

Overgeared

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Overgeared

Chapter 1891

“Anyway... I can understand why Hanul still hasn’t recovered.”

Hanul was a disgraced god who barely escaped with his life after running away. It was easy to speculate that he had been mortally wounded. He also invested a huge amount of resources into creating a dimension. He couldn’t afford to care for his wounds.

Grid tried to lighten the mood and the Blue Dragon responded to Grid.

-It is impossible for him to recover on his own. The fact that he was defeated when he had the hierarchy of a God of the Beginning means he must’ve suffered a significant loss.

“.....”

The higher the hierarchy, the greater the loss when failing—Grid’s face stiffened as he realized the obvious.

‘I should be more afraid of defeat in the future.’

Grid’s status had risen steeply. It was the result of repeatedly fighting and winning against an enemy stronger than himself. It was the secret behind how he managed to compress the years needed to make up for what he was lacking, but it was also a weakness that Grid had honed himself.

He had a hierarchy that ‘must’ be within the top 10 of the world.

Grid’s position had become too high. It was to the point that the loss he would suffer in the event of a failure had reached an unimaginable realm. It meant he should use Hanul as a teacher.

Grid repeatedly vowed to be more careful in the future. He reminded himself several times that he shouldn't be overconfident in his strength and power. He should put reason ahead of emotion.

'Let's not act rashly.'

Fortunately, the good news was that most of the territory of the surface and hell had become the domain of the Overgeared World. It meant Grid had a huge sensory organ the size of a dimension. Of course, it was a sense where he was only sensitive to certain situations due to all types of practical problems, but this was enough. Essential information poured in at every critical moment.

This was advantageous for quickly detecting anomalies. Just like right now.

-Furthermore... Um.

"....."

There was a fine vibration from Grid's sensory organ. He felt the waves that occurred when the Blue Dragon's lightning intervened in the world.

After that, the Blue Dragon's magic unfolded. Yes, magic. In return for Braham's acquisition of obtaining pure elements from the Four Auspicious Beasts, the Four Auspicious Beasts learned magic from Braham.

-There is a dimensional gap where 'traces of light' remain. I came across it recently. Would you like to see it?

"Traces of light?"

-It is presumed to be traces left by Rebecca's power. God, if you look at this, it is easy to understand how serious Hanul's condition is...

"It is a valuable opportunity. Even the Old Dragons don't have a chance to see Rebecca's power. Squeak."

"Let's go." Grid moved immediately.

The Blue Dragon flew through the gap in the dimension.

All senses were cut off from reality.

Brains and bone fragments scattered along with gushing blood. It was instant death. The arrow that fell just a moment ago contained overwhelming destructive power that lightly trampled on a legend's 'immortality,' which was only temporarily effective.

The surprise attack of an Absolute—it wasn't strange for it to cause incomprehension.

The arrow smashed Hwang Gildong's head and then stuck into the ground. Hundreds of thousands of earth dragons were raised due to it.

"Can I ask you one question?" Kraugel, who was rushing toward the earth dragons, asked the old man, "Are you also an Absolute?"

Kraugel's Twilight let out a thunderous roar. It slashed at the earth dragons that were rapidly approaching. Of course, they weren't real dragons. They were simply 'piles of stone rising from the cracked ground' that resembled dragons.

"As far as I know, there is no perfect being in the world," the old man neither denied nor affirmed it.

This was why Grid disliked the daoist immortals. They made him waste his time by talking a lot of nonsense.

On the other hand, Kraugel wasn't particularly dissatisfied with the old man's way of speaking. He understood what the other person meant. He said, "I will believe you. Please evacuate the imoogi while I block him."

"I will do it." The old man was someone who calmly criticized the heavenly gods who had reigned as Absolutes for a long time, yet he nevertheless couldn't deny that he, too, was an Absolute. Now he raised blue clouds. It was so thick that it couldn't be compared to when Kraugel fought him.

Just then, a newly fallen arrow lost its target and struck the ground between Kraugel and the old man, causing the ground to rapidly crumble.

Kraugel launched Twilight toward his feet that was being sucked underground.

Flying on the sword—the sword carried its master and moved forward, shattering the earth dragons and reaching Hwang Gildong, who had started to turn to ash. He lost his head and his torso was half destroyed.

It was a terrible sight. Kraugel tore off a bit of Hwang Gildong's blood-soaked coat and put it away. He planned to deliver it to the Chivalrous Robbers.

'He is one of Grid's connections.'

Grid never said anything good about Hwang Gildong. However, when something happened that was related to the East Continent, it was clear that Grid trusted Hwang Gildong because he naturally relied on Hwang Gildong.

I couldn't protect him...

Kraugel was filled with cold rage when a certain tune penetrated his ears. It was a performance with a sword as a musical instrument. It was the mark of the sword left by the old man, who outpaced Kraugel in an instant.

It was a type of musical art. It gave Kraugel a powerful buff. All his stats rose and the power of his sword increased. On the other hand, it seemed to have inflicted a serious wound on the Absolute approaching the ground.

"Yeoam... He is worse than the rumors." King Sobyel finally descended. Blood stains remained in the places where the colorful gold clothes soared in the wind. They were trails of the blood that spilled from his ears.

The Absolute was wounded as soon as he appeared. It was a rare and shocking sight.

Still, it wasn't enough to get Kraugel's attention. The Sword Saint of the present age paid attention to the great bow held in King Sobyel's hand, not his dirty blood. "It looks just like the bow that King Daeyel made from his divinity."

"You saw it correctly. There is a rumor that you helped subdue my older brother's soul in hell. I guess it was true."

"His divinity was warm."

"It is just the heat from the falling sun. Don't be deceived."

"Did you become ruthless because you dropped the moon? It must be a pity. The arrows you shot would've melted and flowed down without reaching the sun."

"Your predecessor hid in the dimensional gap because he was cowardly, but you are the exact opposite. You have a fate that won't live well."

"Who knows? I can't really relate when looking at the previous generation."

Kraugel was both infinitely warm and infinitely cold. His attitude just varied widely depending on who the other person was.

An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. This was a term used to describe him. It was the reason why most people became humble in front of the present day Sword Saint.

“Grid’s left hand. I intended to appreciate your position and treat you well, but you kicked away your own good luck.”

King Sobyel raised his colorless divinity. It absorbed all of Kraugel’s sword energy, which was quite annoying. The aftermath was great. In response to Kraugel’s sword energy, the rampaging divinity around Twilight faded and Kraugel lost his strong self-defense.

Nevertheless, Kraugel wasn’t agitated. “You are mistaken.”

The divinity to take any power as its own—the power of King Sobyel was overwhelming, but the Sword Saint was the exception. No, to be exact, it was ‘Kraugel.’

It was because the sword energy of Twilight was exceptionally sharp.

“I’m not someone’s left hand, let alone Grid’s left hand.”

“.....!”

King Sobyel was cut to pieces from inside.

Kraugel’s sword energy, absorbed by him, neutralized the colorless divinity and repeatedly slashed him.

“From Grid’s perspective, I am a card that can be discarded at any time.”

Therefore, it was okay to fail. He wasn’t afraid of death...

The mental world of the Sword Saint, which was originally focused on ‘cutting,’ was pushed to an even greater extreme. It was very subversive.

“You aren’t a Sword Saint, you are a Sword Ghost.”

It was an idea that only beings with an infinite life could have.

If I can cut the opponent even once, I will give up my life as many times as necessary...

Kraugel's resolution was felt by King Sobyel. It was as if he was the incarnation of Baal.

"Are you a madman under the Crazy God and Crazy Dragon?"

It was ominous. King Sobyel wanted to get rid of the Sword Ghost in front of him right away.

However, it was a time when he should be careful. The skills of Sword Immortal Yeam were stronger than expected. A single stroke of the sword wounded King Sobyel. Yeam also strengthened the present day Sword Saint by several times.

The blue clouds created by the power of law were as tricky as the rumors said. It wasn't known what type of variables the imogi, that the Sword Immortal had protected for a long time, would show.

King Sobyel had to be careful not to get hurt prematurely. He could be unintentionally disadvantaged.

"...Kukuk." King Sobyel quietly watched Kraugel's movements and started laughing. It was a twisted laugh. It was absurd that he, the son of a god of the beginning and a chief god of the Hwan Kingdom, should be so cautious of just one human being. It was the influence of the present day Sword Saint. His sword, which slashed anything, was a threat to even an Absolute. He even had the help of the Sword Immortal now.

'11 seconds.'

Kraugel estimated that the time it would take for him to enter the immortality state was six seconds. It was calculated that he would last a total of 11 seconds from the time King Sobyel abandoned his hesitation and attacked.

This was sufficient. Kraugel could cut off one ankle.

Kraugel suppressed his anger in exchange for a cooler head and used this to formulate an elaborate plan. Then a distant cry permeated his ears.

"What are you doing over there? Are you crazy? Should I go first?" Surprisingly, it was the voice of Hwang Gildong, who was not dead and was actually still alive.

King Sobyel felt Kraugel's terrible killing intent become directed toward Hwang Gildong. It was the moment when the determination of a person who was prepared to die was lost...

A fatal gap was revealed.

Baaaang!

A showdown between Absolutes was rarely a protracted battle. It was because they had a great speed that made a distance meaningless and techniques that neutralized the self-defense. Of course, the result came even faster when an Absolute faced a transcendent.

Kraugel's body floated in the air as a result of his momentary distraction. At the same time, King Sobyel disappeared from the battlefield. He hurried after the Sword Immortal as if he didn't even have time to take Kraugel's life.

'The imoogi?' Kraugel roughly coughed up the blood in his throat and examined his surroundings. He looked for traces that a giant serpent would've left behind as it left somewhere.

However, there were no signs of it. It was proof that the imoogi hadn't left yet.

"That... I'm sorry?" Hwang Gildong approached before he knew it and held out his hand.

He was also a transcendent. He naturally recognized that Kraugel had suffered a setback because of him. He was tired of the killing intent and sword energy and hurriedly got to the point.

Hwang Gildong told him, "Let's go to the imoogi. We can get there first."

"How is that possible?"

"I'm very skilled in secret mechanisms."

"Did you cheat the Sword Immortal?"

"He is an enemy, so isn't it obvious? By the way, why do you keep talking informally to me? Do you consider me a friend? My illusion..." Hwang Gildong shook his head. He had witnessed the scene where Kraugel jumped into danger to recover a piece of his clothing.

Kraugel glared at him and urged, "Shut up and lead the way."

“You have become a ghost according to King Sobyel’s evaluation... Ah, understood. We have to hurry, so put that sword away.”

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Chapter 1892

The dimensional gap—it was famous for being the place where Sword Saint Muller hid for many years. Many of them appeared in the world when Fire Dragon Trauka changed the ecosystem, so Grid was familiar with it.

No, the word ‘familiar’ was wrong. A dimensional gap wasn’t referring to a single place. Just as the stars in the universe were different, so were the gaps in dimensions.

“It is strange in many ways... Squeak,” Bunhelier muttered while entering the dimensional gap opened by the Blue Dragon.

A land that even Old Dragons were unfamiliar with—the dimensional gap was such a place.

“Is this the place where you were trapped? Did you accidentally find traces of light here?”

A space where light was scattered—it was so bright that it was hard to guess the scale. The reflected light added endless colors, making their eyes sore and their minds confused.

Grid speculated that this was the place where the Blue Dragon was sealed.

‘It is said that the Blue Dragon was sealed within the Blue Dragon Dao, but that doesn’t make sense.’

With its resurrection, the Blue Dragon had regained its ‘body.’ This meant that in addition to the soul, the body was also sealed in the Blue Dragon Dao. It was physically impossible. How could such a large body fit into a sword?

‘Of course, the Blue Dragon’s body is made up of divinity and lightning.’

The case of the other Four Auspicious Beasts must be taken into account. The Black Tortoise and the White Tiger had physical bodies made of matter. Nonetheless, they were sealed in a jewel and a spear. They only regained their whole body once they were resurrected.

Therefore, Grid speculated that the place where the Four Auspicious Beasts stayed when they were sealed was a dimensional gap.

-I was sealed in the Blue Dragon Dao...? Didn't you know?

"How can such a big body be put into a single dao?"

-It is because the magic of the seal performed a miracle. What type of test are you giving me right now...? Ah, I understand. The light here is so bright that it is almost disorienting. You are worried about my condition.

"...That is all I need to know." Grid was embarrassed that he made a useless guess and got it wrong.

Bunhelier looked suspiciously at the awkward Grid. "Your assumption that I'm mixed race can also be wrong. Squeak."

"Everybody makes mistakes, but my mistakes aren't frequent."

Every time Grid surpassed a strong enemy, he became aware of his position. He had repeatedly vowed to be cautious. He had listened to Laue's advice for a long time and witnessed the wisdom of Braham and Sticks many times.

Grid prided himself on now being close to a sage. Based on the knowledge and information accumulated over the years, he was now in the process of expanding his wisdom like a great ocean.

"That confidence... it is sincere."

Bunhelier saw Grid's serious expression and no longer spoke.

-This is the place I have been aiming for since the first day I met Hanul. To borrow the words of magicians, it is a place where I never forgot the 'coordinates.' I memorized them.

The Blue Dragon recalled the memory of that day.

-As I said many times, Hanul isn't in perfect condition. Not only did he lose a significant amount of status because of his defeat, but he also suffered considerable internal injuries. Nevertheless, he was nonchalant when dealing with us, the Four Auspicious Beasts.

The Blue Dragon's fierce eyes became even sharper.

-I couldn't see a hint of tension when he declared that he would take our land and myths as his own. He was arrogant and leisurely. He subdued the Red Phoenix, the White Tiger, and the Black Tortoise. His attitude didn't change even when he got to me.

This meant the Blue Dragon was considered equivalent to the other Four Auspicious Beasts.

The story that the White Tiger was defeated by the Blue Dragon several times was insignificant to those noble, celestial gods.

"He was careless. Thanks to that, the trump card you had hidden managed to pierce a hole in Hanul's chest."

-Yes, the gods who followed Hanul were also in a very haggard state. Meanwhile, our apostles and the Twelve Zodiacs were fine. It was worth aiming for a reversal. That was when the dimensional gap opened up. It was exactly here.

"....."

The context of the words was strange. Grid had a hard time keeping up with the flow of the conversation. Of course, he didn't express it. He pretended to understand everything in a calm manner, so that Bunhelier wouldn't doubt him again.

