

Overgeared

c 1901-1910

Overgeared

King Sobyel's divinity boosted the power of attack and defense. It analyzed and absorbed the infiltrating energy in detail and then returned it with greater power. It meant that it was possible to fight in an advantageous manner at all times.

He deserved to claim to be invincible. However, he continuously met the worst opponents today.

A certain assassin who turned the unabsorbable concept of 'killing intent' into something tangible and used it as a weapon. The Sword Saint who could cut anything and Evil Dragon Bunhelier. Coincidentally, they were beings who partially neutralized the strengths of the colorless divinity.

In particular, Bunhelier's Breath was optimized for destruction. By the time the colorless divinity attempted to interpret and absorb the Breath, the Breath had already disrupted the structure of the colorless divinity.

It was right after Grid appeared.

This was why King Sobyel tried to avoid Bunhelier's Breaths as much as possible.

Now things had completely changed. King Sobyel threw himself in the direction of the dark Breath of his own volition. It was purely to avoid Grid's attacks. The Breath fired after Bunhelier predicted his evasion route filled his vision, but so what? He would have to endure pain and wounds if he was hit by the Breath, but he could die if he was cut by Grid's sword.

[Arrogant guy.]

Bunhelier gritted his teeth after feeling ignored and swung his tail. The body of King Sobyel was swept away by the Breath and bent into a deformed shape. He flew away instantly with the momentum of becoming a star in the sky. Bunhelier

chased after him and swung a paw. It seemed he wanted to test the power of the claws that had been strengthened by the Imoogi's Poisonous Fang.

[.....]

He didn't reach. King Sobyel, who stopped and stood still in the air, stepped back slightly and dodged the swing of Bunhelier's front paw.

"Why is it so short?" Noe asked a tactless question. It was pure doubt. No malice was felt, but Bunhelier was engulfed in even greater anger.

However, perhaps he thought that he shouldn't show agitation toward a minor creature, so he tried not to show it. He instead fired his Breath again.

The combat style of the Old Dragons was surprisingly simple. There was no need for them to rush in and swing their tail. If they stood still and fired the Breath, the opponent would dodge it in a hurry, only to collapse from exhaustion. It was because the power of the destruction rays fired without a time difference was overwhelming. They just needed to add 'Dragon Words' to this and the Old Dragon would be able to secure a definitive victory.

The problem was that Bunhelier was terrible at Dragon Words.

Grid thought, 'Well, an Absolute has resistance to Dragon Words.'

[This guy... you are avoiding me like a rat.]

"....."

If he was going to say such words, shouldn't he stop polymorphing into a mouse?

Grid barely swallowed down the words that rose to his throat.

He silently observed the situation. In fact, King Sobyel was just a prey that had been caught. Grid's colleagues fought so well. The current King Sobyel was in such an injured state that Grid could cut his throat the moment he used Shunpo and did a pincer attack with Bunhelier. However, Grid had no intention of getting off Bunhelier's head. The goal was to maintain the Dragon Knight status.

'It has been one minute.'

It was because it wouldn't be unexpected for Chiyou to show up at any moment now.

King Sobyel was also conscious of it. [A bit more... just hold on for a while...]

The baptism of Breaths started to intertwine like a spider's web.

King Sobyel, who was isolated in the storm of destructive rays that engulfed the light around him, was very calm. He was an Absolute for a reason. He withstood the pincer attacks of Grid and Bunhelier with pure skill.

'If this bastard wasn't the type to stab others in the back, I would've seriously considered cooperation.'

King Sobyel remained calm even after Shunpo was blocked? This meant that he had something to believe in apart from Chiyu, whose arrival time was unknown. There was no need to forcibly approach him.

It happened the moment Grid made this judgment...

[Hahaha! It is nice to see the trapped rat!] Bunhelier's thoughts seemed to be different from Grid's. He rushed quickly toward King Sobyel, who was trapped in the dark space created by the Breath's magic power.

'It is understandable.'

This dark space wasn't created by accident. It was deliberately created by Bunhelier after he came up with the plan to imprison and then hunt down King Sobyel. He had made it so he should take advantage of it.

