

Overgeared

c 1861-1870

Overgeared

It was almost a disaster—that was the overall assessment of those who watched Grid’s hell expedition. This expedition didn’t end even when Baal was killed. Instead, incidents repeatedly occurred. If Grid had failed, people would’ve complained to the S.A Group and said that it was a really terrible game.

This damn thing. What type of nonsense was it that the situation didn’t end after defeating the final boss, and one crisis after another kept popping up?

They were nervous even from the position of those cheering. It scared them. Then how were the feelings of the parties involved?

“What is the point of protesting as a group? They won’t quit the game anyway. Isn’t that right?”

“There is no alternative.”

“That is the scary thing about Satisfy. If it wasn’t for Grid, the users would always be at odds with the company.”

Reinhardt, the capital of the Overgeared Empire, and in addition, the super-large airship floating above Reinhardt, the Tomb of the Gods—a grand festival was held in the ‘greatest city on the surface’ and the ‘greatest city in the sky,’ which were located next to each other on the ground and in the sky.

A festival was held to celebrate a successful expedition. It far exceeded the scale of the self-celebration of the Overgeared Guild. It wasn’t an exaggeration to say that people came from all over the world. The crowds gathered at Reinhardt and the Tomb of the Gods was staggering.

It was truly unprecedented. It was also a festival of a scale that would never be seen in the future.

The reporters from third-rate news organizations around the world watched the crowds enjoying the festivities without any worries and were convinced—in this

atmosphere, if they wrote malicious articles against Grid and the Overgeared Guild, they were bound to be terrorized by someone.

At this time, it was right to abandon their rigid work ethic...

A truly surprising thing happened when the third-rate reporters, who originally made their living by writing ‘rumors without any accurate evidence’ or ‘articles avoiding responsibility when rumors were false,’ didn’t write recklessly. It was a great unification of the media that transcended borders, races, and ideologies.

From all over the world, there were only articles favoring Grid and the Overgeared Guild. This was something that no great person or group in the history of humanity had achieved.

Of course, the resulting backlash occurred. Was it because of the sense of crisis that they might lose their livelihood? The third-rate and tabloid media from all over the world targeted the S.A Group and relentlessly bit at them. If it wasn’t for Grid and the Overgeared Guild, who would’ve defeated Baal and the hidden bosses one after another, and purified hell? They criticized the S.A Group and Chairman Lim Cheolho for being hypocrites. Chairman Lim Cheolho repeatedly stated that he wanted Satisfy to be the hope of the people, but Satisfy’s ending was actually set as a bad ending.

“I feel better.”

Peak Sword laughed. Most of the members of the Overgeared Guild responded the same. In fact, they were the ones who wanted to blame the S.A Group the most. It was especially so when they saw the development of ‘Baal’s death gave birth to Asura.’ It was really... many people uttered curse words that they had never spoken in their lifetime. Then the third-rate media outlets, which were usually hated, started to target the same object of hatred and were rampaging wildly.

“It is completely letting the barbarians fight among themselves,” Hao said as he smiled slightly and tilted his glass. He was still wearing a gold mask.

Ibellin asked carefully, “The mask... why are you using it?”

The reason why Regas was wearing a mask was revealed.

At the time of the Asura raid—Regas, who hadn’t been able to grow up due to the Asura class, made explosive progress by replicating Asura’s skills in real time. It was a relief after being suppressed for several years.

Yes, the reason for wearing a mask was quite convincing. If Asura had recognized Regas' face and was wary, Regas wouldn't have been able to replicate Asura's skills and wouldn't have been able to help Biban in any way. Regas needed to hide his identity.

On the other hand, what about Hao? The reason why he had to wear a mask was still a question...

"Look at the attitude of these media outlets right now. If it is revealed that Hao is working with us, there will be a lot of uproar in China," Regas explained on behalf of Hao, who laughed bitterly.

"Ah."

It made sense right away. Hao became a traitor to China just because he admitted defeat to Grid in the National Competition. He had been criticized so much and for too long that he couldn't handle it. His desire to hide his identity was understandable.

"It almost seems like the object they will criticize will become Hao, not the S.A Group. It is very difficult to be famous."

Ibellin himself was a celebrity. It meant Ibellin had suffered tremendously from the third-rate media outlets that were now biting at the S.A Group like the group was their parents' enemies. In other words, he could fully understand Hao's position.

"I think that Grid is really great in that sense."

Hao laughed.

The success of the hell expedition—it was right after accomplishing the tremendous feat of saving humanity. To put it bluntly, the eyes of all of humanity were focused on Grid. Besides, it was now the time of the festival with the provocative promotional phrase 'Overgeared Guild's Treat.'

During the festival, visitors to Reinhardt and the Tomb of the Gods could enjoy unlimited food and drinks for 'free.'

According to Lauel's calculations, it was still a surplus business. No, it was a 'business that will make more money.' Thanks to the promotional slogan of unlimited food and drinks, even those with heavy buttocks came to the festival.

Additionally, as the best city in Satisfy, Reinhardt sold all types of rare things. To add a bit of exaggeration, the quality of the stalls in a corner of Reinhardt's smallest market was comparable to the quality of the goods stocked by the most famous stores in small and medium-sized cities. This meant that visitors had no choice but to open their wallets.

Additionally, there was a huge number of demonkin among the tourists for this festival. They had regained their freedom after being trapped in the safe zones all their lives and came to the surface for the first time. From their perspective, the ordinary items sold by Reinhardt were rare treasures that they had never seen in their lifetime. It was natural to imagine Administrator Rabbit crying out of happiness.

In any case, in this place where so many people were visiting—

Today, Grid would hold a surprise wedding ceremony. This was given that Grid was often criticized by people for only one reason: his experience with women. It was a very bold decision...

"It will be an opportunity for some of the media and public opinion to turn against Grid when it is currently unconditionally favorable to him."

Currently, Grid had three wives. Of course, it was a common situation for players who had obtained a decent title to be married multiple men or women. The problem was that Grid also had two lovers in real life.

Gaining a new wife in this situation? The media currently biting at the S.A Group would turn their attention to Grid. Grid clearly knew this fact, but he said he would definitely get married this time. He said he wanted to be blessed by more people.

At this point, it meant that Grid wasn't afraid of the press at all. It was because he received the most attention in the world and must've suffered from the media more than anyone else.

For Hao and Ibellin, it was a strong heart that they really wanted to emulate. No, it was closer to being incomprehensible.

Then Lauel poked his head out from among the Overgeared members worrying about the criticism that Grid would face.

"In fact, it must be now."

The emperor's wedding ceremony was about to take place, so he was currently dressed in splendid formal attire.

"It is a wedding ceremony that needs to be held anyway. There will be less backlash if it is done when public opinion is good."

Lauel looked at Grid's marriage from a political perspective. He thought that Marie Rose's strength was essential for Grid. It was after all the events had come to an end.

In fact, he felt sorry for Grid, who said he was going to marry Marie Rose quickly. It was because he witnessed several times what Marie Rose was like. Marie Rose's evil appearance as she bit Grid's lips and licked his blood under the guise of a kiss... Lauel would never forget it.

It was the same for Huroi. 'My poor liege...'

What type of threats did he receive that he was in such a hurry to get married? It was already sad to think that he would be tormented for the rest of his life by the monstrous woman who laughed at the Old Dragons. He was on the verge of tears.

At a time when everyone was worried about Grid for various reasons...

"It is nice to see you."

"Hello."

"....."

Grid was scared for a slightly different reason.

It was the moment when he was introducing Irene to his new life. It was already the third time, but he always felt like he was sitting on a cushion of thorns. Furthermore, this time the other person was an Absolute. In fact, he was more afraid of Marie Rose's inner thoughts than Irene's. He wondered if she would harm Irene. He was worried and nervous.

Did she know Grid's heart or not?

Irene spoke with a loving smile as always, "Vampire duke, Marie Rose. I know your noble self well. You have a great reputation. I know that you are a rare Absolute in the world and that you are much older than me. It is right if I serve you wholeheartedly."

“You know it well.”

Your noble self...?

Marie Rose cocked her head at the unexpected title before slowly smiling deeply.

Her dear husband’s legal wife—she was the first woman her dear husband fell in love with and also gave birth to his child. Marie Rose was going to be respectful to a certain extent. Of course, when she said respect, it meant to guarantee the state of the legal wife and to say some good things.

Marie Rose looked at it realistically. Irene was just a god’s companion and was nothing compared to her, an Absolute. The hierarchy of the two of them could be called the difference between heaven and earth. There would be few such face-to-face meetings in the future.

It happened as she was thinking this...

“However, since His Majesty has welcomed you as his imperial concubine, I won’t be able to serve you. I am afraid and nervous because my rank is higher than yours, but I will be brave and behave properly. I hope we get along in the future.”

“.....?”

Marie Rose doubted her ears but she couldn’t react hastily. She didn’t feel any ill will from Irene. It was a truth conveyed by the senses of an Absolute. Irene wasn’t being territorial right now. She didn’t despise Marie Rose, nor was she jealous. It was just that as Grid’s legal wife, the empress of the Empire and the mother of the people, she was aware of herself and behaved properly. As she said, she was squeezing out her courage.

‘...She was originally just a noble of a small kingdom.’

Marie Rose saw Irene’s determined eyes and calculated her position.

Irene—her lineage was inferior to Mercedes, a nobleman and chief knight of the Saharan Empire. She also wasn’t comparable to Basara, who was an empress. However, her identity had changed continuously since her marriage to Grid.

From a duchess to a king’s wife, to an emperor’s wife, and then a god’s wife. She was served in reverse by those she deserved to bow her head to.

Was she happy? Judging from her feelings, she must be more burdened than happy. Even so, she never showed it. She might be very nervous in this moment,

but the way her fingertips didn't even tremble showed how much effort she had put in.

"I like it."

After Irene's series of remarks, Marie Rose silently finished weighing the situation and spoke slowly, "Empress Irene, I know your heart. Don't worry, I'll make sure to behave appropriately. Ah, in addition."

It was a gentler attitude than expected. Grid was relieved to see Marie Rose speaking unexpectedly softly, only to be nervous again.

Maybe she was going to add that Irene should be careful with her mouth from now on... he had such concerns. It was a guess because he didn't know much about Marie Rose yet.

"I hope we get along in the future as well."

The gentle smile she only showed to Grid up until yesterday—Marie Rose had a smile on her face that was captivating to both sexes as she whispered to Irene, "I'll take good care of you as well as Grid."

Irene, who almost called out 'Older Sister,' hurriedly covered her mouth and nodded. After a while—

"What? Grid is getting married again?"

The surprise announcement of the promotional officer, Huroi, turned Reinhardt upside down. No, it was more accurate to say that the whole world was in an uproar.

The reporters rushed in.

"Is it even a public wedding ceremony?"

They pointed out Grid's attitude of opening the wedding venue to the public.

"It is an attitude that shows he really isn't worried about anything."

"I agree. Later, he will brag about having 3,000 court ladies."

He wasn't ashamed of his experience with women but was showing it off. This might be Satisfy and he might be the hero who saved the world, but this was going

too far. Of course, the residents of Satisfy would praise it, but it was hard to accept from the perspective of modern people.

Reporters were preparing to use this opportunity to pour out provocative articles when they suddenly stiffened like stone statues.

It was the moment when a woman wearing transparent cotton cloth appeared in the hall. It was a woman whose skin felt whiter than the pure white dress.

The identity of the woman staring at Grid with red jade-like eyes was none other than Marie Rose.

She was the bride.

The gestures of Huroi and the knights as they saluted and shouted for the bride's entrance were conveying it in real time.

“.....”

All the guests were fascinated by Marie Rose's elegant appearance and only the sound of pens scratching rang through the silent wedding hall. It was the sound of slashing. It was as if the reporters were erasing something.

Breaking news soon poured out.

[The reasons why we can't help celebrating Grid's marriage.]

[The bride is too beautiful to criticize Grid.]

[This marriage is recognized.]

There was a phrase that people often used to describe Marie Rose—she was the embodiment of the ideal type of all humans.

The reporters couldn't criticize Grid. They unconditionally sympathized, respected, and acknowledged Grid's choice. It was inevitable as a human being. If they criticized Grid under the current circumstances, they would just be treated as fools who were jealous of Grid.

Thanks to this, Grid's wedding was held in a peaceful and blessed manner.

rainbowturtle's Thoughts

(4/4 weekly.) No set day for release.

Overgeared

Chapter 1862

The first in the world to break through level 1,000—he earned the stats redistribution with no cooldown perk.

The powers of Baal and Amoract were also attached to the Rune of Gluttony. There was a significant increase in the level of the Overgeared World, which had expanded its territory to hell. He secured the core of the beginning that could make any wish come true, and Bunhelier's loyalty (?).

The acquisition of Pagma's Sword Dance, etc.

This was putting aside the fact that the dead had been put to rest and humanity had overcome its fears.

The hell expedition brought huge rewards to Grid. There was no other way since it was a reward for a near-final ordeal.

The redistribution of stats would be a formidable variable for enemies fighting against Grid in the future. Due to the ability to change it in real time, it was theoretically impossible to properly assess Grid's power.