It was right. His status could be damaged if the Only One God and master of the Overgeared World didn't understand even one word properly.

'It is seriously ridiculous.'

He had become infinitely stronger, but he still had many things to worry about. It was a sick worldview...

It happened as Grid, who was finally caught by the concept of 'status' that had held him back several times, inwardly lamented...

-Hanul, who opened the dimensional gap, placed his wound here.

The Blue Dragon explained to Grid, who kept his mouth shut tightly.

-It is literally. Hanul personally cut out his wounded chest and threw it here. As a result, his chest developed a bigger hole in it and assimilated into the sky, becoming Hanul, or heaven. I was defeated before I could let out a single breath. It

felt like the whole sky was pressing down on me. Hanul, who cut out the wound and ‘removed it’, was close to being complete for a while.

The Blue Dragon guided Grid into the inner area of the dimension.

-It was a very shocking incident. Hanul’s method was incomprehensible to me. I tried to understand it the whole time I was sealed, but it was futile.

Therefore—

-After learning magic from Braham... I decided to personally visit the place where Hanul buried his wound. In order to reach the coordinates in my memory, I repeatedly cut through space and drifted through countless dimensional gaps.

“You reached here at the end of this.”

-Yes. Then I found something amazing. The traces of light that I mentioned earlier.

“.....”

Grid’s footsteps stopped.

An unrecognizable scene unfolded before his eyes. Something that was the size of a child’s head—an unidentified object emitted a deep glow from the center of the small space.

It was red.

“A heart. Squeak. Is it really Hanul’s heart?” Bunhelier recognized it immediately.

The Blue Dragon cocked its head.

This unidentified creature—he seemed to have no concept of politeness when serving a god.

-It is right that it is Hanul’s heart. The chest that was cut out when he was hurt was gone, but the one that existed since then must still be intact.

The Blue Dragon didn’t even look at Bunhelier. It treated Bunhelier as nonexistent and explained only to Grid.

Bunhelier interjected again, “The wound on his chest was healed and restored, but this one wasn’t. Squeak.”

“Is it because of that light?” Grid asked as he slowly walked forward.

A faintly pulsating heart. The reason why it emitted brilliance was because of the light that was constantly moving inside.

-I think it is probably Rebecca’s trick.

Bunhelier frowned. “Light can’t pass through?”

Was this really a god’s heart?

Hanul’s heart was ordinary to the point where such questions arose. There was no difference except that it was a bit larger than the average human’s heart. This meant that there was nothing that could be used as a reflector.

However, the light inside the heart didn’t penetrate to the outside of the heart. It hovered inside. It endlessly circulated and destroyed the heart in real time. If it wasn’t for the ‘great divinity’ that filled this space, Hanul’s heart probably couldn’t even maintain its shape and would disappear into powder.

“It is insanely destructive.”

A light that collapsed the heart of a God of the Beginning from within—Rebecca’s divinity, which wouldn’t disappear until it fulfilled its role, came as a shock to Bunhelier as well. To be honest, it was hard to believe even though he was seeing it.

“At this point, Hanul, who survived, is amazing...”

As Bunhelier clicked his tongue, Grid recalled a scene from the past. It was the sight where Yatan, a God of the Beginning, was smashed. He melted into blood as soon as the pillar of light fell. There was literally no other way to describe it other than ‘he was punished.’

‘I have been expecting it since then, but... Rebecca is a monster on a different level.’

Chiyou and the Old Dragons—she seemed impossible to compare even with those who seemed to have no opponents in the world in terms of strength alone.

‘I’m going crazy.’

Rebecca had never directly interfered with Grid’s progress. Even her blessing wasn’t withdrawn...

No matter the reason, he had to be careful not to offend her unless he was crazy. But it was a risk. Grid couldn't just leave her alone. He needed to figure her out and respond to her somehow. It was inevitable for Grid. His heart was very heavy.

‘I just want peace.’

A world where his loved ones and people could live without worries. Grid's goal was to create a world where it was okay not to care about the transcendents, who were more threatening than natural disasters.

...It wouldn't be easy.

[Do you mean to exterminate the gods and dragons?] Someone retorted after reading Grid's mental state. It was the owner of this place. He identified not only the intruder, but also his mental state in detail.

-...Hanul!

The Blue Dragon responded immediately. It fired dozens of lightning bolts toward Hanul's heart. There was no effect. The intangible barrier that surrounded the heart blocked the lightning. No, the term 'absorbed' was more accurate.

The place where the heart of an Absolute was recuperating—it was only natural to be fully prepared. It was fully prepared with defenses in place to ensure that nothing would happen, even if Rebecca discovered this location.

[Grid... when you came to the Hwan Kingdom, you were definitely less attractive than the Seven Evils. But now you are an Absolute who rules over a dimension and is discussing the extermination of the gods. The period was only a few years, but it is more like hundreds of thousands of years have passed.]

“A guy without a heart talks a lot. Squeak.”

[Evil Dragon, beware of your words and actions.]

-Evil Dragon...?

[Unlike you Old Dragons, a physical body isn't necessary for me. Not only can I be omnipotent with just my thoughts, but I can recreate a new body over and over again. That is what a true god is. Something on the level of a mere Old Dragon provoking me is just undermining your own value.]

“Are you pretending to be noble when you are so obsessed with your heart right now? Squeak. It sounds like nothing but a bluff.”

[Obsessed with the heart...? You are greatly mistaken.]

“.....?”

[My only interest is the ‘light.’]

The words were meaningful.

It happened the moment Grid’s group noticed something and their eyes widened...

[You have been expelled from the dimensional gap.]

There was a notification window and the group returned to the world they had come from. The remnants of blue lightning flowed through the bodies of the group. It was lightning that closely resembled the Blue Dragon's, but it was filled with hostility and killing intent. They felt it to a high degree. It was enough to burn the skins of Bunhelier and Grid without any difficulty.

-This is mine...?

The Blue Dragon’s voice was rarely trembling. It was shaken when it realized that Hanul had reproduced its power.

“...He is a monster.”

Should he log out? Grid was overwhelmed with a huge amount of fatigue. He was seriously contemplating this when he became startled.

“At this time, is it King Sobyel? Squeak,” Bunhelier muttered.

Overgeared

Chapter 1893

The Overgeared World—the tip of the dimension that was Grid’s sensory organ, under certain circumstances, was slightly shaken. It was the aftermath of being swept away by an explosion that occurred outside the dimension. The actual scene of the explosion must’ve been devastated.

“It is pretty good. Among the ones who have been kicked out, there is no one who can go wild like this except for King Sobyel. Squeak.”

It was right after catching a glimpse of Hanul’s power in the dimensional gap.

A monster struggling to grasp Rebecca's light—Hanul must have a great power. It was a skill that was naturally understandable since he was a God of the Beginning.

However, there wasn't an immediate sense of power. He was so obsessed with the light that he didn't retrieve his heart. He was, as the world had speculated, powerless. Even in his own realm, he only inflicted minor wounds on Grid and Bunhelier.

This was the reason why Grid and Bunhelier concluded that there was no possibility that Hanul was involved in the disturbance.

It was also obvious that Chiyou wouldn't be so rash.

'I wonder if the imoogi is there.' Grid quickly grasped the situation and got up. He put back on the skin mask that he had taken off. He had to be wary of Chiyou's gaze again the moment he left the Blue Dragon's area.

'Still, I doubt this will escape Chiyou's gaze.'

It was a situation where he had to leave the Blue Dragon's area as well as the Overgeared World. He didn't think he could deceive Chiyou's senses, no matter what disguise he wore.

However, Kraugel was in trouble. Clearly, an Absolute had intervened and disrupted their plans. As Bunhelier speculated, it would be King Sobyel. Kraugel and the Chivalrous Robbers were no match for his power.

'The apostles alone have a history of defeating King Sobyel, but King Sobyel was in a very disadvantageous position at that time.'

King Sobyel, who was humiliated by having part of his divinity stolen by Zik—at that time, he was not only restricted by the Overgeared World, but also carrying several penalties on himself. He couldn't reveal his true strength because he needed to act covertly. It was a stroke of luck for Zik's group.

Now the situation had changed. The battlefield was located outside the Overgeared World, and King Sobyel showed his power from the time he appeared. He was unconditionally powerful. The level of his attacks meant that if it wasn't for Baal's power, it would mean that King Sobyel was many times stronger than Baal.

Of course, King Sobyel was also a child of a God of the Beginning. He could be equivalent to Baal. But it didn't make sense that he was stronger than Baal. Baal was the ruler of a dimension, while King Sobyel wasn't.

‘It might be different if he got the power of items.’

-What is going on?

The Blue Dragon still hadn’t grasped the situation. While the incident occurred outside of the Overgeared World, the location happened to be on the East Continent, yet somehow the Blue Dragon wasn’t aware of it.

‘Is it because its level is low?’ Grid felt it was strange.

Then Bunhelier explained it to him, “As far as I am concerned, the level of the Blue Dragon isn’t trash. There is a high probability that a barrier is hindering its senses. Squeak.”

“It must be the work of the Hwan Kingdom, right?”

“That is valid. King Sobyel noticed Kraugel’s intrusion while the Blue Dragon was unaware of the disturbance itself.”

Was there a barrier around the habitat of the imoogi that the Four Auspicious Beasts didn’t recognize...? There was only one meaning.

“It seems the creature called the imoogi is ruled by the Hwan Kingdom. It must be insignificant even if it claims to have a yeouiju. Squeak.”

“Yes.”

He felt sorry , but what could he do? There was no guarantee that there was only one imoogi in the first place.

Grid controlled his mind and instructed the Blue Dragon, “Contact the other gods and tell them to come after me.”

-Yes.

At the same time that the Blue Dragon replied, the divinity of all the Four Auspicious Beasts spread across the continent like wildfire.

The Four Auspicious Beasts—they were of the same origin and could communicate even across a distance.

The Blue Dragon’s nose rose high out of pride. It had the honor of chasing after Grid faster than any of the other Four Auspicious Beasts. It didn’t know what was

going on, but it thought it would be fun to wait leisurely for the other Four Auspicious Beasts after arriving at the scene beside Grid.

-.....!?

The Blue Dragon was feeling a strange sense of superiority, only to be startled. It was because the Red Phoenix had arrived before it knew it.

The god of fire who gave Grid its precious heart and nestled in Grid's mental world—the Red Phoenix had been taking care of people's livelihood by constantly burning its body. It had a high hierarchy as well as a noble character. It had a position to read Grid's inner thoughts.

Thus, it started moving even before Grid uttered the call. It didn't care that this was the realm of the Blue Dragon.

-You...

The Blue Dragon felt a subtle confusion from the moment it figured out the identity of the mouse.

Now it had all types of feelings toward the Red Phoenix, who came to its territory without permission.

It was followed by a chill. A snowstorm blew. Grid was reminded of the snow-covered city where Mir stood alone.

-God is reminding you of your sins.

-I made another big mistake...!

The Blue Dragon was suddenly awakened by the accusation of the Red Phoenix and became devastated. Many people had lost their homes due to the anger it left behind. Trying to make the same mistake again?

Bunhelier stared blankly at the Blue Dragon who was hating itself. The slight confusion in the eyes of the little mouse puzzled Grid.

However, it wasn't an important issue right now. Grid hurriedly used Shunpo. It was a rush that went beyond speed. Even the Four Auspicious Beasts couldn't keep up with the movement through space.

‘He is arriving late. Did he get a quest from the Blue Dragon?’

Several peaks of the vast mountain range collapsed due to the great bow that ignorantly fired a huge amount of divinity. It meant that quite a lot of time had passed since the appearance of King Sobyel.

This place might not be the Overgeared World, but it was unlikely that Grid couldn’t detect an anomaly. Nevertheless, he hadn’t arrived. It meant he was in a situation where he didn’t immediately notice the commotion.

Even if he had figured it out by now, he couldn’t arrive on time. This was an area dominated by the Sword Immortal’s rule of law. Even Hwang Gildong, who was good at stealth, took hours trying to find the entrance.

“This is it. No, it isn’t?” They were wandering right now. Hwang Gildong kept being confused about the location of the imogi he had found.

“It is like a living creature. The format of the formations was changing in real time. Can he afford to keep us in check while dealing with Sobyel?” Hwang Gildong didn’t hide his admiration. He seemed to be in awe of the Sword Immortal.

Kraugel shattered his illusions. “The Sword Immortal has no reserve strength.”

The Super Sensitivity was particularly sensitive to sword energy. It was one of the secrets behind a Sword Saint boasting an overwhelming win rate against those who wielded the sword.

The sword energy of the Sword Immortal was being read by his senses and it was weakening in real time. It was like how True Clouds had faded before he knew it.

King Sobyel said, [Yeoam, put aside the meaningless talk. I will make you my right hand if you obey my will right now.]

[What do you mean?]

[Just take the bead without an owner.]

[Do you intend to be the sky?]

[Are you distorting it? It is all for the sake of heaven.]

Unlike when he was dealing with Kraugel, King Sobyel didn’t speak in words when conversing with the Sword Immortal. He conveyed his intent to the target by

inscribing his will into this space. It was proof that he was fighting with all his might. They moved at a speed that words couldn't keep up with, so they changed their way of communicating.

‘An Absolute...’

It was still a long way off for Kraugel.

Grid had already preceded him, no matter whether it was saving the ‘world’ beyond the confines of nations and continents, earning the worship of humanity, or becoming an object of reliance to dragons and attaining the supremacy of an Absolute.

This meant it was difficult to follow Grid's footsteps unless there was a new, great crisis.

There was no other way to reach the hierarchy of an Absolute than to silently accumulate victories while maintaining the dignity of a Sword Saint who took victory for granted. But even that standard method had long fallen by the wayside. At some point, Kraugel chose a life of companionship over a life of obsession with achievements alone, even if it was somewhat slower.

He talked about connections. That's right. Kraugel had also come to resemble Grid. He changed in the process of repeatedly interweaving with Grid. It was just like the other Overgeared members.

“It is better to go to the left.” A voice was heard from the shadows. It was the voice of Faker.

The head of the Overgeared Shadows—his intelligence and stealth skills were the best among the players.

It was no less than Hwang Gildong of the east. No, it was clearly beyond Hwang Gildong.