Additionally, Bunhelier was an Old Dragon. He didn't doubt his own strength. He might be humble if his opponent was Nevartan, Trauka, Raiders, or Chiyu. It was probably also if the opponent was a God of the Beginning or Baal, who cursed him...

'There are actually many of them.'

In any case, the current Bunhelier was a valiant hunter, not a herbivore disguised as a mouse.

"...It is up to here."

Grid redistributed all his stat points into strength and tugged at Bunhelier's horn. It was just before he entered the dark space where King Sobyel was confined.

Bunhelier stopped reflexively when his head. was pulled back and disliked it. [Do you intend to kill me?]

“You won’t die even if your neck is bent back. A great, Old Dragon won’t die from that.”

[Hmph. Why did you stop me?]

“There is no need to take risks.”

Bunhelier looked beyond the dark space. A small distortion was taking place in the heart of the space filled with Bunhelier’s magic power. It felt like the flow was twisted. The magic power that should’ve intersected in a straight line along the trajectory of the Breaths had become a winding curve.

[It is being absorbed.]

Bunhelier’s Breath has a destructive tendency. The same was true of the magic power, which was the source of the Breath. Originally, it was right that King Sobyel’s divinity couldn’t absorb it.

But it was doing it.

‘There must still be a hidden secret,’ Grid thought in a simple manner. He had numerous items. Depending on which item he relied on in any situation, they could act as a trump card that was difficult to predict from the enemy’s point of view.

He accepted that King Sobyel, an Absolute like him, would naturally have such power.

[He is using the divinity of Daeyel.] On the other hand, Bunhelier intuitively grasped the situation. [The divinity dwelling in the great bow. He has combined it with his own divinity.]

The divinity of King Daeyel was also colorless. There were differences from the divinity and power of King Sobyel, but the performance itself was similar, so it was easy to combine.

[He is very strong. I’m glad I stopped as you said.]

Grid was surprised. Bunhelier, who was only kind to himself and was stingy with others, rated King Sobyel as very strong.

‘It is true that King Daeyel is a bigshot among bigshots. King Sobyel also isn’t easy.’

Grid was convinced and asked bluntly, “Is it at a level where we might be pushed back?”

[What? If that was the case, I would’ve used Polymorph right away... no, it isn’t that bad. However, for the time being, my Breath is useless.]

“For the time being. Do you mean that the duration of that state is short?”

[Of course. You are a god. Shouldn’t you know this? It is impossible to embody the divinity of another being as your own. If that was possible, I can guarantee that Judar would’ve been hunting other gods.]

“.....”

What was Judar doing? Was it okay to think of him as the Bunhelier of the divine world?

[...Why do you keep looking at me in an unpleasant way?]

Grid thought, ‘It is certain that Bunhelier has eyes in the back of his head.’

Grid shook his head and remained silent. The fact that King Sobyel had entered a new phase didn’t change the situation.

He remained quiet while feeling wary of Chiyu.

‘If the others flee quickly, then I can run away without hesitation.’

Grid’s gaze shifted toward the ground. His apostles and colleagues were gathered around Braham and Euphemina. They were acting as guards while waiting for Mass Teleport to be completed. It was a move agreed upon in advance with Grid.

‘I’m sorry.’ Grid seemed to hear such an auditory hallucination every time he looked at his colleagues.

He told them in his mind, ‘You don’t know what a great achievement you have accomplished.’

Grid laughed.

Today, the apostles and Overgeared members fought with an Absolute. Thanks to this, Grid was able to hunt down the imoogi before Chiyu arrived. Today’s event would be recorded as part of the myth. No matter what anyone said, the

protagonists of this myth would be the apostles and the members of the Overgeared Guild.

It was okay for them to be proud of themselves. They shouldn't look like they were sinners.

'They will find out soon enough.'

Grid was certain that as soon as this incident was over and compensation was settled, their status would rise unconditionally. In particular, Kraugel had fought head-on with King Sobyel and Faker had inflicted a serious wound. It wouldn't be strange if they gained a few levels of status this time.

