

Overgeared

c 1851-1860

Overgeared

Chapter 1851

“No, XX what? Wasn’t it over?”

It was a very long and fierce battle. The battle of the hell expedition was so brutal that even those sitting comfortably in front of the TV to watch it were exhausted.

Could they really win? Baal was so strong that this question was repeated until the last moment.

People weren’t at ease for even a moment. In particular, the more they supported Grid, the more they suffered from anxiety. Finally, a number of people complained that their hearts were hurting.

It had been a while since then. It was barely finished. Baal’s death marked the victory of the expedition. As usual, it was a victory won by Grid.

People cheered in unison. Toasts were heard all over the world.

Now let’s take a break. Grid should take a break as well...

Just as people were sighing in relief that it was over and feeling a sense of exhaustion, something unexpected happened. An incident occurred. Suddenly, the broadcast was cut off and there was a new world message that said ‘A new Evil God, Asura, has been born.’ Of course, most people were logged out. However, breaking news poured in and spread the contents of the world message.

An Evil God. By all accounts, it was the beginning of a new ordeal. All the people who were already exhausted shook their heads. Most of all, they were worried about Grid.

A break—Grid must be the one most eager for it. However, he couldn’t get a break and got caught up in a new incident...

“It is right after he defeated Baal. It will be tough even if it is Grid.”

“I’m worried about the other Overgeared members. Hasn’t everyone been fighting demons the whole time Grid was fighting Baal? They have a different position from Grid, so they would’ve been exhausted from the start.”

The timing was so bad. Why was a new Evil God born at this time? There was a sense of blatant malice. It wasn’t through chance but necessity. In other words, there was a high probability that the situation was deliberately designed by someone. Of course, that someone was Baal.

“That sick bastard...”

The worst enemy was one that grabbed at their ankles, even in death. It was like Grid and the expedition team had stepped on shit.

Something went wrong. Maybe they would lose a lot...

It was the moment when everyone was worried.

[Beriache might just be a soul body, but she has taken on the power of Baal and Amoract. She is currently one of the few beings in hell who can stand up to me, but she has disappeared. Even though she wouldn’t like to see a piece of stone claiming to be the god of hell in her father’s place.]

Purple lips that shone as if they had been painted thickly—Asura’s mouth continued to speak and irritated Grid’s nerves. It was an attitude that shook the concentration of the mentally exhausted Grid.

‘It isn’t a situation to care about Beriache right now.’

Come to think of it, why didn’t Beriache come after him?

Grid struggled to suppress the questions that naturally rose.

First, he considered her position. She said she couldn’t die. The moment her soul body was destroyed, Beriache would be reduced to the same state as Baal and Amoract. She would be sacrificed to Asura. That much had to be stopped.

The power of 10,000 beings. In theory, Beriache’s power had the greatest potential. There was a high probability that there would be no answer the moment the being in front of him, who had been reborn as an evil god according to Baal’s wishes, got his hands on Beriache. novelbuddy.com

[You are so wary of me. I am... if I had to make an analogy, I am like a newborn baby. I haven't harmed anyone, let alone you. What is the point of being hostile to me like this? Why don't you ignore me and just take a break?]

That's right. Grid was strangely convinced by Asura's words.

[The Sword God Biban that you are worried about is still safe. It was only a collision that happened because he got in my way. I don't have any ill feelings towards him.]

“.....”

Grid's tension, which had remained tight since entering hell, loosened for a moment.

The words that Asura whispered made it that way.

[My purpose is to destroy the red flesh. It is the core that existed since the beginning of time that fulfills the wish of its user and is the culprit behind the distortion of hell created by Baal. The distortion of hell will be lifted the moment I destroy it. That is probably your wish as well. We should form the right relationship and work together.]

“.....”

[Affinity with Asura has risen by 10.]

[It took a lot of hard work to knock down Baal. Leave the rest to me and rest well. However, don't forget to be wary of Beriache.]

[Affinity with Asura has risen by 20.]

[Affinity with Beriache has decreased by 20.]

“.....!”

Grid came to his senses as he continued to advance through a series of Shunpo. It was because he felt a sense of strangeness through the favorability system that worked arbitrarily even though he was silent.

“Is it Amoract's power?”

The power to stir up conflict—coincidentally, it was a power that Grid had never experienced. This old fox hid in Baal's shadows while looking for an opportunity

and was killed by Grid after failing to make a proper move. It was a cause of being too cautious and being ruined.

[Hmm...? I was just being considerate of you.]

Asura's mouth grinned. The body that was facing Biban must be scratching his chin calmly right now.

"He is worse than Baal, at least. Squeak squeak."

The mouse perched on Grid's shoulder spoke.

Evil Dragon Bunhelier—immediately after Baal's defeat, he polymorphed again when he sensed the signs of Amoract opening the warp gate. Now the guy hiding in Grid's cloak finally appeared.

"The worst evil has produced the worst evil. Indeed, it is troublesome in many ways if you are the strongest. Squeak."

"...How long are you going to stay like this?"

"Baal might be dead, but the pressures of hell that bind me still persist. Squeak. There is no need to go out and attract anger in my vulnerable state, right? Squeak squeak..."

"....."

From Amoract to Beriache and then Asura. From Bunhelier's point of view, they were all threatening existences. As he said, it was better if he stayed quiet than to attract attention.

'The problem is that he looks like he is enjoying it.'

"By the way, he is a real monster. Even though his body is divided into pieces, his senses are shared and he seems able to use Shunpo freely. Even an Old Dragon can't do such a thing. Squeak squeak."

It was just a mouth, but it used Shunpo. Considering that the condition to use Shunpo was just to 'secure vision,' it was originally an impossible thing. As Bunhelier guessed, all of Asura's body parts seemed to share a single sense.

"But I'm not convinced. Even if their senses are shared, their eyes are in a completely different place. In a situation where the eyes are looking at a completely different place from here, how can the mouth freely use Shunpo?"

“Maybe he has something like Barbatos’ Vision like you. Squeak. No, it must have a much wider field of view than Barbatos’ Vision.”

In the end, it all boiled down to one thing: Asura’s ability was extraordinary. It was an Evil God made by the offering of Baal, a child of one of the Gods of the Beginning, and the main culprit of distorting hell. It would’ve made no sense if he was ordinary, but this level was too high.

“You had better be determined.”

Bunhelier warned despite watching from the sidelines in real time how strong Grid had become.

‘It is a real plague.’

Grid frowned as he realized the seriousness of the situation thanks to this. It was right after defeating the biggest enemy. The desire to rest was weighing on him. No, in the first place. Should he be given time to recover after a big incident?

That was a cliché. No matter whether it was novels, a cartoon, a game, or a movie—it was a basic virtue that every story should uphold.

Grid even knocked down the source of all evil. He had just liberated souls and saved the twisted fate of the surface. What type of nonsense was it to be subjected to new trials one after another without being given time to rejoice?

The thing that worried him the most was that even at this moment, the apostles and his colleagues were fighting throughout hell. How flustered must they be to hear that a new Evil God was born as soon as Baal died, while the enemy in front of them was unharmed? His colleagues had been fighting with one mind and that was to hold on until they knocked down Baal. He was worried that they would suffer a state of collapse and experience a crisis.

“Those eyes... You are still worried about other people at this moment,” Bunhelier said with a sigh. “Pat... Squeak.”

It was pathetic.

Bunhelier was about to criticize Grid only to suddenly shut his mouth. It was the aftermath of remembering his battle with Baal.

A being he never would've taken down if he hadn't cooperated with Grid—throughout the fight against him, Bunhelier had thought that Grid was strong. He had relied on Grid. Looking back on his feelings at that time, it wasn't bad...

Doing things for others—if the result was 'cooperation' and his 'purpose' could be achieved as a result of the cooperation—

In the end, wasn't it all good?

“...Can I also get a companion?”

Real companions who cared for each other and relied on each other. It was at a time when Bunhelier had a question he never imagined before.

“If you don't betray me.”

Grid had been ignoring the mutterings of Bunhelier, who was on his shoulder, as he kept heading toward his destination. Now he suddenly opened his mouth.

“I will continue to be your colleague.”

Today, they were colleagues. They relied on each other so much that he thought it was a shame to end it as a one-off.

“...Kukuk.”

Bunhelier didn't bother to answer. He just laughed like it was ridiculous and hid back inside Grid's cloak. Immediately afterward, Grid landed on the ground. It was with his back to the angels.

“Grid!”

“You're here...!”

Ibellin and Coke were enthusiastic. Asuka seemed to be secretly pleased. The expressions of the masked angels couldn't be read. What they had in common was that they were blocking the entrance of the underground. They formed a barrier using their own bodies.

Asura's mouth murmured after arriving just after him.

[Are we going to fight after all?]

Step.

Then the sound of footsteps was heard. The mouth, which had been floating alone, regained his body.

Evil God Asura—his complete appearance gave the impression of being ‘smooth.’ It felt like seeing a work of art with a purple sheen flowing over his sleek, muscular body. He was dragging something in his hand. It was Biban.

A giant person who was two meters tall—the Absolute, who had obtained the title of god in a human body, had been completely subdued.

[I didn’t mean to kill him from the beginning. I want to use this as an opportunity to erase the animosity you harbor toward me.]

Asura said while listening to the breathing of Biban, who was still alive. Then he released his grip on Biban’s hair and shrugged.

[Once again, my purpose is the culprit that is distorting hell. Your purpose is the same, right?]

The mass of red flesh—Asura insisted that he intended on destroying it.

Grid’s thoughts were different.

“You aren’t trying to destroy it, you want to eat it. That is who you are.”

By ingesting the source, he would become perfect...

Grid’s insight pinpointed Asura’s true intentions.

At this point, Asura couldn’t deny it.

[You saw it precisely, but... isn’t it also true that it will be destroyed if I ingest it? You will get the result you want. The distortion of hell will be lifted and the surface will have perfect peace.]

“That is until you cause a new crisis.”

Grid pulled out Defying the Natural Order and squeezed it.

He wanted some rest. For Grid, this was his only thought. He didn’t want to waste time having a meaningless conversation.

Then his face suddenly stiffened. It was because he felt something strange.

Sword God Biban—Grid had experienced his abilities directly and indirectly. Biban was a valuable presence that increased the power of the sword just by being by his side. But now it was silent. The sword energy of Defying the Natural Order wasn't strengthened.

'Is he dead?'

It happened the moment when Grid turned his attention to Biban, who was still lying on the ground...

Before he knew it, Asura was right in front of him and reached out. Dozens of hands rose like illusions behind his back, crushing and smashing the metal sun made by the God Hands and pulling Grid out of the sun.

Asura—he made dozens of movements with one hand gesture.

The angels witnessed this ridiculous ability in real time and were appalled.

"You are trapped."

Unlike them, Grid's expression didn't change at all. He ignored Asura, who had grabbed him by the collar, and stared at the barrier that had been raised in the wilderness.

The identity of the barrier—it was Biban's sword. The sword, which was broken in a 'huge manner,' formed a two-layered barrier on the battlefield.

Defying the Natural Order reacted to the feeling that was felt inside the barrier. It shook lightly and the sword energy was sharply amplified.

Biban's figure, which had been lying dead, changed into a sword.

An ordinary long sword—it was one of the countless swords that floated in Biban's mental world.

"The groundwork is almost done."

The person who appeared above the barrier—it was Sword God Biban. He was holding Broken Sword in his hand. It wasn't the 'illusion' of the broken dragon weapon that had grown huge. It was the real dragon weapon created in his mental world with Grid. It could never be broken.

"You can rest assured. Leave this place to me and do your work."

A battlefield with huge swords forming a barrier. The hint was the sword in the background. This place was already a world of swords. It was Biban's mental world. Without anyone noticing, Biban had taken over the space.

"I understand."

Additionally, Grid didn't doubt Biban's skills. He immediately turned around and went underground. His goal was to destroy the red flesh. It was only then that the distortion of hell would be resolved and Asura, who lost his origin, would rapidly weaken.

[What is going on?]

Asura clicked his tongue and immediately chased after Grid. The angels blocked his way. However, it only bought him a split second of time. To be precise, they consumed a few movements. That was all.

It was enough. Biban arrived.

The sword energy, honed beyond the barrier built by the illusion of the sword, was contained in his sword. Asura and the angels felt it was the accumulation of power using the gap that had been created for a very short moment, but the truth was different.

Biban was the master of this world. He applied the flow of time differently only to himself and accumulated decades of sword energy. He only allowed himself to accumulate it. There wasn't even a single speck of sword energy that was lost over the course of decades. It was because he was the Sword God.

"Thank you. Thanks to you, I learned the power of my sword, learned what I still lack, and was able to devote myself to learning."

There was a small but eerie cutting sound as Asura's smooth body was cut in two. The blood that gushed out like a fountain was blocked by the sword curtain. Biban's figure looked like a gentleman holding a transparent umbrella on a day of blood rain.

"Grid, rest in peace."

"...No... you are treating me like I am... dead...."

Asura stared blankly at the unrealistic scene unfolding before his eyes and scolded with a frown.

Overgeared

Chapter 1852

The mass of red flesh—there was no other name for it. Their honest feeling was that they didn't even want to mention it.

“Is it over? Really?”

The world message that emerged the moment Baal perished—Toban had been cheering at the thought that it was over, only to break out in a sweat. Not only was the red flesh unharmed by Baal's disappearance, but the news of the birth of a new Evil God came right after. It was a desperate situation.

‘How long do I have to face this disgusting bastard?’

The red flesh formed a circular shape, but the surface was uneven. It was because it was wearing countless faces like an outer shell. The mouth, noses, and eyes of the dead were tightly embedded in the flesh and wriggled in real time. They seemed to be screaming together.

Please come and save me.

They seemed to be shouting to get them out of here.

Wriggle!

One of the human faces embedded in the red flesh seemed to protrude slightly. Finally, a human figure was vomited out. Once again, it was the yangban, Garam. He was killed by Mir a short time ago, but he was resurrected again, his body made from the flesh of the red flesh.

“It is very convenient that I don't have to fear death.”

Garam smirked and rushed at Mir. Like his own body, he wielded a long sword made of flesh.

The sword flashed continuously like lightning. Dozens of blows were exchanged and Mir was pushed back a few steps. It was a shocking sight.

At first, Mir had easily overwhelmed Garam. He was hurt by the energy of the God Killer, but he easily handled Garam and the yangbans. However, Garam became

stronger every time he was resurrected and he already reached the level of receiving Mir's swordsmanship.

