demon who enjoys deceiving and harming others to trust and serve others?”

Demons easily betrayed others. It was right to keep in mind that they could always be betrayed by others as well. However, the demons who served Baal all trusted him. They served him like he was a monarch, a parent, and a teacher. At this point, they weren’t evil demons but innocent beings. They had an extremely positive view of the world.

“Yes... it wasn’t supposed to be like this. So why...” Daltonjyul’s eyes shook violently as he muttered. He looked confused. Why did he trust Baal and was loyal to him? No matter what favor Baal showed him, it was right to feel doubt and dream of betrayal.

Yet he didn’t do that Was he brainwashed without knowing it? No matter how he looked back, there were no signs of it.

Braham looked down at the confused demon and realized something. ‘They aren’t innately evil.’

The present hell was distorted. It had developed into a completely different form from Yatan’s intention to create this place as a ‘shelter’ for the dead.

Were demons evil in the first place? Were they called demons in the first place?

It was said that the hell of the past that Grid saw in the No Offspring Tomb wasn't much different from the surface. It was as ordinary as the safe zones where Yatan's statues were located. Yes, they would've been normal at first. There was no reason why beings born in hell should be born evil. Just like the humans born on the surface, some were good and others were evil. It was reasonable to think that the demons and demonic creatures of hell also had different natures.

'I am the proof right now.'

I, Braham, am good even though I was born the child of the great demon, Beriache.

"....."

Above the hills, Peak Sword frowned as he watched the situation with Huroi and Laella. He suddenly became annoyed as he looked at Braham's thoughtful face while stepping on the demon.

"Are you jealous of his handsome looks?" Laella pointed out the attitude of Peak Sword.

Peak Sword shook his head. "There is no reason for a person like me to be envious of other people's faces. How should I say this... I feel bad all of a sudden? Aren't Braham's eyes really annoying today?"

"Isn't it really jealousy? You have the right face to be jealous."

"I agree with Miss Laella. But apart from that, Braham's eyes are different from usual. They are clear and shiny... it doesn't fit..."

"Right? I'm sure he is thinking something strange."

"A-Are you saying he might troll again?"

"Maybe?"

Braham's contemplation had so much impact that it made Peak Sword, Huroi, and Laella extremely nervous.

Daltonjyul also read something strange from it. "What is that look in your eyes...? Don't tell me you are feeling sorry for me? You dare... how dare you sympathize with this body, a ruler of hell?"

Daltonjyul was consumed by rage and he wasn't rational. He forgot the situation where he was shot down by Braham's magic and gritted his teeth. He had the

intention of striking Braham to death instantly. Braham increased his weight by thousands of times through magic and crushed the demon's skull. "This bug bastard is noisy."

Bam!

Daltonjyul's head was crushed like a watermelon. A red pool of blood formed in the center of the hilly area caused by the aftermath of his fall.

Braham's eyes shifted as he pushed the blood away with gravity magic. It was in the direction of Baal's castle. The sky was dyed black, but there was a sunset that flashed and disappeared from moment to moment. It was a sight made by the battle between Grid and Baal.

'The source of all evil.'

Was there anything else more appropriate to describe Baal? This pure evil was the original evil that stained all beings in hell with evil. He must disappear for the sake of the future that Grid dreamed of. It was even for the sake of avenging his mother.

But would it be easy?

A being with infinite lives—it was impossible to extinguish the one who immediately resurrected when killed. Even Braham couldn't find a way with all his knowledge.

However, Grid didn't discuss what was possible and what was impossible. He simply defined it as 'a thing to be done' and started a war.

'It is the right thing to do.'

Hell's demons shouldn't be left alone to be comfortable. The really fearful thing about demons wasn't their force. It was that they could eat away at towns and cities while disguised as ordinary humans in places unknown to Grid and the apostles.

The strength of the demons was that they could blend into society and kill people. It was important not to give them a chance to do so.

'Kill as many as possible.'

Braham turned his eyes in the opposite direction. The demons and demonic creatures who responded to Baal's call were coming in large numbers from beyond

the horizon. The number was much lower than it was in the beginning. Piaro seemed to have succeeded in completing the agricultural fields and weakening the cradle.

The Braham-style Enhanced Mana Drain was activated. It was to absorb mana from Daltonjyul's body. The power of the dark attribute magic was amplified many times over. The waves of dark magic power swallowed up all the demons and demonic creatures.

The remnants, who survived with their high magic resistance, were intercepted by Peak Sword. The counterattack was fierce, but it was interrupted by Laella's decisive magic. Those who tried to escape were caught by Huroi's provocation and had their ankles grabbed.

Thousands of ashen pillars shot up in a dizzying manner. It was a spectacle that couldn't be compared to fireworks.

'They've all become useful.'

Braham was watching Peak Sword, Laella, and Huroi in a satisfied manner when a voice pierced his ears. It was a voice that shouldn't be heard here.

"I've learned the principles."

It was Baal's voice. It resonated from the traces left by Daltonjyul's death.

A chill went down Braham's spine as he shifted his gaze toward Baal's castle. It was also the final destination of the gray column that had just risen.

Flash!

Flash flash!

It was like watching a player level up. This was the impression Grid got when he saw Baal being surrounded by endlessly falling gray pillars. He wasn't disturbed. He had seen it many times already. The gray pillars—the image of death that represented Satisfy always reached Baal.

It was a process in which Baal's power absorbed the memories and powers of the dead. However, there was no need to be wary. It was because the power and memories of ordinary beings were of no significant help to Baal. In order for Baal to become stronger than he was now, he needed to absorb the power and

memories of legends and transcendents. Their deaths were prevented by Grid. Even at this moment, the Overgeared Guild members on the surface, the rulers of the different species, and the forces of Valhalla were escorting important figures.

Grid paused as he was pulling the bow with a nonchalant expression.

“Braham-style,” Baal slowly opened his mouth like he was savoring it. The flow of the atmosphere changed the moment he mentioned the name. All the mana in the area instantly started to be sucked toward Baal. Even the mana in Grid’s body erupted in reverse. It headed for Baal as if that was the original place.

“Enhanced Mana Drain.”

The completed spell forced the mana even further. All the mana in the area, including Grid’s mana, was absorbed by Baal. Just like Braham absorbed all the mana from the Red Sea and the Abyss, Baal’s demonic energy became immensely powerful.

Baal started at the center of the demonic energy that stretched out like a veil and smiled. It was a smile so big that sharp teeth like a shark were exposed. “It is like this. I feel like I’m becoming stronger by compressing time.”

Just as Baal was the enemy of humanity, Grid was Baal’s enemy.

Grid awakened Baal.

Baal originally wanted to wait for the power of the dead that he absorbed to be digested and fully become his own, but he no longer waited. He devised means and methods to digest it as quickly and efficiently as possible. In the process, he was equipped with a system that made him immune to Grid’s sword dance.

Based on the memories of the beings who were killed by Grid, he learned and analyzed Grid’s sword dance in detail. The reproduction of Braham’s magic was based on the same principle. Baal spent the last few hours analyzing and learning Braham’s magic based on the memories of the demons and demonic creatures who had been killed by Braham. Like Grid, he became stronger in real time.

Baal waved his hand and fired bullets of demonic energy that were dozens of times larger than before. The beams of demonic energy shot from his eyes and mouth were tens of times faster. The power was so strong that it became difficult to dodge.

The protection of the sun sphere, created by the God Hands, became somewhat helpless.

Grid had originally withstood Baal's offensive using the sun sphere, but now he started to run. He moved away from the beams of demonic energy that were pouring down. The speed of aiming the bow at Baal naturally slowed down. It was a slight difference, but it changed the course of the battle significantly.

Baal avoided the baptism of arrows with relative ease and quickly approached Grid. The Disintegrate falling from above was blocked by the much thicker demonic energy and Meteor was split apart by the beams.

"Die."

The demon sword became dozens of times bigger than before and cut at the sun sphere. He undid the bonds of the God Hands with physical force and dug into the sun sphere.

It happened just as the demon sword reached below Grid's chin...

"I won't allow your comfort," Grid declared as his eyes flashed with a different light than before. Mana Drain that increased the amount and strength of magic power—it was judged to be a buff and was torn apart by the Castration Eye.

The size of the demon sword shrank and a gap appeared. Grid aimed for a gap in Baal's awkward posture and grabbed his wrist, pulling him straight into the sun sphere. He released Item Transformation and discarded the bow.

Twilight regained its original appearance and was combined with Defying the Natural Order. The dragon weapon's power was amplified by several times after combining and it pierced Baal's neck.

Stunned by the terrible pain, Baal tried to escape, but it was difficult. There was no way to escape from the sun sphere created by the God Hands, who had joined hands again after the stiffness eased. The God Hands closed the gap even further. They pressed Baal so that he couldn't move.

A small ring—it was within the perfect realm that Grid created using the God Hands. Baal was constantly pierced. All his vital points, including the heart, were pierced one after another.

The metal sun that viewers couldn't look inside—it constantly shook with Grid and Baal trapped inside. Then blood started to pour out. The amount was huge. It was like a waterfall. More blood was shed than what hundreds of humans could shed.

It was the moment when the brilliant and divine golden sun became more dreary than the moon in hell.

How cruel could humans be? At the very least, Grid could be as brutal as Baal. Therefore, he stood at the highest point.

Overgeared

Chapter 1843

A thousand cows—no, even if he slaughtered half this number of cows, he would still be called a master of his craft. However, the number of enemies that Grid had killed was unfathomable. His level, which had reached 900, was the result of countless deaths.

From humans to monsters, half-gods, and demons—Grid was able to draw their anatomical diagrams in his head as soon as he saw them, no matter what shape the target had. It was possible to easily cause a fatal wound and dismantle them in any environment.

Additionally, he now had the strongest sword ever in his hands. Two dragon weapons made from the by-products of an Old Dragon—the sword made by combining them into one almost unconditionally found the enemy's weakness and was incredibly sharp. It was to the extent where Grid just felt that Baal's self-defense and skin were 'a bit tough.'

The king of hell, who reigned as an invincible being and determined the fate of hell and the surface, was reduced to the status of livestock to be slaughtered.

The sound of the magical self-defense and skin being pierced and slashed echoed eerily. The sound of bones being smashed and organs bursting was a bonus.

Baal had the illusion that a swarm of bees was buzzing through his mind. He kept getting goosebumps and his back was tingling.

“.....”

Baal's vision turned white as he looked down at his belly that was split apart the moment it regenerated. It hurt terribly. He had always taken his wounds lightly because he was in a position to overcome them. After witnessing his organs being pulled out and smashed several times in front of his eyes, the concept of being a brain in a vat dominated his mind.

“...Kuock!”

Baal naturally resisted. He actively utilized his natural power by using the skills he had stolen from those who died and fell into hell. However, things didn't work out as planned. It was because the metal hands held each other and pressed on him, narrowing the gap.

The God Hands—Grid's artifacts, which had been increased to hundreds, created a circular space and it was a prison that Baal had never experienced before. It gradually narrowed and robbed Baal of his freedom.

Baal couldn't move as much as he wanted because they didn't break even when he hit them with all his might. At first, he thought it was okay. He was able to regenerate faster than he was cut, stabbed, and wounded by Grid. Grid had most of his sword dances sealed and wasn't necessarily powerful. Even if Baal died, he could overcome it.

Baal was confident that he could hold out forever until this pressure was lifted. This was what he thought a while ago.

Bam bam!

“...Kuaaaaack!”

Baal let out the scream that he had barely been able to contain. It was around this time that the power contained in Grid's sword became even stronger than before. Before he could finish regenerating, new wounds tore him apart and inflicted even greater pain.

It was only then that Baal realized his own death. Grid becoming stronger in real time meant he was dead.

“This... this jerk...” Baal cursed in a low voice. There was no time to be conscious of the epic. He felt confused. It was because emotions he didn't understand came flooding in. Was this the feeling of the toys he had played with so far?

The emotion that rose up along with such a ridiculous idea—it was fear. For the last thousands of years, Baal had planned, witnessed, and learned about countless deaths. He had always savored with interest the despair, sadness, pain, and fear felt by the dead, and it went beyond the level of familiarity.

However, he hadn't experienced it himself. Thus, he had been enjoying it happily without sympathizing with the feelings of the dead. Then at this moment, it became a reality.

Baal suddenly had a question—even if he could overcome death, could he really be called alive if he kept being killed by Grid? He didn't want to feel this pain every time he died...

“Shit...! Shit!”