'After that, if they can continue to climb the tower and make great achievements in Asgard, then they can aim to be an Absolute...'

It would actually be much easier to take the route of becoming a 'god.' The apostles and the members of the Overgeared Guild were well worshiped by civilians.

However, Grid somehow felt that Kraugel and Faker wouldn't do that. They would probably reject the normal route.

'They are both secretly perverts.'

Weren't they the ones who walked the path of asceticism and refused the easy path?

[You are running away.] King Sobyel said. Grid woke up from his thoughts due to this intent that emanated from the dark space. King Sobyel was moving. It was while expressing a completely different momentum from the previous time when he focused on 'holding on' while waiting for Chiyu's arrival. [The yeouiju is mine.]

There was a risk that he would miss Grid the moment the humans on the ground ran away. King Sobyel noticed this and moved actively. He threw himself toward Bunhelier. In the process, he absorbed all the Breaths that were fired several times. The increasingly thickening dark magic power spread out like a curtain around him.

"Why do you keep shooting Breaths when they won't work anyway?"

[.....]

Grid reprimanded Bunhelier and Bunhelier couldn't refute it.

Bunhelier had expected the Breaths not to work, but he hadn't expected it to be to this extent. His pride was hurt and his expression became dark. The divinity, which was originally colorless, retained the magic power of Bunhelier and exerted even more power.

'I shouldn't get hit by that.'

Grid's tanking ability might be comparable to an Old Dragon, but he wasn't invincible. He wasn't confident that he could fully handle the magic power of an Old Dragon that was added to the divinities of two Absolutes.

Bunhelier's thoughts were the same. He hastily descended and dodged the attack.

He paused for a moment in the process. It was less than 0.01 seconds, but he clearly stiffened.

'Is he really an Old Dragon?'

Grid noticed why Bunhelier had stopped and was convinced.

'There is no way he is an Old Dragon. He is unconditionally a mixed race. I'm glad I got the yeouiju...'

[Why are you looking at me in such an unpleasant manner?]

"Hey, didn't you just try to polymorph into a mouse?"

[...Changing the size of my body during battle easily creates beneficial variables.]

"Looking at the way you are talking, the words must've stung, nyang," Noe interjected.

[Shut up, cat.]

The pursuit of King Sobyel continued even during the midst of their brief conversation. He shot black magic power with the great bow, disrupting Bunhelier's flight. Finally, he stood on the same stage as Grid. It meant he got on Bunhelier's back.

[.....]

Surprisingly, Bunhelier didn't react sensitively. The area above his back was Grid's area.

King Sobyel stated, [It is too much of a loss to be deprived of the yeouiju in a situation where I can't get your cooperation. You must not escape.]

King Sobyel combined the two divinities and absorbed Bunhelier's magic power. It was a huge greatsword that was made from the black magic power. Maybe it was because he was conscious of Grid's strength, but he grabbed it with both hands.

'He is truly an intermediate boss of a dimension.'

Grid had no choice but to fight.

It happened as Noe was applying the Imoogi's Poisonous Fang to Grid's sword that was still in the combined state...

Jingle.

A bell was heard.

King Sobyel's face noticeably brightened as he said, [The variables have disappeared.]

It was an expression like he had seen a savior.

At this moment, Grid's head cooled down.

That guy—did Chiyu know he was someone who could make another being look like this? Was this why he turned away from the people who desperately wished to be saved.

Grid recalled the faces of the people he had seen and encountered, and recalled the anger he had forgotten. However, now wasn't the time to be buried by anger. Braham had just started to activate the Mass Teleport. For Grid, who had to wait for all his colleagues to leave before retreating, one or two seconds seemed like forever.

"Kill him." Chiyu's voice was heard. The Martial God slowly descended over the head of King Sobyel. His gaze was fixed on Grid.

Kill him?

Neither Grid nor King Sobyel understood what he meant for a moment.

[Are you crazy...?] King Sobyel grasped the situation a bit faster. He threw himself away violently to leave this spot.