The increase in the level of the Overgeared World allowed him to appoint more angels.

The influence of the human gods belonging to the Overgeared World had increased. This also increased the probability of beneficial effects for humans.

The core of the beginning and Bunhelier were reliable insurances.

If—

If Grid did experience a crisis, then they could be relied on.

Grid was particularly fascinated by the power of Baal and Amoract.

[Demon Sword Remnants]

[A remnant of the power left by the 1st Great Demon, Baal.]

After entering a state of combat, the form of Baal's favorite demon sword will emerge and assist you.]

[Deception, Confusion, Temptation]

[A remnant of the power left by the 2nd Great Demon, Amoract.

Any target hostile to you won't properly recognize your health gauge (or wounds).]

It was before Beriache took the powers of Baal and Amoract—Grid gained their powers first. Of course, it was only a fraction of it. Just as has been the case for a long time, he had been hampered by the setting that the capacity of the Rune of Gluttony was insufficient. The system explained that the hierarchy of Baal and Amoract was too high to fully absorb their power.

Even so, he was thankful. There were many cases where he wasn't able to gain any powers at all. It was meaningful that he gained a small amount of the powers of the 1st Great Demon and the 2nd Great Demon.

Of course, he didn't have high expectations. It was comforting that it wasn't on the level of dog fur. Then when he checked later, he realized it wasn't just that much. The power of Baal and Amoract far exceeded Grid's expectations.

First of all, both skills were passive. It didn't require any resources or conditions. It was triggered spontaneously without Grid being conscious of it and controlling it. Nevertheless, the effect was very interesting.

First of all, Demon Sword Remnants—it was a skill that was activated in a 'combat state.' It was very compatible with the senses of an Absolute. The moment something antagonized Grid, it immediately floated up and intercepted it. To put it more precisely, the skill reacted before Grid could identify the enemy.

It was similar to the artificial senses, but the artificial senses had to be consciously unfolded by Grid. This meant that Demon Sword Remnants was much more convenient. In the first place, the attack coefficient was so high that the God Hands couldn't be compared to it.

In any case, the reason to keep his nerves sharp at all times had disappeared. It might not seem like a big deal, but it was a huge difference. Grid usually had to stay focused because he didn't know when an enemy who was an Absolute would threaten him. Now he found peace in the true sense of the word. Finally, he was able to live a normal life just like everyone else.

Next up was Amoract's Power.

Deception, Confusion, Temptation—this skill was also simple in principle, but it had a great effect. It was a passive skill that caused confusion over his 'current state' with a hostile target. It was bound to be useful. If a player was hostile to Grid, then they would be mistaken about Grid's health gauge. They might misunderstand high health as low health or vice versa.

The same applied to NPCs and monsters. The other person would be confused and make misjudgments, such as recognizing a dying Grid as being in a normal state, or Grid without any wounds as dying.

'I should've received these skills from the beginning.'

They were simple and convenient, but powerful skills. There was no cooldown time or resource consumption. They were skills that the old Grid longed for. It was a shame that he got them so late.

'...No, in the first place, it is too fraudulent. That is why I only got it now.'

They were skills dropped by the 1st Great Demon and the 2nd Great Demon. It was too unconscionable to feel regret about not having acquired such skills from the beginning.

Grid soothed himself and slowly raised his head.

A military band was performing to announce Marie Rose's position.

The entrance to the wedding hall—the most beautiful woman in the world, and one of the few beings Grid could rely on, entered. She was greeted by her siblings, who had their lives restored. Of course, Braham wasn't among them.

Braham...

"What is so pretty about her?"

He was sitting in the guest seats with the other apostles. He was deeply displeased with the reaction that people showed when Marie Rose appeared.

"I would be a few levels above Marie Rose if I was born a woman."

It was Braham who added an assumption that Grid didn't want to imagine. Even so, Grid thanked him very deeply. If it wasn't enough that he interfered with the mother he loved and respected most in the world for Grid's sake, he also didn't

resent Marie Rose for hurting their mother. His attitude toward Marie Rose was just as chilly as before, but the evidence was that he obediently participated as a guest.

Maybe Braham—

Maybe he felt sorry for Marie Rose from the moment he found out what Beriache was trying to obtain through Marie Rose. It might've been a reminder of their sibling relationship that had been ignored.

'Maybe one day they can get along...'

...No, it probably wouldn't end up like that?

Slowly and with an elegant gait—Marie Rose approached Grid, who coughed in vain as he watched Braham glare at Marie Rose with a killing intent that went beyond hostility.

"Wow..."

The guests were half-mesmerized.

Beings who crossed species, tribes, and borders—all the guests who gathered to celebrate Grid today were mesmerized by Marie Rose, regardless of anything.

Lauel had said it jokingly. If it wasn't for Grid and Marie Rose's overwhelming power and authority, the Empire might've been ruined by those who were fascinated by Marie Rose's beauty. There must've been people who rebelled in order to get Marie Rose. It wasn't an exaggeration. When it came to expressing Marie Rose's beauty, the term 'peerless beauty' wasn't sufficient.

"Wow. I'm discouraged." Even the always confident Jishuka muttered such words.

Mercedes even put on makeup. Just like a knight among knights, she wasn't interested in embellishments at all, but she felt a sense of crisis from Marie Rose.

They all looked pretty to Grid.

No, the same was true in the eyes of other people.

Irene, Yura, Jishuka, Mercedes, and Basara—all of them were beautiful to the point where they could be described as peerless beauties. Why did all these women, each with their own charms, fall in love with Grid? The jealousy that had been forgotten for a while was renewed and people started to glare at Grid.

Then one by one, they controlled their emotions. It was the aftermath of seeing Grid greet his bride with a big smile. Unlike on the battlefield, Grid in his formal clothes was objectively cool. He looked as brilliant as his achievements so far.

In a way, it wasn't something to be jealous of. They even thought it was fortunate that it was Grid, not another ugly man, who had a relationship with them.

"The next procedure..."

The atmosphere was completely calm. Huroi's voice rang out after the ceremony filled with pure goodwill and blessings. The world stars Laella and Nyangmong sang a congratulatory song, and Piaro gave a congratulatory speech.

Why was the marriage arranged in such a hurry?

The somewhat puzzled members of the Overgeared Guild slowly realized the reason.

The day the world was saved—they witnessed several times the sight of the people, who were happy but somewhat anxious and confused, become relieved after seeing the faces of the heroes who came as guests.

We are always by your side...

Maybe Grid wanted to tell the people this.

"He was using his own marriage as a tool to reassure people. That is how deep God Grid is."

The impressed Peak Sword even had red eyes. He didn't forget to ask the reporters who were usually close to him to make good use of Grid's inner thoughts when writing their articles.

Finally, Grid and Marie Rose swore eternal love and kissed. There was thunderous applause. All of those cheering truly blessed Grid and Marie Rose's future.

'...I'm happy.'

A kiss without pain—Grid felt the soft texture of Marie Rose's lips, not the metallic taste of blood, and trembled with joy. Marie Rose was trembling in a different sense.

A lofty Absolute in the world had shaking eyelashes and was rarely trembling—it was due to Grid’s hands wrapped around her waist and against her cheek. It was like...

A sensation she had never known before rose from the depths of her body. It was truly an unfamiliar and terrifying sensation. Her mind turned blank and she almost lost strength in her legs. She vowed to Irene that she would behave well, but she almost showed an indecent appearance in front of people.

“...Marie Rose?”

Marie Rose’s reaction as she subtly lost her breath made Grid feel puzzled. Could it be that she was suffering from her vampire instincts?

Grid was feeling anxious at the thought of his lips possibly being bitten again. Then Marie Rose leaned her forehead against his chest and whispered, “I’m afraid of tonight.”

“.....??”

Grid held a grand festival and neglected surveillance on the surface. It was an opportunity for the 1st ranked Great Archangel, Raphael. They came down to the surface secretly and moved to hell.

Hell—a large portion of it was incorporated into the Overgeared World, but the situation was different compared to the surface. Remnants of distortion remained and some areas were just as unstable as they were when Baal was alive. It was surprisingly easy to find demons and demonic creatures who were still stained with malice.

Raphael searched for the wandering great demons.

Pure white wings and a halo of light—they searched for gloomy spaces that didn’t match the appearance of a holy angel. Finally, they found it.

Vicious demons biting at each other like beasts.

“Beasts who have lost your master. I will give you some help.”

“...Thank you so much?”

The great demons who were preying on other great demons—the girls who looked exactly like twins welcomed Raphael with a smile.

‘It is going well from the start.’

Raphael also smiled.

Overgeared

Chapter 1863

The Overgeared Empire was different from the Saharan Empire. The will of the Empire wasn’t imposed on other nations. From the perspective of other nations, there was no reason to disobey.

In the first place, they shouldn’t disobey. It was because every kingdom on the continent was economically dependent on the Empire.

At some point, they came to their senses and this was what happened. It was the result that Lauel created. Lauel shackled the other kingdoms with money and power, not force. It was covertly and tenaciously. It was designed so that they couldn’t disobey the Empire even if the sky collapsed.

It wasn’t strange to incur other people’s grudges. In particular, it was normal for the royalty of other kingdoms to not see Lauel in a good light.

However, this wasn’t a normal situation. All the royal families in the world served Grid. They offered up tributes of their own will. They gave unconditional favor and support that was beyond the level of not disobeying the Empire. They were even grateful to Lauel.

“Prime Minister Lauel. Thank you for making my kingdom dependent on the Empire. Thanks to you, I can happily serve the Empire to my heart’s content without any backlash from anyone.”

In fact, there were many kings who secretly greeted him in this way.

“.....”

At the banquet hall after the grand wedding...

Lauel, who had strengthened his escort because there were so too many places to stab him, made a strange and complicated expression.

Oh my god. There was actually a time when he received thanks, not complaints.

The impact of Grid was realized. It was very touching that all of humanity loved and respected Grid.

‘I’m happy and proud, but it is awkward.’

To be exact, it was embarrassing. The goodwill of the people made him feel guilty. It was an emotion he didn’t feel even when he buried tens of thousands of enemy prisoners who surrendered and abandoned their weapons.

Basara, who was watching Lael gradually increase the speed at which he drank from the glass, cautiously said, “I think it would be good if you can relax a bit in the future.”

Be generous—she didn’t dare use such words. She didn’t want to look like she was blaming Lael.

Basara had a personality that was the opposite of Lael, but she still respected Lael. She could clearly feel the existence of the current Empire thanks to Lael.

“.....”

Lael was a clever person. He immediately grasped the meaning and consideration contained in Basara’s words. A life of oppression and using others for the development of the Empire and Grid. Was it necessary to do this in the future?

He thought about it while watching the faces of the people who filled the banquet hall. After a while, Lael emptied his glass several more times and said, “That’s right. I would like to go on a vacation.”

Grid and the Empire had become even stronger. From the time when Grid’s hell expedition, which felt a bit unreasonable, was successfully completed, it became okay to add modifiers such as ‘immortal’ and ‘eternal.’ No matter how many years passed, Grid’s feats wouldn’t be undermined. He would be remembered and praised forever unless the world was destroyed.

In other words, there was only one thing that the Overgeared Guild should be careful about in the future. It was to prevent the world from being destroyed.

‘Rebecca.’

Lael responded with a toast to the smiling Basara and raised his head.

The soaring ceiling—he thought of the sky and Asgard that existed beyond it. He remembered the supreme ruler of Asgard who repeatedly destroyed and recreated the world.

That’s right. Now there was only one thing for the Overgeared Guild to guard against: Asgard.

“.....?”

Lauel was contemplating it with a serious face when he suddenly listened carefully. It was because an interesting conversation was taking place at the gathering of Overgeared members.

“Infinite Tower?”

“It is weak.”

“Then... Tower Where You Can Be Infinitely Stronger?”

Tower? Infinitely stronger?

Lauel had difficulty leaving the distinguished guests sitting next to him so he sent a whisper to Pon.

-What are you talking about now?

-Eat Spicy Jokbal has learned a new ultimate skill. He can build a tower that can be climbed endlessly.

-.....?

He couldn’t easily understand it. In this case, it was best to ask the person involved. Lauel sent a whisper and Eat Spicy Jokbal explained it.

-That’s right. I can build a tower. It is even in the instance dungeon format. As you know, dungeon building has many limitations because it eats up a large area, but I have overcome those limitations.

-It is good news. Then what does it mean to be infinitely stronger?

-Ah... It is a bit annoying, but there is no limit to the number of floors you can climb. As long as you can raid the boss monsters that exist on each floor, you can theoretically climb a tower with thousands or tens of thousands of floors.

-Do the boss monsters give rewards?

-Of course. Haven't all the training dungeons I've built so far give fair rewards? It is like that. The only difference is that only the bosses on every 10th floor give 'rewards that can be taken out.' The other bosses give 'buffs that only apply within the tower.'

-Buffs... so you can become infinitely stronger?

-That's right.

-What about the penalty for failing to climb it?

-If you die or leave of your own volition, you won't be allowed to re-enter for 48 hours. That is all. If you die, you won't lose experience or items.

