

Overgeared

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Overgeared

Chapter 1871

At the time when the presumed Chiyou created a strange atmosphere, Zeratul suddenly burst in and started fighting with his back to Grid.

I am the Martial God. I am the one who is the Martial God.

He was definitely out of his mind based on the way he was repeating the same thing over and over again. At first glance, his attitude of fighting while protecting Grid was bizarre.

Zeratul had previously threatened Grid many times. The Overgeared members decided that they shouldn't take the situation happening in front of them at face value. They were wary of both the presumed Chiyou and Zeratul and watched for an opportunity to rescue Grid.

At this moment—

“Zeratul!”

Grid threw his sword toward Zeratul. To be exact, he handed it over. At least for the moment, Zeratul was an ally.

It was hard to believe. For a moment, they suspected that Grid was possessed by a ghost. However, they were soon convinced. Wasn't Grid someone who took even Evil Dragon Bunhelier as a companion? It was concluded that it was likely Zeratul, not Grid, who was possessed. No matter what happened, it meant that Zeratul was recognized as an ally.

“Weapon Enchant! Purification!”

Ruby started to assist Zeratul. She tried to stop the bleeding while giving him all types of buff magic. At the same time, she poured out heals. There was no effect.

The thin film that couldn't be seen—it surrounded Grid, Zeratul, and Chiyou and blocked all external interference.

“My magic doesn't work.” Braham frowned.

Martial God Chiyou—the Only One God that even the Gods of the Beginning couldn't do anything against. He was overwhelming. He had the power to make his will take precedence over any concept. The magic used against him would never reach the point of creating a miracle.

‘Or is there another way? Mumud.’

Braham was noticing the ‘magic power’ that was buried in Zeratul. A being who made him feel shameful emotions such as jealousy and guilt—when it came to magic, Mumud was the most gifted human of all time. His magic power was unrivaled. It was so mysterious and intense that Braham naturally became obsessed with it. It was impossible for Braham to forget it.

Braham was convinced that Mumud's intervention was behind Zeratul's incursion to the surface.

“.....?”

Braham's eyes widened as he examined the situation.

The magic power that was buried in Zeratul—it was mere remnants. It wasn't even a sign of direct magic on Zeratul. Perhaps Mumud's magic destroyed the prison where Zeratul was imprisoned and in the process, a glimmer of magic power was smeared on Zeratul. The remnants of Mumud's magic power were weak enough to form this speculation.

However, the remnants were combining together were taking on the form of magic. Someone was targeting it in real time and trying something—it was Euphemina.

[The magic power of an unknown person is contemplating you.]

[An unknown person is viewing your level, stats, and list of magic you have acquired.]

“.....!”

Euphemina unexpectedly exposed herself. Even in this sudden situation, she figured out what was going on. According to common sense, the only one who could contemplate her without her permission was Mumud.

‘Mumud. The source of my magic... he must be existing as an angel. It will be greatly difficult if we meet someday.’

Recently, Euphemina had been suffering from tremendous fatigue. It was because unlike others, she didn’t have time to enjoy the top content. She was busy chasing Betty and Agnus’ trails.

The former Baal’s Contractors—Euphemina had no doubt that they would be alive and well somewhere, and Grid’s thoughts coincided with hers. Betty had said she would perish together with Baal the moment Baal died. However, no one had confirmed her death. She disappeared with Agnus shortly before Baal was killed by Grid.

Grid pinned his hopes on this part. He asked Euphemina, who had a history of chasing Agnus in the past, to find the two of them. Euphemina wandered all over the continent and returned to Reinhardt with accumulated fatigue. She rushed over the moment she heard there was an emergency. novelbuddy.com

The result was this. Her identity was discovered by Mumud and she was dissected in detail. She was worried that this would snowball into a big problem later. She was inwardly anxious when Braham approached her and whispered, “There is no need to worry. I will be his opponent.”

Braham’s magic destroyed Mumud’s magic that was dissecting Euphemina.

“...Hmm.”

The heavenly angel admired it. The halo with various colors like a rainbow took the form of an exclamation mark for a moment.

‘It is the God of Wisdom and Magic.’

Braham, a god apotheosized on the surface like Grid—he had as many as two modifiers. Mumud became increasingly interested and was able to check his skills.

Dimension and destruction—he hadn’t expected Braham to instantly identify and destroy the magic that worked secretly across a distance that was physically difficult to estimate. Mumud thought he would learn a lot if they ever had a chance to compete in skills one day.