He failed.

Chiyu's hand grabbed him by the neck and refused to let go.

[Chiyu, you...! Traitor!!]

"Kill him. He will be a good offering for you."

Grid's heart sank even further. The more he knew about this existence he had long admired, the more frustrated he became with the fact that Chiyu was so crazy.

Overgeared

Chapter 1902

Unless they were a half-god born on the surface or an Evil God that wandered without any affiliations, all the gods in heaven were aware of Chiyu's disposition. It was easy to guess why Chiyu was obsessed with Grid.

Therefore, King Sobyel held on. He believed that Chiyu would surely enter the battlefield.

However, he hadn't expected this to happen. Wanting to sacrifice him to Grid?

[It isn't too late now...! Take back your attitude and help me!] King Sobyel exclaimed desperately.

Chiyu was still holding him by the back of the neck. He had no choice but to struggle until his body hurt. He noticed that Chiyu's obsession with Grid was far beyond his predictions.

[No matter how much you... no, it is because it is you that you shouldn't break your oath. How are you going to pay the price for this betrayal?]

Just as Dragon Words was strengthened by an accumulation of 'fulfilling the covenant,' the concepts of oaths and promises also played a very important role for a god. In the worst case scenario, violating the oath would make them lose their 'right to live in heaven.'

It didn't just mean being weaker. There was a fear of losing their reason and becoming an Evil God. The honor that they had built up... no, they would lose their whole life. This was the reason why King Sobyel used an 'indirect method' when dealing with King Daeyel.

[Are you going to be blinded by absurd greed and follow in Pluto's footsteps? Chiyu, wasn't it you who sympathized with Pluto more than anyone else?]

"That is misleading." Chiyu, who had been silently waiting for Grid's answer, responded to King Sobyel for the first time. "Our contract has lost its value, so the oath I have to keep has simply disappeared."

In other words, it wasn't a betrayal. Chiyu drove in the nail and King Sobyel couldn't recklessly refuse it. The reason why Hanul was able to appease Chiyu was due to the promise that Hanul would make a God Killer.

The yangbans created by Hanul and nurtured by Chiyu—among them, Mir was especially outstanding and he served as a small hope for Chiyu. However, before he could prove his worth, he was taken away by Grid. Since then, the yangbans also started to leave the Hwan Kingdom one by one.

Chiyu was right. The Hwan Kingdom couldn't afford to keep their promise to Chiyu...

[...Grid! I still have a firm desire to cooperate with you!] King Sobyel made a very quick judgment. The moment he realized that he couldn't change Chiyu's mind, he tried to persuade Grid. [Don't be misled by Chiyu! He will persistently cling to you until the day he is destroyed!!]

It was right. Chiyu had high hopes for Grid. He would follow Grid relentlessly until the day that Grid killed him.

Grid thought, 'It is safe to say that no matter how much time passed, the odds of me defeating Chiyu are zero.'

This wasn't an existence he could fight against and win. A disaster that would follow him forever... it was right to accept Chiyu as this.

"Not bad." Unlike Grid, who didn't feel particularly motivated, Chiyu's reaction was positive. He gently let go of King Sobyel's neck and took out a weapon that looked like a long steel bar.

"Come at me together," Chiyu declared.

‘This bastard.’ Now Grid had no respect for Chiyou at all. At this moment, he abandoned the lingering admiration and all the blinders were peeled off.

This guy was just a psychopath.

‘He has too much discernment just to call him crazy.’

Chiyou saw through it in a brief moment. He thought that Grid would be much stronger cooperating with King Sobyel, rather than Grid killing King Sobyel and gaining ‘status.’ This meant Chiyou accurately measured King Sobyel’s current level.

‘This guy... he is pretty strong.’

Grid sighed and directly asked King Sobyel, who came to his side, “How much longer can you stay in this state?”

Currently, King Sobyel used his own power to embody the divinity of King Daeyel and Bunhelier’s magic power. He was twice as powerful. It was impossible for it to be permanent, so it should be interpreted as a type of buff state.