The utilization was endless. The fact that it was an instance dungeon was the biggest advantage. It seemed that even Eat Spicy Jokbal couldn't properly judge the level of the rewards. Still, there was no penalty, so the fact that rewards would be given was an unconditional benefit. In some cases, it seemed good for the members of the Overgeared Guild, the knights of the Empire, and the soldiers to climb the tower.

Just in time, Peak Sword's voice was heard. "Tower That Grows Stronger As One Climbs It. How about this?"

"Oh... Isn't that good? It seems to attract the aggro?"

"Peak Sword, what is it? Why do you like this?"

'As expected, an amazing writer.'

LaueI was admiring it only for his expression to distort.

Did he really like this name? Was this really the influence of Grid? Did his standard go down in the aftermath of suffering from Grid's naming sense?

Aside from LaueI's skepticism, Eat Spicy Jokbal and all the Overgeared members responded positively. LaueI quickly grasped the situation.

-Are you going to allow outsiders to enter the tower?

-It will probably be amazing to make a lot of money... of course, I was going to get the permission of you and Grid first. If it doesn't work, then I won't do it.

-No. Do as you please.

Heaven was different from hell. It was a complete group. This meant that if there was a conflict, a large-scale war was inevitable. As they had learned from the Great Human and Demon War, it wasn't just the Overgeared Guild who should be strong. Such were the current times.

-However, can I designate the location where the tower will be built?

-Of course.

-I'll let you know when it is decided.

Laue! paid attention to the concept of the tower.

A tower that rose endlessly.

Maybe. Maybe it could make it all the way to Asgard?

Asgard was naturally a separate dimension from the surface. It would be hard to reach physically. However, he didn't think it was impossible. Grid had a history of riding a dragon to heaven.

'If only I could get advice from an Old Dragon... depending on the location of the tower, wouldn't it reach Asgard?'

Of course, in order to do this, the tower had to be high enough to reach the sky. In other words, someone had to climb the tower. It might be impossible. Usually, towers with this structure also increased the difficulty level indefinitely. Still, it was worth looking forward to. There was nothing to lose by looking forward to it. Additionally, there was an Old Dragon to ask for advice.

Evil Dragon Bunhelier—they thought he would be the enemy of humanity, but surprisingly, he was the first Old Dragon who stood on the side of humanity. Of course, Bunhelier didn't care much about humanity. He cooperated with Grid purely for his own sake.

Still, that was just the trigger. Lately, the feeling had been very different. He even attended Grid's wedding today as a guest. He was polymorphed into human form and hid his identity, so there was no disturbance, but... from what he noticed, Bunhelier was interacting with the half-draconians. The king of the half-draconians wasn't happy and trembled with fear.

'In any case, it is good.'

The Overgeared Guild was blessed. The talented people who gathered around Grid were as great as each other and they hit a jackpot once in a while. Thanks to this, he would be busy again for a while...

Lauel smiled as he raised the black dragon, making Basara nervous.

Night—it didn't impress Marie Rose at all. The concept of time was useless for her, who lived forever. In the first place, she spent most of her time in a coffin. She didn't distinguish between day and night and was never conscious of it.

However, it was different today. She felt it the moment she felt Grid's touch during the daytime wedding. She was going to have a hard time tonight. She knew she would experience all types of things that she had never experienced before at once and would face a tremendous change.

Tension, anticipation, and fear—emotions that she never imagined before came faintly to her. All of them were emotions that disturbed an Absolute's clarity quotient.

Thanks to this, Marie Rose realized how great the man in front of her was. A being who fought to protect his precious things—he must've always suffered from these emotions. She thought there must've been so many moments when he wanted to run away.

But now he reached this point. Starting as a weak human being to eventually trying to dominate her...

Marie Rose stood with her back to the fireworks exploding in the sky and slowly took off her clothes. Areas that no one dared to invade before were laid bare in front of Grid's eyes.

"I'm afraid I might be different."

Marie Rose didn't know anyone else. She thought she might be different from others. She was worried. She was afraid she would be different from others and earn Grid's disgust.

Grid stared at her in a trance and slowly opened his mouth, "You are different."

"....."

Marie Rose's expression didn't change, but inwardly, she was agitated.

Grid smiled as he counted her dark eyelashes that were trembling very faintly. “It is a beauty I’ve never seen before.”

The most beautiful woman in the world—Marie Rose’s naked body, which shimmered transparently in the moonlight... the following was omitted.

Grid’s resolve was shaken. It was his resolve not to sleep with anyone until his ‘vital energy’ gathered.

‘But I have to endure it no matter what.’

Grid shook his head to come to his senses and recalled the events of the day. He recalled the reaction of Marie Rose, who was embarrassed by his touch. He believed in his dexterity, which could work even on an Absolute.

He would satisfy her without doing it...

He made up his mind and focused on the situation. He used his fingers and started serving Marie Rose.

“Ahh...” Marie Rose was captivated by a sensation she never felt before and embraced Grid.

The snowy white skin exuded heat. It seemed to melt in the aftermath of touching Grid’s heated skin.

Grid was uneasy. He thought Marie Rose would melt away like this.

He didn’t want to miss it.

He gripped her soft skin strongly, leaving red marks. He put his arms between her armpits and strongly restrained her. They were entangled like snakes.

“...This isn’t enough.”

He felt dizzy. He wanted to pour everything into it regardless of his vital energy. The more he satisfied Marie Rose, the more Grid was bewitched. Then he came to his senses.

Marie Rose was sitting on his stomach.

Suddenly?

The senses of an Absolute couldn't read the situation. Grid came to his senses thanks to his great confusion and looked at Marie Rose's omitted.

'I have to endure it. Endure it.'

Thus—

Skipping through the following process, Grid's efforts continued throughout the night. It felt like he was fighting multiple Baals. His physical strength and mental strength were exhausted tremendously. He felt like giving up several times. Finally, when he pressed his sweat-drenched body against Marie Rose's back—

[The 'Core That Has Existed Since the Beginning of Time' senses your strong desire.]

[Do you want your wish to be fulfilled?]

The item he got in exchange for saving the world reacted.

Overgeared

Chapter 1864

[Why did the S.A Group dream of a bad ending?]

[Chairman Lim Cheolho's keynote that he wants Satisfy to be a hope for everyone was just a pretense.]

[Without Grid, all the people comforted by Satisfy would've tasted frustration instead of hope.]

[Does Chairman Lim Cheolho have an antisocial personality disorder?]

Third-rate media outlets that appealed to sensationalism in order to attract public opinion originally couldn't easily touch the S.A Group. This was partly due to the enormous power of the S.A Group's legal team, but more precisely, there were many targets to aim for even if they didn't touch the S.A Group.

Right now, these media wanted to dig into Grid and the Overgeared Group.

Earth and Satisfy—literally, the world's attention was focused on the performance of Grid and the Overgeared Guild, and there was no target more delicious than

them. However, the media didn't dare to touch them. So instead of the pheasants, they targeted the S.A Group who were chickens.

"I never thought the day would come when our group would act as breakwater."

Ever since Satisfy launched its service, the influence of the S.A Group had been comparable to that of the United States and China. It wasn't uncommon for another individual or group to act as a breakwater for the S.A Group, but this was the first time when the opposite was the case.

"Nothing lasts forever. However, it is quite a shock to have this experience due to an individual influence."

Grid—additionally, the Empire and Overgeared Guild led by Grid. The hero born from Satisfy had become a strong competitor to the S.A Group.

"...Great."

"It is because Grid is really great. Huhu."

"I didn't expect him to kill Baal and get rid of him. One big nuisance is gone, so it feels like a tooth has been knocked out."

"Well, if it helps Grid, then it is a breakwater."

This wasn't a board of directors who could be swayed by the press. In the first place, the media is like a reed in front of the wind. It wasn't worth responding to them one by one. Despite the provocations of the third-rate press, the atmosphere within the group was actually very good.

It wasn't an exaggeration to say that the S.A Group was also enjoying the festive atmosphere. In fact, some executives and employees had visited Reinhardt in person and enjoyed the festival.

Baal—the irregular who turned Satisfy's worldview into a dystopia. The S.A Group hated him the most in the world. The company was caught up in the rules of not intervening in Satisfy and stood on the sidelines.

"There is nothing we can do but cheer for them in the future."

Rebecca, the Goddess of Light, had the greatest authority within Satisfy. She had such a powerful artificial intelligence that she evolved independently of the group's will. Depending on what she thought and the choices she made, an irregular like Baal would be born and it was impossible for the group to cope with.

It was similar to the feeling of the universe or a transcendent being like a god creating humans and then only being able to watch them.

Therefore, they relied on players like Grid and supported them for many years.

Rebecca and other Absolutes joined hands one after another, leading Satisfy to ruin. This was the worst development for the S.A Group. If Grid had failed in this expedition, the S.A Group's stock price would've plummeted right now. They would've seriously discussed the introduction of a seasonal system.

“.....”

The executives smiled happily as they once again checked the soaring stock price. Among them, only Director Yoon Sangmin's expression was particularly dark.

The Core That Has Existed Since the Beginning of Time—it could make any wish come true so it was a stone that stimulated the target's desire. There was already a history of it creating a monster called Baal once. However, it fell into the hands of a player.

Of course, Director Yoon Sangmin had been watching Grid for a long time and knew him well. He thought the chances of Grid using the core of the beginning to harm Satisfy was close to zero. Even so, there was harm that was done without any malice. Grid had no intention of doing so, but any choice he made could have serious side effects.

‘I hope he thinks about it...’

Director Yoon Sangmin was biting his nails in anxiety, only to soon smile bitterly. He always felt grateful to Grid, but he felt it was a pity that he couldn't help being suspicious and vigilant every time.

Well, what could he do? This was the relationship between the operator and the user.

“By the way...” Director Yoon Sangmin cocked his head.

Chairman Lim Cheolho, who claimed to be God Grid's number one fan—he should've blessed Grid's wedding alongside the other executives, but he never showed up at the scene.

“Is the chairman heartbroken?” Director Yoon Sangmin carefully asked the chief of staff. It was a situation where the third-rate media criticized him as a hypocritical

person. It was a sad moment for Chairman Lim Cheolho, who cherished and loved Satisfy more than anyone else. Director Yoon Sangmin felt heavy as he recalled the lonely appearance of the chairman sitting alone in the office and drinking a glass of soju.

“No,” the chief of staff replied firmly.

“I’m glad to hear that... then where is he?”

“He went out. Considering that he gave orders to draw up a list of gifts preferred by men in their 30s, I guess he went to see Grid.”

Director Yoon Sangmin was the chairman’s closest confidant.

Yoon Sangmin was relieved thanks to the chief of staff, who spoke frankly.

‘The chairman is the most excited one.’

Indeed, he couldn’t be swayed by the media.

“.....?!”

Director Yoon Sangmin was smiling happily only to abruptly jump out of his seat. The other executives were also disturbed.

It was after Grid’s wedding. It was due to the system message that popped up on the screen that was illuminating the night view of Reinhardt and the Tomb of the Gods.

[Player ‘Grid’ has used REX-001001.]

REX-001001—as the operations director, Yoon Sangmin knew what this code name meant: The Core That Has Existed Since the Beginning of Time.

“Did Grid use the wish stone?”

The other executives noticed the situation one step late and bombarded Director Yoon Sangmin with questions. It was a big reaction. None of the people gathered here had expected that Grid would use the Core That Has Existed Since the Beginning of Time, the ‘wish stone,’ so quickly.

Director Yoon Sangmin muttered, “He is short-sighted... will there be a situation where the dead are resurrected as Morpheus feared...?”

It had a relatively high probability of 23.9%. Morpheus had predicted the possibility that Grid would ‘resurrect the dead’ using the wish stone. Khan and the former Red Knights were cited as examples.

Khan, who lost his young son early on.

The former Red Knights who were falsely accused and lost their comrades and family members.

It warned that if Grid immediately resurrected the dead to heal their wounds, all types of chaos would appear in the world.

‘It is harm without malice.’

Director Yoon Sangmin felt the need to quickly assess the situation. He moved immediately to the operations team. This was when the system message took over.

[Player Grid’s wish has no effect on Satisfy.]

“.....??”

“.....???”

The wish of a person like Grid had no effect on the world? It was hard to believe.

“What is the content of his wish?”

The system replied to Director Yoon Sangmin and the executives, who looked somewhat confused.

[I can’t tell you in accordance with Article 3, Paragraph 9 of the Terms and Conditions.]

“.....”

Article 3, Paragraph 9 of the Terms and Conditions—the company respected the privacy of the players. The privacy here meant ‘something that can’t be monitored even with the authority of the operations team.’ In other words, it was a very intimate part of human dignity.

At this point, Director Yoon Sangmin and the executives all noticed it. It was easier to guess because Grid had just married Marie Rose.

“I acknowledge this...” someone muttered.

Really. Grid didn't come out of the bedroom until the sun rose to the middle of the sky.

Lauel had served Grid for a long time, but this was the first time he had seen it. In the past, rain or shine, Grid used to get up before anyone else and leave for the smithy or hunting grounds.

"What...?" Lauel cocked his head. For the first time in a long time, no, for the first time, Grid rested soundly without any worries.

It was Lauel who had been waiting for Grid, who didn't come out of the bedroom until late. He had been expecting a refreshed look from Grid. Yet ironically, Grid was even more exhausted than usual. Was he tormented by Marie Rose all night?