“The constraints of the Overgeared World have been weakened, right?”

The angel was deep in thought, only for his expression to stiffen. It was due to the one who interrupted him. He bumped into Venice, the God of Money.

“Angel Mumud. There was a reason why God Judar protected you.”

Magic is the power to give value to something that is worthless...

This was the argument that Mumud made before the gods for releasing Zeratul from prison. By worthless, he naturally meant Zeratul. A being that, if left unchecked, would’ve rotted away senselessly in the Prison of Eternity.

However, Zeratul gained value the moment Mumud’s magic unlocked the prison. The proof was that the constraints of the Overgeared World had weakened.

Only One God Grid—Mumud heard he was very obsessed with connections, but he actually welcomed Zeratul as a guest in the Overgeared World? If Zeratul showed a bit more here, he could even reveal Chiyou’s strength.

“You are several times more capable than the archangel, who is still sucking their fingers in hell. Isn’t that why you are going to be an archangel one day?”

“I’m not interested.”

The angel Mumud resolutely shook his head.

“Even if Raphael is impeached, Metatron will regain their position and fill the vacancy.”

Metatron—they showed disgrace by leaving the battlefield in the aftermath of allowing a single attack from Chiyou to hit them. Their current location was in the far east. It was hundreds of kilometers from Reinhardt. However, Mumud was aware of Metatron’s power. It was assumed that Metatron stepped back for a while to arrange some variables.

“Hey, from what I have seen, the former archangel isn’t very reliable either.”

“It is more ridicule than necessary.”

“.....?”

“It goes beyond mere distrust and is interpreted as an attempt to incite dissension. Do you want to be part of the Overgeared World? Or maybe you are already...”

“A mere angel is doubting a god?”

Venice’s inner thoughts were stabbed and she became angry in reverse. Mumud saw her trying to be calm and shook his head.

“No matter what, it doesn’t matter. Whatever your intentions, the trend won’t be affected.”

“.....”

In his past life and in this life, Mumud was infinitely close to goodness. However, he had the self-righteousness and arrogance that was unique to talented people. This was one of the reasons why Braham of the past couldn’t help being jealous of him.

“It is a wonderful interpretation.”

Defying the Natural Order—it was Grid’s masterpiece. It contained the knowledge, skills, connections, and willpower that Grid had accumulated.

The filth of the Four Auspicious Beasts wasn’t mixed in with it. It was a power that purely took Grid as its source. In other words, it was the only concept that threatened Chiyou. It didn’t have to be handled directly by Grid.

“Every single one of the countless works you have made is qualified to bring me down. They are weapons to annihilate me.”

He was like a man standing in a daze in the pouring rain. Chiyou’s eyes, which had been out of focus, found a clear focus. The colorless veil that didn’t allow outside interference was lifted.

His hands drooped as he looked at Grid, Defying the Natural Order, Zeratul, and all the apostles and Overgeared members who owned works made by Grid. He started to harbor transcendent anticipation as he held a dark-colored sheath in his left hand and a rusty long sword showing the weight of the years in his right hand.

“Come.”

The group that fought and defeated the Absolute beings like Baal, Asura, and King Daebyeol and liberated hell—Chiyou declared toward the strongest Overgeared Guild led by Grid. It was an attitude that seemed to be making concessions rather than shrinking back.

At this point, the Overgeared Guild were in a frenzy. Like those who fell for the provocation, they deployed their skills and targeted Chiyou. However, an unexpected variable arose.

“.....!”

“.....?!”

Zeratul, who was right at the forefront of the flow—he swung his sword in the direction he chose. It was toward the Overgeared God’s Temple in the distance. The powerful sword energy split apart the figure of Grid standing tall in front of the temple.

“Are you crazy?”

“I shouldn’t have trusted you...!”

What was this nonsense all of a sudden? Damian and Huroi were particularly furious. Instead of running toward Chiyou, they shifted directions and surrounded Zeratul.

Meanwhile, a notification window emerged in Grid’s vision.

[Zeratul has destroyed your image and blasphemed your divinity. The Overgeared World defines him as an intruder.]

The reason why Grid accepted Zeratul as a guest was to free him from the constraints of the Overgeared World. However, he voluntarily took on the constraints again. Why?

Zeratul’s thoughts trickled into Grid’s bewildered mind.