Garam was the only one. The other yangbans were killed by Mir's sword no matter how many times they resurrected, while Garam became stronger in real time.

It was the pure difference in talent. Even after suffering the same death, Garam was the only one who immediately realized his defeat and quickly came up with a solution. He repeatedly studied and gained insight into how Mir's swordsmanship incapacitated him and led him to death.

Before long, the red flesh didn't resurrect the other yangbans. It only molded Garam using its own flesh. In the process, Garam's arms and legs became a bit longer. His neck and ankles thickened, and calluses formed on his toes and fingers. The muscles of his entire body were reorganized in a different form than before.

It was the result of the red flesh responding whenever Garam realized and aspired for the physical conditions necessary to transcend Mir. Garam started to catch up with Mir's swordsmanship using sheer talent and he was even blessed with an evolved body by the red flesh.

"The sword that destroys the gods."

The energy of a God Killer—the incandescent long sword accepted the aura created from Garam's intentions and caused a powerful explosion. It had the power to offset some of the absolute elements of Mir's dragon weapon, One. Garam's sword, which easily broke every time it collided with One, was intact for the first time. It endured dozens of blows and scattered pale energy.

Garam didn't seem satisfied.

"It is still too much to say it will destroy a god. I'll have to name it differently."

The blue dopo fluttered and spread out like a curtain. It was a scene created by the shockwave that occurred when One pierced Garam's chest.

"Cough... I should've dealt one more blow."

A slight twist of the wrist.

Flop!

Garam's body collapsed as he looked down with some surprise at One, which made it through his sword like his sword was a piece of paper. The beautiful body shriveled up in an instant and turned into dirty, red flesh.

A piece of flesh that was the size of a fist—it was the material that formed the body of a half-god.

The possibilities of the red flesh were limitless.

“At this time, I wonder if Baal is greater than Hanul.”

Step.

Garam walked out again. Once again, it was a body made from a small piece of flesh. It was newly made, so it was fine without any wounds.

“Unlike Hanul, who is limited to creating dozens of yangbans who are trash except for you and me, Baal's creation can create and evolve an infinite number of objects using the material called the ‘soul.’ Isn't that right?”

Chiyoun's test—Yangbans must study and develop on their own in order to qualify for the test and pass it. They had to try hard like they were human beings. It was too insignificant for a creature created by one of the Gods of the Beginning.

freewebnovel.com

Therefore, Garam wasn't satisfied with his life. He was jealous of the Absolutes who were perfect from the moment they were born and felt skeptical about his own situation. Of course, that changed after he met Grid.

In any case, the world felt easy and comfortable now. It was because his innate talent was in full bloom thanks to the red flesh.

“It feels so good... Mir, why don't you get eaten by this too?”

“.....”

Mir didn't reply.

Garam—among the yangbans, he was one who neglected his studies and training.

Mir always regretted the waste of his talent, but that was a story from a long time ago. After discovering that Garam's personality was very twisted, he was glad that Garam was lazy. To be honest, he would confess it now: he had been relieved when he heard that Garam died.

However, Garam came back alive in front of his eyes. It was while retaining his tremendous talent and terrifying sadism.

‘As long as we can’t destroy that red flesh—’

Wouldn’t monsters like Garam revive again and again and become the second or third Baal? He wondered if the source of fear that Grid had cut off would be resurrected someday.

Mir thought up to here and closed his eyes to control his breathing. He engraved a determination in his mind. That determination—

“Your prayer has changed. What are you going to teach me this time?”

“Don’t look forward to it.”

The method to suppress Garam’s talent was simple. Repeatedly killing him without giving him the chance to learn. For example.

“.....?”

Killing him without him realizing it.

Flop!

It was only after Mir shook the blood from his sword that Garam collapsed and died like a broken doll.

Mir, the strongest yangban—until he met Grid, he had only one dream: to fulfill the aspirations of Martial God Chiyou and become the new Martial God. He worked hard in rain and snow to achieve that dream. It was while being grateful for his natural talent.

That’s right—Mir was superior to Garam in every way. Therefore, Hanul identified Mir as the opponent of Baal and Raphael. Garam borrowed the power of a demon and repeatedly evolved through expedient means, but he couldn’t surpass Mir’s hundreds of years of effort.

Grid also knew Mir’s value. Therefore, he made Mir his apostle without hesitation and gave him the most important role in this expedition.

The mass of red flesh—a monster who used the power of the souls absorbed through Baal, resurrecting them as demons and wielding them as its own limbs. It was very versatile. It was possible to easily counter specific targets.

For example, Mercedes. She could analyze the powers of the dead to counter and neutralize them, but it consumed a lot of mental power. As she countered the powers of the dead unleashed by the red flesh, she would become increasingly vulnerable over time as she received pincer attacks from the dead who were resurrected as demons.

No matter how strong Braham was, he was a magician and was vulnerable to close combat. Meanwhile, Zik had a weakness that his combat power rapidly declined the moment he couldn't use runes. In other words, they could be attacked somehow if the red flesh made full use of the power of the dead.

Based on Grid and Laue's discussion, the apostle with the highest win rate against the red flesh was undoubtedly Mir. A being who mastered martial arts in the process of dreaming about becoming the Martial God and who freely handled the power of the Four Auspicious Beasts—Mir had an appropriate level of tolerance for all forms of attack.

He might not be as good as Mercedes, but he had the insight to grasp the weaknesses of the target. He could momentarily display a similar firepower to Braham and could be as versatile as Zik. Of course, expectations were somewhat low compared to Braham's potential to 'kill' the red flesh, but Mir had the highest chance of buying a 'stable' amount of time for Yura to find a way to attack the red flesh.

The red flesh must be a living being. It was clearly wary of the fact that Garam had died without being able to react and drew out more of the power of the dead. It intensively passed on the pain, sadness, and despair of the souls it carried to Mir. It was in the form of magic, skills, physical powers, curses, and plagues.

Mir endured with the power of the White Tiger, the Black Tortoise, and the Red Phoenix.

He manipulated the ground with the power of the White Tiger to ward off physical attacks, he offset the curses and plagues with the Black Tortoise's poison and curses, and he quickly healed the wounds inflicted by magic that he was forced to allow with the power of the Red Phoenix.

"Weren't the Four Gods liberated by Grid?"

Garam witnessed the vision of the Four Auspicious Beasts rising behind Mir and frowned. In the past, when Garam was alive, the reason why they could use the power of the Four Auspicious Beasts was because the Four Auspicious Beasts were

sealed and weakened. It was a power that could be taken away at any time the moment the Four Auspicious Beasts regained their free will.

However, Mir was using it and it was also all the powers of the Four Auspicious Beasts.

“...Did you become acquainted with the Four Auspicious Beasts thanks to Grid and retained your strength? Kukuk, don't you have any pride? It is disgusting to see you cling to Grid, who is just a mere human being, just to be able to gain a bit more.”

Garam took a completely different posture than before. At the same time, the way he used Formless Will changed. He wrapped it around his body rather than using it to strike at and disturb Mir. It was different from self-defense. Rather than spreading it out widely, it was condensed and overlapped on a specific area. It was under his feet.

At the same time, the condensed formless energy exploded and he gained tremendous acceleration. He was conscious of the current that still remained weakly in Mir's sword. Garam noticed that he had just been killed by Mir, who used the 'power of the Blue Dragon.' He did everything in his power to move faster than that.

It was useless. It was because what Garam could do, Mir could also do. Mir raised the energy of the Blue Dragon and exploded the intangible energy condensed below his elbow, while fending off the offensive of the red flesh. He bent his wrist to match it and the sword soared at a tremendous speed.

“This bastard...”

Did he see and follow along?

Garam realized what Mir had done and started swearing. His position was once again next to the red flesh.

“.....?”

Garam's expression was puzzled for a moment before he slowly stiffened. He realized that he had died without his knowledge.

“Huh? Is there a XXing case like this?”

A guy who grew one step faster than him growing stronger. It was the second time.

Garam smiled as the image of Grid overlapped with Mir. It was an expression he made when his anger was soaring to the top of his head.

“I have to kill you first before even being qualified to challenge Grid.”

His tone subsided. It seemed like he was trying to concentrate. Garam was thinking about how to attack Mir, who showed no gaps, only to completely shut his mouth and collapse. It was the aftermath of the bones and flesh of his lower body being crushed.

“What?”

Garam, who didn’t care how many times he died, was quite shaken. It was because the human faces covering the surface of the huge red flesh started to squirm wildly. Then the flesh started to swell up.

A spot on the flesh exploded. It was by Yura’s bullets. It was a bullet that accumulated the power of the dead, whose red flesh had erupted throughout the battle. The shooting method was also different from usual.

Faker shoved the bullet directly into the flesh’s body. After being shot several times by Yura, he identified a gap in the flesh with an immune system that was wary of Yura and targeted it accurately.

“You guys...”

Garam noticed the situation. The method to attack the lump of red flesh that easily regenerated no matter how many times it was cut and smashed—it was to inject ‘excessive energy’ at once to exceed the allowed amount and cause self-destruction.

In fact, the red flesh was collapsing. From the perspective of the flesh, which had been originally slowly absorbing powers and souls through Baal, it was a strange and dangerous experience to receive back all the energy that it had released at once. It was also great that Yura, Faker, Mir and Leraje attacked in the gaps created every time it took off some flesh to create another being and the accumulated wounds weren’t completely repaired.

The screams of the flesh as it crumbled like water-soaked mud continued for a long time. Garam's body, created by it, was also affected and collapsed even more miserably.

"He is definitely running here right now."

Grid—he must have no intention of resting even after he killed Baal. Yura knew he would be working to help his colleagues. This was the reason why.

"We have to finish it before he arrives. We need to give him a break," Yura encouraged the group.

The effect was great.

Faker, Toban, Mir, and Leraje nodded and struggled to jump on the flow that she had changed. They tore down the red flesh. Soon—

"Yura!"

It happened as Grid arrived at the scene...

[The distortion of hell is released.]

The situation was over. The terrible screams of the dying red flesh shook the underground area and scattered the souls that it had accumulated like Baal.

At the same time, in front of the elevator heading for the surface...

"Mother..." Braham greeted Beriache. He looked sadder than ever.

"I didn't want you to come here alone."

Braham's magic power was infested with divinity. It was an obvious divine force.

Beriache laughed bitterly. "Looking at you, I shouldn't have given birth to Marie Rose."

Then things wouldn't have been so messy.

Beriache was holding a long, dark sword in his hand. It was the demon sword made from Baal's magic power, which she had completely absorbed.

"I'm relieved. You are trying to protect your little sister."

That isn't it. I'm just trying to keep Grid safe.

Braham wanted to refute it, but he held back. It was because he thought tears would flow if he opened his mouth.

Overgeared

Chapter 1853

[The culprit of the hell distortion has disappeared.]

[The distortion of hell is released.]

[The demon energy infesting hell has started to be purified around the areas where you and Demon Slayer 'Yura' have left traces.]

[Your divinity flows through the veins of hell where flames flow.]

[Your divinity takes root in the desolate land of hell.]

[Green sprouts are blooming everywhere in hell.]

[The malice and madness of the demons and demonic creatures are slowly subsided.]

[Hell has regained its original form.]

[You are deeply praised for fighting against the oppression that could have lasted forever.]

Regaining the 'original appearance'—that was the most important conclusion. It was over. Following Baal's death, the red piece of flesh also perished. The wishes of the world and Grid's purpose had been fulfilled.

It was the result of Grid, the Overgeared members, the apostles, and Biban working together. In the future, death would be a respite for humanity, not the beginning of eternal suffering.

"Everyone... I'm glad everyone is safe."

They had struggled so much. They fought really well. Etc, etc.

He had a lot to say but this was all Grid could barely spit out. It was enough. The affection that Grid and his colleagues felt for each other was naturally conveyed without words.

“You should rest.”

In any case, now wasn’t the right time to start talking. The most important enemy still remained.

Evil God Asura—Grid left the scene immediately to kill him, followed by Yura’s group.

“What do you mean by rest? Let’s fight and get it over with.” Those were Toban’s words.

Grid chuckled. Personally, he was grateful to Toban. Toban had naturally declined with the fall of the Judar Church. Later, he became a paladin belonging to the Overgeared God Church and was stronger than he was during his prime, but he didn’t rise to the ranks of the 10 Meritorious Retainers. His position was rather low despite his seniority.

In particular, he was exploited a lot by Lauel due to his experience as a staff member during his time in the Tzedakah Guild. He was responsible for guiding the new guild members while also being in charge of all sorts of tasks, such as supervising the territories in each region. He even participated in this expedition without receiving a dragon weapon.

Since he wasn’t a transcendent or an angel, he was unable to handle a dragon weapon. This meant he wasn’t actually a candidate for the expedition. After Vantner, it was difficult to find a player who was more of a pure tank than Toban, so they hurriedly recruited him in the end.

It must’ve been very embarrassing. He seemed very anxious. However, he survived to the end and proved that he was still on active duty. He fought really well. Yura, who was alive and well, was the proof.

“Yes, let’s fight together and go back together.”

Yura, Faker, and Mir were all on the taciturn side. Leraje seemed very nervous. Perhaps she was affected by the news of Beriache’s resurrection. At the very least, the atmosphere felt relaxed because there was Toban.

‘Asura.’

It was right to see him as stronger than Baal in terms of the current flow of events. Honestly, Grid was really tired. He remembered the difficulties he had throughout the fight with Baal and his eyes darkened a bit.

However, he gradually felt relieved when he remembered the faces of his colleagues. No matter how strong Asura was, he was different from Baal. Unlike Baal, who overcame death using people's fear of him, it was the end once Asura died. Just in case—

Even if he had the setting of inheriting Baal's power and overcoming death, it was just the setting. The fear of humanity had already been erased. People no longer feared Baal or hell.

Grid made this happen. The source of fear had been removed. There was no reason to fight alone against Asura. There were Yura, Faker, Mir, Toban, and Leraje here. There were also Biban and the angels who were currently fighting Asura. Additionally, there was Bunhelier, who was still hiding in Grid's cloak, and Grid's other companions, who would come running after completing their respective missions.

They would join forces and fight.

‘There is no suspense in many against one.’

Was it the usual many against one?

Grid, Biban, Braham, and Bunhelier—there were four Absolutes in this place.

Mercedes, Piaro, Mir, and Zik also had the potential to aim to become an Absolute and they had indeed developed at a tremendous rate. Most of the rest of the Overgeared members were transcendents. There were also strong allies called Leraje and Eligos. Even Fire Dragon Trauka couldn't handle a pincer attack of this magnitude.