Baal exploded the magical self-defense armor he was wearing. The means to protect his body had no effect, so he boldly abandoned it. He had the idea that if he was going to die anyway, he would kill Grid as well. Therefore, he used all the magic power he had as a means of attacking.

Every time an explosion occurred, Grid's absolute defense cracked and finally melted away. The red armor, which had been soaked in Baal's blood, grew more brittle as the heat of magic surged through it. The torso inside the armor would've been cooked.

However, Grid's expression was calm.

Neither heat nor cold—it was the same whether it was the fire of hell or the breath of the Frost Queen, they could neither burn nor freeze Grid's body. His body temperature was maintained. It was because Khan's will defended him.

“Blacksmith Khan...! I should've dragged him down to hell!” Baal read the will contained in Grid's armor and shouted while trembling. How many times had he already suffered a setback from the will contained in that armor? At this point, it felt like it was Khan, not Grid, that was the cause of everything. He felt anger at the powerless heavenly gods who were robbed of Khan by Grid.

“.....”

Grid's eyes changed. His face, which had bore a dull expression as if he had been dismantling livestock, twisted.

Gulp.

Baal gulped without realizing it. He recalled the image of himself that was projected in the small pupils of humans. Humanity's greatest fear—the reflection of Grid in Baal's eyes resembled that...

“Gasp...!”

Baal was briefly mesmerized, only to gasp. He was decapitated, died again, and revived.

Grid's distorted face loomed over him.

“Baal, you don't deserve to curse anyone now.” Grid's eerie voice filled the narrow space. “It is because I will kill you again and again without giving you a chance to curse.”

It was a sentence that made the worst situation that Baal imagined a reality. At the pain that followed, Baal recalled a question he had in the distant past. He was a child of a God of the Beginning, but he wasn't a god.

Why? Why did Yatan leave heaven to build a shelter for the dead and cast him into this place?

“...Why? Why should I have to deal with nothing but death...?”

Baal's eyes, which had lost their focus due to the sword lodged in his heart and became blurred, came alive again. No, malice was the more appropriate word. Was a life where everything went his way really freedom?

Baal's eyes, which had always been the same, expressed emotions such as anger, resentment, and killing intent without hiding them. At the same time, it became huge.

His pupils, eyes, and face—finally, his entire body grew dozens and hundreds of times larger, shaking the prison created by the God Hands. Eventually, the grip of the God Hands were released. The metal sun with blood pouring out from it finally shattered and scattered.

A giant—Baal's figure became so huge that he could be seen anywhere in hell and he stood tall in the center of hell.

Grid thought of Marie Rose's castle. He remembered the mythological records he had seen there, a place that was originally Beriache's castle. They were pictorial

records of the birth of hell. From the fifth painting onwards, images of the Three Evils of the Beginning were depicted.

‘Amoract was red, Beriache was green, and...’

Baal was a giant. Just like right now.

That’s right—Baal was usually reflected differently according to the viewer’s perception, and this was the first time his true appearance was fully revealed. This was probably his fourth phase after going past his normal phase, the phase he was in when he used the energy of a God Killer, and the phase when he absorbed Braham’s power. Circumstantially, this was likely to be his final form.

However, Grid didn’t think it was the coming of the end. No matter what type of raid it was, the final phase was meant to be the beginning, not the end. He shouldn’t be excited. It was real from now on.

Grid raised the stamina and concentration that had been consumed by fighting for half a day and gritted his teeth.

[Why... why is everything above my head...?]

Ironically, the large body was meaningless. From the moment Baal was born, he had to always look up at the sky. There was the surface beyond the sky. Those who died up there fell to this place. He had no choice but to look up and wait...

“With that large body, take care of the dead who will suffer from the loss of death and mourn.”

Yatan’s disgusting voice lingered in Baal’s ears.

“Asgard? It is beyond the surface. It is the furthest place from here, so you don’t have to look at it.”

The surface above the sky, and heaven above that—from the moment he was born, everything reigned over his head. This was even though he was a child of a God of the Beginning. This was despite being born with a body that was bigger than anyone else’s. He had to stare endlessly at those that were out of reach.

[It was absurd...]

Oppression—Baal considered all the circumstances he was born in as oppression. Naturally, he started to resent Yatan for giving birth to him. He came to hate the

world. This was how the great evil that wanted to destroy everything and drag it all down to hell was born.

It was a type of twist. Unlike Yatan, who left Asgard because he was good, his children weren't born good. They went against Yatan's wishes.

[Only One God Grid.]

A storm blew. It was a storm created by Baal's fist causing the atmosphere to stir. Then an earthquake occurred. It was an earthquake that happened when Baal took a step and the ruined great hall collapsed.

[Despair. Fear me.]

This was also a cry to the gods who, as always, would be looking down on this place. Baal only aspired for the destruction of the world. His ultimate goal was to drag the gods, who were supposed to be lower than him or at the same level as him, down to hell. He couldn't be held back by a god of the surface.

Thousands of thunderbolts overlapped. It was due to Baal's fist. The destruction washed over Grid and stretched beyond the crumbling walls toward the exposed horizon. The attack area was so large that it was difficult to dodge.

Grid made a judgment and used Freely Move, which he had been saving. Rather than assessing the enemy's level while defending, he chose to immediately counterattack. He took the initiative in order to get an advantageous flow.

The six fusion sword dance was unfolded as he maintained Item Combination. Heavy red rain poured down onto Grid as he moved and hacked at Baal's neck, which was as wide as dozens of soccer fields glued together. Blood gushed from Baal's neck and drenched all of hell.

[The target has received 58,012,600,339 damage.]

[You have broken the record for the highest damage dealt to a single being in the world!]

[Someone imprisoned in heaven's prison has noticed your amazing achievement and mumbles nonchalantly.]

[“I can also do that... maybe...”]

Baal, who had revealed his original appearance—he was powerful enough to threaten Grid with a single gesture, but his defense was weak. It was natural.

Right now, he was just a giant, not a concept created by building up the fear of humanity. He had lost the advantage he gained in the process of trying to become a god. He had returned to his primal form in an attempt to shake off the fear he harbored of Grid, but it became poisonous instead.

[Kuaaaaaaack...!!]

Baal's loud scream that reached all the way to the surface was the trigger.

[Humanity's fear has faded.]

[Humanity's fear has faded.]

[Humanity's fear...]

.....

...

People were starting to feel it.

Baal could also feel pain. He was huge, but he was a giant that resembled a human being.

The source of all evil, whom they had feared all their lives, actually wasn't that different from them...

Overgeared

Chapter 1844

"Is it a target that can be raided alone?"

This was a question that pierced to the core—the blue-eyed reporter made good use of the short time he was allowed to address Chairman Lim Cheolho.

"It can't be done alone."

It had been six hours since Baal's expedition had entered hell.

Half a day had passed inside Satisfy. As morning turned to night, Grid and the Overgeared members fought non-stop. Even the concept of stamina, which had always held players back, seemed unable to dampen their enthusiasm.

“Then... in order for the expedition to succeed, the Overgeared members and apostles must join Grid, right?”

The Baal raid—due to the large-scale event that occurred by Grid’s will, the S.A Group suffered tremendously. Throughout this half a day, media companies around the world flooded them with requests for interviews. Obviously, the level of interest was very high. It was a far cry from the National Competition, which had been on a downward spiral since Grid stopped participating.

To put it bluntly, everyone in the world was watching the Baal raid and it disrupted their daily lives. At this time, it wasn’t very good for the S.A Group to remain silent. There was no reason for it. This was why Chairman Lim Cheolho held a large-scale press conference.

“It can’t be done even with many people.”

The crowd was agitated. The reporters writing articles in real time increased their typing speed.

“Can I say that it is like a dragon?”

In the past, Chairman Lim Cheolho had designated dragons as targets that couldn’t be hunted. Well, Grid had personally demonstrated that even if he couldn’t kill them, he could use them as a ride, but... in any case, a dragon’s majesty was still great. Was it the same with Baal?

Speculative articles were on the verge of pouring out in a matter of seconds.

Then Chairman Lim Cheolho shook his head. “It isn’t like a dragon.”

The dragons that Lim Cheolho was talking about were naturally the Old Dragons. It was because the Old Dragons were the true dragons.

“Baal is the ultimate goal for players. He is one of the final pieces of content.”

Just—

“But not in his current form.”

Baal used human fear as his source of strength. He couldn’t perish as long as people were afraid of him. He was impossible to raid in a different sense from dragons. It was necessary to achieve the prerequisites to make the impossible possible. It was to create an environment where people felt greater hope than

their fear of Baal. It wasn't something that a handful of players or groups could do.

Billions of players needed to interact deeply with Satisfy's residents and built trust. A simple example was the relationship between Grid and Khan. The hope designed by Lim Cheolho was to sprout from the fact that the majority of players valued the residents of Satisfy and cherished Satisfy as much as reality.

The name Satisfy reflected Chairman Lim Cheolho's wishes. Lim Cheolho wanted Satisfy to be beautiful, unlike reality. The great evil called Baal was a type of gateway to reaching such a world. It was the opportunity and key to uniting people with one heart and one mind. He wasn't a being created for one individual to stab to death...

"Eh?"

It happened as Chairman Lim Cheolho was starting to explain...

A buzzing occurred among the reporters who stopped typing. They stared at Chairman Lim Cheolho in disbelief. No, to be precise, they were staring at the super-large screen behind where the chairman was sitting.

Chairman Lim Cheolho turned back and his face hardened. Baal revealed his original appearance. It was the last phase of the Baal raid. It meant that Baal was driven to the defensive in the ten minutes he took to move to this conference room.

"How...?"

It happened as Chairman Lim Cheolho was very flustered...

Kuaaack...

Baal let out a scream as his neck was slashed by Grid. It was an incredible sight. In this state, Baal's defense increased by at least 20 times, but Grid alone dealt a significant blow...

Morpheus even added something shocking.

-Player Grid has broken the record for the highest damage dealt.

"....."

The shadow hovering over the horizon—they wondered how huge was that thing, seeing that it could be vaguely seen even from here...

The appearance of Baal, seen from a distance, stimulated human imagination to the limit. The apostles and members of the party were worried about Grid.

“Let’s go help,” Asuka urged.

She threw the hand axe pulled from a demon’s skull behind her back. Red feathers fluttered. The feathers that were originally white fell from wings that had turned red due to the blood of demons.

Kiyaaaaak!

Asuka wasn’t obsessed with a single weapon. She hadn’t even taken out the dragon weapon she had received from Grid during the angel appointment ceremony. She kept swinging and throwing new weapons she took from her inventory to slaughter demons.

All of them were Grid-made items. They were weapons that had been steadily strengthened every time Grid used Request to Stand With Me.

‘Where did she get all these crazy things...’

Ibellin clicked his tongue. He clearly realized that Asuka’s wealth and obsession were unmatched, and determined that he didn’t have to support her.

“Of course, we have to go.”

This wasn’t why he agreed. Even before Asuka could speak, Ibellin’s body had been turning in Grid’s direction. He acted like the captain of the angels protecting Grid. He intended to fly toward Grid the moment he shook off the demons around him.

The other angels felt the same way. Coke, Asuka, and the two people wearing silver and gold masks...

All of them were preparing to rush at Grid without anyone telling them.

‘Who are these people?’

He had good feelings for these dubious people. They were reliable, like colleagues who had been fighting together for a long time. In the first place, they were the ones Grid had appointed as angels. It was right to feel trust. However, it was inevitable to be wary.

He was reluctant to put his trust in people whose names and faces were hidden behind masks and who just silently carried out their duties. In any case, it was the time when the five Overgeared angels moved forward with one mind.

“Stop.” Someone put a stop to it.

It was Biban. The man who stood with his arms folded and yawned throughout the battle.

There were too many demonic creatures who tried to enter the underground area after hearing the screams of the red flesh... unlike the angels, who ran over and fought hard after hearing the report, he didn't have a single drop of blood on his body.

“There isn't anything you can do. You will only be killed like dogs, even if you arrive on time.”

“Shut up.”

Asuka let it spill out her other ear.

A member of the Tower of Wisdom—he was a Sword Saint and he had become the Sword God. She swore at him even though she had to know Biban's reputation.

Ibellin and Coke were worried. Biban's condition was strange to look at, with a broken sword hanging from his waist, but he wasn't an opponent to be treated casually. It wasn't that they were worried about Asuka being angry. The problem was that she didn't respect Grid's precious connections.

“I-Impertinent!”

“What nonsense about impertinence?”

Asuka laughed at Coke, who had shouted at her, and finally flew up into the sky. It was a complete flight. This ability was gained thanks to the angel wings. She liked it very much. It was only now that the game seemed like a game. She hadn't been able to shake off the peculiarity of Satisfy, which had seemed too real even though it wasn't real.