[...There are 15 seconds left.] King Sobyel obediently revealed it. He seemed to sincerely believe that he had to cooperate with Grid. It meant he could be trusted. However, it wasn’t a particularly positive answer from Grid’s perspective.

‘15 seconds is too little.’

[It is quite a long time.] Did he read Grid’s thoughts? King Sobyel protested, but Grid no longer paid attention to him.

Step.

As Chiyou took one step, all types of simulations were being drawn in Grid’s head. He was thinking about how to control the battle to knock Chiyou off Bunhelier’s back.

Grid’s purpose was to escape this place safely. However, due to the remnants of the barrier or the formations, normal return magic wasn’t working. His colleagues had escaped using Mass Teleport for a reason.

Grid also had to rely on Bunhelier’s Mass Teleport. In order for him to enter the magic alone with Bunhelier, he needed to cut off contact between Chiyou and Bunhelier.

‘I’m going to have to use the flail.’

Grid had no way of shaking off Chiyou with force even if he cooperated with King Sobyel. Grid tried to plan as much as possible while considering the performance of the items he possessed. Then he heard Bunhelier’s voice in his mind.

[Grid, hand over the yeouiju to me.] It was Sound Transmission. It was a communication method that had the same effect as the players’ whispers. Bunhelier spoke so that only Grid could hear. [I have the confidence to use the magic power of the yeouiju properly. It will be helpful. No, who knows? If I am a mixed race like you said, I might be able to defeat Chiyou in reverse if I regain my sealed powers.]

‘I was going to be careful until I read the precise information of the yeouiju, but it can’t be helped in this situation.’

Then a voice was heard. “I don’t recommend that.”

[.....!]

“.....!”

Grid and Bunhelier were stunned. Chiyou entered the conversation as if he had overheard Bunhelier’s Sound Transmission. “The balance you’ve been maintaining will break again. Can you handle it?”

[What do you mean? What balance are you talking about?]

“...The reaction is strange. Didn’t you know everything?” Chiyou asked back. The way he tilted his head showed that he was really confused.

“You haven’t heard an explanation from Grid? No... I see. Rebecca isn’t in a position to send divine messages, so it is fair to say that Grid doesn’t know either. Then it was all a coincidence...”

[Explain it clearly so that I can understand, Chiyou.]

“Indeed. Grid, your essence is a person who will usher in a new era.”

The world had started to change since Grid became active. In the west, a thousand year old empire was destroyed. In the east, the myths were restored. Finally, the underground hell distorted by Baal was purified. Starting with the Eternal Kingdom... so much history had been ended by Grid and they entered a new era.

Chiyou continued, “The strong power of destiny that you possess is about to end another era.”

Grid wondered, “What do you mean?”

[Stop talking nonsense and speak clearly.] It wasn’t just Grid and Bunhelier. King Sobyel also didn’t understand. He couldn’t keep quiet and expressed his doubts. He seemed to have forgotten for a moment that he was weakening as time passed.

Thanks to this, Grid’s mind returned. ‘It isn’t the time to be doing this.’

If he had any chance of winning, his only opportunity was while King Sobyel was maintaining his current status. There were only 11 seconds remaining. He held Twilight and Defying the Natural Order in his two hands and leaned his upper body forward heavily.

‘Pretend to dual wield. Then use Item Combination at the moment of approach and attack...’

Kkikikikik.

As Grid was somehow trying to increase his odds, Noe was smearing the Imoogi’s Poisonous Fang onto Grid’s swords. His jelly-like paws trembled and the movement of the fang scraping against the blade slowed.

It was nothing to be ashamed of. In fact, it was great that he didn’t faint. Those who weren’t afraid in this current situation—

Except for Chiyou, there was no one.

Nod.

It happened the moment when Grid and King Sobyel exchanged looks and shot forward at the same time...

“Let’s postpone it until the next era,” Chiyou spoke meaningful words and stepped back. “Didn’t you get your hands on the yeouiju anyway? Regardless of my warning, the balance will soon be broken and a new era will come. For the time being, even if it isn’t you, the Old Dragons will fight me.”