‘...Isn't this too strong?’

He realized it once again. If they finished the expedition safely today and returned to the surface.

First of all, all the dragons in the world, including the Old Dragons, would erase their presence. They wouldn't be able to act recklessly as long as the Overgeared World was in good shape.

‘The gods of Asgard will also be watching us with bated breath.’

Hell, who had been opposing the surface, had been destroyed. Asgard couldn’t hope for the Overgeared World’s self-destruction and would obviously be nervous.

Once he thought up to here, he naturally thought about what to do next.

‘The Seven Malignant Saints.’

The Seven Good People were Asgard’s disgrace. They were the ones who proved the sins committed by the gods. Perhaps the celestial gods would try to erase everything related to the Seven Malignant Saints after carefully watching the epic of how he brought down hell. It was in order to not give an excuse for an invasion. It should be stopped.

“.....?”

The underground area where Yura’s group had struggled—it was the deepest and most secretive place in hell, befitting the place where the culprit that distorted hell was hidden. The road was so narrow and winding that he couldn’t even use Shunpo. Therefore, Grid was barely able to reach the ground after running a long time, only to witness an unexpected sight.

[...It is over.]

Evil God Asura was crumbling. He was turning to ashes while surrounded by Regas, the angel who threw off his silver mask; Hao, the angel who threw off his gold mask; and Sword God Biban.

[Baal... his trick grabbed me by the ankle.]

Asura stared in disbelief at Regas, who barely coughed up a bloody breath. Then he soon found Grid and laughed.

[Well, these are all excuses. My defeat became inevitable when I failed to secure my origin.]

Asura’s origin—it was the mass of red flesh. Asura’s true power was only displayed when combined with it. However, he failed to achieve a union. In his imperfect state, there was no way to defeat the mighty enemies, Only One God Grid and Sword God Biban. He wanted to avoid a fight because he knew it clearly, but Grid’s vigilance was too strong.

[But we will be reunited soon.]

“.....?”

Grid was relieved to witness Asura dissipating in real time, only to frown. They were going to be reunited? Asura’s meaningful words bothered him a lot.

“On what grounds are you saying this?”

[...Kukuk.]

Slowly. Very barely. Asura barely raised his hand that was limp in death and pointed to the sky. The hell moon had disappeared and the sky was clear. Above it was the surface and beyond that was heaven.

[There is a call from heaven.]

“What?”

“.....!!”

There wasn’t a single person who couldn’t understand the meaning of Asura’s words.

The sky.

Heaven.

Asgard.

There was only one authority. It was to summon the dead and make them angels. But surely not, the gods—

They even wanted to take away an Evil God born in hell?

[It is no use trying to call the Saintess. The existence made from Yatan’s subconscious can’t suppress me, who was born to transcend Yatan.]

Asura read Grid’s thoughts and laughed. He turned to ash at a faster rate. It was the result of responding to Asgard’s call.

[Rest assured, Grid. The greatest god.]

The greatest god—Asura wholeheartedly acknowledged Grid. He saw Grid as a better being than any other god in heaven. It was because he witnessed the process of Grid defeating Baal from Baal’s side.

[I have fighting spirit by nature. I am different from Baal. I don't care about trash. My target is only you and the other strong existences.]

No matter what I will become when I ascend to heaven, I won't be a threat to the surface, unlike Baal—the reason why Asura revealed this fact was simple. He hoped that the opponent who would one day receive his challenge would be relieved and devote himself to moving forward.

Of course, Grid didn't believe it at all. There was no reason to trust an Evil God born from Baal.

[Besides, what the heavenly gods want from me is probably to get rid of Chiyou...]

Asura had inherited the power, knowledge and intelligence of Baal and Amoract. Whatever conjecture he had made, he disappeared before he could finish saying it. He soared into heaven without leaving the slightest traces behind.

“...Chiyou.”

Grid was reminded of the archangel, Metatron. He was also obsessed with Chiyou. Maybe all the heavenly gods were. To them, Chiyou was the enemy who helped Hanul escape and was the only threat to Rebecca.

‘Considering Asura's background, it is suitable to make him Chiyou's opponent.’

Zeratul's position also needed to be taken into account. Didn't he become a sinner and was locked up? As a result, the position of Martial God was vacated. If the existence of the Martial God was essential to heaven, then it made sense to make Asura the new Martial God.

‘...So Zeratul is completely abandoned?’

Grid wasn't very comfortable because he remembered the moment when he received help (?) from Zeratul. However, it was only for a moment.

Now was the time to rejoice. Asgard's collection of Asura was an unexpected variable, but somehow, there was little anxiety. It was because Asura didn't have the personality to be easily used and there was no reason for him to be swayed by Asgard's tricks. As he said earlier, the Overgeared World was so strong.

Just then, Piaro and Mercedes were seen rushing toward them. They had neatly completed the mission and came back. Additionally—

[You have encountered Pagma's soul.]

[You have encountered Alex's soul.]

A personal meeting came to Grid and Yura.

The class quest—it was a quest that ordinary people had completed years ago, but it was different for legendary class users. The level of difficulty was so high that they wondered if this was correct, especially when it came to the difficulty of Grid and Yura's class quests.

The goal of the quest was to free the souls of Pagma and Alex, who had been held captive by Baal. It was a crazy quest even when looking at it now. How could a mere legend get rid of Baal and free the souls of Pagma and Alex? It was especially the case when Pagma's Successor was a blacksmith. There was no way to kill Baal through normal methods no matter how hard they tried.

‘...Damn.’

He was so sad that he was on the verge of tears.

Pagma held out his hand to Grid, who was laughing in disbelief. “My petty talent... dear friend... I don't know if it will help... but other than this, there is no way to express my gratitude... I don't have...”

Pagma's voice was muffled. In the first place, the form of the soul itself was blurry. It was the same as Alex's soul. It was distinctly different from Beriache, an Absolute. They didn't have the ability to retain their soul form.

Soon, they would arrive at the river of reincarnation, completely lose their form, and prepare for reincarnation in a new appearance.

[You have freed the soul of the hidden hero who has suffered forever.]

[The class quest for ‘Pagma's Successor’ has been completed.]

[As a reward for completing the class quest, you have learned a new sword dance.]

It was really long. The emotional Grid felt it again and spoke to Pagma's soul, which had become even more blurred before he knew it.

“Take a good rest now.”

What more could he say?

Pagma was arguably a hero. However, it was a position that shouldn't be celebrated. In some cases, people could judge him as a bad person. It was all irrelevant. It might not have been Pagma's will, but he was Grid's benefactor.

Grid had no desire to judge him. Therefore, he greeted Pagma without praise or criticism, only respect.

"....."

Pagma read Grid's thoughts and smiled slightly. His form grew paler. The faded old dopo finally became completely transparent. Then it was revealed.

The soul of the girl hiding nervously in the dopo—it was a girl who looked exactly like Randy.

"Ah."

Pagma had protected someone even in death. He tried to make up for some of the sins he committed in his lifetime. Grid realized this fact and finally couldn't stand it. He shouted.

"Thanks to you... many people were saved because of you."

I am the biggest proof standing in front of you.

The moment that Grid said this, Pagma completely disappeared. In the end, he didn't open his mouth and just scattered with a lonely expression on his face. It was clearly the look of a sinner.

May my existence be a small comfort to him.

Grid mourned and summoned Randy. He gave Randy a chance to meet a precious friend and say goodbye properly this time. Then a little more time passed and Wendy's soul was also gone.

"Grid!"

Peak Sword, Huroi, and Laella rushed over while shouting. There was no Braham. Come to think of it, Kraugel also hadn't been heard from.

"It is better to search than wait here."

Yura quickly judged after saying goodbye to Alex and she expressed her opinion. What type of conversation did they have? Her eyes were also red.

“.....?”

Grid wondered for a moment before taking the handkerchief Mercedes handed him and giving it to Yura. Then he said, “Let’s go.”

Grid, the apostles, and the Overgeared members gathered in one place. It was a power that would astonish the Old Dragons and make the heavenly gods nervous. They raced through the hell covered with green vegetation at great speed.

Overgeared

Chapter 1854

At the river of reincarnation...

A tremendous noise had been going on for dozens of minutes already.

It was the aftermath of a collapse of an invisible dam—the dam created by the distortion of hell, and imprisoned the souls in the river.

"Thank you."

“Thank you...”

The liberated souls—they expressed their gratitude to Kraugel as they finally let go of the sorrow and pain they had experienced for eternity and started to enter the path of reincarnation.

“I won’t forget your last words and will deliver them to Grid.”

I will deliver your words to Grid, who isn’t here, on your behalf.

Kraugel thought so and promised. The souls were bewildered for a moment before smiling. Contrary to Kraugel’s thoughts, the souls were grateful to him too. It was because he shouted that Grid would surely defeat Baal and gave them hope. Thanks to him, they endured the pain for a while. This was a tremendous blessing for the souls.

“In our next life, we will return the merits to you and Grid.”

These were the words of a soul. It blurred so quickly that Kraugel couldn’t get a close look at the soul’s appearance, but he could see the neatly shaved head and

deep eyes. He thought this soul must've been a monk-like practitioner in his lifetime.

The cycle of life.

Reincarnation—Kraugel had a vague idea of the value of this concept. The souls had started to prepare for reincarnation thanks to Grid. When they were one day reborn as beasts or human beings living on the surface, maybe they would vaguely love Grid and the warriors of the expedition. Wouldn't these feelings gather to bless Grid and the Overgeared Kingdom?

"The immortal empire."

Just then, Eligos interjected.

"As long as their subconscious minds remember the events of their previous lives after they are reborn, even if it is just the smallest detail, the empire of Grid will be eternal. They won't sit idly by and ignore the nation and everything that Grid has created. They will instinctively want to protect it."

Great nations throughout history had often been born from a combination of strong military power, brilliant politicians, and good timing. It was right to express it as a gift from heaven. However, none of the nations lasted forever. In the end, they declined and collapsed.

However, the Overgeared Empire would last forever. Even though it was only a demon's claim... Kraugel agreed with it.

"I guess so."

Putting aside the blessings and the help of the reincarnated souls, there weren't many forces left that could threaten the Overgeared Guild right away. If he had to name them, wouldn't it be the Old Dragons, the Hwan Kingdom, and Asgard? Among them, the Old Dragons seemed to have deep exchanges with Grid, while Hanul and King Sobyel of the Hwan Kingdom felt inferior. Perhaps only Asgard could disrupt Grid's path.

It happened as Kraugel was thinking this...

"....."

Eligos stood on the cliff and watched the procession of liberated souls. Suddenly, he changed his position with high speed movement. Before anyone knew it, he climbed on top of Cerberus, drew his sword, and looked up at the sky.

“.....”

Kraugel didn't bother asking what was going on. It was because he could also sense the traces that were getting closer.

Soon—

A tremendously powerful air wave seemed to fall on them. Then a gloomy voice rang out.

“”I... must not forget my past life. I can't obtain enlightenment in this state.””

King Daebyeol—Kraugel was familiar with the name of the soul that stopped just before falling into the still swirling river.

The son of Hanul, a God of the Beginning—a being who fell into hell after falling for the machinations of his younger brother, King Sobyel. Finally, he was tricked by Baal and was reduced to the mass of red flesh. The episodes related to him hadn't been revealed in detail. However, it was easy to predict how much pain he would've suffered just from looking at the briefly known content. He must've held a very deep grudge.

“”It doesn't make sense for me, an Absolute, to perish... I have to go up to the surface in this state and meet my younger brother.””

“Does the disappearance of an Absolute make no sense? Baal also talked nonsense before he died.”

Cerberus leapt forward. He jumped off a cliff and instantly attacked King Daebyeol.

Black Knight Eligos—his strange swordsmanship, which had a history of troubling Grid for a moment, inflicted new wounds on the soul of King Daebyeol, who was already full of wounds. He pushed relentlessly at the weakened King Daebyeol in the hope of quickly plunging him into the river.

“I can't tolerate you going against the flow of the river, which has regained its original flow. It is your story. I feel sorry for you, but I can't let you do as you please. It could become an opportunity to cause the rules to collapse again.”

Eligos' desire was to be the representation of hell. He hoped that people would think of him the moment they thought of hell. It was a completely different concept from being the master of hell. It was a type of honor. Therefore, Baal didn't bother to break his aspirations. In any case, Baal was now dead and hell was regaining its original form.

Eligos dreamed of becoming the representation of hell and he was even more obsessed with his role as the gatekeeper of hell. He struggled to defend the laws of hell that had finally been restored.

Eligos and King Daebyeol clashed multiple times, causing the river to gush out every time.

A rainbow that originally wasn't in hell came into existence. It was a sight that could only be seen thanks to the sun rising after the hell moon disappeared.

“.....”

Kraugel didn't bother to intervene. It was very foolish to act recklessly in a situation where he couldn't judge right from wrong. It also bothered him that King Daebyeol had a deep grudge. He was undoubtedly a good being, but it was hard to predict what variables he would cause if he went up to the surface like this.

‘...I think it is better for Eligos to win.’

He never thought the day would come when he would cheer for a demon. Kraugel's expression stiffened as he felt something strange.

“There must be a way to get to the surface without crossing the river of reincarnation.”

There was a uniquely upright existence among the souls moving while entrusting their bodies to the flow of the river. The form was also distinct. He looked like a living person, like King Daebyeol, unlike most other souls that had faded.

“...Madra?”

The name of the soul was confirmed. Then the image of the rapidly approaching soul was projected on Kraugel's slowly widening eyes.

“I would be thankful if you teach me how to climb to the surface with my present memories and soul.”

This was Madra's request as he closed the distance in an instant. His well-developed forearm muscles helped show what type of swordsmanship he would perform.

Kraugel was reflecting on what type of existence Madra was when Eligos shouted to him.

"They are beings who have suffered for as short a time as several years or as long as thousands of years. It is right to say that they have been twisted unconditionally, unless their innate ability is straight and strong. Don't bother with him and ignore him."

Don't look at what they are like in life.

This was the key point of the warning.

Kraugel didn't really agree. In fact, most of the souls were flowing along the river in a calm manner. It was hard to believe that the soul of a person who was called a hero in his lifetime could be twisted when even ordinary souls were like this.

Of course, this didn't mean he intended to trust and help Madra. There was no reason for it.