“Rumor has it that you are an old man with dementia? Do we really need to listen to whatever you say? In the first place, we didn't come all the way to hell to kill mobs, did we? Half of us can stand guard at the entrance here. I will go.”

“Uhh...”

Wasn't it true that they came here to catch mobs? It happened as Ibellin was about to stop the excited Asuka...

Slap!

Before he knew it, Biban had stood in front of Asuka and slapped her in the face. Then an amazing thing happened.

Asuka, one of the strongest players, fell to the ground without even reacting. In the center of the large crater that had been created by her fall, she flinched as she was stuck upside down.

Was she dead...?

Ibellin and Coke couldn't keep up with the situation and were stunned.

"Hahat! You want to fight, right?" Asuka shouted as she jumped up. She was much more energetic than before. It was because her berserker trait was activated. Her health had been decreased to a great extent because she had been slapped by Biban. If it wasn't for the dragon armor, it probably would've been decreased to less than half. Finally, she pulled out the dragon weapon.

The angel with the silver mask, who had been silently watching the situation, prepared to step out. Then Biban appeared in front of Asuka again. He grabbed her by the collar and threw her in the direction of the newly approaching demon army.

"....."

An angel in the grip of madness—Asuka unexpectedly started slaughtering the army of demonic creatures and was much more brutal than Michael, who once appeared at the Rebecca Church's Vatican. It was convincing why she was given the title of 'Angel of Madness.'

"What a useful friend," Biban said cheerfully with a benevolent smile. He didn't seem like someone who half-killed a person and threw them into the middle of the enemy camp.

Biban warned the dumbfounded Ibellin, "Don't be swayed by your subordinates on the battlefield."

"...Yes."

In fact, he wasn't swayed at all. If Asuka hadn't stepped in, Ibellin would've run in Grid's direction right away. However, he hid this truth. He didn't want to be treated the same as Asuka.

After his awkward answer, Biban spoke to him again, "Focus on the mission. The reason why Grid entrusted me and you with different missions is because it is for the best."

They were words filled with strong trust. Ibellin was able to realize that the man in front of him had absolute trust in Grid. He thought that he wanted to learn from this person.

"Above all, right now..." Biban smiled at the vigorously nodding Ibellin and his eyes returned to the middle of the battlefield. It was the spot where Asuka was in full swing. To be precise, it was slightly above her.

A light was flashing in the sky in Biban's vision.

Magic?

Ibellin was on guard, only to soon doubt his eyes. The light approaching at the speed of light. It was something's arms, legs, and torso.

"We don't have enough room to leave here."

The underground area where Yura and her group was struggling—Biban blocked the entrance to it while drawing the Broken Sword. He was aware of it.

The fragments of Asura that had separated from Baal after he became a giant—they were trying to combine with the red flesh. He had a hunch that he shouldn't let that happen.

It felt like running on a ridge that rose at right angles. The peak barely reached the end of his field of view...

This was Grid's impression as he sped over Baal's body, which was so big. It was a short thought. The ridge seemed to sway and his view rotated 360 degrees. It was the aftermath of the movement of Baal's arm, which Grid was stepping on. Baal shook off the hand that had been gripping at Grid's neck and waved his arms wildly. It was to remove Grid.

Bang! Bang! Baaang!

The explosion that occurred every time Baal swung his arms was deafening.

In the midst of the raging storm, the orange divinity that Grid wore around his body swayed like it was going to be extinguished. It became weak in an instant.

Grid held on with gritted teeth. He held the sword inserted into Baal's skin like it was a pillar and hung down.

A shadow was cast over his body. It was the shadow created by the palm of Baal's hand as it attacked him. He thought that the scenery that mosquitoes saw right before they died after sucking human blood must be similar to what he saw now.

A giant who would embrace and comfort the dead—after returning to his primal form, Baal overwhelmed Grid with his sheer size. However, the smaller being wasn't overwhelmed.

If Grid was a mosquito, then there was a mote. It was Bunhelier, who was in the form of a black mouse. Baal's enormous size gave him more freedom and he was already perched on Grid's shoulder before he knew it.

"...Shouldn't it be the other way around?"

Grid let out a laugh. It was a laugh of delight.

"Get on!"

Squeak squeak!

Bunhelier cried as he jumped off Grid's shoulder. He grew his body at the same time, while Grid launched himself toward him.

Flash!

Bunhelier revealed his body. He was on the smaller side among the Old Dragons, and he had a rather small body compared to Baal, but he was big enough. Due to the free flight, Grid and Baal were at roughly the same eye level.

"Go!"

"Ohhhhhhh!!"

Bunhelier rushed in while releasing his magic power. Grid stood against the horn that rose taller than his head and released his full force.

It was a scene like two giant monsters colliding.

It felt like the genre had changed.

The epic depicted it magnificently. Humanity's fear of Baal continued to fade.

Contrary to Chairman Lim Cheolho's intention, a single human, called Grid, had taken root in the world. The name of the root was hope.

Overgeared

Chapter 1845

The Breath contained Bunhelier's magic power and shook Baal's body.

“Ohhhhhhh!!”

Grid responded with Serve Dragon Pinnacle Wave Kill Link.

Jingle.

The sound of Chiyou's bell was a precursor. Ultimate Martial Art was activated and caused Baal to reel again.

Bunhelier's body slammed into Baal. Bunhelier, who had been holding his breath in the form of a mouse and succeeded in a surprise attack, had no intention of missing this opportunity. It was the same for Grid.

Giant Transformation—the transformation skill usually used by plant-type bosses had two clear advantages. The first was that their stats increased, and the second was that they didn't get knocked down easily. Due to the increase in mass itself, they demonstrated a constitution that was immune to serious injuries. In particular, Baal had become so huge that he treated it as being stabbed by a toothpick even if he was pierced by a sword.

[Hurry! Pour it all out!]

Bunhelier's will was conveyed to Grid. Perhaps it was because of the effect of Dragon Knight. Grid and Bunhelier communicated in real time. They read each other's will as if it was their own and responded to each other.

Grid was already moving. God's Command and other abilities reset the cooldown of his skills, so he linked the six fusion sword dance again.

[The target has received 24,469,055,100 damage.] [1]

[You have broken the record for the highest damage dealt to a single being in the world!]

[Someone imprisoned in heaven's prison has noticed your amazing achievement and is clicking his tongue.]

["At this point, even Dominion and Judar will be taking notice..."]

Fortunately for Grid, Baal's Giant Transformation only seemed to have half the advantages. It felt like his defense had become weaker. The damage was inflicted really well. Of course, it had to be taken into account that the combination of Defying the Natural Order and Twilight was creating a tremendous synergy. The additional damage effect against great demons meant the damage had tripled. Additionally, the weak point attacks and critical hits were the basics.

It naturally neutralized the strength of Giant Transformation.

'Even taking that into account, the damage was dealt very well.'

What was the reason? Grid found it easy to guess. Originally, Baal's strength lay in the chaining of the skills he learned from the dead. Thanks to these skills, he was able to deal more damage to Grid, while offsetting some of Grid's attack power.

However, the giant form Baal didn't use any special skills. Maybe it was hard to use human skills with that huge body?

Grid thought this and stopped the sword dances he had been linking without a break. This was because all the means to remove the cooldown of the sword dances had been exhausted. It was a pity that this wasn't the Overgeared World.

He was in awe of Baal, who was still alive.

Kuaaaaaaaaah!

The suspension of the six fusion sword dance also meant that the shackles of Ultimate Martial Art were lifted. Baal regained his freedom and roared like a monster in a movie. It wasn't like he lost his sense of reason and behaved like a beast. He was just a bit excited from becoming huge.

Baal didn't run amok. The first thing he did was to dispose of Bunhelier. He grabbed Bunhelier by the neck with his huge hand and immediately cast the curse magic.

“Groan...” Bunhelier was weak in hell. In terms of simply magic power and physical ability, he was halfway between the intermediate dragons and top dragons. It was very humiliating for Bunhelier, but what could he do? He was suffering the consequences of his own actions. He was paying for the sin of joining forces with a demon and harming his own kind. Nevertheless, from the perspective of Grid, there was a fortunate outcome.

“Let go!”

It was that Bunhelier’s status was completely preserved.

The status of an Old Dragon—it wasn’t a concept that could be dismissed recklessly. Just as Nevartan was still feared despite wandering in madness for hundreds of years, Bunhelier was still an Old Dragon. The fact that he fell into a demon’s trap and was tricked, or that he turned into a mouse to survive, didn’t undermine his value.

The effect of Dragon Knight was intact.

Grid fired an onslaught at Baal, who was about to rip Bunhelier’s head off. He deployed Request to Stand With Me and sniped at Baal’s huge hand. It was very powerful with the Dragon Knight effect.

Baal was unable to cope with the power and let go of his hand. Thanks to this, Bunhelier was able to breathe. However, a curse spell was falling from the sky.

“Again... I will come back again.”

Bunhelier didn’t wait for a reply from Grid. He immediately turned into a mouse and fled the scene. Thanks to this, the curse magic struck Grid, who was left alone in the air.

[You have suffered 1,333,333 damage.]

[The bondage of powerful magic oppresses you.]

[You have resisted.]

‘Damn.’

In a sudden turn of events, Grid was struck and he spontaneously let out a curse. In the first place, it was a bondage aimed at Bunhelier. He resisted, but the damage was quite painful. It was quite burdensome in a situation where he lost

his health every time Baal swung an arm or roared, and it was like he received damage over time.

[Resent your judgment for cooperating with that guy.]

Could it be that he transformed into something smaller than a monster?

...Really?

Baal was momentarily taken aback by the sudden disappearance of Bunhelier before his eyes, only to smirk. He was quite satisfied with Grid's bloody appearance. He was very relaxed for a guy who had suffered a lot of damage in a row and even showed ugly screams.

Grid belatedly noticed one thing.

'Isn't he going to die?'

Baal, in his humanoid form—he couldn't last long against the merged Defying the Natural Order and Twilight, and suffered several deaths. However, the one who became a giant didn't die despite suffering more damage than when he was a humanoid. It was even after being hit by the six fusion sword dance a whopping nine times in a row.

'What happened?'

After becoming a giant, his health gauge itself had disappeared, so it was hard to grasp the situation. Well, it didn't disappear, to be precise, but it was difficult to identify.

Baal's head was located so high up. The health gauge that floated above it—it was physically impossible to discern the gauge at close range when it would be infinitely smaller than Baal's head.

'It is inconvenient in many ways because I can't use Shunpo.'

Grid's vision turned black as he clicked his tongue. It was because the magic power Baal released from his mouth attacked him.

A tidal wave seemed to be coming. The earth and sky were turbulent and further disturbed Grid's view.

'No.'

Grid was about to rally the God Hands to block it, but he changed his mind midway. He was conscious of Baal's hand, which was chasing behind the tidal wave. He feared that he would be caught by Baal's mighty hand and unable to move the moment he wrapped himself in the sun sphere made from the God Hands.

'I have to find a way to kill him one more time.'

Grid thought while flying at full power and distancing himself from Baal. He wanted to level up...

It would become easier to fight if his stats increased. But...

"Keuk!"

The tide was turning rapidly.

Baal's exhaled breath and every hand wave all put pressure on Grid.

Baal was a tricky opponent in many ways after he returned to his primal form. For one thing, it neutralized many of Grid's strengths just because it was so huge.

The epic described such a situation. Grid was obviously in a crisis. It recorded it without turning a blind eye because it was a situation where Grid might die. What if it tried to hide it and Grid died? There was a concern that the epic would be treated as a distorted scripture, rather than one that contained only the truth.

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All the records so far could be discredited, and Grid's status could decline. However...

[Humanity's fear has faded.]

People didn't lose faith at Grid's crisis. They weren't frightened even after checking the contents of the epic that depicted Baal as a giant. They still trusted Grid. It was natural. Grid had shown them so many things. People gathered all over the world shouted that Grid would overcome even this new disaster. He would challenge again even if he failed without overcoming the crisis.

There was a being who responded to their beliefs.

"Griddddd!"

It was Nefelina.

“Gasp! Gasp! Damn! This X-ing thing? What the hell is this? Why is it so big?”

Zibal’s curses echoed from the loudspeakers as he followed her on Raiders.

The entrance to Baal’s city where Jishuka and Zik’s party had been fighting—Nefelina and Zibal, who had been watching the battlefield from afar, rushed toward this place from the very beginning. Thanks to this, they were able to arrive in time.