It was impossible. Grid—

No, every player was sexually constrained in Satisfy. It was natural. Players were only allowed to do it once a month. It was a huge restriction. This was even if they were spending their first night with the person they loved most in the world. It was physically impossible for a player to make love all night. If the timing was wrong, there were many cases where they couldn't make love even once.

Of course, Lauel was a bachelor, so he only knew this theoretically, but...

In any case, there was no problem with his theory based on knowledge and information.

"Don't tell me... was your blood sucked all night?"

"It is similar...?"

"Marie Rose is a vampire, so she is different from humans. Don't be too considerate just because you are newly married. You should stay away from her at night."

"...In any case, she left."

Just a little while ago, right before Grid left through the bedroom door, Marie Rose left the castle through the window. It was as if running away.

"It is harsher than I was prepared for..." She left with such words.

Grid reflected on it. From last night to noon today, Marie Rose had passed out 27 times.

‘I was too excited.’

He was fascinated by Marie Rose’s beauty and his eyes went dark when the limit was lifted... Yesterday, he was just a beast...

Grid sighed while reflecting on himself again. Then he strongly made up his mind.

‘From now on, let’s manage myself well.’

It was a situation where the system couldn’t impose restrictions due to the influence of the Core That Has Existed Since the Beginning of Time. Grid himself had to be careful. He really had to keep his mind tense.

“By the way, I heard there is a tower?”

“Yes, I presume it is a tower that can reach the sky. As you know, among the dungeons created by Eat Spicy Jokbal, haven’t the dungeons rated unique or higher naturally expanded in size according to the exploration rate?”

“So the more you climb the tower, the higher it will go? Maybe it is enough to reach Asgard?”

“That’s right. Of course, to do that, we need someone who can climb the tower.”

Grid nodded.

“Let’s go.”

After a while—

“This XX.”

Grid’s swear words rang out through the tower.

Overgeared

Chapter 1865

Dungeon Master Eat Spicy Jokbal—his first work that ventured into the new realm of the tower was very small and shabby. It was only two floors high and it was

embarrassing to call it a tower. From the circumference, it was estimated that the floor space was less than 10 pyeong. But no one paid any attention to this.

A tower that grew stronger as they climbed it—there was such a provocative sign.

Even Grid was caught by it.

“Tower That Grows Stronger As One Climbs It... I wonder if we’re giving too grand a name for a tower that hasn’t been finished yet...”

“It is finished. The number of floors in the tower will naturally be added as users climb to the higher floors, and the interior area is quite reasonable, unlike what it seems.”

“Ke ong is going to cry.”

“No, he came to me a while ago and cursed me for profiting for free. The facilities I make are purely ‘dungeons,’ so there is no need for Ke ong to be jealous.”

Eat Spicy Jokbal was one of the precious treasures of the Empire. Numerous soldiers and knights grew by exploring the dungeons he created. The Overgeared members' growth value exceeded the allowance of the dungeons, but they often stopped by the dungeons to increase their skill experience.

Now they had to build a tower. It was said that there was no limit to the number of floors. It was theoretically possible to expand indefinitely because another floor opened up every time a user overcame the ordeal of the current topmost floor.

It was truly a legendary building. No, there was a possibility that it would be worshiped as a myth if Grid utilized it.

Grid was also the leader of the Overgeared Guild. He had the right and qualification to be the first to set foot in such a monumental facility.

“Okay. I’ll go up to the 100th floor today.”

Grid was more motivated than Lael hoped for and attempted to climb it.

“This XX.”

The result was this—he lost motivation. There was no problem from the 1st floor to the 9th floor. Thanks to Demon Sword Remnants, Grid overcame the ordeals without even lifting a finger. It took less than five minutes to reach the 10th floor.

However, he immediately lost motivation on the 10th floor.

The boss monster who appeared on the 10th floor—it was none other than Baal.

That's right—the boss monster that lurked in the tower on the 10th floor used the 'highest level opponent among the boss monsters raided by the challenger' as the basic framework. Here, it became stronger and stronger every time the number of floors increased. Depending on the challenger's position, it could boast a tremendous level of difficulty.

"The 10th floor is bullshit..."

Aren't I the only one at a disadvantage...?

Why do you always do this to me...?

Vantner offered comfort to the lamenting Grid, "Instead, Grid, your wives keep getting stronger. Don't be too heartbroken and think positively."

"....."

...Wasn't he hit by this comfort instead?

It wasn't very comforting, but Grid couldn't refute the facts. Instead, Eat Spicy Jokbal asked him, "Why did you come back without fighting Baal?"

Going up from the 1st floor to the 9th floor, Grid acquired various buffs that were only applied inside the tower. Grid in the tower was stronger than Grid in reality. Even if the level of Baal on the 10th floor was exactly the same as the Baal that Grid had fought a while ago, the current Grid would be able to aim for victory relatively easily.

However, he retreated without even fighting. It was hard to understand from Eat Spicy Jokbal's perspective.

"Isn't it better that Baal came out? The higher the level of the boss, the greater the rewards."

"Do you avoid poop because you are afraid of it? You avoid it because it is dirty." Peak Sword replied on behalf of Grid. "Have you forgotten how persistent Baal was? From Grid's perspective, it would be tiresome to fight with him again."

It was correct. Just a few days ago, Grid struggled with Baal for more than half a day. Even if he was killed, he resurrected and evolved. It was a fight to the extent that he didn't want to replay it.

Then fighting him again right away? He didn't feel like it even if he was given millions. It wasn't a situation where he had to fight to protect someone.

It felt crazy to fight Baal against just to get some small rewards.

"It is time to take a break," Peak Sword said while patting Grid's shoulder.

A break—it was a word that penetrated Grid's weary heart. Yes, he wanted to rest...

Grid realized something and shuddered. He recalled the fact that there were few days he rested properly ever since he became Pagma's Successor. Was this something that people could handle? He couldn't believe how he had been running non-stop.

"I'll leave climbing the tower to you."

Now that they had purified hell and brought peace to humanity—if it wasn't this time, then when else could he rest freely? Right now, Faker and the Overgeared Shadows were in the midst of a quest to find the daoist immortal, Bentao. It was to get help to search for the achievements of the Seven Good People that the gods couldn't erase. The moment Faker gained something, Asgard wouldn't be able to sit still.

Grid had to prepare for another fierce battle from then on. Now was the only time. It was time to get enough rest...

Grid felt it instinctively and left the scene without regrets. He thought of things to do during his break. The first thing was to find Pagma's soul. According to Kraugel's testimony, as Pagma's soul was possessing him, it encountered Braham and immediately erased his traces.

Grid hadn't taken it seriously. It was something he heard while preparing for the wedding, so it went in one ear and out the other. But now that he thought about it, he was worried about Braham's reaction.

Pagma just left and Braham was calm? It was impossible.

'Maybe Pagma's soul is...'

Maybe he wasn't reincarnated, but was captured by Braham? In the first place, it was a pity that the conversation with Pagma was too short. It was necessary to check it.

"He is going to rest, right?"

Peak Sword and his colleagues looked on anxiously as Grid increased his pace.

Until recently, there were no mountains around Reinhardt. Braham smashed everything. Naturally, there was no malice. It was an inevitable phenomenon in the process of magically tempering Grid's Greed. But recently, a high mountain stood tall to the west of Reinhardt. It was an artificial mountain made by Braham's petrification magic.

Overlooking Reinhardt was Braham's workshop.

"Braham, you..."

Grid came to visit Braham's workshop, only to stiffen like a stone statue.

Pagma's soul—he really was trapped in Braham's workshop. The various tools scattered in all directions conjured up terrible imaginations.

"Did you torture his soul?"

It didn't matter how deep the grudge was. Hadn't he at least tried to understand Pagma? Now he stopped the reincarnation of the soul and tortured him...

Grid hadn't expected Braham's personality to be this terrible and was in great shock.

"Don't be fooled." Braham clicked his tongue as he grasped a saw and aimed it at Pagma's soul.

"Braham...!"

Was he going to brutally saw at Pagma's soul? Grid was about to stop it, only to pause. The saw seemed to be imbued with some type of magical effect and started to slice through Pagma's soul, but it didn't cause any direct harm to the soul.

Pagma's soul was intact. There was only the sound of something invisible being scratched and shaken repeatedly.

“That guy, Baal, was full of malice to the end.”

It was a few days ago—Braham faced the soul of Pagma possessing Kraugel and was horrified. It was because Pagma’s soul was secretly bound to Kraugel’s soul.

At first, he naturally thought it was Pagma’s doing. He thought this damn guy who enjoyed backstabbing others was playing tricks to take away Kraugel’s body. Then he soon calmed down. Pagma wasn’t a great magician like him. It was impossible for a mere blacksmith to cast such a spell in his soul state...

“Perhaps Baal thought you would take away the power contained in Pagma’s soul.”

It was a curse carved into Pagma’s soul. What Baal left behind was a structure that made Pagma’s soul the subject when combined with an object. To put it simply, it was designed to ‘take away the body of the one possessed by Pagma’s soul.’

If such a situation had happened—

It wasn’t only the victim whose body was taken away. Even Pagma, who took over the body, must’ve been in great shock.

‘He would’ve been in deep despair.’

Pagma’s specialty might be to use and betray others, but there was always a good reason for it. He had never betrayed others for his own sake. However, who would’ve trusted Pagma if the situation had gone as Baal intended? Naturally, Pagma would’ve been blamed for the incident. Additionally, the one cutting off Pagma’s head and killing him would've been none other than Braham himself.

“Baal...” Grid learned the inside story and gritted his teeth. He was already in a sensitive state because he just met Baal at the tower. Therefore, he even wanted to swear.

Braham smirked as he felt Pagma’s bewildered soul. “This guy is the greatest hero in history, but he doesn’t know how to pretend. He is honest in most situations.”

It is different from you...

-.....

Pagma’s soul fell silent at the words that sounded like accusations toward him. Pagma’s feelings were also conveyed to Braham through the magic saw that was splitting apart the curse on his soul.

Regret.

The hero of the previous era who fought alone because he couldn't trust anyone—in the name of his cause, he undermined the dignity of others. He committed countless vicious acts in order to confront the demons he couldn't handle alone, such as damaging other heroes, digging up graves, and binding souls.

The result was this. He finally made a pact with the ruler of demons. Even now, hundreds of years later, he was still cursed. He almost harmed the heroes of the present age.

-I... if I had trusted and relied on you...

Pagma's trembling voice echoed hollowly in the room. The sadness in his eyes as he looked at Braham grew uncontrollably.

“.....”

Braham didn't reply. He silently concentrated on sawing.

It happened as an awkward silence filled the space...

The curse that had been dwelling in Pagma's soul was finally completely destroyed.

Braham put down the saw and opened his mouth, “What is the point of regret?”

-.....

Pagma's eyes met Braham's and he realized it for the first time—Braham's red, transparent eyes were looking at the present, not the past. He was dismissing the past as something trivial.

“Putting aside my feelings, you did your best in the past. As a result, Grid of the present day saved the world. Isn't that enough? Don't tie yourself to meaningless regret and go away.”

They were harsh words. It was close to condemnation. However, Grid knew Braham's personality well. He was able to interpret the sincerity of the words.

So he selflessly conveyed it, “I can't say that the choices you made in the past are right. However, it is obvious that Braham and I exist today because of the past you. I don't dare to judge if you did well or not. Still, I respect and admire your life. Thank you for your hard work. Now rest in peace.”

Even when they met earlier, Grid had fully conveyed his feelings to Pagma. Still, it didn't matter if he repeated it a few times. Rather, he felt it was lacking.

-.....

This was enough comfort for Pagma. There was a faint smile on his face as his soul lost its form and scattered.

[The Legendary Blacksmith, 'Pagma,' has ascended.]

[Will you bless him so he is given a new life and is reborn somewhere else in the world?]

Probably—it was likely a hidden effect created by the combination of his status as a god of the surface and his past status as Pagma's Successor.

Grid nodded without hesitation. “Of course, I bless him.”

I'm sorry, and thank you...

The last words from Pagma's soul soothed even the resentment that had been stagnating deep in Braham's heart. One silver lining was that it had finally come to a complete end.

Braham spoke as Grid's heart was feeling warm. “No matter whether it is a daughter or a son.”

“.....?”

“My nephew or niece will be raised by my hands. I can't leave child raising to Marie Rose, who only knows herself.”

“No, what...?”

Grid was about to ask what nonsense Braham was saying when he suddenly shut up. He thought that Braham's senses must've grasped in detail what happened in his bedroom last night.

“Please respect my privacy...”

Overgeared

In short, it was amazing. The tower built by Eat Spicy Jokbal became a new landmark of Reinhardt.

Peak Sword clicked his tongue when he witnessed the endless procession of people. “They seem to be coming from all over the continent. It is a reaction beyond imagination. If outsiders want to use the tower, then don’t they have to sign a one-sided contract with Eat Spicy Jokbal?”

“It is similar to any other dungeon. Some of the experience and rewards obtained from entering the tower will be handed over to Eat Spicy Jokbal.”

“Are there still people?”

“Of course.”