"I'm an ordinary human being who doesn't have much to do with hell... I can't answer your question."

"Yes, you look like an ordinary human being. You don't seem to be dead or a demon. That is why I'm asking you. How did you get to hell? It is enough to tell me what you used."

"Hey. Didn't I say not to get involved?"

Eligos intervened as he briefly left King Daebyeol and returned to Kraugel's side.

"The stronger and more special a being was in their life, the higher the bridge of their noise and the more obsessed they are with grudges. They are even more twisted than normal souls..."

Eligos' words were cut off in the middle. It was due to Formless Will. It was Madra who wielded a sword made of formless energy.

800,000 Army Swordsmanship—it was like looking at the Space Sword. The earth split in half around the spot where Eligos stood.

“...Help me,” Eligos openly asked for help as he was surrounded by King Daebyeol and Madra, who chased after him before he knew it.

At this point, it was also hard for Kraugel to remain still. He remembered the mission given by Grid—it was the mission to cooperate with Eligos. Grid gave such a mission because he believed in Eligos. It was also right for Kraugel to believe in him. Moreover, the purification of hell had just begun. The situation wasn’t over yet and Kraugel’s mission was still ongoing.

“...I will try.”

Kraugel pulled out Twilight and gripped it.

“That isn’t ordinary.”

The expressions on the faces of King Daebyeol and Madra became serious.

It was a tense moment.

‘This aura?’

Madra had been watching closely after realizing that Kraugel’s true identity was the Sword Saint. Then he suddenly shifted his gaze in the direction of the river. It was because he detected a presence he had been missing for many years.

“Pagma...”

One of the people he always wanted to meet. It wasn’t in a good way.

Madra’s face strangely contorted as he remembered the humiliation of being resurrected and used as a death knight by this bastard, as well as the loneliness and pain that he had to endure because of it.

“I... if I can help you even a little bit... can I?” Pagma’s soul rose from the river and slowly approached the scene. He was a shabby figure compared to Madra, let alone King Daebyeol. He was very blurred in form like most ordinary souls. Pagma’s soul was so weak that it wouldn’t be strange if he disappeared right away. His voice wasn’t connected properly.

However, Kraugel believed in him. It was because he was one of the origins of Grid. Regardless of his outward appearance, he would never be weak.

It was also now after Pagma had just witnessed the activities of his successor. It was highly likely that he got great inspiration and trained his mental image.

“I will be happy for your help.” Kraugel’s answer was the signal.

[You have been possessed by the soul of the Legendary Blacksmith ‘Pagma.’]

[Pagma’s Sword Dance is activated.]

[The Legendary Blacksmith’s Craftsmanship Skill is activated.]

It was just like how Grid united with Braham’s soul in the past. Kraugel also became one with the soul of a legend. It was such a historic moment that Eligos’ eyes filled with anticipation. However, reality was terrible.

[Your swordsmanship level is higher than Pagma’s Sword Dance.]

In the past, when Grid became one with Braham, he gained a strong intelligence stat along with the opening of the ability called magic, but the combination of Kraugel and Pagma had little synergy.

Pagma had only reached the level of a great swordsman before signing a contract with Baal, so he was unable to help Kraugel with his swordsmanship. The only stats that Pagma increased was dexterity, which didn’t help much in battle.

“.....”

It was the wrong fusion. Pagma read Kraugel’s inwardly disturbed mind and hurriedly recovered it. He examined the number of swords in Kraugel’s inventory and activated a hidden secret skill.

“Item Combination.”

“.....!”

Kraugel trembled. A technique that combined two or more items into one to amplify power—it was one of Grid’s ultimate moves. Kraugel had witnessed how powerful it was several times so his expectations soared to the extreme.

That’s right. He didn’t know. It was the fact that Item Combination required a ‘process’ to go through.

Ttang! Ttang! Ttang!

“...Are you crazy?”

Kraugel crouched down despite the enemies in front of him, took out the Grid-made repair hammer and anvil, and started pounding on his sword. This caused Eligos to be engulfed in a sense of crisis like never before.

At the same time, at the entrance of the hell elevator...

“.....”

An innately born Absolute—Braham admired, was thrilled with, overwhelmed by, and then defeated by his mother, who absorbed the power of Baal and Amoract and showed off her perfect appearance. Then his fighting spirit, which had weakened, came back to life.

It was because the presence of a certain bastard became very clear.

Pagma—he had heard Pagma’s hidden story several times through Grid’s mouth and tried to understand and forgive him somehow, but it was impossible. The moment he felt this presence, the resentment he had tried to forget boiled over. He wanted to make sure to meet Pagma and make him pay for his sins before Pagma jumped into the convenient feature of reincarnation and forgot everything. To do so, he had to overcome the crisis facing him right now.

“Let me ask you one last time. Can’t you give up on Marie Rose?”

“”Then there is no reason in giving birth to that child.””

“...I will fight with the intention of killing you. Please forgive me.”

His most respected and beloved mother in the world—Braham hadn’t dared to resent her even when he was banished. Now he made a resolution that he never could’ve imagined in the past. It wasn’t because he felt sorry for Marie Rose. It was only for Grid’s sake and to kill Pagma.

As if hypnotizing himself, Braham’s magic power soared with no end in sight.

Braham-style Enhanced Mana Drain—the power that even Baal coveted engulfed all of the surrounding magic power. In other words, he started to absorb even the magic power of Beriache’s soul.

Overgeared

Taang, taang, taang...

The river of reincarnation—the sound of hammer striking iron resonated in the place where the cries of the souls originally echoed. It was a sound that made one realize that times had changed.

It happened as Black Knight Eligos was immersed in strange emotions...

“...Wait.”

Madra’s soul restrained the soul of King Daebyeol. It was an obstruction that was difficult to understand from the perspective of King Daebyeol.

The disruptor who suddenly started hammering in the middle of battle—he missed the opportunity to beat this arrogant person.

Madra explained it to him, “Pagma is good at deceiving and taking advantage of others. To put it simply, he is an ill-bred bastard. You will be in trouble if you trust the openly exposed gaps he shows.”

“”Huh... How far has my father fallen...?””

King Daebyeol lamented after vaguely sensing that Pagma was a being created by his father, Hanul. He heard Madra’s words and was concerned about how many people were harmed by Hanul’s sin of creating a being who was close to a demon.

“.....”

The content of the conversation between the two of them was clearly heard in Kraugel’s ears. Naturally, it was also heard by Pagma.

Kraugel could feel the emotions of Pagma, who was possessing him. Sadness, remorse, loneliness...

But there was no regret. He was certain that his choices and actions wouldn’t change even if he went back to the past. It was the stubbornness of a hero who had already saved the world once. It was a stubbornness that shouldn’t be broken.

“It is over.”

Madra’s vigilance turned into an opportunity. Thanks to this, Pagma succeeded in combining Twilight and the White Tiger Sword into one and entrusted the rest to Kraugel.

“Unfortunately, this is all I can do to help.”

It wasn't humility.

[Your swordsmanship level is higher than Pagma's Sword Dance.]

[All the intentions contained in Pagma's Sword Dance can be fully accomplished with your swordsmanship.]

[Pagma's Sword Dance is disabled.]

The system judged that it would be a loss for Kraugel to use Pagma's Sword Dance. It forcibly prevented him from using it. The skills that were so powerful in Grid's hands were useless...

‘Grid, what type of fights have you been fighting...?’

It was the same with Pagma's Sword Dance and the Item Combination skill. In both cases, the original skill was far from perfect. They were badly flawed until they evolved in Grid's hands. Additionally, Pagma's stats were low. Apart from dexterity, most of the major stats such as strength, stamina, agility, and intelligence were inferior to Kraugel.

It was regrettable even considering the fact that Kraugel had already surpassed the legends of the previous generation. If Grid had stayed as Pagma's Successor, Grid's peak would've been Pagma and he would've never been able to achieve the same feats as he did now.

Using this newfound understanding, Kraugel realized that Grid was a greater person than he thought. Grid changed his destiny after crossing his limits several times.

“I have more things to ask of you. Give me Pagma's soul, along with a way to get to the surface,” Undeclared King Madra said while inflating the muscles of his right arm that was holding the sword.

Kraugel felt it before, but Madra was a very strange existence. He wasn't a legend and was just a soul. How could he be so strong? In particular, Kraugel had witnessed the dilemma of the ‘Undeclared King's Swordsmanship’ several times.

An incredibly powerful swordsmanship that damaged the arms of the user—even Baal from a few months ago, as well as Grid of the past, used to have ragged arms every time they used the Undeclared King's Swordsmanship.

However, Madra's soul casually used 800,000 Army Swordsmanship. Kraugel wasn't convinced even considering that Madra was the original master of the swordsmanship.

'Is it because he is a soul that he isn't restricted?'

No, it was also problematic to interpret it this way. Right now, Pagma's soul was in such a precarious state that he would've disappeared immediately if he hadn't possessed Kraugel. It meant it was difficult for the deceased who were about to reincarnate to maintain their soul bodies. Yet Madra was doing it without any difficulty. It was like the Absolute, King Daebyeol.

"He was born a strong existence." Eligos came to a conclusion after feeling the same doubts as Kraugel. "He is simply a being born with a strong body and soul. That guy is like that."

"....."

Kraugel was forced to agree. There was no other way to explain Madra's strength. In this way, some of the doubts about his futile end were solved.

The king of Lubana, a small kingdom—the man who single-handedly prevented the advance of the Empire with overwhelming force. Madra was the most powerful man of his time. However, the Empire concealed this information to prevent his reputation from spreading outside of Lubana. As a result, he lost his life in vain to a dagger wielded by his son and failed to become a legend.

It was a death with many unanswered questions. He might not be a legend, but it was hard to believe that such a strong person died in vain at the hands of his son. It was an established theory in the academic community that a separate truth related to Madra's death existed.

But now looking at it, Kraugel thought that it was the truth.

Madra died in vain at the hands of his son. The essence of Madra was that he was simply a 'strong human being.' He was just strong and didn't have overwhelming senses, so he was stabbed in a vital spot in a vain end. He wasn't immune when he was fatally wounded. The conclusion—

'He is a monster in a different sense.'

A powerhouse different from ordinary legends and transcendents—Kraugel's expression was serious as he analyzed Madra.

A being who refused to reincarnate—as Eligos said, he was a variable who sought to overthrow the law of hell that had just been restored.

Kraugel couldn't just stand by. Kraugel had an obligation to uphold the laws of hell as long as Grid was the one who restored them. That was his role as a colleague.

“You are going to fight. Yes... it won't be easy to get back to the surface.”

Madra's thoughts changed. The muscles of his hand and arm holding the formless sword wriggled and the blood vessels bulged. The air around the area sank heavily. It was as if he alone existed in the world. He showed an overwhelming presence and focused the attention of those around him to himself. It was enough to make the souls flowing in the river of reincarnation stop for a moment and look up at the cliff.

“One Million Army Massacre Sword.”

The ultimate move that Baal showed in the past—it was executed through the hands of its creator. The sword energy with supreme power stretched out horizontally. He was poised to cut everything around him, including Kraugel.

‘This is crazy.’

It happened as a chill went down Eligos' spine...

A small bursting sound was heard. Then the sword energy that covered the world was lifted. It was the aftermath of Kraugel's Space Sword cutting the One Million Army Massacre Sword. It was a very natural phenomenon.

Originally, a Sword Saint was a being who had the sword energy to cut anything and the strongest swordsmanship. Madra might've been classified as the 'greatest talent of all time' and mentioned in the mouths of Absolutes, but even he couldn't defeat Kraugel when it came to swordsmanship.

Kraugel's swordsmanship was judged to be unconditionally superior to Madra's. Of course, the strongest sword that he obtained thanks to Pagma was a great help.

Madra wasn't flustered. “In the first place, it is a swordsmanship designed to kill a million enemies.”

It was with these meaningful words. The One Million Army Massacre Sword, which had been cut in half by the Space Sword, suddenly had its trajectory

twisted. It resembled a windmill. It rotated, targeted the area, and started to devastate it.

A swordsmanship designed to kill a million enemies—there was no way that the sword trajectory could be limited to one. The number of sword trajectories made by One Million Army Massacre Sword was almost infinite. This was the essence of it that Baal had overlooked. In other words, it was by no means a level that could be suppressed by blocking it once.

A large shadow rose behind Kraugel's back as he retreated, slashed at the incoming swords, or spread out a sword curtain to block them. It was the gatekeeper of hell. It was Cerberus, a beast that appeared in many large-scale myths. Madra's advance was blocked thanks to the guy who released flames and poison to stop the One Million Army Massacre Sword.

A cooperation with a demon and demonic creature—it was a sight that could've never been seen in the time when Pagma was alive.

Pagma recalled his memories of the Behen Archipelago. He remembered the time when he signed a contract with Baal and fought against demons with the power he gained. The demons and demonic creatures that Pagma experienced at that time were monsters united with hostility and the intent to kill. It was hard to imagine a day would come when humans would cooperate with them. It was to the point where he felt that there was no hope for humanity, who would forever be their target.

“If only Grid had inherited the power of someone other than me... the world would've been saved a bit earlier.”

By inheriting my power, his growth was slowed and the salvation of the world was delayed. It took too long for hope to take root...

The cause of Pagma's self-blame was naturally Kraugel. Since Kraugel's impression of Pagma's Successor was somewhat insignificant, Pagma also realized his inadequacies.

“.....”

Kraugel felt no guilt. It was because his own impression as a third party was useless. He cooperated with Cerberus to cut off Madra's arm and spoke calmly, “It is thanks to inheriting your power that the present Grid can exist.”

It wasn't an empty consolation.

Kraugel only told the truth as he confirmed the value in the increase of his critical hit chance and weak point hitting probability, which increased significantly due to the dexterity stat that Pagma raised, and as he recognized the power of Twilight combined with the White Tiger Sword.

“It is terrifying to imagine if someone other than Grid inherited your power.”

Some people said it—the development of players was delayed and humanity was in crisis because Grid only supplied the items he created to the Overgeared Guild.

Kraugel’s view was different. Since it was Grid, he identified people he could trust and distributed his works properly. If someone other than Grid had acquired Pagma’s Successor and monopolized the production of legendary items...

People with only money and power, but no qualifications, would monopolize the most powerful weapons. Then humanity might not have been able to overcome its many crises.

“Don’t comfort the worthless,” Madra interrupted. He pointed out Kraugel’s attitude of soothing Pagma’s soul. “He is a wicked man.”