“Nefelina!”

Grid suffered heavy damage again in the aftermath of blocking Baal’s fist and he used the recoil of the impact. He didn’t resist and flew obediently, quickly narrowing the distance to Nefelina.

[...Transcendent Dragon.]

Baal didn’t treat the daughter of the Insane Dragon as a mere hatchling. He was aware that she had inherited her father’s talents and could temporarily transcend her limits. Thus, he was wary of her.

A beam of black magic power was fired from his wide-open mouth. In the aftermath of his body becoming huge, the size of the light beam was also tremendously large. In terms of size, it was bigger than an Old Dragon’s Breath. It was a skill effect that could seem like the strongest skill ever.

Viewers thought it wouldn’t be strange if Grid and Nefelina perished side by side as they were swept up in it together.

It was a damn thing. They had been watching the show for hours and cheering eagerly, so they couldn’t believe that this was the result.

The 1st Great Demon, Baal—as expected of a final boss candidate, he was strong. It was clear that he was a mountain that couldn’t be climbed yet.

The moment everyone thought this—

“Kyak!” Nefelina screamed.

The huge, fast-moving beam of magic—it was inevitable and she didn’t avoid it. She was obliged to put the flying Grid on her back, so she flew with her back to the ray. Thus, a barrier of magic was raised. It was to stop the advance of the light ray for a while and to allow Grid to safely get on her back.

However, the barrier of magic collapsed in a disastrous manner. The structure of the defensive magic, which had been carefully designed by a master of magic, couldn't withstand the ignorant strength of the powerful beam. She was going to be swept away. Even if she survived, she would fail to allow Grid to board her back.

It was the moment when Nefelina, overwhelmed by the rapidly approaching light, felt it...

A silver magic machine fell in front of her and blocked the ray. No, it was too horrible a sight to describe as blocking it. It broke and turned into ashes the moment it touched the light.

Zibal, who was riding on it, appeared. He looked determined even after losing a colleague who had been with him for a long time. He smiled as he used a skill with the dragon weapon he received from Grid and reduced the power of the beam, which was still powerful even after turning Raiders into ashes. It was the smile of a man who was an idol to American boys and girls.

"A hero doesn't turn away from a child."

Nefelina—it was the second time since she was born that she realized that the backs of people who were much smaller than herself could look so big.

"Zibal...!" Nefelina's cry didn't reach him. Zibal's hearing was completely ruined after being swallowed up by the remnants of the beam. He was just holding on with his dragon armor and struggling to fully handle the power of the beam of light. The beam was caught by Zibal's skill and exploded without penetrating Zibal. Through the thick smoke that spread—

"I won't forgive you!"

Nefelina showed up. Her wings were spread wide out as she charged toward Baal. It was a disappointing appearance. It was the limit of a hatchling. The not fully grown dragon was more than a dozen times smaller than Baal.

However, Grid was standing on her back. The god of the surface who scattered orange divinity from his body like a cloak or long hair—he was raising Nefelina's presence to a great extent.

Still, Baal wasn't shaken. The people also didn't have any big hopes.

It was a little while ago. Grid rode on the back of an Old Dragon and couldn't do anything against Baal. Being with a hatchling wouldn't be enough for him to win...

Grid thought differently. "Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle."

The five fusion sword dances.

Linked Kill Flower Pinnacle Drop.

Drop Dragon Pinnacle Kill Wave.

Revolve Dragon Drop Pinnacle Kill.

Linked Kill Revolve Pinnacle Chop.

They were the ultimate skills Grid had been using all along until he got the six fusion sword dances. It could be called his fundamentals. He killed far more enemies with the five fusion sword dances than the six fusion sword dances. It was the same for the four fusion sword dances, three fusion sword dances, and two fusion sword dances.

That's right—in a situation where the six fusion sword dances were blocked, Grid returned to his roots.

'It will be okay. It is going to work.'

Grid noted two facts. Baal hadn't used any special skills since he became huge. Additionally, he took more damage every time he allowed Grid's attack.

'The Giant Transformation pays a huge price.'

Originally, Baal had honed his body to resist the power of the dragon weapons. Then after Baal became a giant, Grid broke his highest damage record several times despite Baal's trained body. It could be interpreted that his body itself had changed again.

The energy of a God Killer, the Undefeated King's Swordsmanship, etcetera—the fact that he didn't use any of the skills he acquired also supported this. In other words...

[Kuaaack!]

The giant Baal lost even his immunity to the sword dances.

His primal form—he, too, had returned to his roots. From now on, it was a clash of the fundamentals against the fundamentals. There was an obvious difference.

Baal's fundamentals was to wield his innate power.

Grid's fundamentals was to utilize the skills he had honed.

It was because Grid was born as an ordinary guy with nothing. His fundamentals were polished by himself. Additionally, Nefelina's small body worked to her advantage. She flew around and around between Baal's legs, and Grid stabbed at his gaps.

Grid's linked fusion sword dances easily slashed Baal's legs. Baal's body slowly started to tilt.

At this time, Grid noticed a new fact. The super fast regeneration—the fraudulent power that had restored Baal's wounds almost immediately wasn't working.

This wasn't the aftermath of Giant Transformation. The super fast regeneration wasn't a power taken from the dead, but Baal's own power. However, it was weakened. It was a phenomenon that showed that the power of regeneration had been using people's fear as a resource. Only this interpretation could explain why Baal's recovery was so significantly slower.

'Baal isn't someone who can't die.'

He was just in a position where he couldn't die. He was desperately resisting death...

The appearance projected by Baal in Grid's eyes was not that of a giant, but a sand castle.

1. Seems to be an author error since the damage in the previous chapter was higher. Korean comments have noticed this as well. I will keep an eye on the raws to see if the author/publisher fixes it ☹

Overgeared

Chapter 1846

"No, what..."

Both Ibellin and Cork were dumbfounded.

Broken Sword—it happened as Biban pulled out a seemingly useless item and took aim at the fragments of Asura that were approaching at the speed of light...

Their view was blocked by a ‘wall.’ It was really a wall. The wall that suddenly appeared like an illusion filled their vision. Then there was an earthquake and the wall was lifted.

Before they knew it, they witnessed the scenes of the demonic creatures on the battlefield turning to ash. Thousands of demonic creatures had been slaughtered. The fragments of Asura were also gone.

What happened? It took them quite some time to understand. The two people belatedly realized the truth and fixed their eyes on Biban’s broken sword.

“As expected. It isn’t cut.”

Biban aimed his sword at the sky again.

What they had doubted was actually true. The identity of the wall that blocked Ibellin and Coke’s vision—it was Biban’s sword that rapidly grew in size. It felt like the physical embodiment of the Space Sword, the Sword Saint’s ultimate skill that cut through the world with a sword.

The targeted fragments of Asura flew into the distance like a home run ball and the battlefield split in half. The demons and demonic creatures swept away by the shock either fell to the ground or fell off a cliff to their deaths.

“Hahat! Is the Sword God also overgeared?” Asuka giggled as she clung to the cliff that had just formed. She didn’t show any displeasure even though she almost died. Rather, she seemed to have formed a liking toward Biban.

‘She is an enigmatic person, even though I know her.’

It was true for most of the people gathered around Grid. It was the same for them.

Ibellin glanced at the masked angels who were observing before his eyes widened.

“Behind! Behind you!”

A slime-like flesh was creeping out of the underground entrance that the group had their backs to. It was very suspicious. He wondered if it was part of the red flesh that was fighting fiercely with Yura’s group underground.

The destructive power contained in Ibellin's sword was enormous. The flesh was shattered with one blow.

Biban looked at the flesh scattering in all directions and cocked his head. "It is strange. I didn't feel its presence. It is persistent."

The group's eyes shifted back to the sky. The fragments of Asura that flew away a while ago were returning. He felt a strong determination to enter the underground area.

"It is better to change the method."

Biban put away Broken Sword. He stood blocking the entrance of the underground area and glared at the fragments of Asura approaching at the speed of light. The fragments of Asura that arrived were caught by Biban's hands. Both arms were captured in the left hand and the lower body was in the right hand. Finally, the torso was caught under Biban's armpit and it was immobilized.

It was a rather unrealistic sight. It was already abnormal that the fragmented body parts were flying around. Additionally, Asura's arms and legs were twice as large as the average adult man, yet Biban held them with both hands. It was only possible because his hands were as big as pot lids.

Biban had veins bulging from his neck and forehead as he folded all of Asura's joints. It was a fearsome strength.

He sat down and used as a cushion the fragments of Asura, which had strangely twisted arms and legs wrapped around the torso. Then he spoke to Ibellin, "Look for something to tie it up with."

"...Yes!" Ibellin and Coke answered with a sudden sense of loyalty. They were thrilled after seeing what Biban had shown. Asuka followed the two of them silently. The angel in the gold mask also chased after the group.

Biban spoke to the man in the silver mask who was left behind, "Your eyes are fierce. Your uneasiness is showing despite the mask."

"...Haha. It makes me excited that they don't seem to recognize me at all."

"You changed your race to an angel and even wore a mask. Isn't it a problem if you are easily recognized?"

"I guess so...?"

It was during the time when the two of them were having a conversation.

“.....”

The pieces of flesh that had just been shattered were moving slowly. They passed between the rocks and approached the fragments of Asura that Biban was sitting on. There were no signs. It was because it wasn't a living thing.

Creak.

Only Asura reacted to the flesh. Asura desperately moved his arm, which was tied to his torso and bent in the opposite direction of his joints. He barely managed to stretch out one finger.

“Stay still.”

It was the moment when Biban felt a disturbance and put strength into his hips. However, Asura's finger barely stretched out and touched the flesh. At the same time, a powerful explosion occurred. It was an explosion of energy. The origin was Asura, whom Biban had been sitting on. The explosion pushed away Biban and the angel in the silver mask.

“Cough, cough!” The angel hurriedly raised his head to examine the situation. He could see a figure slowly standing up through the thick smoke. It was a headless figure.

“This...!”

Asura's arms, torso, and lower body were glued together.

The angel in the mask grasped the situation and took a battle stance, only for blood to spew from his mouth. Asura's hand was piercing his torso.

“Hup!”

Biban's cry rang in the angel's ears as he was stunned by the shock. Before he knew it, Biban had come to his side and wielded Broken Sword.

Broken Sword was caught in Asura's hand and stopped. It was useless. Asura was forced to let go the moment the sword grew in size. It slashed heavily and soared into the air. Biban supported the angel and went back to the entrance of the underground, guarding there.

“Did it combine...? So what are you going to do?”

An Absolute—it was a hierarchy that went beyond the concept of a nation or an era and controlled the fate of the world. There was no reason to shrink back just from facing a god.

“.....”

The Evil God, Asura, who ingested the red flesh and took a form, was quiet. It was because it didn’t have a head. He didn’t even have nostrils or a mouth, so he couldn’t breathe. Only his heart was pounding.

Duguen, dugeun, dugeun...

The only sound was the heartbeat that got louder and louder.

“...Are you having fun?”

The Evil God derived from Baal’s desire and hard work—his madness irritated Ibellin and the others, who came running at the sound of the commotion. He was bizarre from his appearance and quickly spread fear.

“This is an opportunity to properly check his power.”

Instead, Biban laughed. He looked pleased to see Asura.

There was no invincibility.

Grid’s experience was telling him this truth.

From Elfin Stone, who was regarded as a disaster in the vampire cities, to Belial, the great demon who invaded the surface for the first time, the yangbans of the East Continent, the dukes of the empire, the archangels, Martial God Zeratul, and even the dragons.

Grid had met dozens of enemies he was ‘unlikely to win against.’ How were all of them now? They were dead, gone, or wouldn’t go against Grid. Grid believed that Baal would have the same fate.

A guy who had been playing with the concept of death at the peak of hell—he was a strong enemy, but Grid wasn’t inferior.

Grid’s individual force exceeded Baal’s and the firepower of the expedition led by Grid also overwhelmed the firepower of the demonic army called by Baal. It was

thanks to the dragon weapons and armor that had been produced and enhanced in large quantities.

‘I will win.’

It was a conclusion based on thorough analysis, not vague confidence. Grid’s expedition this time must be successful. He was confident from the beginning and put it into action. It was beyond his calculations that Baal became stronger than expected, but this wasn’t even a variable. It was because Grid also grew stronger in real time.

[Die...!]

Baal slumped down and shouted in a threatening manner. No, it was more than just a threat. It was a real danger. He shot a ray of magic power every time he opened his mouth.