The tower got stronger as a person went up, so the biggest strength was that it was good to use when stuck. If they leveled up, then the experience obtained from existing hunting grounds would decrease significantly. If they didn’t have enough specs to use the higher hunting grounds, then they could visit the tower and significantly speed up their growth rate. It wasn’t a loss even if they had to give a few percent as compensation to Eat Spicy Jokbal. Additionally, the proportion of compensation transferred by individuals decreased significantly as the number of users of the tower increased.

“I think I should live life like Jokbal.”

If he built a few dungeons, he could put his hands behind his back and experience and money would roll in on their own...

It was truly the dignity of a building owner.

It happened as Peak Sword felt his stomach cramp with envy and frowned...

“It isn’t that much. If I was making such a huge profit as you think, would I be living like this?” Eat Spicy Jokbal approached and explained. “Most of the money I earn goes to maintaining and repairing dungeons.”

Of course, every act of working in the dungeon was a valuable experience for Eat Spicy Jokbal. Thanks to this, Eat Spicy Jokbal always maintained the top ranking even if he didn’t participate in raids or hunting.

“If I want to make money properly, I have to run a dungeon as a trap... You know, I’ve quit doing such things since I joined the Overgeared Guild.”

“Didn’t you not do that in the first place?”

“You are mistaken. I didn’t do it at all.”

There was a time when Eat Spicy Jokbal shoveled directly. He could make dungeons and towers on a whim now that he was a legend, but in the past, Eat Spicy Jokbal used to dig at the ground by hand and build dungeons one by one using tools. He might’ve been the head of the notorious dark gamer group called Blood Carnival, but he didn’t have time to commit evil acts.

Of course, this didn’t mean Eat Spicy Jokbal’s past should be glorified. Eat Spicy Jokbal was reflecting on himself, which was why he gave people dungeons and towers. Of course, he was paid for the use...

In any case, there were many players who could breathe thanks to Eat Spicy Jokbal. One of the figures who greatly contributed to the image of the Overgeared Guild was Eat Spicy Jokbal.

“By the way, the guild members are having a surprisingly hard time.”

He remembered the days when he was active under the cool stage name of Dark. Eat Spicy Jokbal remembered being beaten to death by Grid, who suddenly broke into the dungeon, and changed the topic.

He opened the ranking list. There were very few Overgeared members on the list of people who had climbed up high.

Lauel shook his head. “I’m afraid it can’t be helped. They are in a much more disadvantageous position compared to ordinary players.”

The Overgeared Guild had fought against strong enemies. The level of the boss monster they raided recently was at least a high ranking great demon, so they had a hard time breaking through the upper floors of the tower. In particular, the members who participated in the hell expedition recently were struggling.

They all failed to break through the 10th floor. The enemy they faced when they got to the 10th floor was the red lump of flesh, Asura, or King Daebyeol.

“Use vulgar words to say we are screwed. I’m not God Grid. How can I defeat King Daebyeol alone...?”

Of course, the tower gave all types of buffs. It was from ordinary buffs that increased their stats to buffs that increased their 'status' or suspended death. Together, they had a very powerful effect.

Right away, Peak Sword was much stronger inside the tower than he was outside. He was even lucky to gain several of the best buffs while climbing from the 1st to the 9th floor. Putting it together, it was enough to treat himself as a high-ranking transcendent.

However, the enemy was an Absolute God. He might've been reduced to a 'soul body' and was far short of his prime, but he wasn't someone Peak Sword could face alone.

"This is completely wrong. We are all doomed unless you improve the system in a way that allows you to set the boss we encounter on the 10th floor."

It was obviously good for the players to grow, but the Overgeared Guild couldn't be left behind. Peak Sword expressed concern, but Eat Spicy Jokbal responded with disapproval.

"I don't have the authority to change the system... How can I intervene in the set system when it is even impossible for Grid? For example, even Grid will only end up with a wooden sword if he uses wood as a material for a sword..."

Eat Spicy Jokbal was using Grid as an example to make it easier for Peak Sword to understand, only to suddenly shut his mouth. It was because the wooden sword made by Grid seemed to be able to cut through even a small iron sword.

"Um... There might be room for intervention as the tower's level increases..."

Eat Spicy Jokbal was changing his words only to close his mouth again. It was due to the notification window that just appeared.

[Player 'Kraugel' has broken through the 10th floor of the tower.]

"Wow, how did he do it?"

All the Overgeared members who participated in the hell expedition were stuck at the 10th floor. Kraugel's situation was the same. He would've also met King Daeyeol as the boss for the 10th floor. Did he break through?

"15 hours...? Did he take advantage of the inability to recover debuff?"

Eat Spicy Jokbal noticed something after checking Kraugel's clearance time. In the list of buffs that could be obtained from the tower, there was a buff that 'applies an unrecoverable state to the target every time you attack the target.' It was a buff with an ordinary performance so the selection rate was low compared to other buffs that were so excellent that they didn't exist in reality. However, under such circumstances, Kraugel used it to successfully climb to the 11th floor.

"What?"

Peak Sword learned the inside story after hearing Eat Spicy Jokbal's explanation and admired it in many ways. It was hard to believe he succeeded in the raid by only hitting the target for 15 hours... In order for that to be possible, there was the prerequisite that combat sustainability had to be preserved for 15 hours. In other words, Kraugel couldn't allow many hits from King Daeyeol. He also had to use the smallest movements possible to preserve his stamina.

"It is all in the realm of control so it isn't a big surprise. They will have to retry several times to succeed, but there are many people in the Overgeared Guild who can do it as well as Kraugel."

The part where Peak Sword greatly admired Kraugel was his mind, not his physical ability. Perhaps Kraugel paid attention to the fact that the tower's buff boasted an absolute effect.

A debuff that applied an unrecoverable state to the attacked target. It was a debuff that most monsters in reality were resistant to. Very few tower climbers would've chosen it as a reward.

However, Kraugel chose it. He predicted from the start that the boss of the tower wouldn't be able to resist the concept of absolute effect within the tower.

"That guy is amazing... He deserves to be called the next God Grid."

Peak Sword's motivation was aroused. "I should also start over."

It was like he hadn't even climbed to the 9th floor. The determined Peak Sword reset the status of the challenge. Then he started climbing the tower again from the 1st floor. He was going to repeatedly play it until the unrecoverable debuff popped up on the rewards list.

On the other hand—

"I was lucky."

Inside the tower, Kraugel was taking a breather. The low-level reward that he unluckily obtained on the 9th floor—he hadn't expected that he would succeed in breaking through the 10th floor thanks to this unrecoverable debuff. There was no other way to explain the situation than to say he was lucky...

"It will be faster from the 20th floor onwards."

There were as many as seven rewards obtained from raiding King Daebyeol on the 10th floor and four of them were buffs applied to his current tower run. Thanks to this, his attack power had become many times more powerful.

King Daebeyol, whom he would meet again on the 20th floor, would be stronger compared to the 10th floor King Daebyeol, but it was unlikely his health and defense would be exponentially multiplied. Therefore, Kraugel judged that it would be possible to defeat him quickly.

"The cheetah was just laughing..."

"Yes..."

In the last week, ordinary players were enjoying the greatest joy ever.

Tower That Grows Stronger As One Climbs It—Eat Spicy Jokbal's new game... no, it was because there were very few Overgeared members on the dungeon ranking list. Under the same conditions (?), they weren't inferior to the Overgeared Guild. Many people mistakenly thought this and felt a great deal of pride.

Then three days ago.

Kraugel suddenly rose to the top of the rankings. Then today, the entire ranking list was changed to the Overgeared Guild. In just three days, an extreme change took place.

People were forced to admit it. The Overgeared Guild were just late starters.

They watched us from the starting point as if we were cute and then started climbing slowly.

At this point, they became curious. Grid still wasn't on the ranking list. He seemed to be neglecting the tower to enjoy his newlywed life, but how fast would he rise to first in the rankings...?

The media started to speculate about it. The cast of some famous entertainment programs even made a bet during the broadcast. It was a bet about how many days it would take for Grid to take 1st place from the time that he first appeared on the ranking list.

World star Hallyu idols, Hollywood actors, and so on. It became a hot topic because the list of people involved was so glamorous.

Grid felt like he was going to die. “Leave me alone...”

Grid returned after a well-deserved rest where he gave a generous amount of love to Irene, Mercedes, Basara, and Marie Rose. Grid had grasped the trend and had been thinking about slowly climbing the tower, but he quickly lost his motivation.

Looking at the atmosphere, it felt like he would have to climb the tower without a break as soon as his name appeared in the ranking list. Of course, no one forced Grid to be a ranker, but there was such an atmosphere. It was a matter of pride.

-Kraugel, isn't it time for you to go to eat?

-It is okay. My mother went on a holiday with some of her friends.

---She's made new friends in the United States. It is great.

The news that a friend's mother had completely recovered her health and became as normal as everyone else made Grid genuinely happy. It warmed his heart and made him smile.

But that was that and this was this.

‘No, please take it easy.’

The 227th floor—Grid was frowning as he reconfirmed Kraugel's unrivaled lead, only to suddenly smile. Old memories came flooding back. How long had it been since he was in the position of challenger?

“It is Grid.”

“Wow.”

“A true cheetah is finally rising...!”

Tower That Grows Stronger As One Climbs It—the group of people were buzzing after discovering that Grid had arrived there. Due to this, Grid emerged from his

reminiscence to realize reality, but he couldn't frown because he was a god. He tried to keep the smile on his face as he responded to the enthusiastic cheers.

"I hear that top stars line up for your autographs when you go to the broadcasting stations?"

"That is a rumor you made." Grid happened to encounter Peak Sword at the tower and failed to manage his expression.

Peak Sword laughed. "I was just telling the truth. Oh, my~ I'm tired. I reached 9th in the ranking, so I'll take a good rest today. Ah, come to think of it, are you parked on the 9th floor, God Grid? The two of us are the 'same' number. Haha."

"....."

"Take your time, take your time. There is nothing special about being a ranker here, so there is no reason to be enthusiastic, right? Didn't Mir confirm the reincarnation of King Daeyeol? Take it easy when you should be resting. The air below is clear and good, right?"

Peak Sword and the members of the Overgeared Guild were people who loved games. They liked the game so hard that they tried hard. Thanks to it, they connected with Grid after becoming rankers and had reached this point. Basically, there was a strong sense of competition.

That's right. Right now, Peak Sword was sincerely encouraging Grid to rest, but was also keeping him in check. The provocation was a bonus. There was no malice in it. It was just a natural gamer's disposition. It wasn't a matter that Grid could simply pass over.

"Peak Sword, you are the one who needs to get some clear air below and rest. Sooner or later, the 190th floor will be the below area."

"Wow."

One by one, numerous witnesses started to log out. It was to quickly deliver Grid's declaration of war to the community. Grid responded to the public's attention in a different way than intended...

Peak Sword clenched his hands tightly and his expression stiffened as he belatedly regretted it. "Truly God Grid... You are a true superstar."

"....."

Grid returned from his vacation. He walked into the tower that was very tall, unlike the first day he saw it.

At the same time, hell...

“Why aren’t there many visitors...?”

The 1st ranked Archangel, Raphael, had assumed that the Overgeared members would focus on defeating the remnants of the demons in hell. They planned to snipe at Jishuka in order to recover the power of King Daebyeol and they had already been staying in hell for nearly ten days.

Everything was quiet. The desired situation never happened. They were already nervous about how long they would have to stay in this filthy and uncivilized place that was unlike Asgard.

The great demon sisters who were working with Raphael made eye contact and smiled.

The Black and White sisters—originally, they became great demons to eavesdrop on the 1st Great Demon, Baal, but they missed the opportunity to stand out and wandered for a while. They honestly regretted making such an extreme choice.

But now it was fun.

The number one Archangel, Raphael. Compared to the 1st ranked Great Demon, someone worthy of being targeted came rolling in on their own.

Overgeared

Chapter 1867

The inside of the Tower That Grows Stronger As One Climbs It was very spacious. It was different from when looking at it from the outside.

‘Every time I see this, I think it is a good thing that I have Eat Spicy Jokbal.’

A player with the ability to create an instance dungeon—Eat Spicy Jokbal was the only one.

The dungeons he built were always useful. In particular, the tower he made this time was special. In just a few days, the tower had risen to 227 floors. If it continued to rise like this, wouldn’t it really reach Asgard?

Lauel's seemingly far-fetched conjecture started to be credible. However, it would probably take at least 1,000 floors to be seen properly.

'1,000 floors...'

It felt so far away, but also surprisingly close. It took Kraugel just a week to reach the 227th floor. Additionally, the pace of his climb increased every day. It was thanks to the rewards obtained every time a new floor was conquered. This meant that the climber's growth rate might be faster than the speed at which the boss monster that appeared in 10 floor increments became stronger.

'Let's only struggle up to the 50th floor.'

Baal—Grid felt hopeless about having to fight that damn cockroach again, but he breathed in deeply and soothed his mind. Then he took a lunch box out of his inventory. It was the lunch box that Irene made when she woke up at dawn. She even baked the bread herself.

Last night—she hadn't forgotten Grid's words that he should finish his rest and resume his activities.

'Meat, garlic, meat, meat...'