Kraugel’s face darkened. To be precise, it was the face of Pagma, who had become one with Kraugel. Pagma’s feelings were expressed through Kraugel’s body. Kraugel didn’t hand over the right to speak to Pagma, who wanted to apologize to Madra.

“You seem to be mistaken.”

Undefeated King Madra—he had received the evaluation that he would’ve become the strongest human being if he had enjoyed his natural life. Was it really like that? This evaluation of Madra was built on the days when ‘players didn’t exist.’ It was a time without Grid, the Overgeared Guild, and Kraugel.

“I wasn’t comforting Pagma. I was just appreciating Grid...”

“.....”

Kraugel had already said everything he wanted to say. His words casually inserted the knife into Pagma’s chest again while he slashed off Madra’s remaining left arm.

Madra, who had died hundreds of years ago and hadn’t developed, couldn’t be the opponent of the present day Sword Saint, who had been acknowledged by Muller.

Furthermore, Kraugel was holding a dragon weapon made by Grid and strengthened by Pagma.

Madra's soul fell off the cliff and was submerged in the river of reincarnation. He drifted away to welcome a new life.

"May you be happy in your next life."

The king of Lubana—he, who fought to defend his kingdom and his people, deserved a better fate...

The appearance of Kraugel as he thought this and sincerely mourned gave King Daebyeol goosebumps.

"Do you acknowledge that he is a hero and mourn for him after brutally cutting him down... hell has started to be purified and demons are regaining their goodness, while humans have become rather cruel."

"....."

Kraugel didn't feel it was worth arguing over. The other person might be full of wounds, but he was still an Absolute. Kraugel was busy calculating how to deal with the great enemy called King Daebyeol. His conclusion—

'It is hard.'

An Absolute was an existence that was definitely higher than Sword Saint Muller. He wasn't an opponent who could be defeated just by working together with Eligos and Cerberus. It happened as Kraugel's expression was getting darker and darker...

"...gel!"

He heard someone's voice from a distance. It wasn't just the cries of one or two people. Many presences were approaching quickly. They were the Overgeared members, except for Grid, and the apostles, except for Braham. Biban was also with them.

"I can't fight anymore." However, Biban collapsed as soon as he arrived at the scene. He lay down and leaned against a rock like he was sleeping. It was fine. Except for Biban, the people who gathered at the scene were in good condition.

"I feel a bit worse about what I look like...?"

“Really? What?”

It happened as Peak Sword and Vantner were praising Kraugel, who had become more handsome after combining with Pagma...

“”Why are you disturbing me?””

Countless flowers bloomed around the lamenting King Daebyeol.

Overgeared

Chapter 1856

To save one world—Grid had already experienced how hard it was in the East Continent. It took more than five years to unseal the Four Auspicious Beasts. He experienced so many things while traveling between the East Continent and West Continent.

Furthermore, this expedition was to save two worlds at the same time: hell and the surface. It was normal to be tired.

‘I was naive to believe that killing Baal would end everything.’

Braham and Kraugel hadn’t returned. Grid, who was anxious about what was happening at this moment, calmed himself down. Rather than being dissatisfied with the unfinished situation, he found a way to understand and deal with it.

Leraje was a big help.

“I think Eligos is still at the river of reincarnation. I can feel Cerberus’ presence.”

Cerberus, the gatekeeper of hell—he seemed to deny Noe’s claim that the memphis was the strongest demonic creature of hell. Unlike Noe, who did nothing to help throughout the fight with Baal, Cerberus showed an unflinching spirit toward anyone who was his opponent. The proof was that he attacked Grid at Eligos’ will.

Seeing the way that Leraje reacted sensitively to Cerberus’ presence, it seemed that the great demons also highly valued Cerberus. Leraje tracked the location of Eligos and Kraugel based on Cerberus’ whereabouts.

Perhaps her attitude encouraged a competitive spirit, but the till then silent Noe spoke out shamelessly, “He is simply so big that he stands out.”

Grid ignored him. He wasn't particularly disappointed in Noe even though Noe seemed useless against enemies such as Baal and the dragons. It was because the opponents were too terrible. The moment they returned to the surface, Noe would be able to reign as the guardian god of the Overgeared Empire.

Yes, strength was relative. Noe was strong enough and a great helper.

‘...Cancel summoning.’

Grid looked affectionately at Noe, only to frown. It was because he found that Noe had a black mouse in his mouth.

Evil Dragon Bunhelier—he had polymorphed into a black mouse and had been hiding in Grid's cloak, only to be bitten on the back by Noe.

‘This is crazy.’

A chill went down Grid's spine as he watched the Old Dragon he had reluctantly claimed as a companion. He was at a loss for words and bewildered. Then Bunhelier told him, “You don't have to worry. Mere creatures driven by instinct are part of providence. Squeak.”

‘...He is generous in strange areas.’

No, it wasn't generosity. It was more like an attitude of not caring about trivial matters. It was like people didn't care about the ants they stepped on, even though it didn't look very good.

At this moment—

“.....!”

The world shook. It felt like it was split in half. A tremendous wave of power came from the direction of the river of reincarnation. Grid immediately knew what this power was. There was no way he couldn't notice. Out of all the legends of the past, he was the one with the deepest connection to Grid apart from Pagma and Braham.

Undefeated King Madra—the familiar ripples of the swordsmanship Grid had been implementing originated from the river of reincarnation.

Like Grid, Biban grasped the situation and murmured, “There is a reason why my junior was stranded.”

He was clearly aware of the situation of Kraugel, who seemed to be colliding with Madra, but he didn't seem nervous. It was the same for Grid. It was clear that Madra was a powerful man from a previous era who deserved to be respected, but Kraugel's value far exceeded Madra's.

In terms of achievements and force—who could deny that Kraugel surpassed Madra in every way? In the first place, Madra was classified as a swordsman. He might be able to release the One Million Army Swordsmanship, but he wouldn't be able to compete with Kraugel as long as it was in swordsmanship.

However, Grid couldn't be relieved. The fact that Madra's soul was active meant that something had gone wrong with the river of reincarnation. Beings other than Madra might be holding back Kraugel and Eligos. In particular, Grid was concerned about the consequences of the disappearance of the red flesh. It was because the raw material of the red flesh was the son of a God of the Beginning.

“If the soul of a mere legend is flourishing... when it comes to the soul of an Absolute, you can't grasp the subject at all. Squeak.”

Coincidentally, Bunhelier seemed to have also thought about King Daebyeol.

“Take people to the river of reincarnation,” Grid requested of Yura.

The fact that Kraugel might be in danger was a secondary issue. Grid was more worried that the river of reincarnation would collapse.

“Yes,” Yura agreed to the request. She changed course toward the river of reincarnation and the others immediately followed.

Biban and the apostles were with her. They also realized the importance of this task. There was the threat of hell being distorted into another form the moment the river of reincarnation collapsed. This meant that all the work done to get rid of Baal and the red flesh, and to stop Asura, could be in vain.

For now, it was right to do everything in their power to protect the river of reincarnation. In the first place, it was enough for Grid to search for Braham alone. The relationship between a god and his apostles was so strong that it was superior to any other concept.

“Let's finish it perfectly this time.”

Then meet again without any worries.

Grid left behind these words of goodbye to his colleagues who were trying not to show signs of exhaustion. Then Grid used Shunpo and constantly changed his position.

The hell cleared of darkness and lava—Grid used Shunpo continuously with the momentum of going around this whole place, which was as huge as the surface. As a result, the world was covered with a sunset. It was the aftermath of the remnants of orange divinity remaining in each area where Grid appeared.

The demonkin accepted the sight as a blessing from the gods.

The demonkin—there were variations depending on the individual, but unlike demons and demonic creatures, they were the inhabitants of hell who lived in the neutral zone while maintaining their sense of reason. They interpreted it as the god of the surface sprinkling beautiful divinity on them to bless their future after he restored peace in hell.

[The inhabitants of hell worship you.]

[In the undistorted hell, the weight of your name is equal to that of the God of the Beginning, Yatan.]

[A part of the purified hell has started to be incorporated into the Overgeared World.]

Apart from the events that continued to occur after Baal's death, hell was constantly undergoing the right changes. Putting aside Grid's fatigue and tension, the situation was stabilizing. Sooner or later, the perfect outcome that Grid hoped for would arrive.

Then what was this growing anxiety?

Grid's expression crumpled as he sped up the pace in which he used Shunpo. He felt motion sickness due to the changing scenery around him and was overwhelmed with anxiety because he couldn't detect Braham's traces at all.

‘...A barrier.’

At this point, there was only one reason why he couldn't feel Braham. Braham himself was rejecting Grid. It was clear that he didn't want Grid to find him and had done something about it. Why? It was obvious.

‘He is with Beriache.’

Grid had been suspicious of Beriache, whose whereabouts were unknown. He assumed a situation where Beriache became an ‘enemy.’ He also understood Braham’s position.

The only one he loved and admired—it was an expression used by Braham in the past to describe his mother.

‘Braham doesn’t want me to fight Beriache.’

He was going to take care of it on his own...

Grid went crazy at this thought and distributed all his stat points to intelligence. Subsequently—

“Magic Missile.”

He started to fire magic along with the 300 God Hands. It was the most basic magic. However, it was a Braham-style enhanced type. Depending on the caster’s capabilities, it had the potential to exert power comparable to great magic. And at this time, Grid’s intelligence transcended Braham’s. There were also as many as 300 God Hands implementing some of Grid’s stats.

Unusually silent spots that gave off an eerie feeling—these strangely serene points were set as the bombardment locations of Magic Missile and were devastated. One of them was near the hell elevator.

[Braham’s Barrier has been destroyed.]

Bingo.

The barrier that he couldn’t distinguish was disastrously broken. Then the true scene was reflected in Grid’s eyes. There were signs of destruction all around the elevator. There was also a silver-haired man lying in the center of it. It was Braham.

“This... what an ignorant method...?”

Braham was devastated when he witnessed the destruction of the barrier that couldn’t cope with the power of pure magic. He looked at Grid like he was a monster. Grid glared at him as he lay sprawled out while covered in wounds. It was while checking the elevator that had just been activated.

“Beriache has already left for the surface.”

“She left a little while ago. There is no need to be angry. She has no intention of doing any harm to the surface. Therefore, I didn’t betray you...”

“.....”

Grid’s distorted expression didn’t loosen up at all. He felt betrayed by Braham and tried to suppress his soaring anger, but there was a limit.

“How can I believe that? Braham, you might want to trust Beriache, but I can’t trust her at all.”

Grid didn’t even care about Braham’s condition. He ignored Braham and pressed the button on the elevator. The noise of the descending elevator eroded the scene that was filled with an uncomfortable silence. Finally, just as the elevator arrived...

“...I’m sorry,” Braham finally opened his mouth. It was an apology. It was a look he had only shown a few times despite the fact that they had been together for quite a long time.

“By the time you arrive, Mother would’ve already died,” Braham assured Grid, who entered the elevator without responding.

Braham had vowed never to troll again. Today, he faithfully fulfilled his role even though he might’ve deceived Grid. After a fierce struggle, he weakened his mother. Beriache might’ve absorbed the power of Baal and Amoract, but she had a limit in her soul body.

In the first place, Braham was stronger than people thought.

The God of Magic and Wisdom—as a god with two modifiers, he was on the level of claiming to be the strongest among the apostles.

“Maybe Marie Rose has already hurt her...”

Braham’s voice trembled as he barely managed to speak. He was struggling to contain his grief. He, who had done his best to protect Grid’s companion—putting aside his love for his mother, he had done everything in his power to distract her. As a result, it was Braham’s judgment that the weakened Beriache could not cope with Marie Rose.

“If... if Marie Rose showed mercy to her, and my mother is still alive...”

“.....”

“I hope you can let her go in a painless manner.”

Braham’s rare request softened Grid’s expression. The answer from Grid flowed through the crack in the elevator’s slowly closing doors.

“I will try.”

It was enough. Now Braham had only one wish left. When his mother, who failed to resurrect and was about to die again, was reborn—

He hoped she could recognize him.

Overgeared

Chapter 1857

There were no mirrors in Marie Rose’s castle.

A face that was praised by the whole world for being beautiful—it was because the existence of ‘I’ faded every time she looked at this face.

“It wasn’t like this from the beginning.”

Marie Rose raised herself up from the pure white coffin and looked up at the throne. A small soul was approaching the throne, which had been untouched for so many years and had gathered dust. It was while casually asking the question about why there were no mirrors in the woman’s palace.

“I once cherished and loved my face, which looked just like yours.”

A faint smile spread across Marie Rose’s face as she recalled the past from hundreds of years ago. It was a time when she loved her reflection in the mirror. She had laughed quite often back then. It was because her face became a tool to remember her mother. It was proof that she was her mother’s daughter and that she had a family.

Her heart had warmed. It was warm enough to soothe the body and mind that had been cursed. Then little by little, the years went by and she started to grow taller.

Marie Rose gradually got a strange feeling. It was shortly after confirming that her grown body was more powerful than before.

“You will transcend me.”

The words that her mother told her before dying never left her head.

Transcend. Yes, her mother clearly said it.

You are going to go beyond me. Kill Baal using this power and release my resentment.

This meant that Marie Rose's growth was a very natural result. It was a demonstration of the value of a creature born at the expense of Beriache's own life. However, a question arose.

Do I really need to look like my mother?

One day, Marie Rose stood in front of the mirror and examined herself very closely. It was from head to toe. She felt a sense of strangeness from her appearance, which looked exactly like her mother as she grew up. The more she compared herself to her older siblings, who looked so different from her mother, the most suspicious she became. She didn't know the reason.

Did she need to be like her mother? The more she thought about it, the deeper the anxiety that crept into her mind.

In fact, it wasn't a matter to think deeply about. There was no need to be anxious. Her mother was dead. It was enough for Marie Rose to live her life after fulfilling her obligations. Nevertheless, her instincts cried out to her.

Be suspicious of the situation. Neglect your duty.

It wasn't a coincidence. It was a warning delivered from the knowledge and information that her mother had passed onto her. It wasn't known exactly what the warning was about. It was proof that the knowledge and information she inherited from her mother was incomplete. Marie Rose was vaguely aware that her mother had deliberately concealed some information from her.

Then she was reunited with Braham. At first, he was her mother's enemy. He had the same attitude as the past and barked nonsense like a dog. Then shortly after she promised to marry Grid, Braham came to her castle for the first time and spoke 'words' rather than barking.

"You are Mother's ideal. It is necessary for you to behave properly."