“Ugh...!” Nefelina swallowed down a scream as she turned and narrowly avoided the light. She didn’t know how many times this had already happened. If she was polymorphed as a human being, then she would have a half-crying face.

“I’m sorry, Nefelina!” Grid grabbed Nefelina’s horn to guide her flight path. He headed straight for the newly fired beam. *freewebnovel.com*

“Hiik!”

The flapping of Nefelina’s wings stopped for a moment. It was only for a moment. Her eyes snapped shut and she flapped her wings again. She risked turning into a rag and rushed in. It was because that was what Grid wanted.

It was a misunderstanding. Grid didn’t want to hurt Nefelina. He hoped to close the distance between them and Baal. He was responsible for Nefelina’s safety by striking the beam with Revolve the moment it was about to touch.

‘There are 20 seconds left.’

Nefelina was a hatchling. She had only temporarily transcended her limits. Originally, she didn’t have the qualifications to activate Dragon Knight. Additionally, the time of this transcendence was limited. He had to gain more benefits.

[Kuaaack...!]

Baal allowed Grid's approach and screamed again. There was a mind-numbing pain. Baal thought that the sword Grid was wielding was really unreasonable. He keenly realized how miserable and painful the feelings of an innocent victim were.

That's right.

Gourmet Dragon Raiders, Fire Dragon Trauka, Blacksmith God Hexetia, the Great Robber of the Red Night, Grid, and Khan—the power of Defying the Natural Order, created through the cooperation of many Absolutes and transcendents, made Baal understand the position of the weak.

It made Baal realize how cruel his crimes had been. Baal had no choice but to admit it.

'He is stronger than me.'

The dragons—he didn't expect for a monster to be born that could use the creatures even Rebecca couldn't control as a power in a different way.

[Dragon...! Knight!]

Baal's angry cries set off a series of explosions. It resembled Dragon Fear. It was a powerful technique created simply by combining his loud voice and magic power.

Nefelina's small body shook like she was going to fall. Then she spun around and Grid missed his target. It gave Baal an opportunity to fight back.

[It is up to here...!]

Grid and Nefelina's vision darkened. It was because the shadow made by Baal's hand was getting closer. They would be crushed the moment they were caught.

Nefelina had a hunch, so she gritted her teeth and picked up the pace. However, she was slow. The short period of time where she was off balance proved fatal. Baal's hot hand that was heated by mana touched her scales.

It was over...

Then the scenery that Nefelina saw changed like it was a lie. The valley formed by the ground that collapsed every time Baal walked disappeared completely and a wilderness spread out. Baal's back could be seen in the distance.

Clack clack.

The sound of clacking teeth was heard.

An Overgeared Skeleton. The Overgeared Skeleton, summoned by Grid, changed Nefelina's position.

Spatial distortion—it wasn't like movement magic. This meant it was possible to resist to a certain extent the barrier blocking movement magic. It was thanks to Baal returning to his primal form. Most of the skills that Baal acquired from the dead were incapacitated.

“”I'm sorry... I couldn't move you far. The amount of magic that Eve demanded...””

“No, this is well done.”

Hundreds of God Hands, each holding weapons, spread out like wings. They were like the wings of a spear. At the same time, Grid used Request to Stand With Me. He gathered the wishes of the people. He also activated Another Tomb, which had been used three times.

Finally, the six fusion sword dance was used. God's Command couldn't activate again due to the constraints of hell, but there was a limit to the restriction effect of the dimension. It couldn't stop the cooldown from resetting.

A god who climbed onto the back of a dragon and spread wings like a spear blade—he danced in the rain of battle gear and magic. He slashed at the wrists of the giant evil who released inexhaustible magic power. He cut it, reached his heart, and inserted Defying the Natural Order.

It was a blow to bring down the sky of hell.

[Ah... HUUUUU...]

Baal groaned.

A being who had overcome death—he backed away with a flustered expression. He floundered as if he was frightened.

Finally, Baal collapsed and coughed up blood. The blood quickly formed lakes and rivers, soaking the barren land. Countless shades of gray were escaping from his body.

Overgeared

Chapter 1847

Baal was different from the Absolutes of heaven. He couldn't transcend the concept of time and was bound to it. It was because he became stronger as time passed.

Baal was aware that the current him wasn't perfect. This wasn't meant in a negative way. He was constantly evolving. He might not be perfect now, but he had the certainty that he could reach the peak one day. The more that jealousy and suspicion sprouted on the surface and the more that quarrels and wars were repeated, the more Baal was completed...

So there was always room for relaxation. It was to the extent that he accepted it easily even when he was first killed by Grid. He thought it would be different next time.

Then what about today's outcome? Grid's growth rate exceeded Baal's predictions. This was even though his prediction accounted for Grid's explosive growth. He even grew stronger in real time while fighting Baal. It seemed to have a superior advantage over Baal and made Baal's strengths meaningless.

'It is because the Old Dragons helped.'

Fire Dragon Trauka—everything went awry from the moment he gave an arm to Grid. A certain emotion started to boil deep in Baal's heart as he analyzed the cause.

It was anger.

Wrath.

It was an emotion that was only felt by insignificant beings who couldn't solve things as they wished. It didn't suit the king of hell, who had ridiculed countless fates and manipulated them to his liking.

[...Kukuk.]

It was while being trampled on his chest and repeatedly cut by Grid—Baal realized that he had lost his composure from the start.

'It was a defeat.'

The data of the dragon weapons and armor brought to him by his clones—ever since he was defeated by Grid's swords and armor, which far exceeded their

power, he grew impatient and this made him reach this point. Like an insignificant being...

He didn't deserve to win.

The gray ash symbolizing death—Baal remained silent even as the souls he accumulated for a long time were escaping from his body. He didn't bother trying to hold onto them. He didn't even let out a single breath as he stared at Grid swinging his sword. Then he spoke words with difficulty.

[I can't... if I am alone.]

“.....?”

It was a situation where the duration of Nefelina's Transcendent Dragon had passed. The Dragon Knight's effect was lifted. Grid, who was alone, had become impatient.

At this time, Baal's meaningful words were enough to make him feel uneasy. An unidentified noise was heard. It was like the sound of a clock's hour hand moving. The problem was that it came all of a sudden. He felt something special that was similar to Chiyou's bell.

It was a portent. The ultimate of an Absolute.

Grid noticed and let out his stopped breath. He soared into the air and flew far away from Baal. It was to control the distance, but it was a pointless act. The ultimate move of an Absolute couldn't be bound by the concept of distance.

Flash!

The identity of the noise was revealed. A pocket watch floated between Baal on the ground and the flying Grid. It was a watch decorated with bizarre patterns. The indicated unit of time was also far from common sense. The hour hand spun furiously.

The surrounding landscape changed accordingly. The desolate wilderness of hell changed to a plain with lush vegetation and the green earth became scorching red dozens of times a second. It was an incomprehensible change from Grid's position. It was the landscape of hell's past, present, and future.

‘I didn't know I would use this power.’

The underlying cause of Baal's anger was fear. It was a fear that rose from the judgment that he couldn't win against Grid. He felt like he was going to lose everything. It clearly meant that he was on the defensive. This made him regain his original appearance, but it wasn't enough to reverse the situation.

Therefore, he relied on this will. The power of his father, Yatan.

I hope you will embrace those who died and fell here with that big body, relieving their sorrow by crossing time and space with this watch...

It was a power that was received along with this nonsense. Baal didn't want to rely on this disgusting power.

One day, Yatan suddenly turned into a mess. He died a humble death like the weak, and Baal buried him in the Abyss with great difficulty. He had intended for Yatan to be forgotten in hell, apart from a few neutral areas where Yatan's will still remained. Amoract established the irreversible religion called the Yatan Church, so those on the surface were clearly aware of Yatan. However, that was just a situation on the surface.

Baal hoped that Yatan would be forgotten in hell. Of course, a God of the Beginning wouldn't perish just because he was forgotten. In order for Baal to rule and reign over hell, Yatan shouldn't be allowed to surface. That power that had been suppressed—

[Grid, you brought this on yourself.]

He took it out.

The earth shook. It was due to the steps of a giant who appeared from the continuously changing landscape. A giant walked out from the green plain. His identity was Baal. To be precise, it was Baal of the past. He had an infinitely gentle expression compared to the present day Baal.

[The me in the past.]

Stagger.

A distorted smile spread across Baal's face as he barely raised his large body.

[Along with the future me, he will slaughter you with me.]

The Baal of the future—it was his ultimate self that even Baal couldn't fathom. It was the future him, who would've become extremely strong every time humanity

experienced fights, wars, and destruction. He probably would've destroyed the Old Dragons on the surface and conquered heaven.

As he imagined it, Baal waited for his future self.

Grid's eyes darkened rapidly as he noticed the situation.

The past, present, and future Baal had to be confronted at the same time? It was a ridiculous power. It felt like the victory he thought he had barely won was getting further away. The words defeat and failure were etched into Grid's mind one after another.

"No..."

Nefelina was frustrated as she watched the situation from a distance.

Squeak squeak!

Bunhelier, who had been looking for an opportunity, also sat down. The mouse leaned against the wall and sighed as he slumped down.

"We can't beat this. Squeak."

Bunhelier had existed since the beginning of time. Even so, Baal's power came as quite a shock to him. He was overwhelmed with a sense of helplessness after discovering that he had fallen into Baal's trap.

What could Grid do? The preparations for the past few months and today's fierce struggle had all been for naught...

Wouldn't it be hard to stand back up again? Bunhelier thought that Grid would be finished like this. He thought it would make Grid give up on his vain dream of purifying hell and saving humanity.

The atmosphere became extremely gloomy.

"...It's okay." However, Grid didn't collapse. There was no sign of despair on his face. The will in his eyes was too intense for him to pretend to be calm. "I've been through more trials than this. I can get over it."

Originally, Grid was nothing. He was a substandard human being who only watched and envied people who studied and worked normally. Yet he had reached this point. No matter what type of despair he faced now, it was better than it was in the past.

[.....?]

Baal found something strange. He showed signs of anxiety that went beyond the level of confusion. It wasn't because he was intimidated by Grid's unexpected attitude. It was because the future him didn't respond.

[...This damn guy?!]

A scene popped into Baal's mind. It was a scene of his future self sitting atop Rebecca's throne and laughing at his present self with glee.

[...Two is enough.]

Baal gritted his teeth and glanced at his past self.

Grid, who was alone without any dragons—it was a signal to attack and kill this guy who had consumed many things throughout the battle and was weakened.

[.....]

However, the past Baal didn't cooperate. He looked at the present day Baal and took a step back. He disappeared into the landscape of vegetation. It was natural for him to not cooperate. The Baal of the past was still pure. It was a time when he accepted the obligations given to him by Yatan without questions.

Tick.

Finally, the pocket watch stopped. The landscape also returned to its original state.

“You betray even yourself.”

Grid approached and thrust his sword into Baal's heart. It was the best blow of the day. All the movements of the six fusion sword dance were smoothly linked. It was a perfect embodiment of the ideals that Grid had envisioned. The weak point hits and critical hits were applied to all strikes.

[Kuek....! Kuaaaaaaack!!!]

Baal couldn't contain it and let out a scream. It was a scream of suppressed emotions.

Death—he intuitively felt that the concept he had been playing with all his life was descending toward him.

‘Mistake... It was a mistake.’

Baal overcame death because he was the source of fear. In the beginning, Baal wasn’t an object of fear. It was all because he was afraid of Grid. In order to get rid of Grid without fail, Baal needed more strength and returned to his original form, only to be caught by this.

Now he couldn’t overcome death. Death really was the end. He couldn’t die.

Baal was more persistent than imagined. He proved the reason why he regained his original form by enduring without dying, even though he had already been hit several times by the six fusion sword dance. The fists he swung viciously and the rays of magic power that rained down every time he screamed turned Grid into rags.

This absolute defense and the Shock Mitigation effect of the Fire Dragon’s Armor couldn’t cope with the shock and it was gradually exceeding the limit.

‘Endure. Endure it.’

He was in the middle of enemy territory. There were variables such as Asura and Amoract remaining, so his immortality shouldn’t be consumed.

Grid was just as desperate as Baal. He was focused, not once blinking his eyes stained red with his and Baal’s blood. He was actively using his artificial senses and using his brain nonstop in order to somehow get hit less. This made Baal even more desperate.

Death—a concept that he had only vaguely imagined through indirect experience was right in front of him.

He was starting to realize death, extinction...

At this moment—

“My Liege...! Lord Baal! Croak!”

A bipedal toad came waddling toward him.