Was garlic the only vegetable...? Why? He wasn't complaining about the side dishes. He was just puzzled. It was very different from the diet organized by Irene, who often tried to feed Lord vegetables at family meals.

Grid was cocking his head when he found a note from Irene and opened it.

-You have been amazing every night lately. I prepared a lunch box with the hope that my dear husband will maintain your vitality even when you return from a great cause. Please enjoy it and have strength.

"....."

He thought he would have to work hard tonight as well... Grid read Irene's inner thoughts and was motivated. It had only been a day or two since he became a beast every night. Every time he turned into a beast, he would think, 'Is this really okay?' He felt uneasy about it.

Grid had four people to love. Irene might not know it, but every time she fainted, Grid alternately visited Mercedes, Basara, and Marie Rose. He tried his best with

the thought that it wasn't right to leave his wives alone when he had broken the limit using the wish stone acquired from killing Baal. It was worthwhile, but...

Grid slowly chewed every piece of meat and garlic carefully packed in the lunch box while glaring at the entrance of the 10th floor, which lurked beyond the 9th floor. It shouldn't take half a day this time...

Grid completely changed his mindset and ignited his fighting spirit.

'Six hours. Kill him in six hours.'

After the success of the hell expedition, Grid had grown exponentially stronger. It wasn't just because of additional factors such as the stats redistribution, Baal's power, and Amoract's power. It was simply because his specs itself had gone up significantly. After surpassing level 1,000, he secured a large number of stat points and even enjoyed the awakening effect.

On the other hand, Baal would be exactly as Grid remembered. Infinite resurrection was impossible. Baal was no longer an object of fear. Of course, Baal would have a passive ability to overcome death, but there would always be a limit to the number of times.

"Let's go."

[Thanks to the effect of the 'Empress' Lunch Box,' all stats are increased by 30% for 30 minutes.]

The food buff effect was also more than expected. As expected, the power of love was a great thing...

Grid realized it and entered the 10th floor where Baal welcomed him as before. Of course, he didn't say anything. This was just his appearance. He might look like Baal and use the same abilities, but he couldn't think.

['Demon Sword Remnants' has reacted.]

If Grid encountered an enemy, the first one to move was no longer Grid. It was the dark demon sword. The three meter long sword, which subtly emitted a blood red glow from the cracks carved everywhere, reacted and acted before Grid.

The tower shook in the aftermath of the collision between demon sword and demon sword. It was a shaking that only Grid felt.

In any case, it was an instance dungeon. Grid moved without hesitation. He didn't care at all about the tower collapsing and invested all his stats in intelligence to cast magic. He reached Baal one step ahead of the magic bombardment he fired earlier and swung Defying the Natural Order. Naturally, he changed his stats to be invested into strength.

“”...Kuock...!””

Baal couldn't even utter a proper scream.

He trembled in pain in the aftermath of being cut by Grid, who had dug into his right side that was defenseless after he blocked the demon sword that suddenly flew in. Then Baal was swept away by the magic bombardment that rained down shortly afterwards. He didn't even have a chance to fight back.

“Um...?”

Stagger.

Baal started to receive the attack of the God Hands in addition to the demon sword and he resisted with precarious movements. His whole body was covered with wounds, so he had a lot of restrictions in his movements. Grid observed his wounds recovering in real time and questioned it. ‘The ability to recover quickly is the same as the real one, so why is he so weak?’

Was it because the boss that appeared every ten floors was weaker than the original? If he knew this would happen, he wouldn't have run away on the first day and would've just beaten Baal up...

Grid clicked his tongue and twisted his upper body to the side. His eyes were fixed on Baal, who was heading toward him after breaking through the encirclement of the God Hands. Baal's demon sword passed by the tip of Grid's nose and the afterglow of Defying the Natural Order shone on it.

Pagma's Sword Dance obtained after completing the class quest—one of them, Splendor, was activated. Splendor was the only one of Pagma's Sword Dance's that had a different style. It wasn't a dance move. Instead, magic power was given to the sword and spread a brilliant splendor. In a sacrificial sense, it meant wanting the attention of the gods. In practical terms, it increased the power of the sword.

It was a buff skill.

Pagma's Successor—a trash class with poor buff skills. It was designed so that he could only pretend to be a person after he completed the class quest...

[The weapon's attack power will increase by three times for 15 seconds. Within the duration of the buff, the power of the first sword dance is increased by 800%, the power of the second sword dance is increased by 1,200%, the power of the third sword dance is increased by 2,000%, and the power of the fourth sword dance is increased by 3,500%.]

Grid turned back his torso that had been twisted and his sword descended. It was another sword dance that he got after completing the class quest, Chop. It was similar to Pinnacle, but it was different. Pinnacle was a sword dance that was unconditionally a downward swing, while Chop could be used in all types of forms, like a basic hit. It could be used when cutting down, cutting up, or cutting diagonally.

The attack coefficient was low, but the utility was endless. In most situations, it was good to use it as a leading move of a linked sword dance.

Baal's back was cut and his posture broke. Then he was hit by Grid's six fusion sword dance.

Fusion. In other words, thanks to becoming one, it fully received the buff effect of Splendor.

Several notification windows popped up.

[Baal has overcome death.]

[Baal has overcome death.]

[Baal has overcome...]

.....

...

‘As expected, he isn't someone who dies easily.’

He noticed from this moment that the super-fast recovery ability was the same as the real thing. The 10th floor Baal might be weaker than the real thing, but he wouldn't die easily. In the worst case, he might have to fight for half a day...

Grid frowned and immediately linked a new six fusion sword dance. It was possible thanks to the Chop sword dance. Chop really got rid of the delay caused by the motion right after the fusion sword dance ended. It was an extreme use of the advantages of Chop, which could be activated in most situations. Thanks to this, Baal was unable to resist the six fusion sword dance that was linked without a time difference and allowed it to hit him again. The sword dance also carried the buff effect of Splendor this time.

Once the third six fusion sword dance was linked in the same way, Baal failed to resist again. As a result, he died.

“...Huh?”

He already died?

‘Even if this is the 10th floor, isn’t it too fragile compared to the real thing?’

It hurt so much that he gave up on the first day... Grid was once again filled with regret. Then dozens of cards popped up in front of his eyes. It was all the back of the cards.

Every 10 floors, he could reveal up to 20 cards. Every time he revealed them, the rewards would appear and he could choose seven of them. The ratings ranged from a minimum of 1 to a maximum of 5. The higher, the better.

‘Please let it be 5. A tier 5 reward.’

Grid prayed and opened a card.

[Tier 2 Soul Enhancement Stone]

[You can get 100 stat points when you take it.

It applies only in the tower.]

“...Very good.”

It was positive that it wasn’t tier 1. It meant he wasn’t completely out of luck. As expected, it was thanks to his high luck stat.

Grid took it positively and opened the remaining 19 cards at once. The result was one tier 4 card and 18 tier 2-3 cards. Furthermore, there were no rewards that could be taken out. They were buff rewards that only applied inside the tower.

“Don’t go overboard.”

Grid was able to endure the urge to swear severely. The fact that not a single tier 1 card was displayed meant that the effect of the luck stat was working properly. It was just that his innate bad luck was so strong that a tier 5 card didn’t pop up...

“...Thinking like this makes me even angrier?”

If he had gone through this just a few weeks ago, he wouldn’t have calmed down so easily. But the current Grid easily calmed down. Based on the fact that Baal’s level was lower than expected, he decided that it wasn’t a big deal.

‘After all, I still get rewards every time I climb a floor.’

Above all, his soaring anger easily subsided when he thought of the faces of his loved ones.

‘I need to hurry if I want to go home early.’

Grid burned with the desire to be with his beautiful wives. The power of beauty. No, the power of love was such a great thing. Those who hadn’t experienced it wouldn’t know. For example, Vantner had no experience.

“Is he crazy?”

Thanks to the rewards from the tower, Vantner had access to higher level hunting grounds. He had been trying to go forward, only for his progress to be blocked again. Therefore, he went back to the tower, only to be shocked. It was due to the status of the rankings.

Grid, who had just entered the tower this morning, was already ranked 10th.

“A bug? How did he climb 180 floors in half a day?”

The level of the boss monster that appeared in the tower was ‘the same as the real thing.’ Additionally, they got stronger as the floors got higher, so they eventually transcended the real thing. Of course, the climber also got stronger due to the steady stream of buffs, but it was barely able to balance out unless the climber was lucky enough to get a tier 5 buff. This meant that the climbing speed didn’t increase significantly.

Grid’s climbing speed was clearly abnormal. It was all the more so considering that it took him over a day to defeat Baal not long ago.

Eat Spicy Jokbal explained it to Vantner, who was feeling great confusion. “It seems that he only chose the buffs that only applied in the tower as the reward for each climb.”

“What? Then isn’t there nothing left?”

“You know that there has been too much attention on him. It must’ve been an inevitable choice to save face.”

“Ah, really... Grid has it tough in many ways. No... Isn’t this still too fast...?”

“...It is because he is ridiculously strong.”

Eat Spicy Jokbal trembled with fear. Grid’s strength as he killed Baal within 10 minutes every time he encountered Baal every ten floors was beyond common sense. He had become exponentially stronger compared to the time when he went on the hell expedition not long ago. It seemed that the reward for raiding Baal alone was greater than imagined.

“This damn thing.”

In the midst of the solemn atmosphere, Peak Sword rushed in. He checked the ranking of Grid, who had been chasing him from the bottom, with a disbelieving face and hurriedly entered the tower.

‘Of course, I knew he would catch up eventually. But it is ridiculous to catch up in one day. I can’t accept it.’

I also have to save some face...

I’ll also choose buffs that only applied in the tower as the rewards...

Peak Sword noticed the secret to Grid’s high-speed climb and was prepared, but it was useless. Just because he only wanted buffs didn’t mean he only received buffs. It was only possible with bad luck.

Grid ended up encountering it thanks to his bad luck. As a result, it could be said that he was lucky.

His achievement of reaching the top of the list in just one day after he started the climb made people cheer again.

The source of this content is novelbuddy.com

Overgeared

Chapter 1868

“Martial God... it is the Martial God.”

The Martial God—it had a special meaning in Satisfy. It was a title granted to only one being, so the weight was enormous. However, at this moment...

The crowd gathered under the tower murmured ‘Martial God.’

The first day of the climb—it was while checking the ranking of Grid, who reached the 201st floor in just 15 hours. In the first place, Grid had a history of defeating the Martial God. Who else could they call the Martial God if not Grid?

“Cool! God Grid!”

“I’m always cheering for you!”

There were enthusiastic cheers for Grid as he emerged from the tower. People’s favorability for Grid was at an all-time high. Lately, even the Grid anti-fan cafes had been flooded with posts praising Grid.

‘That is enough for today.’

The Baal he met on the higher floors became stronger. In particular, the unit of his health gauge changed starting from the 100th floor. Unfortunately, he decided that it would be better to stop climbing today. He didn’t want to make Irene wait all night, and he couldn’t raise the ranking further just because he stayed up tonight.

Grid responded to people with a wave and checked the ranking list.

‘The level is different from 7th place onward.’

Yura, Jishuka, Chris, Katz, Haster, Hurent, and Kraugel—all seven of them had surpassed the 260th floor, and half of them had even surpassed the 300th floor. Their climbing speed was also getting faster every day. Despite how fast Grid’s climbing speed was, it wasn’t enough to catch up to them in just a day or two.

Of course, Grid thought the Overgeared members outside these seven were great as well. Take Peak Sword as a simple example. If someone asked Grid to raid King Daebyeol with the specs of Peak Sword, he would refuse no matter what. It might be different if he kept climbing the tower and got enough buffs.

However, meeting King Daebyeol on the 10th floor, in his almost purely original state, it was difficult to guarantee the odds. Of course, he would succeed in the raid someday if he kept trying, but just imagining it made him sick. Taking 10 to 20 hours to gnaw away at an opponent who was overwhelmingly stronger than him, not allowing their attacks to hit—Grid would want to die.

In the first place, he didn't want to do that, so he had been relying on the power of items.

Grid flew slowly toward the castle where Irene was waiting and his body and mind were infinitely lighter.

The time to relax—it was the greatest gift Grid had received in return for purifying hell. Until a few days ago, Grid had suffered from great anxiety every day and struggled to become stronger somehow. In fact, he was actually suffering every day. He couldn't show it in front of others, but he often wondered how he had come to take on such responsibility and felt skeptical. But it was all over now.

The demons who disguised themselves as humans to deceive people and incite quarrels no longer existed. The king of demons, who reigned as the source of fear while restraining the souls of dead humans, also perished and left only the remnants of the demon sword.

A near-perfect peace had come. There were variables such as Asgard and the Hwan Kingdom, but he didn't want to think about that for the time being.

In the first place, the gods were different from demons. They had too many things to lose to infiltrate the surface disguised as humans or to openly invade. They would lose their prestige and have their status damaged the moment they experienced one failure. They were passive because they knew they eventually wouldn't be able to exist as gods.

‘Plus—’

The surface was the Overgeared World and the Overgeared World was another divine world. The penalties received by the celestial gods here were staggering. The proof was that neither Zeratul nor Dominion could do anything to Grid when he was much weaker than he was now. It was safe to say that there was little possibility of being invaded by the gods in any form.