Ideal—this terrible word was a wake-up call to Marie Rose. It was a wake-up call that revealed the true nature of the anxiety she had been feeling.

That's right—Marie Rose was Beriache's ideal. It wasn't just innate strength and personal appearance. Marie Rose was the ultimate being Beriache had hoped for.

Why did her mother give birth to her? Was it purely for revenge? She didn't think so...

“”I loved you once,”” the small figure sitting on the throne said.

The torches that started to burn in response to her magic cleared away the darkness of the great hall. The appearance was soon revealed to be that of a little girl. The identity of the person sitting on the throne was Beriache's soul. She was covered with wounds.

If the method to maintain the soul wasn't magic power, mental power, and 'desire,' perhaps she would've disappeared immediately—Beriache's soul was in such a bad state that people couldn't help thinking this. All the wounds were presumed to have been caused by powerful magic. The amount of magic power that rose and leaked like smoke seemed considerable.

“”Thank you, and I'm sorry.””

Beriache's origin was the underground area of Reidan Desert. It was the aftermath of her taking this place as her home after being expelled from hell. Thanks to that, the magic power of all the vampire cities in the desert flocked to Beriache. It gave a distinct form to her soul, which had been repeatedly blurring due to the magic power leaking from the wounds.

“Mother!” There was a being who witnessed the magic power returning to its origin and rushed over in surprise. He was the only 'survivor' of the direct descendants apart from Braham and Marie Rose. It was Noll. He inherited the attribute of 'compassion' from Beriache and was very affectionate. His tears were well suited to him because he looked like a little boy. It wasn't at all awkward for him to cry and hug his mother after reuniting with her for the first time in hundreds of years.

“...Visitors who come without permission aren't welcome.”

“Keuk.”

There was no emotional reunion. Just before he could share a hug with his mother, Noll lost his mind and collapsed. It was due to the magic that Marie Rose had cast.

“”You are violent.””

Beriache, who had been waiting for her son with open arms, smiled bitterly. She sensed it.

‘It won’t be easy.’

Marie Rose’s skills, whom she witnessed used on Noll, were indeed formidable. It would’ve been possible for her to defeat Baal on her own. Well, this was a given. In the first place, Marie Rose was born to transcend her.

Beriache’s thoughts went up to here and her eyes sank. “The reason why you sacrificed yourself to give birth to me.”

Lightly—Marie Rose stepped on the fainted Noll and leapt forward to stand in front of the throne. She bent down and grabbed the armrests of the throne with both hands. She lowered her head to be at eye level with her mother, who looked exactly like her, and demanded the truth.

“It is to take over me, who will one day surpass you in every way, right?”

“”Yes... this insight is correct. I was going to use you to gain the power I couldn’t get on my own, and then take it away from you. I gave birth to you with this plan from the beginning.””

Marie Rose and Beriache were clearly alike, but different.

Beriache’s face wrinkled the more she was in pain or sad, while Marie Rose’s eyes curved in a half moon to avoid showing it.

This child, why is she smiling?

Beriache had only given birth to her.

It happened the moment when Beriache, who didn’t know anything about Marie Rose, had this question...

The armrest of the throne that Marie Rose was holding broke. Due to this, Beriache’s arms that were resting on the armrest floated in the air for a moment. The back of the throne was terribly crushed. It was the result of the shockwave caused by Marie Rose’s raised knee being blocked by Beriache’s small hand.

“”It is a shame that we have to fight after all. If you had fought Baal yourself, rather than Grid, I would’ve resurrected when you were tired after winning and the plan would’ve been completed without much trouble.””

“I see. Then I would’ve died without feeling betrayed.”

“”It was a mistake that the Blood King project, which I prepared in case you betrayed me, was completed so perfectly. Grid is too amazing. He can be my companion and rule hell with me.””

“...You missed the opportunity to die painlessly.”

Marie Rose had been deeply troubled after noticing her mother’s intentions.

The one who gave birth to her—naturally, Marie Rose couldn’t easily hate her, whom she loved. It was also hard for Marie Rose to resent her because she understood Beriache’s position. It might be a bit disgusting, but how about living together?

She really thought about it seriously. Yet at this moment, her worries were over. The moment Beriache mentioned Grid, Marie Rose’s affection and sympathy for her disappeared like a lie.

Let’s just kill her...

Wasn’t she dead anyway?

For the first time, the smile disappeared from Marie Rose’s face as she had been thinking crazily.

“”Yes, hate me.””

If things had gone as planned, Marie Rose would’ve died without having time to feel betrayed.

It was sincere.

Beriache resented the whole situation.

Baal and Amoract, who drove her to give birth to Marie Rose; Grid, who killed Baal without Marie Rose’s help; Braham, who stood in her way and made her think more; and Noll, who rushed in with open arms and awakened the maternal love that she had suppressed.

Most of all, she resented herself.

She had to try and calm herself down. Beriache sighed deeply and recalled her duty. ‘I have a duty to protect the world my father created.’

It was a duty that no one would understand. Therefore, she didn't bother to say it. Beriache was determined to be remembered forever as the demon who had harmed and devoured her daughter out of personal greed. She might be criticized by everyone in the world, but she believed she had a duty to live for her father, who was betrayed by his other children.

It was said that it would inevitably be an act of betraying the child she gave birth to, but what could she do? Until she gave birth to Marie Rose, she never dreamed that she would feel sorry for Marie Rose. From the beginning, Marie Rose was just an existence born out of necessity.

Just then, Marie Rose's right shoulder exploded. It was the result of Baal's power, which she devoured using her power of ten thousand beings.

At the same time, Beriache's waist was torn. It was the result of the wound caused by Braham being attacked.

The palace where Marie Rose had lived alone for many years—thanks to the long-awaited guests, the solitude that had been lifted was turned into a form of silence. Everything was ruined in a terrible way.

'It isn't good.'

The longer the battle dragged on, the more haggard Marie Rose's face became. In fact, she had felt it the moment she faced Beriache. It was the sense that the power and magic power she had accumulated in proportion to the passing years were rejecting her and turning toward her mother.

That's right—she was weakening in real time. The weaker she became, the stronger Beriache became. As a being who was born for Beriache in the first place, Marie Rose's existence itself worked to give beneficial results to Beriache. It was an inherent limitation. The compatibility was more than just terrible.

By the time she finally managed to get a hold of her dizzy mind, Marie Rose's left hand was cut off. This was before her right shoulder, which had exploded earlier, had fully regenerated.

It was the moment when she couldn't use both arms and the shadow of death came to her.

"Stop! It is up to here!"

Someone came running. He stepped through the air several times with bizarre strides, closed the distance in an instant, and separated Beriache from Marie Rose. It was a man with a greatsword.

It was Chris. He didn't even come alone. Eve, the apostle of the God of the Beginning, Yatan, accompanied him. The strongest forces, which had been absent from the hell expedition for some reason, grasped the situation and arrived at the scene one step earlier than Grid.

"Beriache..." Eve's voice trembled. She seemed to sadly accept that the child of the god she served had fallen.

Beriache shrugged. "'Isn't it better than Baal or Amoraht?'"

At this point, the only opponent who could go against Beriache was Eve. Too much time had passed and there were too many beings who had disappeared over the years.

"Sacrificing a child in exchange for protecting the world that Father made... I think it is a very cheap price."

In front of a being who had lived in the same era and had the same aspirations, Beriache finally revealed her purpose and couldn't bear to make eye contact with Marie Rose. Additionally, the purpose she revealed acted as a powerful curse on Eve.

Beriache's father was Yatan. The god that Eve served. Now that Eve discovered that Beriache was fighting to protect the world Yatan had created, she couldn't stand in Beriache's way. It wasn't out of personal feelings. Of course, it also wasn't a betrayal of Grid. It was more of an instinct.

"This..." Chris sighed as he noticed Eve's immobility, as if she had been nailed down. At the same moment, Beriache's hand pierced Marie Rose's heart.

However, Marie Rose wasn't dead. It was thanks to Noll, who had woken up at some point, rushed over, and wrapped himself around Marie Rose. He told the astonished Beriache with difficulty, "You told me... to cherish and love... my siblings..."

It was too powerful a blow. Before the power of regeneration could work, Noll turned to ash. He couldn't go to the river of reincarnation. Instead, he was seized by the power of ten thousand beings and was sucked into Beriache's soul.

“...It is too late to regret it now.””

The image of Marie Rose was projected on a teardrop falling from Beriache’s eyes.

Will you cry even when hurting me?

Such a questioning expression was reflected from various angles.

Blood gushed out again. It was the blood gushing from Marie Rose’s body.

After some time, when everything was over...

“.....”

Grid came to the scene and witnessed Marie Rose sitting on the collapsed throne. Yes, she must be Marie Rose. Her appearance, presence, and even her body odor were the same as the Marie Rose that Grid knew.

However, Grid wasn’t relieved. Instead, his face contorted horribly as he pulled out and gripped Twilight.

The name written above Marie Rose’s head—the name that was repeatedly revealed and hidden by the swaying torchlight was Beriache, not Marie Rose.

“Why...?”

Why did this world keep bothering him? Now he just wanted to be comfortable. Thus, he had been working hard without a break. However, he was deprived of an important relationship again.

Grid exploded with killing intent as he recalled the day he first met Marie Rose, the moments he was helped by her, the memories of the bloody kiss, and the promise to marry her. A shockwave shook the palace. It was enough to cause Beriache to tremble despite taking Marie Rose’s body and becoming perfect.

“Certainly... you have completely transcended Baal.” Beriache rose slowly and spoke in Marie Rose’s voice. “Put away your sword and marry me.”

“Shut up.”

“If you kill me, you will never have a chance to bring Marie Rose back to life.”

“.....?”

“Now I am Marie Rose. If we get married and have a girl, it is okay to name her Marie Rose...”

Beriache, who had been talking nonsense, suddenly closed her mouth. She suddenly raised both hands and grabbed her neck with enough force to break it.

“Kik... Wait, dear husband...”

A voice mingled between the groans that resembled ridicule—the whispered voice clearly belonged to Marie Rose.

Eve, who was still present at the scene with Chris and watched the situation, approached Grid.

“Maybe Beriache was the one who was eaten instead. This... she is a monster.”

“.....”

Grid’s body trembled for various reasons.

Overgeared

Chapter 1858

Gradually, it became clear.

Her mother—from the beginning, Beriache gave birth to her in order to make this her own body. Her power that worked to Beriache’s advantage, contrary to her will, was the proof. Her body accepting Beriache’s soul without any resistance was also evidence.

“”I would be lying if I said I wasn’t sad. You will bitterly resent and hate me. But putting aside your feelings, I feel a deep affection for you. You, whom I gave my life to give birth to, you who look like me, you who have lived for me... I love you, my daughter.””

Beriache’s soul permeated Marie Rose’s body while whispering eerily. She took for granted the body that had been born and nurtured for her from the beginning.

“.....”

Her hands, legs, and mouth—once she finally realized that even her heart was beating for Beriache, not for herself, the vitality in Marie Rose’s eyes faded. In fact, the preparation of her mind was over.

Marie Rose realized that her resistance was meaningless from the time she noticed that the power and magic power she had accumulated over the years was working for Beriache’s advantage without harming her. A strong sense of destiny filled the air. Emotions that couldn’t be expressed as just desolation or loss made her infinitely helpless.

Let’s give up...

Suddenly, the sights that entered her vision were different from what she wanted to see. Marie Rose stopped struggling. She was unable to hold onto her fading spirit and offered ‘herself’ to Beriache.

“...Why?”

Then suddenly, she heard his voice. His voice trembled with all types of emotions. It caused her to remember the verses of the epic that she had savored while sitting alone in the dark palace.

[The God of the Surface stood up again.]

Baal, who had overcome countless deaths—he could’ve been frustrated by the infinite power of the king of hell, but he rose again at every moment without collapsing.

[The God of the Surface said there is no need to be afraid.]

Finally, Baal reverted to his primal form and became a giant. Even when the king of hell made the surface despair by showing a will to never fall down with a body larger than a mountain, he stood alone and calmly spoke.

[The God of the Surface cut off the source of fear.]

Finally, he proved it—the power of an unbreakable will.

[I fought for you.]

The reason why his will wasn’t broken. He said it was for the people.

For the weak. To help them survive, he gritted his teeth and persevered.

Yes, he isn't fighting for me. I am not an underdog. I'm not someone to be protected.

She thought so, but she was mistaken. His short words, stained with anger, sadness, and pain made her realize it.

'You... you fought for me too.'

The moment her thoughts went crazy, Marie Rose reached out. Her body had been taken away by Beriache and naturally didn't respond. Marie Rose had reversed her position with Beriache. No, her situation was worse than Beriache's a little while ago. Beriache was free to act in her soul state, while Marie Rose's soul was trapped in her stolen body.

Marie Rose seized the will that had been broken after knowing the cruel reality and raised it up. She followed the will of the man who would be her companion.

Baal's power—the powerful force contained in Beriache's soul was gripped by Marie Rose's soul. The same was true of Amoract's power. The power that Marie Rose inherited from Beriache was at work.

The power of 10,000 beings—the power had been powerless against its source, Beriache, but it worked properly at this moment. It was only possible thanks to Marie Rose being swallowed up by Beriache. The power that had taken root inside Beriache was exposed to Marie Rose.

"If we get married and have a girl, it is okay to name her Marie Rose..."

In honor of her daughter who was about to disappear—

Beriache, who was talking nonsense with a different common sense from humans, closed her mouth. She noticed that Marie Rose's soul, which had been fading inside her, was becoming incredibly powerful.

A chill went down her spine. The powers of Baal and Amoract that she had just taken from hell were getting out of control. They started to respond to Marie Rose's soul, not hers.

What was going on? Beriache found what she had overlooked and hastily summoned her power. She struggled to grasp the powers of Baal and Amoract, which sought to free themselves from her.

It was meaningless. The reason why Marie Rose couldn't beat Beriache was purely because of their compatibility. She was superior to Beriache in every way, and she was much more skillful at handling powers. From the point when Baal and Amorract's powers were exposed to Marie Rose, they completely belonged to her. Even the power of the recently deceased Noll was like this.

'Mother... we have to cherish and love each other.'

Noll's soul enveloped Beriache. He grabbed onto Beriache's soul, which had already been deprived of strength and weakened, and didn't let go. It wasn't an attitude to hurt her. He simply had the will to be together. It was the power of compassion. It became a powerful poison.