Chepardea, Baal’s closest subordinate—he was the most loyal one among the loyalists. He spat out sticky bodily fluids toward Grid, who was in the air. He stretched out his long tongue and tried to somehow grab onto Grid’s ankles.

‘This idiot...!’

Grid was on the verge of chaos due to Baal's offense that struck in all directions. There were so many signals from his artificial senses that it was difficult to respond to all of them. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that he was walking a tightrope.

The intrusion of an intruder at this time was a great headache.

Chepardea's sticky fluids restricted the target's movements and were judged by the God Hands as a real danger. They even communicated all the directions it was flying in to Grid, causing Grid's brain to be on the verge of exploding. Eventually, a gap was exposed. It allowed Baal to fight back. The one who was afraid to die and was being attacked non-stop was given a chance to breathe.

"Lord Baal! I will buy you some time, so please leave this place...! You need to regain your initial form!" Chepardea shouted as he arrived before Baal.

Hundreds of times—no, the one who had been toyed with and killed by Baal tens of thousands of times was loyal to Baal without knowing the truth.

[Chepardea...]

Baal glimpsed hope thanks to this and he gave Chepardea a look of great affection.

Chepardea was thrilled. He was smaller than a speck of dust compared to Baal, but he stood with his arms outstretched as if to protect Baal.

"Only One God Grid...! I won't let you take a single step forward!"

"You..." It was the moment when Grid was about to say something...

Baal's large fingers formed claws, grabbed Chepardea's chubby body, and lifted him up.

"Eh? Ehh?" Chepardea rose up and reached Baal's face in an instant.

"My Liege...! Don't worry about me! Get rid of me and run away...!" he shouted while flailing his short limbs.

He even had tears in his eyes. He was moved by Baal's unwillingness to turn away from him in a moment of crisis.

Baal grinned at him.

[I laugh every time because of you.]

“...Haha? I-I’m glad...”

Chepardea’s face swelled like a balloon as he was responding without understanding what was going on. It was because Baal increased the strength of his fingers grabbing Chepardea’s belly. Chepardea’s face started to turn red from the unbearable pressure and this was starkly projected into Baal’s big eyes.

[Poor and foolish henchman of Yatan. I truly like you, who has been betrayed and killed tens of thousands of times, but still entertains me every time.]

“.....!”

Tears of blood flowed from Chepardea’s swollen eyes just before they popped out. It wasn’t just the shock of his flesh and guts being crushed, but the aftermath of remembering the truth. It was a truth that always appeared when he was on the verge of death.

“...Yes... You...”

[This will be goodbye forever. It is too bad.]

Baal said goodbye and threw Chepardea into his mouth. From his perspective, he was chewing and gulping down something smaller than a grain of rice. It was to thoroughly digest Chepardea.

The demon who shared his soul, magic power, and body with the thousands of eggs he laid—he was powerful enough to proclaim to be Yatan’s guardian and Baal dreamed of evolving the moment they merged into one after ingesting him completely. He activated the spells hanging in the spawning grounds and all the eggs were transferred to Chepardea and digested at once.

[...Hah.]

Surprisingly, the signs of evolution didn’t come immediately. Still, it was enough to get through the immediate crisis. His wounds healed quickly. He had secured enough health and magic power to defeat the damn Grid and flee to the river of reincarnation.

[It was worth keeping that worthless guy by my side.]

“You disgusting bastard...”

Grid was no longer aware of the epics. He felt extreme disgust for Baal and let out insults.

It was something Baal was familiar with. He snorted and started to fly with his back toward Grid. It was toward the river of reincarnation. He was going to reach it in a flash.

...This was what he thought until a thunderous sound came from his stomach.

[What...]

The warrior who escorted Yatan when he left heaven—Baal's worst mistake was to transfer over the eggs in order to fully absorb Chepardea's power. Chepardea had unknowingly dispersed his magic power to thousands of eggs. At this moment, he embraced the eggs and regained his former power. He released magic power into Baal's belly and shook all his organs. He was also being dissolved in gastric juices in real time, but he didn't care.

[Sinner who terribly destroyed the shelter of those who lost their place after death, you will surely receive divine punishment today.]

[It has been a long time since your god disappeared...!]

Baal shouted to Chepardea, who was talking in his stomach. His voice cracked. He could barely feel the squeezing. There was a faint sense of joy that didn't fit.

Pure evil. Even at this moment, Baal was delighted that he had informed Chepardea of the desperate news.

Surprisingly, Chepardea didn't despair. Instead, he laughed. He said in a fading voice as he melted in Baal's gastric juices.

[Don't turn away from the god in front of you...]

He was referring to God Grid of the surface.

Baal came to his senses and looked back.

Grid stood on top of Bunhelier, who had reappeared like a rat, and yellow divinity was fluttering around him. It was the image of divine punishment that Chepardea had just talked about.

“Baaaaaaaal!”

[...You are like a cockroach...]

Baal's will was insignificant. It was to the point where it wasn't suitable to be called the source of all evil. It felt more suitable for Grid. This bastard, who was worse than a speck of dust, should die as the most insignificant thing in the world and be ridiculed forever.

The sword that would bring down the sky—

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

He first cut through the dark clouds that covered hell and the surface. It wasn't until his death that Baal understood.

The reason why his future self didn't respond—it was because it didn't exist.

Overgeared

Chapter 1848

Amoract's castle was bizarre. The castle itself was so huge that it was hard to guess the size of it, and while the number of rooms inside it were countless, all of them were empty. There was really nothing. There weren't even any traces of life.

Maybe this place itself was a huge trap?

Katz even had such doubts, but he soon got rid of them.

A battle against patience—after wandering through the maze of corridors for more than half a day, he finally found it. Chains were strewn across the floor.

The chains—they took the form of a seal. It was created by Beriache's technique and she originally targeted Baal.

'It is around here.'

The chains were a signpost. Katz knew that Amoract was at the end of the chains and started walking after the chains. Nevertheless, he got lost several times. The chains were so long and entangled in all directions that they kept presenting him with forks in the road.

“.....”

It was after a few hours of concentrating so much that he didn't recognize the epic sentences that intermittently popped up. Katz finally reached the end.

The great hall lurking at the end of the maze. All the chains were pointing to this place.

Katz' body turned to smoke as he slowly and cautiously approached the great hall. Beyond the huge door, he saw a woman bound against the wall. It was a woman with a white cloth wrapped all over her body. The outline of her body and face was more prominent due to the cloth, and she was as beautiful as a sculpture. There was the feeling that she shouldn't be embraced.

The identity of the woman whose entire body was bound by thousands of chains. She was the 2nd Great Demon, Amoract.

He shouldn't be misled by her appearance.

“.....”

Katz watched Amoract while holding his breath. Grid had entrusted him with two missions. It was to spy on Amoract, and to search for Beriache's soul.

Beriache's soul was presumably currently believed to be in Amoract's possession. If he encountered her, then there was a high probability he would be given a hidden quest. It was Grid and Laue's guess that this would be of great help to the expedition.

‘It is quiet.’

Katz watched Amoract's reaction every time a new sentence of the epic popped up. There was no movement at all. She was silent no matter how the epics described Baal's condition. It was the same when it stated that Grid was on the defensive. She remained silent even when the unbelievable sentence was written about the king of hell becoming fearful.

‘It doesn't matter.’

The attitude of not caring about what the fate of hell was...

‘She really isn't getting involved in this case...?’

It wasn't just strange. Amoract had collaborated with Baal to banish Beriache from hell but that was the only time she collaborated with Baal. From the time hell was distorted to the present day, she walked a different path from Baal. Leraje and Eligos had testified to it. The Yatan Church was also evidence of it. Unlike Baal,

who denied Yatan, Amoract even set up a religion using proxies and made humans worship Yatan.

‘It seems obvious that she is at odds with Baal like Grid says...’

Even so, it would be too much from Amoract’s perspective to stand by as Baal fell into a crisis. If Baal died, Grid’s next target would naturally be Amoract. Amoract couldn’t just stand by and watch Baal’s crisis for her own safety. Even if she didn’t openly help Baal, it was right for her to try and interfere with Grid, even indirectly.

So how long was she going to stay silent?

It happened as Katz’ doubts were growing...

[Baal and I are very compatible. It is obvious since our father made us as a pair from the beginning.]

Throughout the great hall—no, the woman’s voice rang throughout the castle.

“.....?”

Katz didn’t notice for a moment that the owner of the voice was Amoract. It was because Amoract was chained up, just like when she first appeared. Her mouth didn’t move at all. However, she was talking.

It was intent.

[Every time I stir up a conflict and cause more strife, death comes like a tidal wave and Baal grows stronger. My activities benefit Baal so Baal didn’t harm me.]

Baal delighted in harming beings other than himself. However, he had ignored Amoract, who was opposing him. This was the moment when the reason was revealed.

In addition.

[That’s why I didn’t break this bondage.]

One of the Evils of the Beginning—Amoract, one of the Absolutes of hell, just like Baal, had been too quiet. She only established the Yatan Church so that people could worship Yatan. She didn’t come to the surface and actively harm humans. She even stood by when the Yatan Church collapsed.

Was she favorable or indifferent to humans? It was an attitude that produced such hopeful observations. However, the truth was different. Amoract just didn't want to help Baal.

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

Just in time, a shocking message occurred. No way, it actually happened. Grid really defeated Baal. He succeeded in a solo raid.

It happened the moment when Katz was overcome with shivers...

Rattle.

Amoract raised her head. The chains extended to restrain her, but it was useless. As Amoract slowly stretched her waist and leaned back her upper body, all the chains that bound her started to loosen.

[Now there is no reason to be bound.]

Amoract was also a mutant. She wasn't good, contrary to the wishes of the absolute god Yatan, who gave birth to children in order to comfort and protect the dead. It was just like Baal. Therefore, she cooperated with Baal and expelled Beriache. Putting aside her love for her father, she had helped Baal distort hell.

Pure evil—the moment she loosened her restraints and stepped on the cold marble floor...

“”We have to stop her.””

A buzzing voice permeated Katz' ears. It was the voice of a soul. A soul in the form of a slender girl.

An Absolute being on the surface who controlled several dragons through force and helped Grid—it seemed to be a younger version of Marie Rose, the vampire duke who contributed greatly to the success of the Baal raid.

“Beriache...!”

Katz, who had been trying to stay calm even in an urgent situation, was a bit relieved. He saw an opportunity to break the stalemate.

[You have witnessed your master in a previous life.]

[The class 'Beriache's Warrior' has awakened.]

[By designating Beriache as a loyal target, all your stats have temporarily increased.]

[The function of some skills has been changed and the cooldown time adjusted.]

Katz restored his body that had been in the form of smoke and forged a sword from his blood. His right hand was holding a dragon weapon made by Grid while his left hand held that blood sword that originated from Beriache's power. He held the two swords and took the posture of 'Protector of the Last Guardian of Hell.'

Originally, it was a skill called 'Relentless Pursuit In Search of the Master.' Increased defense, critical hit immunity, an increase in weapon power, an increase in attack speed, unconditional critical hits, an increase in critical hit damage, etc.

All types of buffs wrapped around Katz and made him more powerful than before.
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The pool of blood beneath his feet was ready to respond to Katz' will. The blood staining the air red also gradually grew thicker to disturb the enemy's vision and senses. The ancient class, which already boasted a majesty that was in line with transcendence, had evolved to a higher level.

[Beriache, that child is much better than the trash you made yourself.]

"It wasn't trash. The name was Gabbeli."

[It was a name that wasn't worth remembering. On the other hand, I think I will remember this child's name forever.]

The wall behind Amoract's back was torn down. It was something that rendered the position of Katz, who was at the entrance of the great hall to guard it, meaningless.

Katz immediately rushed over. He rushed at Amoract, who was trying to escape through the collapsed wall.

[It was purely because of Baal that there are bound souls everywhere in hell. Now that Baal is dead, all the souls have regained their freedom. Child, I have no intention of hanging out with you in a situation where Beriache's soul might help you.]

"I have no intention of letting you go."

[Haha, I'm sure you are great but it is too presumptuous to say that. Grid is currently the only one in hell who can pressure me. Even Sword God Biban can't do it.]

Amoract had been nervous when she first felt the presence of intruders. Between Only One God Grid and Biban, who was reborn as the Sword God—it was hard to gauge which of the two had the upper hand. They were both great.

However, now it was clear. In the process of fighting Baal, Grid had grown in real time and was clearly stronger than Biban. On the contrary, this had become more convenient.

Amoract's power was to cause conflict. In particular, Amoract's specialty was to make the weak rebel against the strong. The ugly emotions that lay beneath human beings. It was easy to stir up their jealousy and desire. Moreover, the garbage left by Baal happened to be holding Biban back.