-Don’t be blinded by the opponent in front of you and give excuses to external enemies.

Zeratul broke through the siege of Damian and Huroi and threw himself forward, colliding with Chiyou. Once again, he was at the forefront. However, it was under constraints.

Power, speed, and even status—Zeratul wasn’t able to fully confront Chiyou. Every time they exchanged blows, the number of wounds on his body increased. However, Defying the Natural Order was shining. Every time Zeratul slashed Chiyou once in return for dozens of cuts, Chiyou also shed red blood.

-Despite all of this, my affiliation is still Asgard. If you loosen my constraints, the bastards of Asgard will also be freed from the constraints of the Overgeared World.

“...Why?”

Grid stared blankly at the back of Zeratul, who was finally collapsing.

“Why do you care about me?”

Grid expressed the question that had blossomed in the depths of his heart. It was a situation where he was threatened by someone he had trusted and admired, while conversely, he was helped by someone he had hated. Grid was already confused by this situation and was deeply disturbed by Zeratul’s subtle attitude. He was frustrated and wanted to know why.

Zeratul snorted.

-Didn’t I warn you not to be mistaken? Don’t interpret my intentions as goodwill. I just hate those condescending bastards in heaven more than you, and I fight purely for myself.

The Prison of Eternity—even when Grid stormed into this place a little while ago, Zeratul’s attitude was the same. He didn’t break, just like a sword made by Grid.

Grid was fascinated. He was instinctively driven.

“I think I like people like you.”

-What? Crazy guy...?

Zeratul reacted with extreme disgust, but Grid didn’t care.

“Request to Stand With Me.”

He retrieved all the weapons from his comrades, who were rushing like moths to the fire toward Chiyoun. He took one step forward, then two. He stared intently at the back of Zeratul, who was blocking Chiyoun’s sword with Defying the Natural Order, which Zeratul barely straightened. Just as he had good feelings toward the object he hated, he harbored hostility toward the object he admired.

“If you want to die, then die.”

It was raining. It was a rain of metal. Each one was a force that took Grid as its source, just like Defying the Natural Order.

A smile spread across Chiyou's face.

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Overgeared

Chapter 1872

"Your attack was a throw. Contrary to your ambitious words, your attitude is flawed."

The words spoke the conclusion—

Grid's rain of battle gear had no effect. The tens of thousands of weapons rained down like torrential rain, but they couldn't even touch even the tip of Chiyou's hair. In a way, it was natural. Defying the Natural Order was wielded by Zeratul, who was briefly freed from the constraints of the Overgeared World. Even this sword, which shot faster than a beam of light, couldn't cut Chiyou properly.

It was unreasonable to expect that the ranged wide area skill, which was slower than Grid's sword that was directly wielded, would hurt Chiyou. No, he honestly was expecting it. The strength of the rain of battle gear lay in the fact that it was a wide area skill. It was somewhat slow, but it pressured the opponent with range. It induced limitations in evasion and blocking.

However, Chiyou swung his sword once, as gracefully as if painting with a brush, and made all the attack trajectories of the battle gear miss.

'It isn't a matter of slow or fast.'

Nor was it the domain of technique.

'Power.'

But what power was it? Was he simply immune to projectiles? The problem with that interpretation was that he responded by swinging his sword.

The battle gear that filled Grid's field of view for a moment—they returned to their respective masters without achieving their purpose and Chiyou's sword stuck out

through the gap. It was very natural, as if it was one of the weapons made by Grid. It was fair to say that it permeated the landscape.

“.....?”

Thus, there was a momentary gap before Grid recognized the attack. The warning sent by his artificial senses was overshadowed and he failed to respond for a moment.

Claaaang!

Then he felt rewarded again for raiding Baal. It was because the Demon Sword Remnants blocked Chiyou's sword on Grid's behalf. Yes, it was definitely blocked.

[You have suffered 5,129,100 damage.]

['Doran's Ring' has immediately restored half of the lost health.]

“.....?”

Fresh blood gushed from Grid's chest. It was the aftermath of being slashed by Chiyou's sword that passed through Demon Sword Remnants. The pain that had previously only been felt at the moment of death unexpectedly struck and made Grid's mind flash. He hesitated while trying to return the damage he had suffered.

“You deserve it, I know.”

‘It passed through the demon sword like an illusion.’