“.....?”

“If I am still alive when you are ripe, I will ask for another confrontation at that time.”

Grid noticed it—Chiyou’s eyes were filled with impatience. It looked like when they first met. Then everything was over.

Jingle.

Chiyou disappeared, leaving only the sound of the bells.

“...King Sobyel, you don’t know what he is talking about, right?”

[Yes... it seems to be something that only the Gods of the Beginning, the Martial God, and the Old Dragons know about.]

[I don’t know about this?] Bunhelier retorted, but it wasn’t an important issue.

Grid quickly made a judgment and acted.

[All stats will be distributed to strength.]

Bam!

[What...! You—what are you doing?] King Sobyel was shocked as he was stabbed in the heart from behind. It was while a large amount of divinity, which replaced blood, poured out of his mouth. If he hadn’t been speaking using intent, he wouldn’t have been able to speak properly.

Grid replied, “You can’t let your guard down in front of the enemy.”

[Enemy? Weren’t we supposed to work together?]

“Chiyou is no longer here.”

[Despicable and ignorant... the epic you are so proud of... how will it record this despicable act of yours... aren’t you afraid?]

Ah, King Sobyel hadn’t experienced Grid’s epics in person.

Grid chuckled as he recalled Baal, who was disgusted after knowing the true nature of the epics that recorded everything in favor of its master.

“That is a problem that I have to deal with. It is just like how you couldn’t gain my trust because you betrayed your brother and ended up like this.”

[Amazing... the one called a god... is obsessed with personal things...]

King Sobyel's words didn't last. It was because Grid and Bunhelier linked attacks without giving him any time. Thanks to this, they were able to kill him one second before his 'strengthened state' ended. This meant the rewards earned by Grid had also increased.

[You have defeated 'King Sobyel,' the son of Hanul, the God of the Beginning.]

[Your level has risen by 100.]

[Your status has risen significantly.]

['King Daeyel's Bow' has been acquired.]

"...Huh?"

He hadn't expected King Sobyel to drop his weapon.

Bunhelier looked at the bewildered Grid with great satisfaction. [I like you more and more, Grid.]

It wasn't just flattery. It must've been from the time when Grid stabbed King Sobyel in the back—Bunhelier's eyes toward Grid had become warm.

[In fact, I've noticed it for a long time. You are like me. In human terms, we are a match made in heaven.]

"...Stop talking nonsense. Let's go back."

Grid got everything he wanted to get. No, he got much more than that. It was time to leave without any hesitation.

Overgeared

A god couldn't be killed by physical means—King Sobyel personally proved this fact. Coincidentally, the place where he opened his eyes again was in the Hwan Kingdom.

"You... why are you here?" King Sobyel shouted. It was because Martial God Chiyu was beside him. Even after doing such a thing, Chiyu shamelessly didn't leave the Hwan Kingdom.

Jingle.

Chiyou's eyes didn't shift to King Sobyel as he tilted the teacup. It was utter indifference.

King Sobyel was able to realize how much status he had lost and how much he had weakened due to the failure he suffered this time.

'Above all, I lost my bow.'

The bow imbued with the divinity of King Daebyeol—it was a divine object containing the great myth 'War of the Gods' and the creation myth 'Arrow that Dropped the Sun.' It wasn't just in the Hwan Kingdom. Throughout Asgard, there were few divine objects with such value.

In particular, King Sobyel couldn't meet the activation conditions of the creation myth 'Arrow that Dropped the Sun' even with his status. This loss was indescribable for King Sobyel, whose long-cherished wish was to completely own the bow.

His body started to tremble from the rage that was gradually rising inside him.

-Martial God Chiyou.

Then Hanul's voice rang out. It felt like it was coming from a faraway place. It was majestic.

-What were you thinking when you broke Rebecca's prohibition? I'm not happy about giving her strength.

The contents of the words didn't make sense from King Sobyel's perspective. However, he had to notice one thing. 'He was watching?'