Asura—did Baal say that he was an Evil God? It was so absurd that it made her laugh. Their father was the only god of hell.

Another being—

Moreover, a bug made by Baal shouldn't dare to claim to be a god of hell.

Amoract opened the warp gate and disappeared in an instant. The law of making movement magic impossible had been weakened since Baal regained his original form, and then it was destroyed with Baal's death.

“.....”

Katz missed her because the spear of magic he released reached her just as she disappeared, but he didn't hesitate. He watched closely as the spear of magic that pierced her body was scattered. Of course, the scattered magic lost its form and luster. But the blood remained. Katz was able to figure out the direction in which the remnants of magic power-filled blood were heading in order to return to their master.

There were only a handful of players who could do this, including Katz and Euphemina.

“Can you open the warp gate for me?” He was merely asking just in case. Katz was aware that Beriache was just a soul. She might not be able to use proper magic. This was why he already started running even as he asked.

Then a warp gate opened in his path.

“”It is easy.””

“Is this possible...?”

“Really...”

It was over. This time, it was really over.

Baal, who repeatedly stood up without dying no matter what Grid did. The king of hell, who seemed to reign as the source of all evil and the object of eternal immortality and fear. He was slashed by Grid and silenced. Then he turned to gray ash.

The breaking news in reality and the epic in Satisfy announced Baal’s death to the whole world.

“Waaahhhhhhhh!”

“Sob...! Sob sob sob!!”

There were shouts of joy in reality and rivers of tears in Satisfy.

Death wasn’t the end, but the beginning of eternal torment...

The people who knew this truth and lived a life of despair were saved.

Sleepless parents worried about the fate of their children, children searched for ways for their parents, who would leave ahead of them to rest, young couples didn’t want to have children because they didn’t want to pass on this hopeless fate, single people felt even more anxious because they were alone, etc.

At the end of the day, everyone in the world was saved thanks to Grid and they were moved to tears. The excitement was so great that they couldn’t even raise their voices. It was also so great that they couldn’t believe it. People believed in Grid and followed him, saying he was their only hope, but they never thought that their generation would get their faith repaid so soon. They were ashamed by their lack of faith.

It happened when people reaffirmed that this wasn’t a dream, but a reality, and started to feel guilty toward Grid...

[You have suffered, Only One God Grid.]

A snow white woman—a pure and saintly looking being draped in a white cloth descended behind Grid.

[I expected you to be tired right after your fight with Baal, but I didn't expect you to show me your back so easily. I can't miss this opportunity from my perspective, so I am going to put restrictions on you so you can't recover.]

Her existence was evil, contrary to her appearance.

The 2nd Great Demon, Amoract—the moment she appeared in the world, she threatened Grid in a very calm tone. She was already chanting a spell.

As she enticed Biban here, she immediately completed the spell to put pressure on Grid and weaken him. The face wrapped in white cloth was clearly smiling.

Baal—he was a guy who couldn't be beaten. Amoract was fond of Grid who just got rid of him. She couldn't hide her joy at the thought of not missing the opportunity that Grid had created for her to reign as the ruler of hell.

She hadn't figured things out. Grid became stronger than she imagined in his fight with Baal. To be precise, he grew rapidly thanks to the result of killing Baal. He wasn't tired at all. Everything that had been consumed in the course of fighting Baal had fully recovered. No, it was an evolution beyond recovery.

He leveled up in increments of 100. This not only restored the player, but it also had the effect of awakening his stats.

“...Uh?” Amoract groaned. It was a groan that came directly from her mouth.

She panicked as Defying the Natural Order was thrust into her heart.

The 9th awakening—Grid had broken through level 900 in the process of delivering the final blow to Baal.

“...W-What... Cough!”

The 10th awakening—as the result of the complete annihilation of Baal, he reached level 1,000. This was the value of the king of hell. A second-rate being who pretended to be dead in the shadow of the king didn't deserve to play with Grid.

[Stat redistribution.]

Grid distributed all his stats to agility when attacking Amoract and now he redistributed his stats in real time. It was the utilization of common player characteristics.

A player who reached level 1,000 could redistribute their stats whenever they wanted and there was no restriction on the number of times... this was the first time Grid found out about this fact. Additionally, the privilege of the first achievement meant there was no restriction on the cooldown time that occurred every time the stats were redistributed.

[You have invested all your points in strength.]

Amoract's body was split in half. She couldn't bear the power contained in Grid's sword, even as a naturally born Absolute.

Overgeared

Chapter 1849

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

He was so persistent and strong that it made Grid sick. Grid would've respected him a bit if he had shown a different side in his final moments. Apart from being the enemy of humanity, it was possible that he might forever be remembered as a worthy rival.

'He was a stubborn bastard until the end.'

Grid erased Baal from his mind. Rather, he engraved Chepardea into the back of his mind.

The bipedal toad—looking back, it felt like he had encountered a lot of things. He wasn't extremely strong, but his ability to spray mucus was tricky. He was annoying in many ways. It was to the point where Grid cursed him for constantly appearing without dying.

However, he wasn't a being who should be cursed at. A warrior who was loyal to the God of the Beginning, Yatan. After Yatan disappeared, he was cursed by Baal to lose his memory and toyed with. Nevertheless, he didn't break down even in his final moments. He made Baal his companion on the road to the underworld.

This was all Grid knew about Chepardea. From Grid's perspective, he had no way of properly knowing the story of Chepardea, who was only a passing villain. The world would naturally forget him without remembering him. Therefore, Grid himself decided to remember Chepardea.

[The souls oppressed by Baal have started to be liberated.]

‘...Come to think of it, this is the underworld.’

The emotional Grid came to his senses. The sight of Baal's severed and fallen body, scattered like mountain ranges in the wilderness, filled his vision. He was overwhelming even in death. He was so huge that the rate in which he turned to ash seemed slow.

There were countless gray pillars that rose from Baal's corpse. All the pillars that started to disperse to various parts of hell were the souls of the dead. Perhaps most souls would be reincarnated as inhabitants of the neutral zones and enjoy comfort. They would forget their sorrow and pain of their previous lives, live peacefully, die, and one day be reborn on the surface.

‘Is the neutral zone a space created by Yatan himself...? It is amazing now that I think about it.’

The villages and cities in hell where even Baal could do nothing but watch—the places where the stone statues of Yatan were built were always peaceful no matter what hell was going through. No matter the external situation, absolute security was guaranteed.

Perhaps there was a name for it other than the neutral zone. However, the people of the present time had no way of knowing the name. They didn't even need to know. In the future, the living wouldn't be able to interact with hell, and the dead wouldn't be able to ascend to the surface.

The situation up to now where the surface and hell invaded each other was abnormal. It was a deformity created by the distorted hell.

[You are the first player to reach level 1,000.]

‘Come to think of it, why...?’

The experience Baal left behind increased his level by a huge 100 at once. Despite this, Grid questioned it and wasn't pleased. It was because the distortion of hell wasn't resolved.

‘Ah.’

The mass of red flesh—the body of the hell moon, still floating in the sky, was the source of the distortion. Yes, killing Baal wasn’t the end. There was still work to be done.

[A player who has reached level 1,000 can freely redistribute the points in the four major stats: strength, stamina, intelligence, and agility. However, there will be a cooldown of three hours every time you redistribute the stats.]

[As a perk for the first achievement, the cooldown for the stats redistribution is removed.]

[You have earned the title ‘Guardian of the Balance’ as a reward for killing Baal.]

[You have earned the ‘Core That Has Existed Since the Beginning of Time’ as a reward for killing Baal.]

[Guardian of the Balance]

[A title given to the one who has saved the fate of hell, the surface, and all of humanity, which were being destroyed by the will of a great evil.

You are the only one who deserves to be the owner of this title.

Your existence balances the world.

No law or will dares to oppress you.]

An Only One title. The effect was tremendous.

[★ Ignore the unique effects of each dimension.

You won't be affected by the unique effects of dimensional worlds.]

Simply put, it ignored Asgard’s penalty. It was proof that one existence, Grid, was greater than a world.

‘Seeing something like this... It is natural that Rebecca, the creator of the world itself, won’t be affected by the Overgeared World.’

Grid wasn’t in the least bit excited. He analyzed it calmly on the basis of the reality of strong authorities. He considered the worst case scenario and devised a

way to respond. The experience of fighting the mighty enemy called Baal made him even more cautious.

However, Grid was also a human. He couldn't always be composed.

[Core That Has Existed Since the Beginning of Time]

[Originally a possession of Yatan, it fell into Baal's hands and contained infinite energy.

It can fulfill the user's wish.

Yatan used its power to turn the power of 'destruction' into the power of 'creation' and created a shelter for the dead.

Baal distorted the shelter of the dead that Yatan created into hell.

Number of available uses: 1 time.]

".....?"

An object that could alter even the power of a God of the Beginning—there seemed to be no exaggeration in the phrase that it fulfilled wishes.

Grid's eyes shook.

The first thing that came to mind was Khan and his son. He wanted to return Khan back to being a human being. He wanted to resurrect Khan's son, who had died young and made Khan sad. That was where it started.

Grid thought that he wanted to take away all the pain and regrets of his precious people.

He wanted to go back in time before Asmophel fell into the clutches of the Yatan Servants and protect the lives and families of the Red Knights, including Piaro and Asmophel. He wanted to give Braham, who was abandoned by his mother after becoming obsessed with overcoming the Curse of Sloth and harming his own kin, a chance to think again. He wanted to help Kasim, whose clan had been annihilated by the empire...

"...Ah." Grid came to his senses. He realized that there were few people around him who hadn't been unhappy and he couldn't undo their past. Everything would become twisted the moment he changed one thing.

For example, Kasim's success in defending his clan meant he was able to fend off the invasion of the empire. At the same time, it meant that Piaro and the Red Knights, who had always been the vanguard of the empire, would suffer a defeat.

By altering Braham's past, Braham could play a role that was completely antagonistic to Grid since he didn't experience a human life.

'In the first place, it is all over.'

They overcame the pain and got back on their feet. It was wrong for him to bring up their past. Additionally, not everything would be possible, even if this core granted his wishes. No matter whether he was an Absolute, the emperor, or the Guardian of the Balance, there were clear limits to a player's authority. Grid had experienced it several times.

'...Apart from all of that, it is only available for one use.'

Since it could only be used once, could it really grant any wish?

Grid suddenly had this thought and decided to stop paying attention to it. He thought there must be a separate use for this. It was close to conviction. It was based on the experience he had accumulated so far.

"....."

Then there were traces of magic power behind him. He could tell who it was without looking in person. Since the distance from the place where he felt the presence couldn't be measured, it meant the space was distorted.

A warp gate had been opened.

[You have suffered, Only One God Grid.]

It was a memorable voice.

The 2nd Great Demon, Amoract—Grid thought it was just right.

'All in on agility.'

He didn't have to type any commands. The system immediately read Grid's will and responded.

He stabbed his sword without hesitation at Amoract, who was constantly talking.

The Great Demon of Conflict—she was an unreliable existence from the beginning. He was going to kill her no matter what sweet proposals she made or what cooperation she offered. It was better to cut off the roots in advance.

‘All in on strength.’

Grid’s will became more concise and intuitive. His stats literally changed in real time and Amoract couldn’t react at all.

[The 2nd Great Demon, ‘Amoract,’ has died.]

[Your level has risen by 17.]

‘...Stop rising up.’

This damn thing. He had been telling people around him that the limit for players would be level 999, but he reached level 1,000. Then it kept going up? It was a bit embarrassing...

At this point, maybe Morpheus was deliberately modifying the system to be the opposite of his predictions? Grid still didn’t trust the S.A Group, who were suspicious, and distributed his stat points back to agility.

It was for high speed travel. The red flesh that Yura and Mir were currently containing was the target. There was no time for him to look at the loot. He couldn’t wait for Pagma’s soul, which hadn’t appeared yet.

‘There were so many souls that Baal had absorbed.’

Gray pillars rose from Baal’s corpse and embroidered the sky like stars. There were endless limits. He had to free Pagma’s soul in order to complete the class quest, but it seemed delayed since there were so many souls to be freed first.

‘It doesn’t mean much to finish my class quest now, but...’

For the current Grid, Pagma's Successor was just one of his origins. Even so, Grid wanted to obtain the rewards. It was important to finish everything.

Grid was about to use Shunpo, only to stop. It was because he detected the movement of new magic power in the sky. It was quite a powerful magic power.

‘Asura?’