“But that alone won't convince the world. You need to cut my throat with your own sword to disqualify me.”

‘Don't tell me.’

Grid realized it. Chiyou's power was probably to induce a ‘pure confrontation.’ Chiyou neutralized other people's skills and magic without touching it, he simply broke through the pouring rain of battle gear and turned the Demon Sword Remnants useless. It was because Chiyou's power didn't recognize such situations as ‘fights.’

“Of course, the idea of using that was good.”

Chiyou's eyes fell on Zeratul in the distance. Zeratul's appearance was disastrous. His right arm was severed and he was biting Defying the Natural Order with his

mouth like a beast. He crawled for around five meters before managing to raise himself up. He was covered with blood.

After being restricted by the Overgeared World again, he was completely overwhelmed by Chiyou. However, he wasn't shabby. Zeratul fought as best as he could and caused a small amount of injuries on Chiyou's body. This was the reason why Chiyou's ink-colored dōpō, which stretched long like a spider, was torn and ripped everywhere.

"The Martial God made by Rebecca. When I saw you charging at me, I judged you to be a worthless defective product, but reality is different. However, it isn't enough. He isn't worthy of being your agent."

"....."

Zeratul was approaching. Due to the constraints of the Overgeared World, the regeneration of his severed arm was slow and his shattered knee was still rattling, but he tried not to waste time. Maybe he knew it from the beginning. The only way to fight Chiyou was to bump into him directly. It was an expression of trying to settle things somehow before Defying the Natural Order was taken away by Grid.

"Nevertheless, I am giving you another chance."

Grid's attitude of silently watching the approaching Zeratul disappointed Chiyou.

Seeing him frowning, Grid thought again. 'It was the same with Rebecca and Yatan.'

There was a sense of humanity in the high gods. The emotions expressed through their facial expressions were easy to understand because they were like humans.

Rebecca's distorted smile, Yatan's bitter expression that he had seen in the past, and Chiyou's distorted face in front of him reminded him of the fact that they were far from 'perfect.' Grid took a deep breath.

He decided not to worry about it. It was a bit absurd to say in this situation, but Chiyou wasn't an enemy. The traces of destruction left on the streets proved it. No one was injured or killed by Chiyou. Even the collapsed buildings had one thing in common and it was that they were completely deserted.

Only Grid and Zeratul were cut by Chiyou's sword.

'This is just a test.'

From Chiyou's perspective, it was a life-or-death test, but from Grid's perspective, it was just a test that came out of nowhere. There was no need to panic. Even if he didn't necessarily aim for the best result, there was no hindrance to the general trend.

'...Let's think of the best scenario.'

Grid calmly analyzed the situation and laid down one premise.

First of all, there was no way to avoid fighting. Chiyou believed that Grid was qualified to take the test. The test ended only when the result was a victory or defeat.

'It will be over if I just die.'

Even if he lost and failed, he didn't think he would suffer a big penalty. In fact, this situation wasn't even judged as a quest. There was no indication that any penalty would be incurred in the case of a failure.

Wasn't it all about losing Chiyou's favorability?

'Additionally, Chiyou's favorability has no effect.'

A special existence who only hoped for extinction—even if he built up favorability, it would only get him one more chance to kill Chiyou. However, Grid didn't want a simple end to this situation. In any case, this was a rare situation. It was right to find a way to use it. That was the best thing he could do.

'...Will it work?'

The time it took for Grid to come up with an idea was short. There were already so many hints that it was easy for his mind to work.

Glance.

Grid's eyes met Lael's.

-I'm going to release the dimensional constraints.

-Do as you wish.

Lael was someone who understood perfectly even when Grid was speaking nonsense. He immediately grasped Grid's intentions and nodded. It was more like an attitude that he had been waiting.

That was enough. Grid was convinced that his judgment was correct and intervened in the dimensional system.

‘Stop the operation of the dimension effect.’

The dimensional effect of the Overgeared World was to suppress intruders from other dimensions. It didn’t work against Chiyou at all, but the gods who didn’t originally belong to the Overgeared World couldn’t exert their full power in the Overgeared World. It was the safety device responsible for the safety of the surface. However, at this moment—

[The dimensional effect of the Overgeared World has stopped.]

[The penalty that intruders receive from the Overgeared World has disappeared.]

The safeguard was lifted. Zeratul was the first to feel it. He was shocked as he challenged Chiyou again. “You, are you crazy...?!”