".....!"

Grid was smiling in appreciation of being able to relax only to stop in the air. Hundreds of God Hands moved in unison. They spread shields over the heads of children rushing after the trail of divinity and led the market vendors to a safe place. It looked like they were preparing for war.

Thanks to this, the soldiers patrolling the streets immediately noticed the anomaly. They started following the God Hands and enforced the people's evacuation.

The sound of horses being ridden was heard everywhere. It was the sound of knights rushing to the scene.

Despite the death of Baal, the purification of hell, and the return of peace, Reinhardt's discipline was still as sharp as a blade. The talents that Laue assigned to the right places responded quickly and organically to the situation.

"Focus on protecting human life."

It happened the moment Grid gave an order to Sariel, who came to his side...

Flash!

Light poured down from the sky. It was a light only aimed at Grid, but it was so bright that all of Reinhardt turned white.

Grid pulled out Defying the Natural Order. He glared at the being who had dropped to the ground one step ahead of the light hitting the ground.

"Overgeared God Grid."

It was Metatron. They looked very different from the angels that people had imagined and witnessed so far. They had a beautiful body and face, but also an angular face and large body. They were spreading 18 pairs of wings to match their large body.

That's right. People noticed at a glance that Metatron had a total of 36 wings.

Now Metatron was spreading out all their wings. It was a state of complete liberation. It was completely different from when they met Grid the other day.

"This is God Judar's message. Asgard's target is Chiyon, and it doesn't have the desire to antagonize the surface. Don't provoke Asgard by building a fancy tower."

“.....”

Asgard already knew about the tower and was on guard toward it. It meant that the tower raised by Eat Spicy Jokbal did have the potential to reach Asgard. Grid felt both displeasure and joy, but he didn't say anything.

“”Additionally, this is my personal opinion. Overgeared God Grid. As you know, human beings are grateful to most gods. The same is true even though you now have a virtual monopoly on all human worship. Most gods are valuable only when remembered and talked about by humans.””

There were many gods who were grateful just for being remembered...

Once again, Metatron's attitude was clear. They were trying to convince Grid.

“”Therefore, it is highly unlikely that the celestial gods will harm humans. Quit provoking and antagonizing Asgard. It is just a matter of useless anger.””

A beehive—the Asgard that Metatron referred to resembled a beehive. There were no benefits if it was poked. Grid found it hard to relate to these words.

“I think if we stay still, you will hit the surface in reverse.”

If the surface and Asgard didn't intervene with each other, there would eventually be a god who would be forgotten. Asgard was at a one-sided disadvantage. The forgotten gods would become nervous and it wasn't known what they would do. They could cause a disaster on the surface in order to imprint their existence onto people.

Metatron read Grid's inner thoughts and shook their head.

“”The gods aren't so simply forgotten. Humans are imperfect beings and are bound to feel despair in their lives. They will inevitably have a tendency to lean on something. The gods can survive simply by whispering a small oracle to them or extending a helping hand.””

“...In other words, is it right for humans to despair? I can see why you helped the demons when they invaded rather than helping people.”

“”You are making too much of a leap. But I don't think it is wrong...””

Metatron tilted their head and pondered on Grid's words. Then they quickly came to a conclusion.

“”It is physiology.””

“What?”

“”It is like the logic of nature. There is no reason to respond emotionally.””

“You have a knack for making words very unpleasant.”

“”There is one thing you should keep in mind.””

The invader who called themselves a messenger—the angel in front of Grid, who stepped onto the surface without permission, was unpleasant in many ways. But Grid didn’t do a sword dance to stop Metatron from talking nonsense over and over again. It was because the energy waves coming from Metatron were so powerful.

A former archangel—the so-called ‘Angel of Contract’ usually had their arms, legs, eyes, ears, mouth, and wings sealed.

It was an attitude of treating Metatron as a dangerous object. But now all their wings were spread out. It wasn’t known what type of strong contract they signed, but they were in perfect condition. In fact, they easily broke down Reinhardt’s seal and arrived in front of Grid.

Strong...

It was a heavy burden to deal with Metatron in the middle of a city where so many people lived.

‘I guess this was what they were aiming for.’

During the time when Grid’s expression distorted, additional assistance was arriving one after another. The soldiers and knights of the empire, as well as the apostles and Overgeared members, came from all directions. It was reassuring. It was different from the days when he didn’t like the support of his colleagues and ended up more anxious.

‘There are more means to protect the people.’

They had been eating together for years.

Grid even knew how many spoons there were in Peak Sword’s house. Grid was familiar with his colleagues’ skills and could predict how they would use the

current situation and terrain to protect the people. It meant he could trust in them and move.

“I wasn’t perfect at that time.”

Finally, Braham arrived at the scene. He slowly descended with a red glow in his eyes and emitted powerful waves from the magic power gathering in his hands, causing Metatron’s giant figure to vibrate slightly. In the midst of the heightened atmosphere—

“”The feelings you have for Asgard aren’t important.””

Metatron warned.

“”What you should keep in mind is the danger of Chiyou. Your relationship with Asgard can’t be settled in any form as long as you can’t do anything about Chiyou. No matter what, Chiyou is heaven’s primary target.”

When they met in the past, Metatron had warned Grid to be careful of Chiyou. Of course, Grid let it enter one ear and go out the other. Metatron was a mere minion of the gods, while Chiyou had shown favor to Grid. Out of the two, the one that Grid should trust was naturally Chiyou.

“That is your situation.”

Grid finally moved. It was shortly after the soldiers and knights evacuated the people from the scene and he confirmed that the Overgeared Guild had built barriers at every street corner. It was a chance to tear apart and kill the invader in front of him, who kept talking nonsense...

Thinking about it differently, this was a great fortune. One of the strongest forces of heaven, who would’ve been a great enemy if they met in Asgard, walked in on their own.

Step.

It happened the moment when Grid’s steps were sublimated into a dance move...

“”It is too late.””

Metatron frowned.

Grid also stopped moving.

Their gazes shifted to the same direction.

“”You shouldn’t have referred to yourself as the Martial God.””

Since when did he? Grid was choked up by this series of nonsense, but he didn’t reply. To be more precise, he couldn’t open his mouth. He was under tremendous pressure. Something great was coming...

There was the feeling of all the hairs on his body standing up. Sweat ran down the bridge of Grid’s nose as he gulped.

Braham and Zik noticed the situation one step later and also shifted their gazes.

“Are you finally able to replace me?”

Jingle.

The outrageous words were followed by the sound of bells.

“...Martial God.”

Chiyou—the true Martial God crossed the continent and arrived in front of Grid.

“”Loosen the constraints of the Overgeared World...!””

Metatron’s urgent cry gradually faded away. It was the aftermath of being hit by the back of Chiyou’s blade and disappearing as a dot.

Grid recalled past memories.

-Don’t deal with Chiyou. There must be a reason why the Goddess turned away from him and sent him away. He might harm your hierarchy.

The intent that Metatron left behind the other day. It was etched in Grid’s mind again.

-Ignore it. Don’t associate with him.

It was a situation where it was clear that Metatron was absurd.

The angel’s warning—it should be treated like a dog was barking. But somehow, Grid couldn’t help listening to Metatron’s words. He saw through Chiyou’s essence.

A god who wanted to be destroyed—Chiyou existed only for himself without taking on any obligations.

He was wrong. Just because Chiyou didn't harm humans, or gave Grid great power, didn't mean Chiyou should be trusted. Chiyou seemed very satisfied with Grid's wary attitude.

“Are you really going to replace me?”

In the first place, it was unlikely that a being who desired to die would have an intact mind. In fact, Grid knew it too. It was just that he maintained his goodwill with the vague belief that Chiyou wouldn't threaten him. He shouldn't have done that.

Just then, Chiyou trampled on the ground once and the skills and magic that the Overgeared Guild had deployed as barriers were disrupted. It shattered like glass.

“Are you judging phenomena or concepts as matter? No... did you just break it using sheer force?”

Braham's voice, which was close to astonishment, plunged the Overgeared members still reeling from the unexpected turn of events into greater confusion.

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Overgeared

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Chapter 1869

Martial God Chiyou—he was the one who made Zik, who didn't respect or revere the gods, bow his head on his own initiative. He was intense from the first impression and specially approached Grid. He gave Grid the right to take Chiyou's Test, despite not being a yangban, and bestowed a great favor upon Grid after he passed the ordeal. As a result, Grid unlocked his potential thanks to Chiyou and overcame his limitations several times.

“I've been watching you.”

In the first place, there was a sense of emotion from his eyes. Chiyou's eyes were infinitely warm when he looked at Grid and Grid felt deep affection and gratitude. Regardless of his changed status, Grid deeply bowed his head.

“I also thought of you often. I'm relieved to see you in good spirits.”

“It is a great provocation.”

“.....?”

The conversation between the two of them wasn't transmitted to the outside world.

A colorless divinity—it was the aftermath of Chiyou's divinity, which used the aspirations of all living things that craved power as its source, creating an invisible veil. It was a phenomenon created by Chiyou's will to refuse to be worshiped.

The effect was great. The thousands or tens of thousands of people gathered because of Metatron—none of them had a good grasp of the current situation.

‘What type of conversation are they having?’ Chiyou looked blurry to everyone except for Grid. It definitely resembled a human form, but it felt like he was surrounded by fog. If Grid hadn't mentioned the name Chiyou, they wouldn't have even known who he was.

“...He is on the same side, right?”

The Overgeared Guild started to feel relieved. In fact, they had been somewhat intimidated by the sight of the giant angel called Metatron.

An angel with 18 pairs of wings. They even had a number of halos. The so-called halo of the angels. The angels in Satisfy could shrink or expand the halo, shooting beams or using it as a blade to brutally kill their targets. This meant that the more halos there were, the higher the probability of exerting great destructive power.

Just as they were worried that such a monster would go on a rampage in the middle of the city and cause great damage, Chiyou appeared. He blew Metatron, who was talking nonsense, all the way out of the city with a single blow, and Grid bowed in gratitude. It was natural to interpret him as an ally.

However, the situation inside the veil was going differently than what people thought.

“Even when you blocked Dominion's spear.”

Jingle.

Chiyou's bells were very sensitive. They cried just because Chiyou opened his mouth.

Grid belatedly noticed. He hadn't known because it had been hidden by the collar and sleeves. There were several bells hanging from Chiyou's body.

"Even when you defeated the apostle of the God of the Beginning, who had lost the god she served and was wandering."

Jingle.

Grid took a step back. He suddenly realized why Chiyou had so many bells hanging from his body.

"Even when you received an apology from the Fire Dragon ."

Jingle.

"I rarely felt the limits of my patience."

The bells were consideration. It was consideration for those trying to hurt him.

I am here. Don't miss me. Point the sword at me properly.

"I wanted to run to you right away and point your sword at my neck."

Jingle jingle.

The sound of bells gradually became louder. It was because Chiyou started walking. His steps were slow yet fast as he approached. They might be ordinary strides, but the distance between the two of them was too short. Grid wasn't given enough time to think.

"But I endured it. I judged that if I urged you, who was tired from going through trials every time, it would increase the odds of things going wrong."

The words were strangely twisted.

Grid noticed it. Chiyou didn't feel any affection for him. He was just waiting patiently with consideration to achieve his own purpose. That was it, but Grid arbitrarily interpreted and misunderstood Chiyou's favor.

There was something called common sense. But now he had to admit it. The existence in front of him was far from common sense. He just did things for his

own sake. In other words, he was also a selfish being who did favors for others in order to 'die.'

"When you finally killed Baal."

Jingle jingle jingle!

The sound of the bells started to ring like crazy. It was a loud noise created by the action of entering through Grid's gap and slowly drawing a sword.

"I thought it was worth the wait."

"....."

"And now, at last, the moment has come to finally put an end to it."

You shouldn't have referred to yourself as the Martial God...

Grid pondered on Metatron's cry, which he had dismissed as nonsense. When he came out of the tower, people called him the Martial God.

Grid had taken it lightly. It was a natural response. However, the existence of Chiyou shouldn't be overlooked. At the very least, Grid shouldn't have forgotten the weight of the title 'Martial God.'

Of course, it was unfair.

'Who would consider such a thing as foreshadowing?'

Still, regret meant nothing. Even if he had prevented people from mentioning the Martial God, the result would've been the same. Chiyou would surely stand in front of Grid at some point. If he was targeted by Chiyou just because he pretended to be the Martial God, Zeratul would've already been killed by Chiyou hundreds of times...

Chiyou's chilly-looking long sword revealed its full appearance. Grid saw his expression reflected on the blade and suddenly looked up at the sky. It occurred to him that all the heavenly gods must be watching this place right now.

Loosen the constraints of the Overgeared World...

He realized what Metatron's last cry meant. It meant giving the heavenly gods the right to set foot on the surface.

‘Asgard is seriously intent on fighting Chiyou.’

Asura had also said it. What the heavenly gods wanted from him was for him to fight against Chiyou.

‘Is there any chance of winning?’

It was a useless question. No matter how skilled, even Chiyou wouldn’t be able to endure when withstanding a pincer attack from the gods of Asgard. Then he became curious about something else.