In addition to grasping all the information of the West Continent, the Overgeared Shadows was in the process of absorbing the intelligence network of the Chivalrous Robbers. It was because Hwang Gildong failed to refuse Grid's continuous requests for cooperation.

Moreover, Faker's own status exceeded that of a transcendent. The experience accumulated by silently following the battlefields where Grid walked was

immense. He properly utilized the Kill List and fought several times against beings with a higher status than him.

Such a bigshot—

“It is on the left again. Decapitate the straw doll you see in front of you. I can’t do it, but it will be possible with your swordsmanship.”

He came to Kraugel in time to support Kraugel.

It was the power of connections. It was the tower of connections where Grid established the framework and the Overgeared members built together. Now it worked flawlessly even in Grid’s absence. It was extremely rare for them to betray each other. It was an artifact like no other in the world.

At this moment, Kraugel indirectly experienced part of the realm of an Absolute. It was by acquiring the shadow called Faker.

“Wait! Are you crazy? Be careful. There is a forest of intangible swords that respond to an intruder’s presence...” Hwang Gildong exclaimed.

“If it is the same as Yeo Yulan’s techniques, the third from the end in the upper right corner is the key.”

Baaaaaaang!

“.....!”

Hwang Gildong’s eyes widened.

The Sword Saint, who suddenly took the lead like a madman, eventually destroyed the forest of intangible swords. The Sword Saint could easily cut anything, but this was clearly a result that went beyond the limit.

It was because the formations of the intangible swords set up by the Sword Immortal infinitely overlapped. Originally, cutting off one side was pointless. It was only right to be pressured by the intangible swords that immediately reappeared as much as the number that disappeared. But the Sword Saint cut them all together...

“There are many devices that are deeply entrenched in the history and culture of the east. It is better to rely on this person again.” The shadow finished giving advice and was silent.

Just in time, Hwang Gildong came to Kraugel's side and started making a fuss. "This is the road I saw earlier! What is this? Did you hear God all of a sudden? Are you actually going to become a shaman?"

It was actually the Death God that he heard.

Kraugel smiled and followed Hwang Gildong. Nervousness was gone from his steps.

It wasn't just Faker who arrived at the scene. He could feel that his other connections were gathering toward this place.

Kraugel suddenly had a thought. Why was Grid late? Could it be that the reason why he entrusted Kraugel with the difficult task of securing the imoogi rather than doing it himself was because he had a big plan behind the scenes?

'Did he attract King Sobyel here in order to invade the Hwan Kingdom...? Make a sound in the east and strike in the west. The real purpose is to inflict a serious wound on the Hwan Kingdom without attracting Chiyu's attention.'

It was amazing. It was clear that Grid had developed a grand perspective in the process of destroying hell.

Kraugel was admiring it when a series of explosions occurred around him. It wasn't because Hwang Gildong touched the formations incorrectly, nor was it because of the arrow of King Sobyel.

"Go on." It was Braham. The God of Magic and Wisdom burned everything that stood in Kraugel's way.

The swamp that released poisonous smoke, the rocks protruding like blades, the false night sky that dazzled the mind, and even the persistent techniques of the Sword Immortal that worked even after becoming disgraceful—they collapsed without being able to endure the overwhelming power of the magic.

Grid's true right hand man joined Kraugel.

At the same time—

Grid stopped using Shunpo.

The Three Masters—they were the ones behind the birth of the Crazy God and Crazy Dragon myth, and part of the few gods of the Hwan Kingdom. This group of idiots, who should've put their safety first, absurdly blocked Grid's path. It was too

coincidental to simply dismiss it as a coincidence. They knew Grid's path and were prepared. They came to him to be killed.

'Are they crazy?' It happened the moment when Grid cocked his head in confusion...

"Didn't you just build up your divinity a while ago? However, you immediately used Shunpo... it is a phenomenal talent. The God of Virtue must've taken many things into consideration when picking his wives. He is indeed a noble man."

A storm raged as Pungsa talked.

"I'm afraid of the consequences of hurting you, but I'm not in a position to sit idly by. How can we care about our own well-being when we are on the verge of achieving our aspirations?"

"It is a critical moment. It is to the extent where you and Grid have temporarily set into motion a grand myth that you will never experience in your lifetime."

The War of the Gods. We are now comparable to when we separated from Dominion...

The storm was overlaid with rain and wind while Unsa and Usa talked nonsense. It was literally a natural disaster. Every drop of rain had the power of an artillery shell.

The Three Masters regained some of their past status through King Daebyeol's Bow and simply fulfilled the role of a weapon. They were capable of devastating any battlefield in no time.

Grid wasn't properly armed because he was disguised as Basara, and he was pushed back a few steps.

Then the Three Masters had expressions of disbelief.

"You endured it?"

"There is something I've been doubting since I saw you using Shunpo. It seems reasonable to consider it as a polymorphed dragon..."

"A god and a dragon got married...? As expected, it is still the Crazy God and Crazy Dragon."

“There is no change even if your identity is a dragon. We are in the prime of our power.”

Grid’s eyes went cold. He was angry at the Three Masters’ attitude of trying to harm Basara even though they knew her identity.

The little mouse’s anger was also formidable. “Are you talking about the Insane Dragon in front of me? Squeak.”

In the first place, killing them would cause the Hwan Kingdom to suffer damage equivalent to their destruction.

Grid would welcome it as well.

Bunhelier slowly raised the magic power that he had been suppressing.

Overgeared

“.....”

Yeoam? gulped.

A person who ascended to the realm of Shangri-La instead of staying as a legend in the world—the Sword Immortal maintained a mental state that was as serene as a polished mirror thanks to his deep cultivation. However, he can't help but feel flustered right now, no matter how rarely he felt that way.

The variables were too numerous.

A realm that had been repeatedly fortified with the power of law to reflect on the past and gain insight into the future—it was difficult to sit by and watch as new uninvited guests came one after another to the ‘sealed place of the yeouiju,’ which had avoided even the senses of the gods.

[It is your karma for not being able to leave the world and abandoning compassion. It wasn’t like you didn’t predict the current situation, but you should’ve prevented the ‘oral traditions.’]

A place that King Sobyel couldn’t find—Hwang Gildong found this place purely through oral traditions: a story that had literally been passed down from mouth to mouth. Even the stories that were treated as folktales and ignored by civilians were treated seriously by the Chivalrous Robbers. Everything had to be thorough in order to protect the people.

Thanks to this, Hwang Gildong was able to guide Kraugel to this place. This caused the current situation to occur.

[I'm grateful for the opportunity.] King Sobyel sneered as he kept engraving his will on this space. He was mocking Yeoam's stupidity for not preventing the oral traditions because he couldn't harm people.

[I will devote myself to making up for this mistake.] Yeoam didn't resent the results of his choice. He lowered his head in thought while endlessly searching for a solution.

The arrow that grazed Yeoam's nose caused another mountain peak to collapse. The sight of the huge rocks scattering was unrealistic. Clouds everywhere were crushed or torn to pieces.

Yeoam moved like a butterfly within the midst of the destruction. He used the incoming rocks as springboards and repeatedly soared into the sky. It was to increase the distance so that the uninvited guests, who were messing with the formations, weren't swept away and injured in the aftermath of the battle.

[You are still stubborn despite reaching this point.] The emotions of King Sobyel were revealed as he frowned.

A mindset to create results as soon as he developed the intention—there were disadvantages to this even in the realm of an Absolute.

Yeoam's power of law read the path of the great bow, which was shooting a violent divinity. The arrow imbued with violent emotions had a simple side. It couldn't reach Yeoam, who had assimilated the discipline he accumulated throughout his life into his body.

King Sobyel gradually calmed down. [Your breathing is starting to become rough.]

At last, a continuous roar rang out from the fingertips of King Sobyel as he controlled his mind. The concept of space was repeatedly eliminated by the repetitive usage of his rapid fire actions. It felt like each arrow of divinity was using Shunpo.

Sword Immortal Yeoam became isolated in an instant despite using the vast stage of the sky as a battlefield. He would've been seriously injured if the amulets around him hadn't blocked the arrows. Additionally, his amulets weren't infinite.

They were just consumable items engraved with pictures or characters with shamanistic meanings. It was inferior in comparison to Zik's runes.

"I was uncertain, but he definitely isn't an Absolute." This was Braham's sentiment. He was very stingy in his evaluation of the Sword Immortal, who was facing an Absolute of the Hwan Kingdom alone while also holding back the Sword Saint of the present era.

Hwang Gildong clicked his tongue. "What nonsense is this person who doesn't seem like a human being suddenly? saying...?"

The monster who turned this area into a sea of fire with his appearance—for Hwang Gildong, Braham reminded him of all types of legends.

At first, he was so wary that he thought this was the imoogi camouflaging itself.

However, the Sword Immortal was in a completely different world. No matter how great the silver-haired monster was, Hwang Gildong questioned if he was qualified to evaluate the Sword Immortal recklessly.

Braham was adamant. "He is bluffing for some reason."

Kraugel was also starting to notice it. 'Certainly... the consumption of techniques is strangely fast.'

Every time King Sobyel fired an arrow, Sword Immortal?Yeoam?was repeating his countermeasures by stacking several techniques or consuming dozens of amulets.

It was as if he had taken out all his cards and was using them. The?sword energy?and power of law quickly lost its momentum.?It was like risking a war of attrition where there was no profit. It meant he was being pushed in terms of skills. It was hard to see it as a fight between two equal Absolutes.

'It is a balance that will quickly crumble.'

Kraugel grew impatient. He couldn't wait for Braham's flames to destroy the formations that were set up, so he swung his sword.?It was swordsmanship that reversed the magic used by others. He was inspired by?Yeoam, who placed his power of law in his sword energy, and made a new skill using Swordsmanship Creation.

Braham's brow furrowed. 'What is this guy?'

Basically, the Sword Saint had an advantage over magicians. In particular, it was right to treat Kraugel as almost a Death God. Kraugel would've been quite a threat to him before he regained his power as a direct descendant.

"You deserve to have Grid's favor..." Braham muttered while his expression gradually distorted. He overlapped other spells on the unfolding Fire Wall. It was a level beyond simply giving attributes and actually changed the principle of the magic. It was as if he could wield this. It was an obvious provocation. It originated from a competitive spirit.

A problem arose here. Kraugel also had a personality that didn't shy away from competition. Blue veins bulged on the back of Kraugel's hand as he gripped the sword. In the process of continuously changing the gripping method, the sound of finger joints being broken occurred one after another.

"No, what..." Hwang Gildong belatedly noticed the situation and looked at the two of them like they were crazy.

'Why was Braham the first to arrive?' It happened as Faker was complaining from the shadows...

Kraugel wielded Twilight, which contained five attributes and seven types of magic, and blew away half of the formation.

The corners of Braham's mouth curved up. "I am 70%. I won."

"....." Kraugel's eyes shook.

Braham urged him to bandage his wrist as if telling him to challenge it again. "Stop fooling around and hurry up. That person won't last long."

That person, not that guy—Braham showed rare respect when addressing Yeoam.

A person who stepped foot on the threshold of being an Absolute by using all the cards he had—in other words, Yeoam approached being an Absolute through pure skills alone.

The moment Yeoam accumulated enough achievements in this almost Absolute state and raised his status, he would be able to rise to a rank similar to Grid and Hayate. It was natural for Braham to respect Yeoam.

On the other hand, there was also vigilance. What if? In the unlikely event that Yeoam really harmed King Sobyel soon. The level of his status would rise

dramatically. It was a result that Braham didn't want. Someone else would achieve his goal before he did. His pride couldn't accept it.

Braham said, "It can't be helped. Just take care of yourselves."

".....?"

A person who was capricious always flustered the people around them.

Braham was like that.

Kraugel and Hwang Gildong were dismayed by the sight of him changing his route and rushing into the battlefield.

On the other hand, Faker was relieved. "Let's get out of here before he comes back."

It was an attitude that was warier of Braham than King Sobyel.

Kraugel noticed the reason and blushed.

The distance to the imoogi was rapidly narrowing.

The Hwan Kingdom—it was a divine world created and ruled by the God of the Beginning, Hanul. Contrary to Hanul's ruined state, it once flourished.

King Daebyeol and King Sobyel, who were active with their great martial arts during the War of the Gods, were still powerful. Additionally, the Three Masters always protected it. The yangbans created to confront the archangels increased their numbers every day.

The prevailing opinion was that it was worth confronting Asgard one day, as long as Chiyou guaranteed the independence of the Hwan Kingdom.

"It is all an old story," Vantner said vigorously.

There was no denying it. Ever since King Daebyeol fell into hell and Grid set foot on the East Continent, the Hwan Kingdom had been in endless decline.

The yangbans accompanying the Overgeared Guild members right now were proving it. For some reason, the peerless handsome men and women wore agricultural equipment side by side with their equipment.

They were wearing wrinkled and faded clothes like straw mats and were the symbol of the downfall of the Hwan Kingdom.

“They look familiar...?” The people from the East Continent murmured to themselves at the entrance to Kaya.

They were watching the yangbans.

The ones who beat people up could forget, but the one who was hit never forgot. They were only tormented by the yangbans but they didn’t recognize their assailants. That was how dirty the yangbans looked.

“A man named Piaro.”

“He must have a grudge against us...”

The yangbans trembled as they lowered their eyes in shame.

It was after being disappointed by the gods and turning to Grid. For some reason, they fantasized about being farmers and learned to work in the field. Then they suffered greatly for several months. They had to run all over the agricultural fields until their silk dapos, which had always been stiff, became completely worn out.

At first, they accepted it as part of their training to become stronger. Then they gradually started to think it was too much. At some point, they suspected that the person called Piaro was abusing his authority to torture them

“Are you doubting the goodwill of the great one?” A man with gray hair spoke up. It was a man who looked drowsy but had a belligerent expression.

It was Hurent, who claimed to be Piaro’s protege. He was the one who ignored the yangbans’ opinion that they should tidy up their dapos before moving to the east through the warp gate.

“Goodwill? The man who disgraced us in this way isn’t that credible.”

Hurent replied, “Haven’t I repeatedly explained that the clothes covered in sweat and soil are the pride of a farmer? Unfortunately, you are still confused.”

“We have observed human society and found that clothing changes according to the time and place.”

“Farmers are the exception.”

“Aren’t you armed with brilliant armor?”