The vigilant Grid paused. Then the identity of the figure who popped out of the fully open warp gate was soon revealed.

It was Katz. Nevertheless, he didn't let down his guard. It was due to the girl that came right after Katz. To be precise, it was the soul in the form of a girl.

Beriache—she was one of the Three Evils of the Beginning, like Baal and Amoract, and she was the mother of the direct descendants, including Braham and Marie Rose. The moment she appeared, all the blood that had seeped into the ground started floating into the air. It felt like tens of thousands of red jewels were adorning the landscape.

It was beautiful.

“.....!”

Grid's eyes examined the situation for a moment before they widened. It was because the moment the blood that floated into the air and formed small droplets started to seep into Beriache, the presence of the dead Baal and Amoract were felt. He felt it from Beriache. It was a frightening phenomenon.

‘The power of 10,000 beings...!’

There were many types of strong existences. Among them, there was a type that became uncontrollably strong when ‘certain conditions were met’ and Beriache was that type. The ability to take the power of targets whose blood was sucked as her own. It was known that Baal even asked Amoract for cooperation because he couldn't do anything alone against Beriache, who had accumulated power.

Yes, Grid was familiar with it. But seeing it in person was a completely different feeling.

Embracing the power of Baal and Amoract, who were already dead...

It was also only through the blood they shed as they died.

“”You don't have to be vigilant. I don't plan to go against you.””

It was a manner of speaking that didn't match her outward appearance.

“Then why did you accumulate so much power?” Grid directly asked Beriache, who was more like Marie Rose's daughter than her mother.

“It is always good to have power. I have already experienced one failed life, so I think it is natural for me to always have a vigilant mindset. Rather...”

Beriache's gaze shifted to Grid's lower half. It was his groin area, to be precise. Beriache stared at Grid, who naturally closed his legs, before smiling.

“I had wondered why you smelled like me. It is no wonder... your tastes are unique. I can see why Marie Rose hasn't been able to conceive.”

There were small explosions everywhere. It was the sound of the God Hands destroying the cameras of the broadcasting stations.

Overgeared

Chapter 1850

“This... there is a story. I was worried you might misunderstand, so after washing it thoroughly, I tailored it into a men's style and used it...”

Beriache's Underclothing—it was the strongest underwear in the world. Grid simply looked at the performance and used it. He swore he didn't have any bad intentions. He felt it was unfair and sad that he had to give such an explanation.

“You are kind. There is no need to go along with this unnecessary joke.”

Fortunately, Beriache didn't seem to doubt Grid. It was a natural outcome from Grid's perspective.

“I'm not in a position to joke around.’

Beriache—one of the Three Evils of the Beginning, and the sister of Baal and Amoract. There was only one reason why Grid was polite to Beriache. It was because she was the mother of Braham and Marie Rose. He respected Beriache for that reason alone.

However, that was it. It didn't matter if she had gone against Baal in the past. Grid had experienced the evil of demons and he was wary of Beriache. He didn't trust her. The fact that she tried to protect hell before it was distorted and that Yatan was a good being wasn't enough to erase Grid's vigilance.

“As you can see, the distortion of hell hasn't been solved. It is a time when I need to search and eliminate the case as soon as possible. Therefore, I am wondering

why you are holding me back with a useless joke. It is also right after you took Baal and Amoract's power."

He was ready to go out at any time.

Beriache read Grid's thoughts and smiled bitterly.

"You are the Blood King. It might not have been my intention, but you have inherited my will and you are the companion of my daughter. I just wanted to greet you and express my friendliness, but I was misunderstood due to my poor eloquence. I'm sorry. I lacked consideration."

Beriache bowed deeply and apologized. She might treat Grid indifferently due to the self-proclaimed relationship between them, but she actually respected Grid from the bottom of her heart.

By this point, Grid had become embarrassed.

"....."

Come to think of it, wasn't this his future mother-in-law? Grid's heart became heavy at the thought that he treated her more harshly than necessary and he tried to find something to say.

"You are dodging the important answers. Grid isn't pleased that you have taken Baal and Amoract's powers. I think it is right for you to explain that."

Katz, who had been quietly watching the situation, stepped forward.

A terrible guy—this was Grid's first impression of Katz. It wasn't just Grid who hated Katz. In the past, Katz was more arrogant and outspoken than anyone else, and he had many anti-fans around the world. A well-known American magazine had named Katz as one of the top 100 most hated people in the world. Maybe it was due to the experience of being sworn at too much, but Katz had the excellent ability to read the atmosphere. It meant he was incredibly tactful.

'As expected... people who have experienced pain are different. The part where he thinks deeply and speaks clearly is a bit like me.'

The one person who had more antis than Katz was Grid—Grid felt a strange sense of kinship as he looked with satisfaction at Katz, who had grown up.

"My warrior is loyal to the Blood King, not me..."

Beriache stated before shrugging.

“”Perhaps I am drunk because of the powers that have lost their masters. There is no need to ignore the power that I can obtain, right? It is just like how you took my underwear.””

Unlike Katz, who rushed to Grid as soon as he arrived at the scene, Beriache was still in the sky. In addition to spreading her magic power widely in real time, it seemed she intended to explore and absorb blood from the battlefield.

“”...Well, you might feel that this explanation is insufficient, so I’ll add something else.””

Grid belatedly realized that Beriache’s actions were very familiar.

The way she looked down on people—it was the habit of innately born Absolutes.

Hanul, Chiyoun, King Sobyel, Baal, Amorract, the Old Dragons, and Marie Rose—in retrospect, all of them did it.

If he had to pick one exception, it was Rebecca, the Goddess of Light. She had interacted with a handful of players in the past and always put herself in the players’ shoes. In order to not be a nuisance to players, only quests that fit the situation were issued in the form of ‘oracles’ asking for help. It was purely for the sake of the humans of the surface.

‘...Now that I see it, she is the most abnormal one.’

Thus, she was crazy. No, was she abnormal because she went crazy?

As Grid had new questions, Beriache’s explanation continued.

“”Our nature means we don’t perish. It isn’t that we are special. It is the law of the world. We are naturally bound by the law that the dead return to their souls and prepare for reincarnation.””

The ‘we’ she referred to was the Three Evils of the Beginning.

Grid remembered the moment when Baal and Amorract died. Both of them had been declared to be ‘extinguished.’ They didn’t get a chance for reincarnation and were erased from the world. Originally, even ordinary great demons couldn’t be extinguished without Ruby.

So how could Grid do it? He hadn't questioned it. He thought they might've been punished by Yatan, so he just passed over it. It wasn't that he skipped over it because it was annoying. It was a very reasonable guess.

Children who betrayed their father, a God of the Beginning—it was understandable no matter what happened to them. However, Beriache told him a different truth.

“”But Baal and Amoract were extinguished the moment they died and I think it was Baal's arrangement.””

“...His arrangement. You mean? Baal did it himself?”

Grid frowned. Baal had planned his own destruction? It was hard to believe when looking back at the attitude of this bastard who struggled against his fear of death until the very end.

“”Of course, he wouldn't have imagined that he would actually die. Considering Baal's personality, it must've been half a joke. He simply thought ‘imagine the worst thing that will never happen and design the best solution.’””

The worst thing that will never happen. For Baal, it was death. Then today, he really died.

Grid's epic detailed his end. It was widely known to the whole world. It was a fatal event for an Absolute. No matter what methods he used to try and resurrect himself, his status would suffer a terrible decline and he wouldn't be able to reach his prime days.

For a being like Baal, resurrection was meaningless. Therefore, Baal designed the best solution. What was best for him?

Grid easily thought of it. “Asura... did he dedicate his death to Asura?”

“”I think so. It is because offering a god has a special meaning. It is also the children of a God of the Beginning being offered. Something beyond your imagination will happen.””

The Evil God that Baal longed for—he must've become stronger by now. It was the result of Baal's death.

At this time—

There was a loud explosion in the distance. It was from the direction of the gates where Jishuka's party was fighting. Could it be that the evil eyes' king could no longer restrain Asura's head?

Grid immediately used Shunpo. Beriache followed him.

Grid asked her, "If Amoract was also sacrificed, does it mean that she played along with Baal's joke?"

"That's not it. Amoract's opposition to Baal was sincere. She avoided interacting with him and there was no reason for her to go along with Baal's will."

"So you are saying that Baal forcefully produced this result?"

"Yes, it is possible that Baal chose the object to be sacrificed as 'us' rather than Baal himself. It means I am in danger as well. Asura didn't exist when I died in the past and Baal wouldn't have thought up sacrificing us. Now things have changed. If my soul is destroyed in its present state, I will also be offered up to Asura."

"....."

Beriache's soul must not be extinguished...

It happened the moment when Grid had a clear grasp of the situation...

Flash!

A foreign light flashed from the direction of the gate that was being covered by the evil eyes' king's destructive rays. It was a purple light. It was a pair of them. They were the light from a pair of eyes.

Grid immediately pulled out Defying the Natural Order. He intended to intercept Asura's head, which was approaching.

".....!"

A chill went down Grid's spine.

Asura—it was because the scarecrow, whose body had been torn to pieces and moved according to Baal's will, showed emotions for the first time. There was a bright smile on his face as he got closer in an instant.

[Is there any reason for us to confront each other?]

He even talked. To be exact, it was conveyed through intent. However, it sounded like words because it embodied a voice with clear intentions.

[If you are going to block the way, then I will accompany you. But not here.]

Asura's head, which was rapidly approaching, suddenly turned around. His speed didn't slow down at all. Grid read his intention to meet and combine with his body that was somewhere else and chased after him with Shunpo.

However, it was as he said before. It was almost impossible to hunt down the 'Absolute' who decided to run away. It was because the other party could also use Shunpo. The moment Grid disappeared from view, Asura's head became a dot as he also used Shunpo to increase the distance.

“I don't think there is time to look at the situation here.”

Was the evil eyes' king okay? There was no need to worry about the Overgeared members and Zik, who could be resurrected, but the evil eyes' king had only one life.

After a moment of hesitation, someone shouted at Grid, who missed Asura's head. “Porno is fine! Jishuka died instead!”

It was Vantner's voice. Grid's expression distorted. The name of the evil eyes' king wasn't Porno, but Pori something and Vantner was the tanker. It should've been Vantner who died instead of Jishuka.

Vantner clearly read Grid's complaint and added, “I'm sorry! I mistook Porno for a shield for a second!”

“What...?”

He wondered what type of excuse this was, but he couldn't help being convinced.

16 hours in length—during Grid's fierce battle with Baal, Vantner held his shield in one hand and the evil eyes' king in the other to tie up Asura's head. Yes. He was holding the evil eyes' king alongside his shield. Then Baal died and the tension was loosened. It was easy to be confused for a moment about whether it was the evil eyes' king or the shield that he was holding in his hand.

Then he suddenly had to stop Asura's head, which suddenly showed unprecedented power, so he held up the hand holding the evil eyes' king, mistaking it for the hand holding the shield. It was fully understandable.

Honestly, Grid thought he might've done the same thing.

‘Damn.’

He hated himself for understanding Vantner's position...

Grid lamented and immediately tracked down Asura's head. He could feel Zik chasing after him but he couldn't afford to wait. Asura's head was so far away that he could barely be seen with Barbatos' Vision. In any case, he was at least in sight. The function of Shunpo was to ‘move as far as he could see.’

[Then what if I do this?]

The wide distance was meaningless. Then Asura's head smiled at Grid, who had chased him again, before scattering. The eyes, nose, mouth, ears, and even the strands of hair separated and spread in all directions. Each one used Shunpo. Among them, the ‘eyes’ stared at Grid for a moment. There was no effect.

[You need to ‘reach.’]

‘What is with this bastard?’

Was it because Asura kept talking?

Grid was stuck on the ‘mouth’ and chased after the mouth. That was the limit. The level of the God Hands, Randy, Noe, and the Overgeared Skeletons meant they couldn't track Asura at all. Grid missed all the parts except for the mouth.

[Do you want to have a chat?]

The mouth was chattering.

[While you are tied up by my mouth, I will achieve my goal.]

“.....!”

Grid stopped. He looked in the direction that was the complete opposite from this place. It was because he vaguely witnessed the scene of Biban's sword growing to a scale that had never been seen before. Thanks to this, Grid grasped Asura's location and turned around, while the mouth ended up chasing after him.

[Why didn't Beriache follow you?]

It was while throwing out useless topics.

Grid ignored the babbling mouth. The scene of Biban's enlarged sword being broken was projected into his black eyes.

[Pagma's soul has been liberated.]

He couldn't afford to pay attention to the new notification.