Zeratul shook off Chiyou and stared up at the sky. His trembling eyes shone with a brilliant light. They were colored by the light pouring from the sky.

“This...”

“...What a spectacle.”

The heavenly gods descended. There were hundreds of gods led by Dominion. In the past, Zeratul had a history of visiting the surface with the gods, but the scale of this procession was different.

“It is strange. Why would you give away your opportunity to other gods?”

As the completely overwhelmed people remained silent, Chiyou’s question rang out. His attitude of describing this situation as an opportunity spoke for itself. He really had no ill will toward Grid.

Grid smiled bitterly. “It is because I don’t have the ability to fight you and win yet.”

“...Anything is hard the first time.”

It is nice not to have to win.

Chiyou swallowed down his inner thoughts and turned away from Grid. In fact, he knew it deep down. It was impossible for Grid to kill him at once. However, if Grid

learned from this ordeal, then he would gradually change the next time and the time after that. It was a waste of his expectations.

Grid's attitude of meekly giving up disappointed Chiyou.

'This is my fault. I shouldn't have admired him.'

But he didn't blame Grid. Chiyou blamed himself and shifted his attention to Dominion.

The God of War—the larger the group he led, the stronger Dominion became. As the scale of the fight grew, it was possible for him to gain the upper hand over Chiyou. In any case, it was just a theory. In past wars, Dominion had never been able to surpass Chiyou. Even if he went beyond Chiyou, he couldn't kill Chiyou. It was because being defeated by a large number of enemies couldn't undermine the qualifications of the Martial God.

"Chiyou... obediently come with me. I will escort you to the place where the Goddess is."

[The gods of Asgard have descended to the surface.]

[Dominion, the God of War, is feared and respected by all.]

All the gods who descended to the surface had a great presence, but Dominion was the most prominent one among them. The shadow of the large army that existed beyond the golden clouds had reached the surface. Tens of thousands of hidden soldiers reacted to Dominion's words and gestures, making the people hold their breath.

Everyone except for Grid and Lauel suffered from anxiety. It was a situation where an unbearably great foreign power stepped into the heart of the Empire.

"Stay calm."

[The confusion of the soldiers has subsided.]

[The morale of the soldiers remains at the maximum.]

At the rear of the battlefield...

Prince Lord calmed down the noisy soldiers. He sent infinite trust and loyalty toward the great back of his father, who was far away.

It caught Chiyou's interest, albeit slightly. "The concept of lineage often has an effect that is hard to ignore. But this isn't always the case. In general, children of outstanding parents don't meet the expectations of those around them."

"Chiyou... you talk like a human being."

"It must be the effect of watching over humans for a long time."

It was after believing in Hanul's promise and moving to the Hwan Kingdom. Chiyou didn't intervene in the lives of humans, but watched them steadily. It was from the vague expectation that among those who grew up in an environment worthy of hating the gods, one of them would be qualified to kill a god.

He had observed more deeply after meeting Grid. It was because Grid lived with humans.

"In any case, you are the same. You are still worse than Rebecca."

"There is no being comparable to the Goddess."

The conversation was meaningless. If their conversation had any meaning, then their relationship would have come to a decisive end.

Dominion's gesture was a signal. Dozens of gods attacked Chiyou. All types of powers worked in ways never imagined and destroyed the city.

The apostles, members of the Overgeared guild, and gods of the Overgeared World were busy. They were focused on reducing the extent of the destruction.

Grid watched the situation silently. It felt like it was an implicit rule not to intervene with the gods of Asgard. They became closer to a collaborator from the time the restrictions of the Overgeared World were released.

"In this state, the surface will be devastated. You should know that, right? What are you thinking?"

"....."

Grid didn't respond to Zeratul, who was constantly scolding him. He just took back Defying the Natural Order.

"Kuek..."

Chiyou's power was shining. He seemed to become more powerful in proportion to the strength of his opponents. The gods had their power destroyed by a single sword and started to suffer great wounds. Finally, some gods fell.

Just then, Grid moved. He shot like a thunderbolt and beheaded a fallen god.

The War of the Gods—a dirty thing happened in the holy war that should be endlessly sacred.

“.....?”

“.....?”

There was silence. Grid turned away from the eyes of the gods who didn't understand the situation and whispered to Lael.

-Is this right?

-It is really a wonderful example of letting the barbarians fight among themselves.