“This is a gift from Grid. Would you dare to take it off? Stop grumbling and hurry to show us the way.”

The yangbans were half-gods. Regardless of the circumstances of the Hwan Kingdom, they were still powerful. Even the foul-mouthed Peak Sword and Vantner were humble in front of them. However, Hurent didn’t care and the yangbans didn’t disobey him much. They had struggled together and a sense of camaraderie seemed to have sprung up.

“This way.” Yeum, the head of the yangbans, took the lead. She had once traveled around Kaya like it was her bedroom and she designated a total of nine points.

It was the path that those who responded to the ‘Trial of the Sky’ had to go through in order to reach their destination.

That’s right. The Overgeared Guild had been wary of Hanul in advance. Hanul had the power to manipulate players and NPCs at will under the pretext of large-scale quests. They had no intention of being hit again after suffering from it several times.

“Good. With this, all variables are blocked.”

Lauel recalled it. It was said that every time Grid visited the East Continent, something big happened.

The yangbans all agreed. It was a spectacle to see them nodding so actively.

Had their attitude become more vigorous?

With his back to the spire, blackened by the shadows created by the setting sun, Lauel made a shocking prediction. Grid’s trip to the east this time was meant to retaliate against Chiyou for daring to invade Reinhardt.

‘His purpose must be to lay the foundation for the conquest of the Hwan Kingdom.’

‘Run wild as much as you want. God Grid. This time, we will all be together from the beginning.’

‘If we keep Chiyou in check, I think Grid can defeat Hanul...? My shield can hold out a bit against Chiyou...’

Contrary to Grid’s plan, things were growing bigger.

Overgeared

[The other person is in a place where they can't receive whispers.]

This was the notification that Lael received every time he sent Grid a whisper.

Grid was in an unusual location.

From the Tower of Wisdom to the Blue Dragon's area and the dimensional gap—they were places where communication was impossible because they were cut off from the outside world.

Due to this, Lael wasn't informed of Grid's plan when he suddenly departed for the East Continent. He didn't think much of it at first. The fact that Grid didn't say anything meant there was nothing unusual about it.

Then he gradually sensed something unusual. Kraugel's contact was the beginning of it. It was a call saying they had come to the East Continent to prove that Bunhelier was a mixed race. It was nonsense that came out of the blue.

An Old Dragon that existed since the beginning of time was a mixed race...? It was a claim that didn't have anything supporting it. Lael started to speculate that Grid had other intentions. He tried to read Grid's heart, which was surprisingly deep.

Then all of a sudden, he looked out the window. There was the scene of Reinhardt in ruins. It hadn't been fully restored. It was because Chiyu went on a rampage. The heart of the Overgeared Empire and the place where his precious people lived was miserably destroyed.

"Ah." Lael remembered what type of person Grid was.

The incarnation of rash and thoughtless actions—he kept saying he would be careful with his words, but he created unpredictable developments every time. It was proof that he wasn't the type to thoroughly plan and execute things carefully. It would be the same this time.

"He is going to take revenge on Chiyu."

It all started to add up. The reason why Grid secretly headed for the East Continent after making Bunhelier join him with a forced argument—it must be because he planned to get revenge on Chiyu without causing damage to others.

‘...Surprisingly, this seems like good timing.’

Chiyou might have the best martial arts in the world, but he wasn’t invincible. The evidence was that he wanted to die. It meant he could be killed. He must not be in a perfect condition after being pursued by Dominion and the Valkyrie army and fighting a long battle of attrition. Now was the chance to attack before he recovered.

Lauel calculated that even if they couldn’t kill Chiyou, it was quite possible to inflict devastating damage on the Hwan Kingdom.

‘It is a revenge battle if it succeeds.’

This was why Lauel dispatched reinforcements in a hurry.

Evil Dragon Bunhelier was still in the form of a small mouse. He calmed down and suppressed his anger due to Grid’s words to him. It was an attitude of respect for his friend. But from the perspective of others, he was just an obedient pet mouse.

The vigor of the Three Masters was on the rise.

“God Grid’s wife. Are you going to hide your identity until the end?”

The Three Masters didn’t even bother to look at Bunhelier. To borrow an expression from the east, it was because Bunhelier had reached the level of ‘achieving extremely high martial arts and looking like an ordinary person.’

Every time he met Baal and Chiyou, he turned into a mouse and hid his breath. His Polymorph skill, which was almost perfect, had evolved over and over. Even an Absolute of the same rank couldn’t see through his Polymorph. It was clearly impossible for the Three Masters, who were deceived by Berith's skin mask, to notice Bunhelier’s identity.

‘It is natural that they can’t distinguish between the skin mask and my true face.’

Grid always utilized blacksmith-related techniques. It wasn’t just his main equipment. Even his auxiliary tools had reached a level where they had evolved. The performance of Berith's skin mask had increased by several times compared to the early days.

Grid’s power was almost fraudulently superior. It can’t be considered that the Three Masters were incompetent.

‘Overall, it is a power that is hard to ignore.’

Grid knew that the momentum of the Three Masters wasn’t a bluff. It was easy to believe that they survived after even separating from Dominion’s forces. They might have a history of losing to Raphael, but this didn’t mean there was a reason to disparage the skills of the Three Masters. In the first place, Raphael was on par with Baal. Of course, Raphael was inferior in pure force compared to Baal, who was the ruler of a dimension, but they were clearly an Absolute.

‘It will take me a while to suppress them without using the sword dances...’

Grid was still wary of Chiyu’s intrusion. He contemplated the situation on the basis of sealing the skills that could identify him. Of course, the Three Masters didn’t know this. They only looked with pity at the blonde-haired woman, who was overwhelmed by the storm and couldn’t move.

“The Crazy Dragon who married a god. You, too, must have your own reasons. If you are in a situation where you can’t reveal your identity, it is good for your personal identity if you step down obediently. It is a lot of pressure for us to be antagonistic to God Grid.”

“Please understand that we can’t let you reach King Sobyel.”

“.....”

Grid felt strange. He couldn’t harbor much animosity toward the Three Masters, who were doing a good job of respecting the person they repeatedly hindered in the past.

Essentially, the Three Masters were gods. Unlike demons, they didn’t kill rashly. From the perspective of Grid, who had already liberated the East Continent, they weren’t a target to hold grudges against. It was the relaxation of the winner.

‘Should I just ignore them and move on?’

In any case, he would have to bring out all his strength the moment he came face to face with King Sobyel. The key was whether he could cut King Sobyel or not before Chiyu intervened.

Anyway, it was urgent to get to the scene. In the end—

“.....”

Grid activated Barbatos' Vision. He looked at the clear sky beyond the countless raindrops with the power of artillery shells.

".....?!"

The Three Masters responded immediately. They created a storm in all directions.

It was meaningless. Grid jumped over it with Shunpo.

"Using it like that continuously?"

Originally, Shunpo wasn't a skill that could be used infinitely. It was because it consumed a lot of mental and physical strength at the same time. It couldn't be used several times in a row unless one was an Absolute. Meanwhile, the blond-haired woman didn't seem to feel such pressure at all. Furthermore, she had a wide field of view. This was enough to confirm that she was a dragon.

The Three Masters had temporarily regained their strength and were also accustomed to Shunpo.

The rain and wind moved along with the Three Masters who were chasing after Grid. The sky they stood on was always gray and their territory gradually expanded. It was so gray that it reached as far as Barbatos' vision could see.

It was a great achievement. The sky within Grid's line of sight were all dominated by rain, wind, and dark clouds. This made it difficult for Grid to secure a proper view.

'They are really uselessly competent.'

Grid clicked his tongue as he once again realized the power of the Three Masters. He thought about how the Three Masters could act as one Absolute if they joined forces, and was prepared for a surprisingly long chase. To be honest, he wanted to use a sword dance on the Three Masters right away. However, Grid was aware of his position. He never acted rashly.

"...Let's just kill them." It was in just one minute. As the Shunpo's strides became smaller and smaller, Grid suffered a heavy loss and lost his patience.

He had already prepared the justification that the battle would become very difficult if the Three Masters joined with King Sobyel. He put one hand on the hilt of Twilight tucked into his coat. This caused Bunhelier to stare at him in amazement.

Suddenly, light fell. It was a color reminiscent of the sunset. It was just like Grid's divinity that he was suppressing. However, it wasn't Grid's divinity. It was much hotter. It was just like flames.

"Red Phoenix..."

The rain and wind evaporated from the heat.

The Three Masters had expressions of disbelief as they saw the dark clouds receding helplessly. Then they figured out the cause.

At the same time—

The light turned into flames that dominated the scene. The Red Phoenix that rose like the sun between Grid and the Three Masters was unusually small. The symbol of the Red Phoenix was sacrifice. This was the aftermath of burning its own vitality to stop the strong rain and wind.

'I appreciate your protection...!'

Then the Three Masters each drew out a combination of an iron wire, a soft sword, or a whip made of adamantium, and wielded them. They were equipped with weapons that hadn't been shown in the past. It was a form that clearly had a pincer attack in mind. They were acutely aware of their many advantages.

Grid judged that the Red Phoenix would quickly be on the defensive and stopped trying to draw Twilight.

Just then, the eyes of the Three Masters lost focus for a moment.

The rainwater that hadn't evaporated yet—blue lightning flowed through the moisture that was soaking the bodies of the Three Masters. Following the Red Phoenix, the Blue Dragon also descended.

-I was deliberately one step late. It is because the Red Phoenix must come out first to gain an advantage in the pincer attack...

The expression of the Blue Dragon was ugly as it explained why it arrived later than the Red Phoenix.

Bunhelier's eyes showed complex feelings.

On the other hand, Grid didn't misunderstand. He understood the Blue Dragon's explanation. He glimpsed hope in the fact that the Four Auspicious Beasts were as good at pincer attacks as the Three Masters.

He asked, "Can I leave this place to you?"

-.....

The Blue Dragon delayed answering.

Grid suddenly remembered the noble dragons. He vaguely overlapped the personalities of Cranbel and the Blue Dragon, who both carefully thought about things before acting in any situation.

"It just doesn't feel confident..." It happened the moment when Bunhelier spoke nonsense with a complicated expression...

-Of course. I can handle the Three Masters.

The Blue Dragon completed the calculations and replied confidently. It happened to be after two men arrived at the scene.

The blond hair and black hair that blew in the wind contrasted with each other.

Grid's apostles—they were Zik and Mir respectively. Additionally, the White Tiger and the Black Tortoise could be felt approaching in the distance.

The Blue Dragon's voice grew louder.

-Leave this place to me and move on.

"The Four Auspicious Beasts can handle it by themselves." Zik grasped the situation and approached Grid.

Mir stood beside the Blue Dragon, who had closed its mouth. He spoke to the Three Masters, "Long time no see, three gods. We have a connection to end."

"You—Mir, this traitor has no shame...!"

Mir properly provoked the Three Masters.

A being born thanks to Hanul giving him life—they didn't have any intention of forgiving Mir for betraying Hanul.

Zik said cautiously to Grid, “Their level seems higher than I thought...”

“That’s right. Try to cooperate with Mir and the Four Auspicious Beasts.”

“Yes.”

It was only then that Grid was free. He still retained the form of Basara as he moved through the open sky again. Humans on the surface were witnessing her everywhere.

At the same time, Titan...

“I apologize... did you change your cosmetics?” Spear Saint Rachel cautiously asked Basara.

It was an attitude that was only possible because they had once been colleagues.

Basara smiled widely. “Yes, it is a gift from His Majesty.”

“As expected, people should meet good spouses...”

Overgeared

Chapter 1896

“The number of familiar presences seems to be growing. Squeak.”

The Overgeared members were gathering in the East Continent. Grid felt it as well. It was why he continuously used Shunpo without giving himself any time to breathe.

Was Bunhelier bothered because of the fact that the yeouiju might be taken away? Bunhelier urged Grid, “Yes, hurry up. King Sobyel isn’t someone who can be handled without you.”

Grid realized the identity of the strange sensation he had been feeling since before and asked a question, “Why are you constantly using a respectful term?”

“Respectful term?”

“Why do you keep calling him King Sobyel?”

It had been like this since they were in the Blue Dragon’s area. Every time Sobyel was mentioned, Bunhelier would give him the title of king. It wasn’t like an arrogant Old Dragon. He even strangely emphasized it. It made Grid wonder if there was a relationship between the two of them. A twisted smile spread across the little mouse’s face. \

“Why is it respectful to call a god a king? The reason why Hanul gave his disciples the status of king wasn’t because he wanted them to be respected.”

“...Ah?”

“It is rare to find someone as naive as Yatan.”

The number of arrows that rained down every time the bowstring was released was so high that it was hard to guess the number. It wasn’t even read properly with Yeam’s five senses. This was one of the strengths of the colorless divinity.

The divinity of the brothers contained in the arrows fired by King Sobyel was very powerful. The divinity quickly grasped and absorbed the principles of the daoist techniques that Yeam had studied all his life and increased its power. It destroyed the miracle of the power of law that Yeam had gained after repeated enlightenment and even pierced the amulets.

It was only when it was about to extinguish Natural State, which was wrapped around Yeam’s skin, that it lost its power, scattered, and disappeared.

‘Gods are omnipotent.’

Daoist techniques, magic of law, amulets, and Natural State—they had different effects and were like a four-fold self-defense for Yeam. He was confident that no

matter what enemy he encountered, he would never be incapacitated in a single blow.

It was shameful arrogance.

Yeoam's expression gradually darkened as he counted the number of amulets left. Even at this moment, he didn't dare to resent the Sword Saint and Chivalrous Robbers, who were destroying the formations on the ground. It was true that they created the situation and brought King Sobyel here, but Yeoam was a daoist immortal. He didn't cultivate his entire life just to blame others.

'It is my karma.'

The oral story that the imoogi lived here in the distant past didn't disappear and spread secretly. Yeoam didn't stop it even though it was obvious. He had to build a direct relationship with humans if he wanted to prevent the word-of-mouth transmission. It was an act that wasn't suitable for his status, which was a person isolated from the world.

'The best choice here is...'

Yeoam shook off his worthless thoughts and judged the situation. He judged that it would be better to take back the formations, which would be destroyed sooner or later, and recover even a little bit of the power of law contained in it.