Why did Chiyou bother to visit him?

“...If you have been watching me, you know about Asura as well.”

“The Evil God that Baal gave birth to. He went up to Asgard.”

“He has the energy of a God Killer. If you really want to be destroyed, wouldn’t it be easier for you to confront the gods of Asgard rather than me?”

“You haven’t grasped the essence yet.” Chiyou shook his head. “The gods of Asgard can’t extinguish me.”

“It is the same for me...”

“No, you are the Martial God that humanity thinks of.”

“.....”

“Only you can destroy me and replace me. It is something I’ve only recently learned.”

Thump.

Grid received a shock like his heart was being destroyed. It was because he realized that all his efforts made the current results. The stronger he got and the more new achievements he got, the more he was acknowledged by the people.

Naturally, he was faced with the fate of confronting Chiyou. It felt like he had been caught in a net without him knowing it. It was more painful and sad than unpleasant.

“However, in order for you to extinguish and replace me, you must fulfill one precondition.”

First of all, Grid liked Chiyou.

‘The bigger problem is—’

It was because Chiyou was too strong.

“You have to fight me and win in front of everybody.”

“.....”

Grid, who had been patient so far, frowned for the first time. By what means did he have to fight him and win? Chiyou was a special being among the gods. He was an existence where he couldn’t help mentioning the inherent differences.

Grid fighting against Chiyou and winning? It was a bug. It was the wrong worldview. It was impossible to win. Grid quickly came to a conclusion and was about to reject it.

“Of course, you will lose today.”

Chiyou told the truth. He proved that he wasn’t crazy.

“But it will provide you with plenty of experience. As always, you will use defeat as nourishment to grow further. After repeating this, you will surely tear my heart and soul apart.”

Don’t deal with him.

He is an absurd guy.

He might harm your hierarchy.

Etc etc.

Grid remembered Metatron’s warning. That’s right. Putting aside his desire to prove that Chiyou wasn’t crazy, Chiyou was starting to look crazy in Grid’s eyes. For once, defeat was fatal for Grid. He was also a god. There was a fear that his status would be seriously undermined if he was defeated in public. Chiyou’s proposal wasn’t realistic.

It was the moment when Grid was about to refuse again...

“You can’t veto it.” Chiyou drove in the nail. He also gave advice. “Focus on the sound of bells. Even if your eyes miss me, let the tip of your sword chase the sound.”

‘This damn thing.’

In fact, if he thought about it in a composed manner, there was a high probability that Chiyou was the most distorted person in the world. An existence who only yearned for death couldn’t be normal—in the first place, most transcendents were crazy so it was a shameless wish to hope that Chiyou wouldn’t be crazy.

‘I must avoid being defeated by a landslide...’

Grid sensed that a fight was inevitable and activated the White Tiger’s Posture. His goal was to increase his resistance and increase the chance to withstand Chiyou’s attack.

Chiyou shook his head. “Didn’t I say that it is only meaningful if it is you?”

“.....!”

Grid’s face was filled with astonishment.

[Martial God Chiyou has neutralized ‘White Tiger’s Posture Engulfed in Flames.’]

Skill cancellation—it was a power that Chiyou naturally used.

“Only the power that is your source can damage my status.”

“No...”

In that case, wasn’t even the sword dance meaningless because Pagma was its source? Grid was about to say something in a flustered manner, only to close his mouth. It wasn’t because of Chiyou.

[An unauthorized being has entered the Overgeared World.]

It was only when the back of a white-haired giant blocked Grid’s view that a notification window rose up. The system only recognized it belatedly because the intruder was so fast.

Rattle.

The noise of heavy chains sweeping on the ground was just as loud as the sound of Chiyou's bells.

"...Zeratul?"

Grid noticed the identity of the white-haired giant and was flustered because he couldn't understand what was going on.

"I am the Martial God," the giant declared. "Specter who still believes himself to be the Martial God. You have been disqualified from the moment you left your responsibilities long ago. Engrave the name of the new Martial God on those rotten ears. I am Zeratul."

Overgeared

Chapter 1870

At Asgard...

The only interest of the gods gathered in the great hall was Chiyou. This was until Zeratul, who was supposed to be in the Prison of Eternity, burst into the scene.

How did he escape from the prison? This time, it wasn't Grid's fault. Grid was facing Chiyou on the surface.

"Tell me."

The gods summoned a certain angel and questioned him.

"Why did you open the lock?"

"By what authority did a mere angel use to set the prisoner free?"

The angel named by the gods as the culprit—he was particularly delicate and had a strange side to him. The halo above his head didn't glow brightly, but changed colors from moment to moment. Every time the color changed, the energy it gave off also changed. So it was like one, but also many. He was silently dragged to be questioned by the gods and replied with a cocked head, "Magic is the power to give value to something that is worthless."

That was it. It was as if this was enough of an answer. The angel said this and shut his mouth.

Some gods were making a fuss. They didn't understand. There was even a god who shouted for the angel to answer properly.

'It is sincere.'

It happened the moment when the angel was disappointed...

"My thoughts are also in agreement with you."

Judar, who was silent in the corner as if he had no interest in the situation, suddenly spoke.

The God of Wisdom—he was one of the few beings who could read the heart of the arrogant angel.

"Well done."

It was rare for Judar to give praise, and his congratulatory message silenced the crowd. The other gods could no longer hold the angel accountable.

A white beard that descended down to his abdomen and gray hair that waved like thunderbolts. Eyes that emitted a white light due to the pupils that blurred as the eyes rose. With his solid body and massive features, Zeratul's appearance was overwhelming in many ways. It was the very image of the Martial God that people imagined. But now he was different.

Rattle rattle.

How heavy was it? Zeratul's limbs were restrained with chains of unimaginable weight and he looked shabby compared to the past.

Nearly bushy hair and an uncombed beard. Crumpled, dusty clothes. He wasn't even wearing a top and was half-naked. Above all, the shackles on his hands and feet showed how bad his condition was.

However, Zeratul's expression was the same as in the past. He looked arrogant as if he was the only special one.

"You... how did you escape from prison?"

Grid was momentarily taken aback. He couldn't understand the situation in front of him and asked a question. Had he escaped his prisoner status? That was what he thought at first, but it wasn't the case.

Zeratul's appearance hadn't changed at all from when they met in the Prison of Eternity. Zeratul didn't even look at Grid. He answered while still glaring at Chiyou. "I was just led by fate."

It was a bluff. The truth was different.

Mumud? The angel who was considered a candidate for an archangel even though he was born a human—Zeratul had guessed what he intended by unlocking the prison.

'It is more of an act of taking out the garbage.' novelbuddy.com

Mumud knew what Zeratul would be obsessed with if he gained his freedom in his current situation. Mumud's intentions were clear.

'He wants to guess Chiyou's martial ability through me.'

Mumud also would've hoped that the troublemaker was destroyed by Chiyou.

"...Kukuk."

The chains entangled under Zeratul's feet rose into the air like coiled snakes. It was the aftermath of Zeratul taking a starting posture. It was a stance with both hands empty. He intended to use the chains that bound him as a weapon.

"Behold the power of the true Martial God and tremble."

Zeratul's every word and actions were sincere. Of course, he knew that Chiyou was strong. He sensed in real time that Chiyou's status overwhelmed his. But he didn't shrink back.

A difference in status? It didn't matter. Grid proved it by defeating him in the past when Grid had a lower status than him. Besides, he had accumulated enough discipline. He had honed his body and mind while in the Prison of Eternity.

It is definite.

The person I am now transcends the me of the past...

"Zeratul, are you going to die?"

Grid urgently asked Zeratul, who was muttering to himself without answering the question. Funnily enough, he was worried about Zeratul. It was because they built up quite a few ties. Of course—

From Grid's perspective, Zeratul was close to a villain. He possessed talented people and used them like slaves. He even had a history of trying to harm the people important to Grid, including Lord. However, he didn't hurt anyone in the end. He also recently helped Grid in the Prison of Eternity. Thanks to Zeratul, he was able to rescue Khan and Hexetia safely.

He knew it wasn't from pure goodwill. Zeratul just hated Raphael more than Grid. He knew this, but... after all, wasn't it a relationship?

Zeratul had already paid enough for his sins. He was defeated by Grid in front of everyone watching and was reduced to the status of a prisoner. Grid's grudge against Zeratul had long faded. Additionally, he was once again receiving Zeratul's help right now. It came as a one-sided favor.

Zeratul read Grid's heavily sunken mind and frowned. "Fool. Don't misunderstand."

Zeratul had lost a lot of his divinity. He was unable to even build weapons out of divinity, so he honed the art of using chains as weapons. It was a very shabby-looking technique, but Zeratul was confident. It was because he knew the value of skills honed through effort. He learned it through Grid.

"I'm just fighting for myself. You don't need to feel emotional about this."

Zeratul didn't wish to speak further. He immediately flew to destroy Chiyou's face, which remained indifferent even when facing him.

The clash of Martial God against Martial God—it was a major incident that shook the world.

The apostles and the Overgeared members held their breath. However, Sword Saint Muller, who was watching the situation from a distance, wasn't interested in what was about to unfold.

'The difference in power is clear.'

It was the same for Grid. They rightly predicted Zeratul's defeat and the result was more disastrous than they expected.

Thump.

Chiyou didn't even draw his sword. The simple movement of stepping on the ground with his feet suppressed Zeratul's charging power. On the other hand, he used a relaxed hand movement, like when he previously spread out the veil, to grab Zeratul's neck and slam him into the ground.

"I think that among Rebecca's works, the ones somewhat worth acknowledging are this land, the World Tree, and Judar."

Chiyou didn't pay attention to Zeratul even at the last moment. He didn't even look at Zeratul flinching in shock, and only looked at Grid.

"The best of them is this land that gave birth to you. Your existence has increased the value of the surface."

That was the end of the waiting.

Chiyou tightened his grip on Zeratul's neck. The eerie sound of crushing bones brought silence to the scene.

Something in the form of a human being—Martial God Chiyou's force, which wasn't properly recognized by others, except for Grid, was overwhelming. He carved the word despair into the world just by pulling out his sword and pointing it at Grid.

Just then, the tip of Chiyou's sword tilted forward at an angle. It was the aftermath of being pulled by the chains that wrapped around the blade of the sword in an instant. It was a result created by Grid.

[By your own authority, you have defined 'Zeratul' as a guest, not an intruder.]

The constraints of the Overgeared World—the dimensional constraints that had oppressed Zeratul from the time he descended to the surface had dissipated. It was just like when Grid met him in the Prison of Eternity.

At this moment, Zeratul was in an intact state. There were obvious flaws compared to the days when he reigned as the Martial God. But at the very least, this was 'Zeratul's most powerful state' that Grid remembered.

"I...!"

Chiyou's upper body leaned forward. For the first time, he made eye contact with Zeratul, who pulled himself to his feet.

“Am the Martial God...!!”

The form of the noise was complicated. It was because Zeratul raised himself and had many different ways of using chains. The chains binding his wrists and ankles moved very naturally. They repeated the actions of binding Chiyou’s sword and body, and beating and throwing them according to Zeratul’s will.

“It is this much...?”

Muller was impressed. The depth and speed of the technique that utilized chains—both were flawless. Thanks to this, the more the technique was linked, the more the power was infinitely amplified...

It happened the moment when Muller, dazzled by Zeratul’s unexpected technique, reflected on Zeratul’s title as the Martial God...

“It isn’t trivial,” Chiyou said as his limbs were restrained by chains and he was strangled. For the first time, the person he was talking about was Zeratul, not Grid.

“How wonderful.”

The reason why Chiyou readily admitted it was that he was reminded of the background of Zeratul’s birth. The existence created by Rebecca to replace him—it meant he was a masterpiece that a lot of care was put into. It was right that he should be great.

“It just isn’t enough.”

The chains that held Chiyou shattered in unison. Thanks to this, it wasn’t only Chiyou, but Zeratul too was freed from his restraints. However, in this situation, this wasn’t an advantage. For Zeratul, who had been honing the chains as weapons, he had lost his weapon.

“The qualification is still with Grid.”

A colorless sword energy rose. It was too strong for Zeratul, who had lost his weapon and was empty-handed, to resist. This would cut him no matter what.

Zeratul’s intuition sent a chill down his spine. He thought of the future where he would be defeated and weakened again under the watchful eyes of everyone.

Fate had just been decided. A fate bestowed by the Only One God. A fate that couldn’t be resisted.

“Zeratul!”

Grid twisted it.

The fate bestowed by the Only One God no longer had coercive power from the time when Zeratul received Defying the Natural Order, the ‘power Grid used as the source’ mentioned by Chiyou, which had been desperately thrown by Grid.

“.....!”

Chiyou, who had longed for extinction—his eyes, which had lost their light while dreaming of distant ideals, regained their vitality after eons. It was due to Zeratul, who wielded Grid’s Defying the Natural Order in his capacity as the Martial God.

“.....”

Zeratul’s expression was complicated. It was a situation where he escaped death thanks to the sword thrown by Grid. He wondered if he was declaring himself as ‘Grid’s Martial God.’

It felt like he was putting on new shackles.

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