Beriache's soul, about to be extinguished, grabbed onto Noll's soul. Against Beriache's own will, she relied on the love of her child.

"Kik..."

Beriache was gradually feeling dizzy. Then she heard the noise filled with ridicule that was made by Marie Rose and suddenly came to her senses.

"Wait, dear husband."

Beriache realized that Marie Rose didn't even care about her. She realized that everything had already fallen apart.

"No...! This can't be! I have a duty to protect my father's world..." Beriache's soul cried out desperately before closing her mouth.

A world dyed by the sunset—she was inside Marie Rose's newly blossomed mental world and faced Marie Rose's cold eyes.

"Yatan's world is no more. It is already Grid's world."

An attitude toward filth—Marie Rose no longer respected Beriache. After informing Beriache of the cruel reality and plunging her into despair, Marie Rose turned her back on Beriache without any regret. She left Beriache behind in the world full of Grid's divinity and her affection for Grid.

"Marie Rose...!!"

There was no escape. She would gradually fade and be swallowed up in Marie Rose's ideal world...

Beriache's scream of despair as she realized the punishment she would receive echoed meaninglessly.

Meanwhile, Marie Rose's consciousness was focused solely on reality.

Lightly.

She jumped from her throne and stood in front of Grid.

A complete body—Marie Rose had swallowed all the powers of the Three Evils of the Beginning and cut off her natural destiny, so she was different from before. It wasn't that her appearance had changed. She was still beautiful, but there was a warm and innocent smile added to it.

A face that was so beautiful that it didn't look like a human being. It was a smile that washed away the rejection Grid felt.

‘...Really pretty.’

Grid was limited to feeling just this sentiment. He forgot about the context and was fascinated by Marie Rose in front of him.

Marie Rose's smile deepened. “Yes, it is a good attitude. Dear husband, you just need to look at and care about your precious things without any worries. That is enough.”

“Ah...”

It was strange. Grid was greatly comforted by this seemingly insignificant remark. He wondered about the reason.

During the hell expedition, Grid had faced a series of difficult and unexpected circumstances that were more than he had anticipated. Killing Baal, purifying hell, etcetera—he felt more fatigue than a sense of accomplishment in achieving his purpose.

The cause was the stress caused by all types of obstructions and things not going as planned. Of course, it would sound arrogant to others. Most people in the world were frustrated by repeated failures. In any case, it was difficult to understand from a general point of view why Grid would be dissatisfied after achieving his purpose.

However, Grid took a different position. The time, money, and effort he invested in preparing for this expedition went beyond the territory of ordinary. Grid didn't prepare it alone.

To give a simple example.

Thousands of people invested in procuring materials to manufacture consumables such as buff potions for the expedition. Even that was only a small part of it.

Grid was the emperor. Executing his plan meant moving the Empire. The manpower that Lael and the Overgeared Guild had been using over the past few months was in the hundreds of thousands.

Grid fought with their sweat and hard work, and the aspirations and destinies of many more people than him. He was in a position to disappoint and frustrate too many people if things went wrong. Therefore, he had no choice but to react sensitively to the slightest twists. He wasn't happy despite all his achievements.

But at this moment, Marie Rose had declared it.

Don't worry, don't worry about anything.

It meant she would be there to help him take care of it even if he failed. He felt like he was relieved of the burden he had been carrying for so long.

Marie Rose—she was one of the few beings who could 'completely' support the present Grid.

"Let's get married," Grid said while grabbing Marie Rose's hand. It was while giving her a desperate and affectionate look.

"Let's get married without delaying any longer."

"....."

The smile disappeared from Marie Rose's face. Was this proposal not romantic enough?

It happened as Grid realized that he made a mistake because his heart got ahead of him...

"...Thank you." Marie Rose's eyelids fluttered and her stiff lips smiled again. It was a smile that was brighter than it had been before. "For needing me."

A woman whose existence was almost lost to the woman who gave birth to her—a miracle happened when she, who had questioned the value of her own existence, realized many things through Grid and removed the shadows in her heart.

[Vampire Duke ‘Marie Rose’ has shown mercy to her brother.]

[Vampire Earl ‘Noll’ has been resurrected.]

The bones and flesh of vampires were different from that of humans. They were created through the medium of blood and their bodies were pure, red blood. Therefore, they had the power to scatter their body into mist. Marie Rose clearly transcended the progenitor, Beriache. It wasn’t difficult for her to resurrect Noll using his magic power and blood, which had been captured by the power of 10,000 beings.

“...Noll?”

Noll suddenly came alive and looked around. The boy, one of the few vampires Grid held dear, didn’t understand what was going on, but he came to his senses when he heard Grid’s voice. He roughly grasped the situation and his face turned red. “You... you saved my life, Gri...”

“What? You died?”

“...d.”

The deep emotion was broken.

Noll immediately made an expression like he was chewing on poop.

Overgeared

Chapter 1859

“I see...”

The reason for giving birth to Marie Rose.

How Noll died.

Grid’s expression was cold when he learned all about the atrocities committed by Beriache. He didn’t feel any sympathy or regret for her disappearance. He even

blamed himself for trying to respect her as his mother-in-law when he met her a few hours ago.

However, Braham was on his mind. He was sure that Braham would be sad.

‘...But he will recover soon.’

Braham was the one who blocked Beriache’s path before anyone else. He held back his mother despite respecting and loving his mother, and resenting and hating Marie Rose. He was the first to notice that she was on the wrong path and denied her.

“By any chance, can you resurrect the other direct descendants?”

Grid was bothered by Noll’s dark expression and changed the subject.

The vampire earls Elfin Stone, Cray, Yetima, and Ruson; Marquis Fenrir; and the viscounts Tiramet and Latina—they had died and were attached to their respective artifacts. He wondered if they could also be completely resurrected like Noll.

“Of course. But it isn’t good for you, so let’s stop here.”

Marie Rose seemed to care that her immediate relatives had a bad relationship with Grid. She nodded that she could do it, but reacted negatively.

Grid didn’t really care about it.

“It is fine. They completed their education well...”

The bridge of the nose of the direct descendants was as high as Braham’s, but Grid was the exception. Now they shuddered and were humbled at the mere sight of Grid. Even if they were completely resurrected, it was unlikely that they would rebel against Grid again. There was no point even if they rebelled. It was because Noll and the other vampires wouldn’t sit back. Every vampire city in the world had long been Grid’s territory.

“Education?”

Noll tilted his head innocently.

Marie Rose spoke to Grid, who was stroking Noll’s head, “If you are trying to understand the moods of Noll and I, then there is no need. They are your property, dear husband. I don’t want to take them away from you. We will be satisfied if my dear husband keeps them by your side and uses them.”

Now Marie Rose didn't hesitate to use the word 'we.' Today, she experienced loneliness and solitude through Beriache, and love and sacrifice through Grid and Noll. She felt many things. It awakened all types of emotions. She felt like she was human. Grid looked at the changed Marie Rose with satisfaction and shook his head.

"I can't use them even if I want to. In the first place, they can't help me at all."

The direct descendant vampires—the enemies who brought a crisis to Grid in the past were different now. They were infinitely weak compared to Grid's opponents and couldn't help him train at all.

In a word, they were useless. It seemed much better to revive them so they could contribute to the development of the vampire cities. If they were respawned now, they would get the named NPC correction and overcome the Curse of Sloth.

The Curse of Sloth—the powerful curse that had been imprinted on the bloodline of the vampires and suppressed them was naturally extinguished as hell was purified.

"Yes, that makes sense." Marie Rose nodded. She realized that there was no exaggeration in Grid's frank words.

"I've experienced them myself. They were useless in life."

"....."

The conversation between Grid and Marie Rose kept making Noll feel uneasy. He was finally turning to leave when he stopped.

"But if they are resurrected and live a life free of curses and obligations... I think it will be different from before."

Freedom—it was a concept that none of the vampires had never enjoyed in their life, except for Braham. Looking back on it now, Braham had been blessed when he was banished from his clan.

"I also think the same."

The Absolutes of the surface nodded and the direct descendant vampires were given a new destiny. Their consciousness that had been confined in the small space of the artifacts was pulled out into the world and given complete bodies. It was a miracle done with Marie Rose's blood.

“This...”

The direct descendants immediately grasped the whole situation and were flustered. They had something in common. They hated or were jealous of Grid and Marie Rose. Yet they were revived due to the goodwill of these two existences.

Their feelings were complicated in many ways. There was an awkward silence for a while and it overshadowed Noll’s best efforts to be delighted.

Surprisingly, it was Elfin Stone who broke the silence some time later.

A being who hated the entire fate of his blood relatives after losing his lover to Braham—he had faced life with the most skeptical eyes among all his immediate family, but now he smiled, no matter how faint. It wasn’t a smile twisted with malice, but a comfortable and kind smile. It was the first time that his siblings, as well as Grid, had seen it.

“Thank you. Also... you’ve worked hard.”

Elfin Stone sent genuine respect and gratitude toward the opponent he had hated for a long time. It was the appearance of an elegant noble. His other siblings chose to imitate him.

All the direct descendants, including Fenrir, got down on one knee and bowed to Grid and Marie Rose. It wasn’t an act from succumbing to violence, but out of respect from the bottom of their heart. The death of their mother wasn’t a matter of importance to them. In the first place, their mother’s self-inflicted death was her own scheme and they had always longed for the future, not the past.

The evidence was that Braham was the only one who sought to avenge Beriache.

[Hell has been purified and the vampires who have overcome the curse are deeply grateful to you.]

[Your affinity with all the direct descendant vampires has risen to the maximum.]

[The speed of development and production for all vampire cities will increase significantly.]

[Prime Minister ‘Lael’ has raised the tax rate of the vampire cities to 37%.]

‘What is Lael’s reaction speed...?’

The purified hell was still exerting its influence in real time. It was like a gift package that hadn't been fully unwrapped. It was going to give Grid more benefits in the future.

In the very distant past—at the height of the war between the Seven Good People and the gods. Fearing that the surface would be destroyed in the aftermath of the war, the giants sought to ascend to heaven. Their intention was to appease the wrath of the gods by presenting precious treasures. However, even the flying ships made by the giants couldn't handle the heat of the sun. In the end, the giants couldn't reach heaven.

At that time, the god who helped was King Daebyeol. The arrow shot by King Daebyeol hit the largest of the three suns and knocked it down. Thanks to this, the flying ship carrying the giants was able to ascend to heaven.

It was a myth that modern day humans didn't know. This was a true story that Filewolf, a survivor of the giants, saw and experienced.

According to Filewolf, King Daebyeol was a very good god. He was the only one of the gods who didn't ignore the crisis on the surface and helped humanity. The price was brutal. All the gods condemned and opposed King Daebyeol. They harmed him with one heart and one mind.

As a result, King Daebyeol lost his power, was exposed to Baal, and reduced to a mass of red flesh.

‘What a poor being.’

The myth of King Daebyeol had a bad ending in many ways. Not only did King Daebyeol himself meet a bad end, but the giants who ascended to heaven with the help of King Daebyeol angered the gods instead of appeasing them, and perished.

The Seven Good People—then the Seven Malignant Saints, were defeated and sealed in the war. Above all, King Daebyeol already had enemies in hell at that time. Therefore, he was weakened and exposed to Baal. In other words, he suffered throughout his life because he was born with a good heart, which was rare among the gods. Thus, even more—

“We have to stop him,” Zik affirmed from the front.

He looked more pained than the wounded King Daebyeol. King Daebyeol had no choice but to be special to Zik. He was a being who was of more help to his colleagues than himself, one of the Seven Malignant Saints.

Zik sincerely respected and felt sorry for him. Therefore, he thought that he shouldn't stand by. If King Daebyeol went to the Hwan Kingdom or heaven like this, he would only suffer greater pain. In his weakened state, he would be mocked and die, rather than achieving revenge.

Mir's thoughts were the same. As a native of the Hwan Kingdom, Mir also knew the myth of King Daebyeol. He stood beside Zik and pointed his sword at King Daebyeol with red eyes. It was while looking at the flowers that King Daebyeol's divinity made bloom.

They were beautiful and fragrant nurturing grace flowers.

Mir learned that they were flowers made from the divinity of King Sobyel.

He was taught that humans realized and respected the greatness of the gods thanks to King Sobyel filling the ground with nurturing grace flowers.

Then King Sobyel became disappointed with the incompetent and greedy nature of human beings and withered all the nurturing grace flowers from a certain day onward. Since then, humans forgot their respect for the gods and became even more ignorant.

Now that he saw it, everything was false. In the first place, the nurturing grace was a flower made by the divinity of King Daebyeol. The nurturing grace flowers on the surface disappeared because King Daebyeol fell to hell.

"Forget everything and be born again. You will always be great no matter how many times you are reborn. You will definitely be happy. I will surely find and take care of you, who have been reborn."

He didn't dare say that they would live together in the Overgeared World. The wounds inflicted on King Daebyeol's body and mind weren't at a level that could be easily healed. It was clear that he would never escape from the shadows of the past no matter how many beings, including Grid, comforted and soothed him. That was why he needed to start over.

"I am too angry and bitter to leave like this..."

King Daebyeol only repeated the same words. He didn't react no matter how much respect and favor Zik and Mir showed him. He was already blinded. He was only obsessed with the past. He was more like a soul than a god.

"Be careful of the pollen." Biban gave advice in this solemn atmosphere.

The group responded immediately. They spread out in all directions away from the petals that were fluttering in the wind. The widely scattered petals and pollen became the things that connected the divinity of King Daebyeol. The divinity that flowed around King Daebyeol's body took over the entire battlefield.

"This is already the domain of King Daebyeol. It is correct to interpret it as a physically embodied mental world."

It was a horribly ruined mental world. King Daebyeol instinctively distanced himself from his mental world. It was because he didn't know what type of monster would be born. Thus, he created a flower garden and built an area similar to a mental world in the middle of reality.

It was a ridiculous ability. The days when King Daebyeol was intact even though he had fallen to hell—it was understandable why 'all the gods' harmed him with one heart and one mind. Maybe they were wary because he was incredibly powerful.

"First of all, I will see my little brother."

King Daebyeol declared and released a huge amount of divinity. The flood of divinity shot in straight lines, diagonal lines, and curved lines toward the pollen and petals that filled the battlefield, dividing the battlefield into tens of thousands of areas.

"Kuek...!"

Kraugel groaned as he cut the approaching divinity with his sword. The burning pain from his hands was secondary. He witnessed the serious injuries of the Overgeared members who failed to avoid the divinity that flew in unpredictable directions and he became properly aware of the seriousness of the situation.