Now that this had happened, he hoped that the present day Sword Saint could break the seal of the imoogi and get rid of it while he tied up the feet of King Sobyel. Of course, the possibility of this happening wasn't even 1%. The imoogi had two yeouijus and was like a living natural disaster. It was a powerful divine creature unlike any he had ever seen before.

It wouldn't be easy for the previous generation Sword Saint to handle it, let alone the present day Sword Saint. Still, this was better than it being silently taken away by King Sobyel.

King Sobyel said, [You are weakening rapidly. You have a knack for bluffing.]

The situation became even worse. King Sobyel realized that Yeoam wasn't an Absolute. It was inevitable that he would notice. Since some time ago, Yeoam's thoughts were no longer engraved on this space.

[Indeed. It is virtually impossible for a half-god of human origin to become an Absolute.]

Originally, it wasn't close to impossible. It was completely impossible. Then due to the successive changes in providence by Grid and Hayate, this was forgotten for a while. These two existences had something in common. They were the ones who made Chiyou move. On the other hand, Yeoam didn't attract Chiyou's attention.

[You tricked me. You deserve a divine punishment.] King Sobyel reaffirmed this and his momentum shifted to a one-sided attack.

In every momentary interval created when firing the great bow, he set up defense glyphs in preparation for a counterattack. Just as his rapid firing started to inflict critical wounds on Yeoam's body, a spear of light fell from the sky. It was Disintegrate. It was the ultimate great magic that symbolized Braham.

[It is Grid's right hand man.]

King Sobyel wasn't pierced by the spear. He might've set up defense glyphs to prepare for an Absolute's counterattack, but this didn't mean he had taken off his self-defense. Even the divinity that King Sobyel had consumed so far belonged to King Daeyel and was contained in the great bow. King Sobyel's divinity was in a good state and was protecting its master.

[In the end, you intervened... it means it wouldn't be strange if Grid appears here right away.]

King Sobyel didn't regard the appearance of Braham as a variable. He seemed to have predicted the current situation from the time he confronted Kraugel.

He welcomed the possibility of Grid's intervention. It was natural. The reason why he visited the West Continent was to make an offer of cooperation to Grid. King Sobyel's will wouldn't change as long as the common enemy called Asgard still existed.

Braham scoffed. "Don't look forward to it. Do you think Grid will trust you when you betrayed even your older brother?"

[Betrayal? That is incorrect. I just took advantage of my brother's stupidity and he destroyed himself. Well, it doesn't matter how you misunderstand it. Even if Grid doubts me, I will trust Chiyou's armed might.]

The reason why the incomplete Hwan Kingdom survived—King Sobyel knew it was purely because of Chiyou. He knew the value of this card and saw the crisis as an opportunity.

It was a very offensive attitude from Braham's view. He still held a grudge against Chiyoun for going on a rampage in Reinhardt. There was no way that King Sobyel could look good when he believed in Chiyoun.

On the other hand, there was affection in King Sobyel's eyes as he looked at Braham. [God of Wisdom and Magic... your very existence has evolved to provoke Judar. Grid's right hand man, I have a strong liking for you as well.]

King Sobyel's gray hair swayed in the wind as he smiled softly. However, the hair parting that seemed measured with a ruler wasn't disturbed. His divinity ensured its master's safety as well as his dignity.

This was the opposite of Braham's appearance. His collar and hair were flying in a mess once he released his magic power with all his strength. In the end, a few buttons of his jacket became undone and Braham's wide and strong chest was revealed.

This attracted the attention of King Sobyel. [The strength of your body deserves to be called a god. Is this what it means to be a direct descendant?]

He wasn't just admiring it. King Sobyel identified Braham's physical characteristics and analyzed his constitution based on this. He used it as a basis for predicting Braham's next move.

Braham's long legs tore through the air. It left a silvery trail. It was the traces of dozens of spells being overlapped. It was reminiscent of a sharp crescent moon.

'Impressive...!' Yeoam had been wondering about the identity of the silver-haired man who suddenly intruded, only to suddenly gasp in admiration.

That's right—the situation of Yeoam overlapping all the trump cards he had in order to form a state close to an Absolute was a strong inspiration for Braham.

Braham made full use of the blessed body he gained from his direct descendant lineage. He didn't just use magic for the purpose of releasing it. Instead, he made it dwell in his body. This gave him a temporary boost to his movement and destructive power.

It wasn't as easy as he thought.

The aftermath of overlapping so many types of spells caused the burden on his body to be enormous. Additionally, the consumption of magic power was greater

than imagined. It seemed that it would be difficult to maintain this state for a long time.

[It looks like you need to use Mana Drain all the time... it isn't easy for you to use magic while maintaining 27 magic imprints. Do you need time to train...?]

Braham's thoughts were outwardly expressed. It wasn't what he intended. What type of idiot would openly talk about his condition in front of the enemy?

[It is a phenomenon you have to adapt to in order to become an Absolute. It is best to control it. If one day you truly rise to the rank of Absolute, try your best.]

King Sobyel wasn't fooled twice. He saw through Braham's temporary enhanced state from the beginning and fired his bow. It was a one-sided, quick fire. There was no sense of killing intent. It was because King Sobyel had no intention of harming Braham.

First of all, he didn't want to offend Grid. Additionally, he had plenty of room to relax thanks to Kraugel.

The formations of Yeoam that were dominating this vast space—the large-scale formations that once deceived even King Sobyel's senses were being unraveled in real time. The proof was that the Sword Saint was active as he rampaged through the forest, wilderness, and swamp.

[The target you should fight isn't me, but the old man you are protecting and the soon-to-be awakened imogi. Why don't you change your mind right now and obediently cooperate with me? It would be beneficial for Grid if I secure the yeouiju.]

[Why?]

[Grid will get the true sky as a collaborator.]

The name Hanul meant the sky.

Braham wondered, [Is the yeouiju meant to restore Hanul's power?]

“Don't be fooled!” Yeoam intervened from where he had been nervously watching the situation. “The possibility of this person handing over the yeouiju to Hanul is very slim! He must have the ulterior motive of taking it himself and ascending as the new sky! You must be vigilant!”

[...Isn't that good?]

“.....?”

Braham’s unexpected reaction baffled Yeoam. Then the energy that had been weighing heavily on the mountain peak where the three of them stood disappeared like it had been a lie.

Their field of view broadened and invisible landscapes appeared one after another. It was the aftermath of the complete destruction of the formations spread by Yeoam that had previously dominated the area.

“What...?”

It was a much faster speed than Yeoam expected. He cast his vision technique and observed the area where the core of the formation was. Then he saw it. It was the appearance of the present day Sword Saint relying on dozens of companions rather than a single sword.

Vantner and Hurent built defensive points, while the members of the Overgeared Guild rushed to the scene first.

Euphemina, whose ability to designate coordinates for mass teleportation had increased exponentially, arrived at the scene in time in exchange for the consumption of a large amount of mana.

Braham shrugged. His muscles that were swollen due to magic wriggled. [Sobyeol, there is no point in persuading me. After all, the choice is up to Grid. There is only one way for you to achieve your will in this situation. Defeat me before thoes guys secure the yeouiju.]

[You sympathize with my desire, but you dare to fight me? Is it necessary? Everything will be fine if you obediently get out of the way.]

[These people are Grid’s friends. I won’t be at ease if they get hurt by you. Damn. I didn’t mean that.]

[I see. I understand.]

Braham narrowly dodged the arrow shot by King Sobyeol. Obviously, it was faster and more powerful than it had been a while ago.

A chill ran down Braham’s spine and his will went out of control and was engraved on this space in the form of a question. [Sobyeol, have you been hiding your skills so far? [What is the principle that made you stronger?]

[...How interesting.]

He felt an inexplicable appreciation.

King Sobyel moved without shooting his bow for the first time. He used Shunpo to appear between Braham and Yeoam. Then he pierced Yeoam's chest with a sword.

Braham was unable to help. It was because several overlapping divinities were released from the palm of King Sobyel's outstretched hand, pushing his body far away.

[Braham, you be silent.]

It happened the moment when King Sobyel gave a warning and grabbed Yeoam's neck in order to twist and break it...

Duguen!

Yeoam's exhausted face became energized. For some reason, it happened right after the ground was transformed into an agricultural field. Thanks to this, Yeoam managed to shake off King Sobyel's hand and survive. Then he made eye contact with a man on the ground. It was a man who looked like a farmer. Thanks to the man invigorating the energy of nature, the power of Natural State was strengthened.

Yeoam didn't have time to express his gratitude. Before he knew it, the sword drawn and wielded by King Sobyel cut his chest.

King Sobyel shifted his gaze in the direction of the ground and smiled. [At this point, you must be the God of Disasters.]

A monster resembling a dragon was rising from the lake that was revealed once the formations were destroyed.

Overgeared

Chapter 1897

A daoist immortal was a being who left the world and took nature as a friend. They weren't bound by the common sense of human society, didn't suffer pain or disease, and were immortal. This was why those called the daoists dreamed of

ascending to Shangri-La. Most daoists had the aspiration of gaining eternal life, so they turned their backs on the world and devoted themselves to cultivation.

[It is more like a lich.] This was Braham's sentiment. It was while checking on Yeoam, who was still alive despite being cut by the sword. He didn't die despite his body being cut in half.

Braham added, [Now that I see it, aren't they crazy guys?]

There was a perception among players that daoist immortals were good. It was a perception created by Bentao. He was clearly a good man who tried to clear the name of the Seven Malignant Saints. Naturally, Braham was also influenced by the Overgeared Guild. Since people had a positive evaluation of Bentao, they also recognized the daoist immortals as good beings.

They only thought the reason why they cultivated and became a half-god was to gain the strength to contribute to the 'peace of humanity' like Grid.

They were mistaken. Braham noticed that the daoist immortals were close to madmen.

"It is different from a lich. The lich are monsters who acquired eternal life to satisfy their desire for inquiry, while we have cultivated for the purpose of achieving eternal life itself," Yeoam argued.

Unlike the lich, who used eternal life as a 'means', the daoist immortals made eternal life their 'purpose.'

The difference was huge.

The lich were studious existences. In order to reach the limit of magic, they abandoned their human body and turned themselves into the undead to transcend death. They were those who would do anything for the sake of magic. They were capable of doing some pretty crazy things unless they were controlled by someone, like the liches of the No Offspring Tomb.

On the other hand, the daoist immortals trained to achieve eternal life. It meant they had already achieved what they wanted at the time they became daoist immortals. There was nothing for them to cling to any longer.

Therefore, they weren't bound by material things and they were very free in their principles of action. Just like humans, there were many different groups and there

were many good ones among them. The evidence was those who struggled for others or for the world, such as Bentao and Yeo Yulan.

[.....]

Braham didn't really object. In the first place, he didn't care if the daoist immortals were good or bad. He silently turned his back and pursued King Sobyel. He moved purely using physical force without using Teleport.

Currently, there were a total of 27 enhancement spells imprinted on Braham's body. They each had a different duration and cooldown. Ignoring this and keeping it active at all times required a high degree of concentration, even for the God of Magic. The moment that other magic was invoked, the balance was likely to collapse.

Unlike Braham, King Sobyel moved freely. He repeatedly used Shunpo and landed on the head of the imogi that stood tall as if to pierce the sky. [It is too majestic to treat you as a mere monster. How long did Yeam have to endure in order to seal you?]

"King Sobyel...!" The faces of the members of the Overgeared Guild hardened.

At the same time that Kraugel destroyed the formations, they carried out large-scale movement toward the coordinates given by Faker. They joined smoothly thanks to Euphemina. It didn't matter how strong the imogi who just woke up was. They had enough power to challenge a raid.

"I will focus on recovery."

This imogi was bigger than expected. If the head was flat without horns and the face didn't resemble a snake, wouldn't it be okay to just call it a dragon?

King Sobyel's appearance on top of such a monster was so terrifying that it was overwhelming. It was perceived as a great danger.

However, Euphemina didn't stop using Mana Drain. Thanks to Piaro's field magic, she was able to suck up the mana that was overflowing in the atmosphere without hesitation. She trusted the protection of her colleagues.

[You have divinity. It is extraordinary. The next best magician after Grid's right hand man.] King Sobyel said while pulling the string of the great bow.

It was aimed at the air. Originally, it was normal not to know who he was targeting. However, the intention engraved into the space gave a hint to the members of the Overgeared Guild.

The moment Toban noticed that King Sobyel was aiming for Euphemina, he designated her as his protection target. He used his defensive skills and raised his shield to prepare for the arrows that were about to rain down.

Soon—

The rain of intangible arrows slammed against Toban's shield.

A shield made of dragon bones and scales—it withstood even the arrows of divinity.

Toban trembled at the weight of each arrow before barely managing to speak, “Finally...! I finally paid for the value...!”

This was a god.

Toban's limbs were intact even after blocking the baptism of arrows shot by an Absolute. It was distinctly different from the past.

The strongest beings in the world who had been fighting against Grid—Toban would often cross the threshold of death by blocking their blows. Unlike Vantner, he couldn't even claim to be ‘Grid's shield’ as a joke. But wasn't it worth claiming it now?

Euphemina dealt a blow to Toban, who was moved with tears in his eyes. “I don't think you paid for it?”

“.....?”

The surrounding scenery started to enter his hazy vision. His bloodied colleagues could be seen. Most of them narrowly escaped a serious injury. It was evidence that the baptism of arrows fired a moment earlier was a wide-area skill.

“Damn.”

Likewise, it was right to respond with a wide area skill. He was bewitched by King Sobyel's intentions and became obsessed with Euphemina's safety.

Jishuka comforted Toban, who was blaming himself. “Even Vantner wouldn’t have been able to handle the attack if he designated multiple targets for protection. Well done.”

Did she get hit in the head? Jishuka’s face was wet with blood and she staggered like her brain was spinning. It was clear that she was suffering from a physical abnormality that she couldn’t resist even with her status as a legend.

Nevertheless, she was pulling the string of her bow. She could hit the target with her arrow even with her eyes closed. The arrows of the Bow Saint were shot and soared high into the sky. There were 12 shots in all. Jishuka also targeted many places. She aimed at the large eyeballs of the imoogi and King Sobyel, who was standing on it.

[Bow Saint. You deserved to be selected by my older brother.] King Sobyel didn’t hide his admiration. It was an admiration that began when the members of the Overgeared Guild safely endured the baptism of arrows. [It is reassuring to think of returning home with you in the future.]