Wasn't Hanul unaware of outside events when he was in seclusion?

'It isn't that he isn't aware, but he pretended not to know...?'

King Sobyel's face turned white as he guessed this. There were so many things that bothered him.

Just then, Chiyou opened his mouth, "You are mistaken. I didn't leak a single word about the truth contained in the yeouiju."

-You are playing around with words in a manner that doesn't suit you. Didn't you give them enough hints? In order to do that, you must've broken the prohibition, right?

“I just warned him because Grid has reached the truth on his own. At that level, I didn’t have to break the prohibition.”

-...Do you really think it is all a coincidence?

The yeouiju that had lost its master—it was the reason why the Old Dragons and Chiyou couldn’t fight again. For the first time in their lives, the Old Dragons experienced oblivion and Chiyou lost hope. Instead, more humans were able to develop a longer history, but it meant nothing from Hanul’s perspective. Even if the time before the world’s destruction in the current cycle was extended, the result was still destruction. There was no value in Rebecca’s trivial outpouring of sympathy.

-...That is a stupid question. It must be a coincidence.

As the world went through several cycles of destruction and birth, the yeouiju without a master had always been hidden by someone. Even Hanul, who desperately searched for it in the beginning, eventually gave up.

Yet today—

King Sobyel found what even Hanul couldn’t find. It was a miracle created by the overlapping coincidences made by Grid.

Hanul felt an immense power of fate. It was from Grid, not King Sobyel. “It is a good thing you didn’t act rashly. Even if you had intervened, it wouldn’t have entered your hands.”

-...It isn’t just a matter of who gets it.

It was a series of crises.

The Three Masters, who had regained their strength for some reason, were very strong and accustomed to war. They established an effective linkage in tactics and strategy against Zik, Mir, and the Four Auspicious Beasts.

On the other hand, the Four Auspicious Beasts weren’t accustomed to battle. All they could do was amplify their innate attributes with divine power to suppress the rain and wind caused by the Three Masters. They wouldn’t have even been able to do this properly if they hadn’t learned magic from Braham.

[...It is amazing.]

The old god—the Three Masters were frankly impressed even though they had experienced Judar’s strategy, Dominion’s military power, and the force of the archangels in the War of the Gods. It was while they watched Zik and Mir cross the threshold of death several times to survive and grab onto their ankles.

[It is unbelievably strong considering your birth and life.]

[Mir, I wish you hadn’t betrayed us... no, you must’ve been able to grow this much because you left the Hwan Kingdom.

[In the end, it is all thanks to God Grid...]

The longer the battle dragged on, the darker the expressions of the Three Masters became. Not only did the great myth that allowed them to regain their ‘former power’ disappeared without a trace, but...

The Four Auspicious Beasts gradually became more proficient in combat. They developed really quickly as if to argue that the problem wasn’t a lack of strength, but a lack of experience.

It didn’t take long for the Three Masters to acknowledge that they had no chance of winning. The enemies were getting stronger while they were getting weaker.

The great myth, ‘War of the Gods,’ was supported to be activated, but it disappeared without a trace. It was crushed by Grid’s salvation myth.

-This energy...?!

“The Martial God...”

Then they felt Chiyou’s presence in the middle. Putting aside the fact that Mir, Zik, and the Four Auspicious Beasts became extremely nervous, the dark expression of the Three Masters didn’t brighten.

[The trend won’t change even if Chiyou comes.]

[I don’t have the slightest thought that your god will fail. At the very least, not yet.]

[I envy you, Mir. In the future, we will look up to you.]

The Three Masters retreated.

It was around the time when Grid stabbed the heart of King Sobyool.

The designated coordinates of Bunhelier's Mass Teleport was the Tower of Wisdom, not Reinhardt. He was a dragon. There would be a lot of chaos if the Evil Dragon appeared in the middle of the city.

'Besides, it is a hard-earned loot. I have to research it.'

Grid was unable to access the details of the yeouiju even with his appraisal skills. These items were usually meant to be appreciated by people who were well-versed in ancient knowledge and information. It made sense that the giant brothers, Radwolf and Fronzaltz, would be the right people.