Strong...

It wasn't at a level that the party, exhausted from repeated battles, could handle. Even the apostles could only protect themselves and Biban was still unable to

fight. He was trying not to show it, but it was speculated that he was seriously injured.

‘I need to solve it.’

Kraugel felt an obligation. Unlike the rest of the group, he was the only one in an intact state because he had only fought Madra’s soul. He judged that he should make use of his relatively intact physical strength to face King Daebyeol.

‘No matter how strong, he is still short of his prime. He is just a soul body.’

Far from being an Absolute god, he was probably one level lower than Martial God Zeratul. There was no need to be too intimidated by this fraudulent ability to spread out his divinity widely and use it as a weapon...

Kraugel thought this far and immediately charged forward. He narrowed the distance to King Daebyeol and scattered a sword light. He tried to block the flood of divinity to allow the rest of the group to see an opportunity.

Blood gushed out. It was blood that poured from Kraugel’s body. The fight against a being that wouldn’t fall no matter how many times he was cut made Kraugel one-sidedly exhausted.

What was Grid thinking when he fought Baal?

It was the moment when Kraugel and Pagma, who were one, became solemn at the same time...

-Bend down!

Then he heard someone send him a whisper. The purified hell highlighted the players’ strengths.

Freedom of communication and freedom of movement.

Jishuka, who died and returned to the surface, returned with reinforcements. It was a tremendously large army. It was an alliance led by almost all of the members of the Overgeared Guild and the kings of the different species. There was also Ares’ army flying the flag of Valhalla.

“Protect the heroes!” Asmophel’s shout as he commanded the soldiers was heard. The former Red Knights also led the elites of the Overgeared Empire into war.

It was the final stage.

The Breaking Evil Arrow shot by Jishuka grazed by Kraugel's ear and pierced King Daebyeol's chest. King Daebyeol didn't even flinch. He didn't seem hurt at all. It was natural. In the first place, the Breaking Evil Arrow came from King Daebyeol's divinity. The 'unknown shrine' where Jishuka obtained the Breaking Evil Arrow in the past was a shrine that served King Daebyeol in the distant past.

"This...?"

Jishuka shouted to King Daebyeol, who was surprised to recognize the identity of the arrow in his chest, "King Daebyeol! There are still people who haven't forgotten you and are serving you! I am one of them!"

"....."

"We... we will surely get revenge for you...!"

It was before Jishuka's cry was over.

The beautiful petals and pollen disappeared, leaving only the scent. The divinity that dominated the battlefield in the form of a spider's web was almost lifted like it had been a lie.

"Thank you. Thank you..."

He wasn't forgotten. It brought great comfort to the great god, who had fallen to the ugliest form against his will. As it was, there was no way his revenge would succeed if he went to the Hwan Kingdom or heaven like this...

It was a strong hope for him, who knew this, but had no choice but to push himself.

"Thank to you, I can close my eyes..."

King Daebyeol pulled the Breaking Evil Arrow from his chest and took out a huge bow. Even though he was an archer who shot down even the sun, he hadn't taken out his bow until the end. This was the first time he took out a 'real weapon.' The Breaking Evil Arrow was placed on the bowstring pulled by King Daebyeol and fired at Jishuka.

"Eh? Huh?"

What? Didn't he thank her?

The Breaking Evil Arrow penetrated the heart of the confused Jishuka.

“Jishuka!!”

It happened as her colleagues screamed out of shock from the development that was different from their expectations...

King Daebyeol shook off all his lingering feelings and jumped into the river of reincarnation.

Overgeared

Chapter 1860

“It will be soon.”

Asgard—the normally solemn heaven was, in a rare occurrence, crowded. It was the aftermath of Judar summoning the gods.

The God of Wisdom had been keeping an eye on the situation in hell. His eyes, which had been indifferent for many years, shone just as brightly as described by the myths of the distant past.

Dominion and the other chief gods also focused on the situation.

Hell was purified by Grid. Some of the beings to be liberated today were coveted talents from Asgard’s perspective. It was necessary to snatch their souls before they could cross the river of reincarnation.

“Now.” It happened the moment Judar gave the signal...

The 1st ranked Archangel, Raphael, formed branches out of light and wove a string. It was a string with a sharp needle at the end.

“You must not fail.”

A sight that one couldn’t imagine normally—Raphael, who was known for their disdain of the gods, replied in a very polite manner, “Yes.”

Of course, Raphael was bound to be humble in front of Dominion and Judar, but it was excessive today. The reason was simple: a bruised face that couldn’t be healed immediately even with the power of light.

Until they were rescued—

The 1st ranked Archangel had been imprisoned in the ‘Prison of Eternity’ until then and lost their momentum. Raphael had made quite a significant mistake.

Hexetia, the blacksmithing god, and the angel Khan, who was chosen to succeed him—the prisoners who were originally in prison were taken away by Grid while Raphael was imprisoned. It was even rumored that they were driven to the brink of death by Zeratul, who had lost his qualifications.

Now they were a sinner. It wouldn’t be strange if the qualification of an archangel was taken away from them at any time.

‘Shit.’

At the murmurs of the gods, Raphael gritted their teeth and controlled their emotions. It was time to make up for it somehow. They stared silently at the well that illuminated the other side of hell and threw the fishing line woven with light.

The target was Baal. Surprisingly, Raphael planned to snatch the soul of the one killed by Grid and lift it to heaven. However, they failed. By the time the fishing line reached hell—

“.....!”

Baal’s soul was scattered like dust. It didn’t head to the river of reincarnation and perished without a trace.

“He offered himself as a sacrifice to his self-made Evil God.”

What mistake did they make again?

As Raphael was feeling worried, Judar grasped the situation. Then he cast another look at Raphael. Raphael hastily moved. They broke the fishing line to catch even the remnants of Baal’s power.

It was too late. The soul of Beriache suddenly appeared and took Baal’s power. She also took the power of Amoract, who had died in a short time.

“That pea-sized thing...!”

Raphael wasn’t in perfect condition. Despite all their efforts to control their emotions, they quickly became agitated. They thought it would be really dangerous to fail like this and changed the target to be snatched to Beriache. Then suddenly—

“.....”

Raphael made eye contact with Beriache. She seemed to have seen the fishing line made of light with her naked eyes.

The stunned Raphael quickly pulled the string away.

‘She truly is the child of Yatan.’

The fishing line of light—by nature, it was impossible to be perceived by beings from a lower world. However, if they were the master of that world or the lineage of the master, it wouldn't be strange if they were capable of doing so. The fishing line could've been taken away...

Raphael got the chills and gasped roughly. Then someone sneered at them.

“You can't seem to do anything right?”

It was Venice, the God of Money. The most unseemly one among all the gods—she was a merchant who lived by replacing the profits from buying and selling things with fame and divinity, and was originally a very insignificant existence for Raphael. Anything she said was nothing more than a dog barking to Raphael and she had never dared to say anything recklessly to Raphael.

Now really... the situation had changed.

Raphael clenched their fists and couldn't even look at Venice. They were unable to raise their lowered head as they heard Judar talking to himself.

“In any case, Asura is one of the biggest targets, so it worked out well.”

Raphael followed Judar's gaze. The gods and Raphael once again set their sights on the hell beyond the well.

The new Evil God, Asura—he was very strong. He had his own origin. In other words, it would be difficult to estimate how much stronger he would become if he joined with the red flesh.

“Can he be controlled?”

Would the exhausted Grid be able to handle Asura...?

Some gods had such doubts, but Dominion, the God of War, rightly predicted Asura's defeat.

Judar cocked his head.

“Is there any reason to control him?”

At this moment, Raphael met Judar’s gaze for a moment and understood. All the freedom they had enjoyed so far—it wasn’t because they deserved it. It was just that Judar acquiesced. It was with an attitude that it wouldn’t affect the overall situation no matter how they rampaged.

‘This... shit...’

They were just a dog in a fence. It happened as Raphael realized this and was overwhelmed with great shame...

“He is rising,” Judar said.

Asura was caught off guard by Grid’s bizarre angel who was ‘learning his skills intact’ and was severely cut by Biban. Now he was about to collapse. After a while, even his source, the red flesh, was destroyed by the Demon Slayer. Asura lost his power and meekly accepted death.

Out of his own will, he shot his soul toward the fishing line of light. It seemed that Judar had personally given him a divine message.

The new Evil God was taken.

The response of the gods to this fact was mixed. Some thought it was good that Asura would fill the void left by Zeratul, while others wondered if it was okay to bring an evil being into the realm of the Goddess. The former was obsessed with the defense of Asgard, while the latter was obsessed with the essence of Asgard.

It was all useless. Their responses weren’t opinions.

The moment Rebecca entered the cycle, all the decisions belonged to Judar and Dominion. However, it was rare for them to step forward, so only Raphael was active.

“Raphael.”

“Yes.”

“Above all, you must get your hands on King Daebyeol.”

King Daebyeol—as a child of Hanul, a God of the Beginning, he was in the same hierarchy as Judar and Dominion. Of course, in terms of hierarchy, the Three Evils

of the Beginning and King Sobyel were the same, but King Daebyeol was very special.

The gods of Asgard hadn't forgotten. At the time when the Seven Malignant Saints dared to rebel—King Daebyeol's power as he drew the bow to help them was truly outstanding. The largest sun made directly by the Goddess out of light fell. It was to the extent that Judar was alarmed.

At that moment, all the gods of heaven were of one heart and one mind. They united just to defeat King Daebyeol. Dominion even took the lead.

King Daebyeol was unable to withstand the onslaught of the gods. He fell into hell, was forgotten by many people, and was weakened. In the end, he suffered irreparable damage, fell into the hands of Baal, and turned into a mass of red flesh.

Judar was obsessed with his potential. If King Daebyeol obediently went through the process of reincarnation and resurrected, he would definitely one day be the poison of heaven. Therefore, Judar planned to summon him to heaven and make him a puppet.

“I think it is better to go down in person.”

Part of hell was incorporated into the Overgeared World, but it was only a part of it.

Dominion clutched his spear. He decided to directly capture King Daebyeol, who thankfully refused to reincarnate and fought with Grid's subordinates. Judar thought about it for a moment and nodded.

Dominion was enveloped in a cluster of lights and disappeared from the scene.

In the gap where Grid was distracted by Beriache, he would secure King Daebyeol. The gods had no doubts about it.

“.....”

However, Dominion didn't appear in hell.

Judar immediately grasped the situation. “As expected... was he held back on the surface?”

In order to reach hell from heaven, they had to go through the surface. The delay in Dominion's arrival meant he was stranded on the surface. But who would dare

to interfere with Dominion? The surface was the realm of the Overgeared World, which greatly weakened Dominion, but it was impossible for a non-Grid level being to stand in Dominion's way.

"Did the Old Dragons intervene...?"

The gods were agitated. It was unrealistic, but it was a reasonable guess. There was a situation recently where Gourmet Dragon Raiders helped Grid infiltrate heaven.

Judar's thoughts were different. "It is Eve. She has been missing for a long time, but now she has come into contact with Grid."

Yatan's apostle—she was special among the apostles. It was due to Yatan's nature.

Unlike Rebecca and Hanul, who created their own subjects, assigned roles, and left everything to them, Yatan personally found a human called Eve on the surface and nurtured her with affection. He taught her everything from beginning to end. She was a relatively difficult opponent for Dominion to immediately subdue when he was weakened by the oppression of the Overgeared World.

"Raphael, you have to do it."

"...Yes." Raphael's hand on the fishing rod tightened. It was because they felt they would be shaking if they didn't give more strength to it. Raphael had a hunch that this was their last chance.

King Daebyeol, who was isolated among Grid's subordinates—if Raphael didn't take the opportunity to snatch his soul, Judar wouldn't give them a second chance...

'Shit, how do I do this?'

Raphael lamented to themselves, gulped, and focused all their senses on King Daebyeol.

Then...

"...It's done!"

In the end, Raphael succeeded in snatching King Daebyeol's soul. It was really a tiny difference. The soul of King Daebyeol was raised just before he fell into the river of reincarnation.

“I...! I did it!”

How long had it been since Raphael felt such joy? Today, Raphael was swept away by all types of emotions, unlike an Absolute, and finally reached the point of cheering.

“It is useless,” Judar spat out coldly.

At the same time, Raphael also noticed it.

The soul of King Daebyeol that he tried so hard to catch—it was empty. It was a shell without even the slightest bit of divine power left. If he was reincarnated, he might be able to recover some of his divine power. Even so, it wouldn’t mean much and it was completely useless in the current state.

Judar’s eyes fell on the human woman who had just been the target of the arrow shot by King Daebyeol.

“Raphael, I’ll give you a chance to make up for it.”

“Jishuka!”

“Jishuka!”

Jishuka was the founder of the Tzedakah Guild, which was the predecessor of the Overgeared Guild. Many of the people who still reigned as the strongest force of the Overgeared Guild were talents recruited by her in the past. Her symbolism was great. After Grid and Lael, Jishuka was the one that the Overgeared members trusted and relied on the most.

There were many people who were agitated by the sight of her dying again after saving her colleagues from danger.

Yura and Kraugel came running instantly. It was to somehow prevent the death of Jishuka, who was properly hit by the arrow shot by the soul of King Daebyeol.

Yura opened the lid of the potion she had and poured it on Jishuka. In the meantime, Kraugel managed to find and grab Ruby and made a puzzled expression. “Is it impossible to even resurrect her?”

Jishuka had been killed by Asura just a few hours earlier. It meant that her immortality was on cooldown. Once he saw that she didn't open her eyes, he was sure she was dead. It was right to resurrect her before she turned to ash.

Additionally, one of Ruby's ultimate skills was a resurrection skill. However, she stayed still and didn't use her skill.

It was a time when they succeeded in purifying hell and should be enjoying the festive atmosphere. Jishuka suffered two deaths in a row and experienced a huge loss alone. She was even forced to log out and watch the celebration from afar.

It happened as everyone was feeling disappointed...

"Cough cough cough! Stop!" Jishuka sprang up. She spat out the potion that had gone into her nose and mouth.

Ruby belatedly explained to the dumbfounded group, "She isn't dead. Rather, she is fine."

".....?"

The eyes of the group slowly widened. They realized the subtle scent of flowers that was spreading along with Jishuka's breaths. It was the scent of the nurturing grace flowers.

The handful of divinity left by King Daebyeol was inherited by Jishuka.