King Sobyel, who arbitrarily discussed cooperation—the members of the Overgeared Guild had no time to point out his crazy attitude. It was because the imoogi was screaming. Unlike King Sobyel, who snatched Jishuka’s arrow with his hand just before it pierced his brow, the imoogi was struck by the arrow.

It was the aftermath of just being released from the seal. It was shaking its head and not grasping the situation at all. Thus, it couldn’t react to the arrows that were fired silently. No, maybe it knew but ignored it. It just looked down on the human race.

It was understandable. From the perspective of the imoogi, the size of the arrow that Jishuka shot was extremely small. If it had to be seen using human senses, it would’ve looked like dust was flying in.

The imoogi shook its head a couple of times, perhaps in an attempt to shake off the arrows stuck in its bright yellow eyes. It had a practical effect. The liquid in its large eyes shook like waves. Jishuka’s arrows were swept away and pulled out.

“The incidents that Grid have been involved in have been too great for me. I’m scared that I will die suddenly if I stay like this,” Zednos lamented with a tearful face. He created a barrier of wind.

The tsunami that flooded the lake where the imoogi had been soaking failed to hit the group and stopped in a straight line in the air.

The sight seemed to stimulate the imoogi even more. It had been submerged in a lake that was as wide and deep as the sea. Then it roared as its body became more and more upright, revealing a size that was larger than expected.

Two large beads shining at the end of its long tongue could be seen at first glance. It was the yeouijus.

King Sobyel's figure disappeared. Soon, he reappeared in the mouth of the imoogi. He held two yeouijus in his hand, one of which had a particularly strong aura.

[I'll take this with me.]

Just then, the imoogi closed its mouth. The terrible sound of crushing bones reached the ears of the members of the Overgeared Guild.

Gulp!

Zednos stared at the imoogi who was swallowing something and muttered, "Is it eating now? A god?"

"Weren't they on the same side in the first place?"

People's attention was drawn to Kraugel and Hwang Gildong. They were asking for an explanation from the two people who were aware of the situation.

"King Sobyel has been aiming for the imoogi's yeouiju. The one called Sword Immortal Yeoam has been hiding the imoogi from King Sobyel. They are enemies."

It happened as Hwang Gildong was explaining it as briefly as possible...

The imoogi's belly rumbled and there were continuous explosions. The swallowed King Sobyel was rampaging in its stomach. It must've been quite painful because the imoogi spat out King Sobyel, who had just been swallowed.

[It looks like it has no intention of giving it away.] King Sobyel, who regained his dignity by regenerating the garments dissolved in the gastric juices, tilted his upper body at an angle.

Braham's fist grazed past his collar.

The still upset King Sobyel clicked his tongue. [How long are you going to imitate a useless martial artist?]

It was a trivial tone. It was a wake-up call for Braham. Braham had overlapped enhanced magic in order to achieve a state that was similar to an Absolute.

Right now, he resembled Grid when Grid first used his artificial senses. He might not be an Absolute, but it was possible for him to react to the movements of an Absolute. However, what was the point? He was a magician. A magician shouldn't seal their magic.

"I was about to stop," Braham's voice came from his mouth, not from his intent.

Surprise filled King Sobyel as his eyes were colored with bright magic power. It was the aftermath of Braham releasing the magic he had been wearing and casting other magic. The magic power released in large quantities formed magic with different powers and functions, and attacked King Sobyel. It was a magic bombardment at close range without any foreshadowing.

Part of the colorless divinity that King Sobyel had been using as self-defense was destroyed. The opponent might be an Absolute, but Braham was the God of Magic. He had fully analyzed King Sobyel's divinity when the Disintegrate used earlier was blocked by King Sobyel's divinity. He had already calculated what type of magic was needed to attack the divinity. Once the magic was able to hit, it was possible to inflict meaningful damage. It was realized at this moment.

Of course, it came at a heavy price. The sword wielded by King Sobyel pierced Braham's smooth stomach and split it open. It was a powerful counterattack that rendered the shield created with magic useless.

[You have to pay the price for ignoring my favor.]

His anger manifested as intent. This was the outside of the Overgeared World.

King Sobyel seemed agitated by the fact that he had been hurt, even a bit, in his complete state where he wasn't under any restrictions. Braham was also a god, but King Sobyel was still ashamed of being hurt by another god.

A chief god—among them, he had the arrogance of one who was born as a child of a God of the Beginning.

"Bah," the seriously injured Braham snorted. Among the magic that he had just cast, he added a new magic and regained the right to use the magic that was just 'absorbed' by the colorless divinity. It exploded one after another.

The hands of King Sobyel became even crueler after he suffered a series of damages. He swung his sword in a wide range, as if to cut Braham's body from both ends. The sword that landed on Braham's waist exploded with a loud roar. It felt like metal and metal had collided.

Kraugel's Poetry that Praises the Sword was applied to Braham. Four swords took damage instead of Braham and shattered, glistening like snow powder around Kraugel.

"It is impossible to use it continuously," Kraugel explained to his colleagues and rushed forward.

Poetry that Praises the Sword had grown exponentially in utilization after it achieved the master level. The cooldown time was increased by three times when it was used on a target other than the caster. It already had a long cooldown, so he used the skill that should've been saved as a trump card for Braham.

Braham was spared the pain of his waist being split apart, but he didn't express his gratitude.

"Can I die?" Braham spoke like a player.

Resurrection—he was a being with a tremendous power that didn't match an NPC. Obviously, wasn't it right to classify Braham as a super-named 'boss monster' rather than an NPC?

Kraugel had such a thought while turning his body like a spinning top. The sword he had became even more powerful. Then the sword of King Sobyel was cut in half. It might be made of divinity, but it couldn't resist the power of the Sword Saint.

It was Space Sword. Kraugel used his ultimate move without sparing it. This was the only way he could make King Sobyel falter for a moment.

This allowed Yura to complete her sniping and there was a loud roar as King Sobyel was hit.

[...Demon Slayer. Was Judar's hypothesis about beings who achieve their goals evolving true?]

King Sobyel's coat was dyed red. It was because he allowed Yura's blow to hit him. His heart wasn't pierced, but his self-defense was partially destroyed and he was wounded.

The Baal raid—the experience of helping kill the ruler of hell had made the members of the Overgeared Guild grow tremendously. It was the reward for the greatest achievement in the history of humanity.

[.....]

King Sobyel's eyes shifted in the direction of the imoogi. He saw a maniac who drew the attention of the imoogi by uttering swear words he never imagined. The imoogi was gradually getting more agitated. Sooner or later, it would become uncontrollably violent.

[It is hard to resolve it peacefully. First of all, I will subdue it. Condolences in advance for all the casualties.]

Something similar to the sound of a heartbeat came from King Sobyel's great bow. At the same time—

Waaahhhhhhhh!

Shouts rang out from all directions. The noise of clashing weapons was mixed with the shouts. There was also a series of roaring sounds that seemed to have caused destruction that slightly exceeded the power of great magic.

'What?' Eventually, the members of the Overgeared Guild were swept away by the shaking ground and were flustered.

The scenery around them hadn't changed, but it felt like they were standing in the middle of a battlefield. Notification windows appeared in their confused field of view.

[The great myth, 'War of the Gods,' is activated.]

[The one who activated the myth, 'King Sobyel', has the power of 'the protagonist.']

[The battlefield is judged to be 'Dimension: Asgard.'.]

[The dimensional effect of Asgard is oppressing you. All stats are drastically reduced.]

[You can't resist.]

"All of you, run away..."

It was a rare moment when Braham said something that didn't match him.

"Don't take a step back. We must prevent the yeouiju from falling into the hands of King Sobyel," Yura interrupted Braham. Based on various circumstances, it was confirmed that King Sobyel shouldn't get his hands on the yeouiju.

"Yes, all of you, don't think about running away."

In the first place, Braham had the same opinion as Yura. The fact that he was about to say something that didn't fit him was actually just the illusion or wish of the members of the Overgeared Guild.

"Things will get a bit better when Hurent and the yangbans arrive."

It was Piaro and Braham. They took the lead alongside Kraugel.

"Don't forget Vantner as well. He will be disappointed."

Pon and the members of the Overgeared Guild, who were surprisingly taking good care of Vantner, followed along.

The warriors of reversals—for them, being prepared for a decisive battle was as familiar as eating to them. They didn't shrink back even if the opponent was an Absolute. As if to congratulate them—

Majestic music started to blare.

[Only One God 'Grid' has appeared.]

King Sobyel's eyes widened.

[Is this possible?]

An unbelievable phenomenon was unfolding.

[The greatest salvation myth, 'Hell's Purification,' is suppressing the effect of the great myth, 'War of the Gods.']

Overgeared

Chapter 1898

'I'm glad it is so close.'

The area of the West Continent alone was larger than Earth. The scale itself was directly linked to the difficulty level.

Carrying out quests while crossing the continent with limited means of transportation was extremely difficult. If people were lazy in real life, then they tended to be lazy in Satisfy as well. Thus, there were surprisingly many people who lived as natives of a certain region.

It had been a long time since Sticks restored the warp gate.

In any case, the size of the East Continent was also enormous. Lands with players as lords were still rare. The infrastructure was poor due to the harsh nature, but in terms of area alone, it was a bit ahead of the West Continent.

If the habitat of this imoogi was the opposite of the Blue Dragon's area, Bunhelier would have to release Polymorph in order for Grid to arrive at the scene in time. It meant he would be exposed to Chiyou even sooner.

"How long will it take for Chiyou to descend?"

"It is around a minute," Bunhelier replied immediately. He took into account that the Hwan Kingdom was a 'pond looking at the surface,' like Asgard.

As long as that pond existed, the gods were able to quickly navigate to a certain point on the surface and bring it into view. The Shunpo used at that time was called 'descent.' This was an advantage that the Overgeared World on the surface didn't have.

"One minute..."

"He will react quickly to your presence. You know that Chiyou is obsessed with you. Squeak."

Grid's expression darkened.

The presence of King Sobyel was gradually getting closer. It was huge. Even if he was in the Crazy God and Crazy Dragon state with Bunhelier, King Sobyel wasn't an opponent he could beat within one minute.

'Should I fight a battle of attrition in this state and wait for an opportunity?' Grid thought about it but immediately dismissed it.

The super-sized shadow that looked blurry even from a distance—the level of the monster believed to be the imoogi was also formidable.

The two yeouijus seemed to create infinite energy. It was right to see it as another dragon. It was a real exhalation of energy that went beyond a top dragon. It was physically impossible to deal with King Sobyel and the imoogi simultaneously while hiding his true skills.

Bunhelier didn't deny it either. "The yeouiju you mentioned... the fact that it could be mine is quite special. Squeak. Make a decision."

Bunhelier's voice was somewhat exuberant. It was a very subtle change, but Grid could feel it. It wasn't just because of the senses of an Absolute. Before he knew it, Grid was able to read a little bit of Bunhelier's psychology.

'Come to think of it, quite some time has passed since I've started working with him.'

From the time of the hell expedition to the present, they had been together for quite a while. In terms of the length of direct cooperation, it must've been longer than Nefelina.

'It must be quite sad for Nefelina.'

He would have to give her one more cow to eat when she was sad...

The poor Overgeared Kingdom no longer existed. The finances of the Overgeared Kingdom, which was reborn as an empire, were strengthened again and again in exchange for Rabbit losing his hair. It was to the extent where Nefelina could eat hundreds of cows a day.

'That isn't right?' Grid felt a sense of guilt toward Rabbit, but it was only for a moment. He hoped for Nefelina to grow up as quickly as possible, so he made up his mind.

Grid declared, "I will do it in one minute."

It wasn't a question of possibility or impossibility. There was no other way in this situation. Additionally, Grid had built up a great deal of trust during his time with Bunhelier. He thought it was funny to talk weakly when he was cooperating with an Old Dragon.

"Okay. I will also do my best." Bunhelier seemed to like it as well. The smile on the little mouse's face rapidly widened.

To be precise, the snout itself grew. He was releasing Polymorph and regaining his original form. At this moment—

[The great myth, ‘War of the Gods,’ is activated.]

An unexpected event occurred on the battlefield, which was getting closer in real time.

[The one who activated the myth, ‘King Sobyel,’ has the power of ‘the protagonist.’]

War of the Gods, the leading role—Grid didn’t know exactly what it was. However, he already gained a hint from the Three Masters. Additionally—

[The battlefield is judged to be ‘Dimension: Asgard.’]

[The dimensional effect of Asgard is oppressing you. All stats are drastically reduced.]

[You have resisted.]

Grid was now free from the constraints of other dimensions. There was no need to mention Bunhelier, who was an Old Dragon. There was no need to be agitated by this unexpected event.

“Bunhelier, bless my friends as soon as you arrive.”

[A blessing?]

“It is a blessing to prevent the dimensional effect.”

[I’m not Raiders.]

It was impossible—Bunhelier, who had become completely huge before he knew it, replied in a plain manner.

“This damn thing,” Grid cursed.

The reason why Grid was struggling to obtain a yeouiju for Bunhelier—it was because Bunhelier couldn’t pay for everything he gained in many ways, unlike other Old Dragons.

[Trauka and Nevartan can’t do it either. Don’t talk too much.]

Bunhelier deployed Teleport with a frowning Grid on his head.

Teleport—it was the basic yet ultimate means of transportation. Under the assumption that certain coordinates were secured, it boasted a much superior convenience than Shunpo's 'long-distance travel only' option.

The center of the battlefield that still wasn't within range of Barbatos' Vision. The Crazy God and Crazy Dragon appeared there, scattering the remnants of dark magic power.

[Is this possible?] King Sobyel was stunned by the shadow that appeared over his head, only to soon react in disbelief.

'Isn't this crazy?'

Grid was shocked one step further. The most powerful reward obtained after succeeding in the Baal raid—since it was a passive skill that worked only in certain situations, it created a phenomenon that even Grid wasn't aware of.

[Your myth is responding.]

[The greatest salvation myth, 'Hell's Purification,' is suppressing the effect of the great myth, 'War of the Gods.']

[The great myth, 'War of the Gods,' is resisting. Some verses from the myth will appeal to the world.]

-There were three Gods of the Beginning, but Rebecca, the Goddess of Light, was overly greedy.

-Hanul criticized the Goddess for starting to monopolize worship.

-The great gods responded to the will of the sky and punished those who were blinded by light.

-Who can fathom the deep inner thoughts of the sky, who caused a war in the eternally peaceful divine world and caused people on the surface to experience the pain and hardships they had experienced.

[Some verses from the salvation myth, 'Hell's Purification,' are imprinted on the world.]

-The source of all evil that distorted hell is the sin of the God of the Beginning.

-God Grid uprooted it and gave rest to humanity. Therefore, he must be greater than the Gods of the Beginning.

-Succumb.

Grid's myth didn't explain the context in detail. It just delivered the only truth in a simple and clear manner. That was enough. It was true that Grid's myth, Hell's Purification, was greater than the myth of the God of the Beginning, who started the war out of jealousy and gave it this meaning as an excuse.

In reality—

[The great myth, 'War of the Gods,' is overwhelmed by the greatest salvation myth, 'Hell's Purification.']

The myth 'War of the Gods' still had many verses left, but it couldn't refute it. The sound of glass shattering rang out in all directions. It was while suppressing the shouts that resonated with the momentum of recreating the War of the Gods.

[Yatan... he is truly pathetic.] King Sobyel trembled. He wasn't afraid of the hierarchy of a God of the Beginning. He blatantly criticized Yatan for causing the current situation by creating hell and giving birth to Baal.

Grid's appearance was changing. His raised chest became flat and firm while his rounded shoulders and slender back became wider than anyone else's. His blonde hair turned black. Finally, the gentle eyes that curved up as she smiled became sharp. The orange divinity that had been suppressed by Grid surged up like a tidal wave and engulfed the battlefield.

It was a wide-area buff. It wasn't just Grid's apostles. All the members of the Overgeared Guild had their stats increased. It was because they belonged to a religion called the Overgeared God Church.

It was just as the members of the Rebecca Church performed miracles whenever they received Rebecca's divine message, or when the Yatan believers gained knowledge and strength from Amoract, who claimed to be Yatan's representative.

Grid's very existence gave the Overgeared Guild a great power. It was proof of the success of the Baal raid and its growing influence.

[You are armed with items handmade by Only One God Grid.]

[Your weapons and armor will respond to the will of the great god. The durability is greatly increased and the basic performance is enhanced. It has acquired a self-repair function, even if it is weak.]

The buffs here weren't just the help of the system.

“Respond immediately.”

The members of the Overgeared Guild were familiar with most of Grid's skills. It was a level where they quickly predicted what type of results his sword dances would produce in certain situations.

In the first place, they were the most talented people. They had been together for over ten years. They linked together so that Grid's results could have a greater effect. This was the state that the top powers of the Overgeared Guild had reached.

[Kuek...!]

The six fusion sword dance used in the state of Crazy God and Crazy Dragon—this was very fatal to King Sobyel, whose ‘protagonist’ authority in the great myth became useless due to Grid's myth. He succeeded in defending against dozens of the linked attacks, but he was unable to absorb all the power and crashed to the ground.

At this point, Braham's magic and Piaro's crops were laid out like a trap.

The surprised King Sobyel tried to use Shunpo just before his body touched the ground.

“Not a chance.”

It was useless. The reason was because the universe created when Euphemina cast her magic turned his vision dark. It wasn't like a status abnormality. Magic status abnormalities couldn't restrain an Absolute. However, the space itself was simply darkened. As a result, King Sobyel couldn't use Shunpo.

Of course, there was no way he would obediently be beaten. King Sobyel, who absorbed Braham's magic with his divinity, released it with even greater power. Piaro's crops and Euphemina's magic were burned. The problem was that it took time.

Bunhelier, who was carrying Grid, had been tracking him. Bunhelier's tail struck King Sobyel in the side.

King Sobyel flew into the distance with his upper body bent into a bizarre shape. This was followed by a dark Breath and Grid's long-range sword dance. Each one had a different trajectory.

King Sobyel's choice was forced in many ways. He desperately avoided the Breath while risking himself being cut to pieces by Grid's sword energy as he used Transcend.

[Sword Saint...!] King Sobyel barely soared into the sky only to find Kraugel, who had been waiting for him.

Anger and hatred were contained in King Sobyel's sword as he became speechless. He gave up his left arm to the sword that cut through the world and struck back, aiming for Kraugel's heart. Unfortunately, it failed. It was because Jishuka and Yura's sniping slightly twisted the trajectory of his sword. It was a shot that could be predicted because Grid limited the options for King Sobyel, who was on the defensive.

"Endure it!"

Kraugel's body, which had his collarbone cut rather than his heart being pierced, recovered quickly. It was thanks to the concentration of Saintess Ruby's heals.

King Sobyel had no time to resent them. The pursuit of the Crazy God and Crazy Dragon was continuing.

[This is... is this why you have been so obsessed with connections?]

Starting from humans who lived for only a moment to dragons, Grid had been curiously obsessed with 'connections.' It was an eccentricity that was completely incomprehensible for King Sobyel, who was god from birth.

But at this moment, he realized it.

A group that moved like one body around Grid. The dozens of beings gathered at the scene were making Grid more complete. They were Grid's hands and feet, his breath and his will. It could be described as a living Overgeared World.

Just then, Grid's Twilight pierced King Sobyel's throat. Grid attacked the weak spot on the left side, which was exposed due to King Sobyel losing his left arm. Bunhelier's Breath followed. A black flash swallowed up King Sobyel's body and vision.

The buff magic of Braham and Euphemina, as well as Zednos and Laella, surrounded the flash. This contributed to the amplification of their power.

The imoogi was agitated by the turmoil that occurred in succession and tried to advance, but the rest of the Overgeared members risked their lives to stop it.

It happened a few days ago. It was shortly after Chiyou damaged Reinhardt and went back. Martial God Zeratul emphasized the necessity of him joining by arrogantly asking who else could stand against an Absolute.

After that, the apostles and Overgeared members had been constantly devising ways to confront an Absolute. Of course, the premise was that they had to cooperate with Grid. Nevertheless, they fully demonstrated their power at this moment.

It was thanks to Grid.

‘Is this team play?’

For the first time, he really understood the thrill of ‘large-scale raids’ that others had taken for granted.

‘...Shit.’

It was both touching and depressing.

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[I’ll be blunt.]

His gaze, that went backwards in the aftermath of his half-severed throat, straightened up. It was in a natural manner.

King Sobyel didn’t die easily. The muscles melted by Bunhelier’s Breath and the bones torn apart by Grid’s Twilight were quickly restored with his divinity.

A true god was a concept. They didn’t perish unless they were forgotten. The body was just a tool necessary for activities. King Sobyel was the son of a God of the Beginning and his body was a tool worthy of joining the discussion of the strongest tool.

[Cooperate with me to punish Asgard. The favors I have shown you over the years aren't small. You can trust my suggestion.]

Grid thought, 'People who have ulterior motives are like this.'

In fact, King Sobyel's position of wanting to cooperate with Grid was actually very reasonable. For him, Asgard was the home he had to reclaim.

However, Grid didn't consider King Sobyel's position. It was due to the prejudice created by the experience of almost being stabbed in the back by Amora. There was no way he could trust King Sobyel, who dropped his own brother into hell.

[...Think carefully.] Once there was no answer, King Sobyel tried to persuade him again. It was to his advantage for the conversation to drag out longer. Chiyu must've felt Grid's presence and would soon descend here. Then King Sobyel would have the upper hand in the negotiations.

[Think of the benefits of working with me. You must be fully aware that the situation is against you, right?]

There was a limit, no matter how fast the speed of their intent was.

Only a few seconds had already passed since Grid's appearance.

King Sobyel held out well against Grid, who united with the Evil Dragon and poured out all his strength. It was the power of an Absolute.

Grid must've felt it as well. It would be burdensome to engage in a conversation. Grid must've noticed that it was impossible for him to retreat before Chiyu arrived.

"Are you done now?" Grid retorted as he looked at King Sobyel, who didn't hide his confidence. Then Grid swapped his sword.

King Sobyel's head cocked at an angle. For a moment, he didn't understand why the conversation was cut off. He realized the situation only after he felt the present day Sword Saint's presence getting closer.

[You have too much confidence.]

Kraugel's swift approach was achieved due to flying on a sword. He hadn't fully recovered from his wounds and he wasn't much of a threat to King Sobyel.

The reason King Sobyel was cut by Kraugel's sword early was purely due to Bunhelier. The cause was that his route was read while he was trying to avoid the Breath of the crazy Evil Dragon, who always acted contrary to common sense.

Now it was different. King Sobyel was free. It was because Bunhelier, carrying Grid, passed by King Sobyel and headed for the lake where the imoogi was.

[Are you going to aim at the imoogi without fighting me?] King Sobyel burst out laughing.

First of all, this imoogi was very strong. It had skin and scales that could withstand the Breath of the Evil Dragon. King Sobyel had experienced it himself. Moreover, King Sobyel had no intention of letting the yeouiju be taken away.

[Do you believe that the present day Sword Saint will buy time for you?!] King Sobyel declared. Then he caught sight of Kraugel's blade, which had come close to him.

A dragon weapon—it even looked exactly like Grid's sword. However, the power was significantly reduced.

The power of Grid's sword that King Sobyel just experienced... it was powerful enough to send shivers down his spine just thinking about it. At one point, it was even more powerful than the Evil Dragon's Breath.

[You still have a long way to go, Sword Saint.]

King Sobyel didn't feel the need to exchange blows with Kraugel. A legend who had only achieved a few levels of transcendence wasn't the opponent of an Absolute. King Sobyel extended the time and stretched out his hand in a leisurely manner. He intended to grab the wrist of Kraugel, who was approaching slowly like he was in slow motion.

However, King Sobyel couldn't achieve his goal. Kraugel's wrist, which should've been grabbed, seemed to blur and moved to the side.

King Sobyel missed it.

[What?]

Then a ray of neutral light rose from King Sobyel's neck. It was divinity that replaced all the blood that had been spilled from him when he was seriously injured by Grid and Bunhelier in succession.

[The sword that can cut anything isn't omnipotent, right?]

In order to cut, the premise of 'the target must be hit' must be established. This was why the Sword Saint couldn't face an Absolute in a one-on-one match, no matter how great his swordsmanship. But now, Kraugel slit the throat of King Sobyel. Coincidentally, he aimed perfectly at the place that had just been cut by Grid. It was thanks to the additional effect of Kraugel's Twilight.

[Make Twilight Become Dawn]

[Passive.

Gain the maximum hit rate correction against targets wounded by the 'Twilight' of Only One God Grid.

This effect is maintained until the target is killed.

Even if Twilight falls and the night passes, the next day's dawn will come.]

Kraugel's Twilight relentlessly aimed at the target. It was an extreme use of growth-type items. The biggest strength of growth-type items was that they 'grew with their masters.' Every time the item rating increased, effects were added that could help the master based on the master's inclination. Make Twilight Become Dawn was one of them.

The experience of fighting with Grid on several occasions made it possible. Maybe it was a miracle created by the resonating of the two Twilights.

[It is better for you to be killed. We will be allies when you open your eyes again, so don't grumble too much.] King Sobyel raised the danger level of Kraugel and drew the string of the great bow. Dozens of shots filled with divinity, capable of destroying mountain peaks with a single blow, were fired from close range and aimed only at Kraugel.

Kraugel didn't bother to avoid them. The opponent was an Absolute. Kraugel had overcome many physical problems such as speed thanks to the absolute hit rate correction effect, but it was only minimal help. He couldn't waste even a small movement.

A glass-like barrier of magic power was created and destroyed in succession around Kraugel. It was the shield support from Braham, Euphemina, Zednos, and Laella.

[Your strength has increased dramatically.]

[Your stamina has increased dramatically.]

[Your agility has increased dramatically.]

[Your health recovery speed has increased dramatically.]

[The power of the items you have equipped will increase.]

[Your health has been significantly restored.]

[Your damaged bones and organs will regenerate quickly.]

Ruby's blessings were focused on Kraugel.

"I will support you!" Yura and Jishuka fired at King Sobyel's wrist. They couldn't cause a critical wound even aiming for the vital point, but they could prevent him from fully using his weapon.

"Fortunately, I'm not too late!! Sun—Guard!"

"Aura Blade."

"King Sobyel...!"

Vantner and Hurent also arrived at the scene of the attack and supported Kraugel. The yangbans hesitated, but didn't change their side.

Piario and Huroi, who were originally blocking the imoogi, also did their best to attract King Sobyel's attention. They were freed up once Grid and Bunhelier started attacking the imoogi.

It was truly an all-out offensive. It felt like the group that was originally united around Grid had been reorganized around Kraugel.

[You are pitiful.] King Sobyel considered it to be just a small game. He even felt pity. From the point when Grid and the Evil Dragon left, all their wisdom and power had been reduced to being worthless. The present day Sword Saint didn't deserve to replace Grid's spot.

It wasn't Kraugel's problem. It wasn't possible unless it was Chiyoo. It was King Sobyel's sentiment and the truth that no one in the world could replace Grid.

[Come.]

What is the point even if you can cut me? The moment you cut me, I will also cut you down.

At the same time that King Sobyel was decapitated, Kraugel's right arm was also cut off.

Kraugel had already switched Twilight to his left hand. Twilight's red-stained blood pierced through the blood of his right arm that was splattering in the air and pierced the throat of King Sobyel again. Kraugel's left ear and cheek were cut in exchange. He narrowly escaped both sides being cut.

The power was fortunately halved thanks to the magic shields of the magicians, who overlapped dozens of them.

"Cough!" Zednos and Laella slumped to the ground while coughing up blood. It was magic power backlash. They suffered internal injuries in the aftermath of the damage far exceeding what the shields could handle.

It was the same with Euphemina. No, her condition was much worse. The Mana Shield that targeted and deployed around Kraugel. Obviously, the faster the casting, the more the number of shields that could be stacked.

In that sense, Euphemina was too capable. During the time when Zednos and Laella cast two or three shields, she had cast ten shields. This meant she received more backlash. She entered the immortality state just for blocking this blow. She was effectively a living corpse.

"One second. No, I'll step back and take a break when I have 0.2 seconds left." Euphemina's face turned white and she barely suppressed her trembling voice as she cast the shield again. This was the only way for a magician to play an active role against an Absolute who never allowed attack magic to hit. Ironically, it was the role of a tanker. She had no choice but to do her best.

Red rain started to pour down from the sky. It was a huge amount of bleeding that made it hard to believe it was the blood shed from one person. It was all the blood that Kraugel spilled.

The more Ruby and the magicians prolonged Kraugel's life, the more miserable Kraugel's state became. Brain fluids flowed down from his diagonally severed heads and both eyes had already been cut out for the fourth time. All the muscles

in important parts of his body were torn. His body was full of stab or cut wounds, revealing many bones and organs.

In the end, only his left arm remained intact. It was a situation where his right arm was cut off again and again just before it regenerated. He would lose any means of attack if he lost his left arm, so Kraugel devoted himself to defending it.

Kraugel thought, ‘The opponent is an Absolute. There is no way other than directly cutting him.’

‘Heart Sword’ had been used several times, but it didn’t deal a significant blow to King Sobyel. There was just a fleeting pause. This was too short a time for Kraugel to take advantage of. He just wasted mana uselessly.

[It is the end.] King Sobyel saw Kraugel’s eyes, which lost focus at last, and responded with some frustration. He never thought he would fight a battle of attrition against a single swordsman who wasn’t even an Absolute.

[You were great.] King Sobyel didn’t hide his feelings. His intent was imprinted on the world and elevated Kraugel’s status. Of course, this didn’t affect the trend of the battle much. In the first place, there was something else that Kraugel believed in.

Finally, King Sobyel beheaded Kraugel. It was literally a beheading. Since his head had been cut off his neck, his immortality state didn’t work properly.

“Ah.” There were sighs everywhere. In particular, the anger of the damage dealers was great as they barely managed to reach the battle location by using the Blue Dragon’s Boots or the beanstalks planted by Piaro, only to crash down.

This was a battle in the air. The amount of mana consumed by the Blue Dragon’s Boots was so large that most damage dealers were vulnerable. They couldn’t help Kraugel.

“Shit! Die. You bastaaaaard!”

Just as Grid was always left alone, this time they left Kraugel alone...

It happened when the frantic Vantner was roaring...

Flinch.

Kraugel’s Twilight, which had stopped just before reaching King Sobyel’s neck, suddenly moved.

Kraugel died standing—there was no other way to put it, yet his left arm moved. It was despite it slowly turning to ash.

[.....!]

King Sobyedul's expression stiffened. He had a terrible feeling that he never experienced before. Kraugel's left arm and the dark shadows on Twilight that were elongating...

[The name 'King Sobyedul' has been recorded in the 'Kill List.']

It was the opportunity that 'Grid's shadow,' which had been holding his breath while dwelling in the shadow of the present day Sword Saint, had been waiting for. He critically injured King Sobyedul at the end of the period of perseverance.

[Kuek...!]

King Sobyedul groaned like he had allowed a hit from Grid. It was the power of Kill List, which combined with the dragon weapon to dramatically increase its power. It was obviously a serious wound.

King Sobyedul's hands trembled. He couldn't easily pull out the red dagger that was stuck in his neck along with Twilight.

At the same time, the body of the imoogi, standing tall in the distance, started tilting. The time earned by his colleagues wasn't wasted by Grid.

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Bunhelier's Breath was offset every time the imoogi released the magic power of the yeouijus. The durability of its body was comparable to that of a top dragon. It was able to withstand Grid's attacks quite well.

It didn't seem to know fear. It must've easily overcome any confrontation it ever experienced.

The proof was that it rushed forward without shrinking back even against the Crazy God and Crazy Dragon.

Bunhelier deflected the blow from the imoogi and swung his tail.

[It is more than I expected...] Bunhelier muttered as he grabbed the imoogi and threw it into the lake. He had a rather excited intonation.

Bunhelier was concentrating on the yeouijus that were moving on the tongue of the imoogi, not on the imoogi. He grasped the value of the yeouijus in real time and developed greed.

To be honest, the current Bunhelier didn't care if he was a mixed race or not. He thought that it was okay to be treated as a rat as long as he got his hands on a yeouiju. He would gain the power to kill anyone who treated him as a rat.

“.....”

Unlike Bunhelier, who was smiling wickedly, Grid's expression was stiff.

The battlefield on the other side—it was the aftermath of feeling King Sobyel's divinity constantly rising from the place where he had just been. It was a divinity that had been sharpened and woven into blades.

At this moment, it would be slashing at Kraugel. There was no chance that Kraugel would succeed even taking into account the 'effect of Twilight' that Kraugel had mentioned, the existence of Sainteses Ruby, and the actions of the other apostles and colleagues.

King Sobyel's attack power was threatening to Grid as well.

'It would be a good thing if Kraugel is the only one who dies.'

King Sobyel was an Absolute. This meant he was an existence that made Kraugel's control skills meaningless. The possibility of a one-sided loss in a battle of attrition was too high.

In the worst case scenario, Kraugel would die quickly. Many things would go awry from then on. Maybe there was a high possibility of Grid's side being wiped out?

“Item Combination.”

Grid hurried up. He even used the skills he had been saving in preparation for Chiyou's descent, raising his attack power to the limit.

Bunhelier didn't bother to stop him. From his perspective, Grid's apostles and colleagues couldn't face off against King Sobyel. It was imperative that they hunt down this imoogi before King Sobyel could get in the way. It meant they didn't have time to think about the consequences.

In that sense, the compatibility between Grid and Bunhelier was very good.

Bunhelier's Breath squeezed through the gap in the imoogi's skin that had been split apart by Grid's sword dance. Then it repeatedly exploded from the inside.

Kiyaaaaaah!

'The power of an Old Dragon is fraudulent.'

Being able to shoot a Breath without any cooldown time—this was the biggest difference between an Old Dragon and a top dragon.

'It is just a bit shabby compared to Nevartan, who can stack dozens of overlapping Breaths...'

[What? Your eyes look very unpleasant. What are you thinking?]

"Just concentrate."

Did he have eyes on the back of his head?

Grid was surprised by the senses of an Old Dragon and strongly grabbed Bunhelier's horn. It was because Bunhelier's huge body, which was carrying him, rotated 180 degrees. The green bodily fluids released by the imoogi grazed the skin of Bunhelier's belly and there was a rotten smell.

[Tsk, it is a lowly like a low-level creature.]

The imoogi might have a body and power comparable to an Absolute, but it was a monster after all. It had low intelligence and was unsophisticated. It couldn't utilize the power of the yeuijus properly and instead spat out poisonous needles.

'Noe deserves to be the number one demonic creature of hell.'

At the very least, Noe wasn't stupid. If the imoogi could properly utilize the magic power of the yeuijus, it would've shot something similar to a Breath.

Grid was relieved that it was less troublesome. Then black-gold wings spread out on Grid's left and right sides. They were wings made by the God Hands. Hundreds of hands, each with a different weapon, started a sword dance in unison.

Bunhelier's huge body shook as he made all sorts of noises. The pressure generated when Grid used his body as a stepping stone and used a six fusion sword dance was considerable enough. Then once it was combined with the waves created by hundreds of sword dances, this noise was created because the waves didn't mesh well with the dark scales.

[H-Hu...]

Bunhelier was trampled on in a bad place and unknowingly groaned. Then he hurriedly closed his mouth. He shuddered, perhaps feeling ashamed at losing his composure due to the pain.

Grid fully understood Bunhelier's position.

'Maybe it is because I am going all-in on strength. I should be careful in the future.'

Grid carefully moved the foot that was crushing Bunhelier's spinal cord. Blood flowed out from the cracks in the scales and soaked his boots, but he didn't care. He wouldn't slip when it was only to this extent.

Then Grid jumped off. At the same time, the broad jaw of the imoogi filled his vision.

.

Grid was incredibly fast, even if he was using the Dragon sword dance to move instead of Shunpo.

Grid was strong. Even though the level of the prey was equivalent to an Absolute, Grid was so overwhelming that there were no hindrances. Didn't he deal a blow (?) on an Old Dragon just by doing the steps of the sword dance?

The Dragon sword dance pierced the jaw of the imoogi. Then a foothold once again appeared under Grid's feet. It was Bunhelier's forehead as he followed Grid without any difficulty. Thanks to this, the Crazy God and Crazy Dragon effect was maintained and the six fusion sword dance was used four times in a row.

Kiyaaaaaaah!

The master of a dimension—they were Rebecca, Hanul, Baal, Grid, and Eve. Among them, Baal was killed by Grid. Even if only a simple calculation was done, there were only a few beings in the world who had a hierarchy equal to Grid.

What about monsters? They couldn't handle Grid.

The imoogi had always risen immediately after falling down several times, but on this occasion, it took a long time to get back up. It struggled in pain without being able to easily raise its body stuck in the lake.

The lake was dyed red and it seemed to be all the blood of the imoogi. This battlefield itself was like a space created to slaughter the imoogi.

“Right now, this... is it really true?”

The Sword Immortal was in a terrible state of shock.

The imoogi—it was a monstrous creature that he barely sealed by using what he had spent his whole life studying. It was incredibly powerful. If it had a bit of wisdom, Yeoam wouldn’t have dared to dream of sealing it. He was certain that even King Sobyel wouldn’t be able to hunt this imoogi easily.

He was worried that the fighting would last for days and the civilian population would be damaged, so he prepared a number of guard formations. But now, the battle was over before the worst-case scenario could be put into operation. Grid smashed the imoogi in an instant.

He had only heard about the god of the surface, who could treat the Western dragons as mounts, through rumors. This god had a power that Yeoam couldn’t imagine even with all his knowledge and experience.

‘This is why he was able to save the world.’

Yeoam didn’t find Grid incomprehensible. Yeoam reflected on the path Grid took and was convinced instead. Then he became overwhelmed with great emotion. He had always wondered if the people of this continent had suffered more due to his departure from the world...

Now he let go of some of the guilt he always felt.

“It is still alive after that?” Grid asked with a frown.

Bunhelier read Grid’s inner thoughts and reacted immediately. He dived into the lake with Grid on his back and tracked the fleeing imoogi.

“It is dangerous....!” Yeoam called out in shock. The blood of the imoogi was a poison in itself. In fact, the red foam soaring high into the sky and then falling was killing the surrounding land and forest. It was the imoogi’s resentment itself. It would penetrate deep into the ground and turn this place into a land of death over time.

“Ahh... Huh?” Yeoam was sighing while imagining the sight of the great god’s mighty body melting terribly. Then he doubted his eyes.

It was because all the dying land and forest had been revived. The aura of the earth was strengthened and it purified the imoogi's poison so there were no traces left.

"I'm glad. If I was a bit late, it would've been hard to recover."

It was thanks to Garion, God of the Earth, arriving in time. The chief god of the Overgeared World performed miracles too easily.

Yeoam was at the peak of Natural State so he could feel clearly how great she was.

"Really... the true gods have descended."

At this time—

Gurgle gurgle!

The lake boiled over and turned even redder. What followed soon after...

"I only got one."

It was Grid and Bunhelier. Contrary to Yeoam's worries, they were both fine.

[I never thought the yeouijus would be destroyed the moment the imoogi dies. They are insignificant in many ways compared to dragons, who leave our hearts behind when we die.]

"In any case, it has been proven that 'this thing' doesn't belong to the imoogi."

[Unidentified Yeouiju]

[Rating: ???]

It was one of the two yeouijus held by the imoogi, who practiced for a thousand years, but failed to ascend to heaven and instead became a monster.

There is an aura around it that makes it hard to guess where it came from.]

Bunhelier demanded, [Give it to me. I'll try it out.]

"Let's not act rashly."

Grid put the yeouiju in his inventory. It was an object whose origin couldn't be clearly identified even after the appraisal skill was used. Grid judged that it was right to use it after investigating more clearly using various routes.

Kkikikikik!

Grid took out the 'Imoogi's Poisonous Fang' and coated Defying the Natural Order with it. It was an item dropped by the imoogi. It was a myth-level buff item. It wasn't even a consumable and could be used permanently.

[Poison damage equivalent to 50% of the weapon's attack power has been added to 'Defying the Natural Order.' The effect lasts for 30 seconds. During the duration of the effect, there is a 100% chance of inflicting 'Imoogi's Poison' on the target.]

[Imoogi's Poison]

[Randomly inflicts the poison, bleeding, internal injury, paralysis, confusion, or stun abnormal statuses.

If the target is a being who resists status abnormalities, then it will deal additional no attribute damage equal to 100% of the weapon's attack power.]

'Isn't this better than the yeouiju?'

Grid seriously had that thought. It was a random effect item.

Kkikikikik.

[What are you doing...? Hmm, is this useful?]

The Imoogi's Poisonous Fang was literally 'an item that gives a buff to a weapon.' It wasn't a consumable item. It could be used infinitely and it didn't necessarily have to be used by Grid himself. It was possible to strengthen the weapons of his companions, just as how he just used it on Bunhelier's claws.

"Noe."

"D-Did you summon me? H-How long has it been, Master, nyang."

"Didn't you have breakfast with me earlier?"

"You haven't called me during a fight lately, nyang."

“That is because you... in any case, carry this around and apply it to the kid’s weapons once in a while. Come back to me every 30 seconds and apply it.”

“???”

Bunhelier, who was carrying Grid even during the conversation, accelerated. He quickly reached the place where King Sobyel was.

There was no Kraugel. However, all the others were safe, while King Sobyel wasn’t unscathed.

‘He fought really well.’

What a great guy.

A smile spread across Grid’s face as he felt relieved.

The back of King Sobyel’s head was getting closer in an instant.

“H-Here it is!” Just then, Noe applied the Imoogi’s Poison to Twilight and passed it to Grid.

Grid used Item Combination again. The two dragon weapons joined together, scattering green fog.

King Sobyel’s eyes shook as he barely pulled out the dagger stuck in his neck. He had turned into rags just from fighting with a few humans, while Grid was bizarrely unscathed. He couldn’t find any traces of fighting the extremely strong imoogi.

The difference was obvious. The self-esteem of a being who was born as an Absolute collapsed like a sand castle.

[I can’t accept it...] King Sobyel’s intent couldn’t continue to the end. It was because the moment the first movement of the six fusion sword dance was blocked, the divinity of his body twisted and backlashed. His thoughts also stopped due to the backlash.

[How did you get stronger?]

The power of Grid’s sword far exceeded the Breath of the Evil Dragon—King Sobyel was convinced of this and his face contorted miserably.

The sight of him jumping into a Breath to avoid the tenaciously linked sword dance was like a moth jumping into flames.