'If the two of them can't solve it, I'll have to ask Sticks and Braham. I hope it turns out well...'

Well, wouldn't it be solved by the giant brothers, Radwolf and Fronzaltz?

Grid's unwavering belief in the last survivors of the giants was unknowingly expressed.

"Squeak." Bunhelier finished polymorphing into a mouse. At the same time, Noe bit his head...

"...Just like a trivial creature, your instinct prevails." It was something that happened more than once or twice, so Bunhelier ignored it. Additionally, Bunhelier's mind was now as wide as the sea. It was because the object that would soon belong to him had a more special value than expected. Didn't Chiyon, not anyone else, speak meaningfully about it?

'In fact, aren't I actually qualified to be a dragon lord...? Did the others seal my strength and memories to keep my potential in check?' Bunhelier thought.

What was the hidden truth?

Bunhelier smiled while imagining pleasant thoughts while his black fur was drenched with Noe's saliva.

"...There actually was a yeouiju without an owner."

Just then, Hayate and Biban entered the room after noticing Grid's return. There was a considerable air of haste around them. They seemed to have a lot of questions to ask.

“Hey, Grid. You said you were going to find the yeouiju. Then what did you do again...?”

That’s right—the reason for Grid’s sudden decision to go to the east was just to confirm the existence of the object called the yeouiju.

Sword Saint Biban had personally witnessed Grid departing with a very light mindset, as if he was just going on an outing. However, just now, the world was covered with Grid’s epic. It was about overwhelming the great myth, ‘War of the Gods,’ and defeating King Sobyel. It was a development that he couldn’t understand.

Hayate calmed down the somewhat agitated Biban. “Isn’t it just that King Sobyel made a scheme and failed?”

‘...Is that what happened?’ Grid wondered.

Did I fall into King Sobyel’s trap? I even hid my identity and went there. Yet he knew and prepared a trap?

‘Does this mean that I moved within his prediction range? King Sobyel... he is more capable than I thought...’

In fact, Grid himself was in a more absurd position than Hayate or Biban. He thought Bunhelier was a mixed race, so he went to look for the yeouiju. Then all sorts of things happened and he wondered what was going on. But now he had some doubts.

‘I should move more carefully from now on.’ In the end, he could only come to this conclusion.

“.....?”

Hayate and Biban were puzzled by the strange expressions that Grid was making. They had no idea of what was going on. Grid could only roughly explain it to them with words like, ‘King Sobyel is more amazing than I expected.’

“Is Lord Radwolf in the workshop?”

“All the other tower members are away.”

“Uh...??They haven’t come back yet?”

Just before Grid had left for the East Continent, the tower members had left the tower to find Betty and Agnus. From the way they had spoken, the tower members had accurately pinpointed the location of the two people.

The tower members dealt with all sorts of transcendent and even magic machines. Thanks to Radwolf, they were enjoying scientific benefits such as various radar devices. This meant that they could immediately arrive at the scene after identifying their target and achieve their goal.

Yet they hadn't come back?

"Did something happen?"

Grid didn't doubt Agnus.

That guy was reforming... rather, he was in the process of regaining his true nature.

Grid had been watching Agnus over the past few years and found that he was surprisingly close to a good person. Furthermore, Baal's coercion had disappeared. Grid didn't think Agnus would betray those who had shown him so much grace.

"I know you are worried, but there is no need. As you know, unexpected monsters and phenomena often appear in dimensional gaps."

Certainly. On the way to the destination, they could've been caught up in some dimensional gap.

Grid thought so and jumped up from his seat.

"Calm down. Didn't you come here after a huge incident? We will go out, so don't worry and rest..." It happened the moment when Biban was about to push Grid back down onto his seat...

He felt a wave of magic power. The tower members had returned.

"Oh, they're back?"

The faces of the group brightened.

Grid was also relieved.

'Yes, who would dare to get in the way of the tower members?'

After a while—

“Lady Betty, you...?”

Betty wasn't wearing a robe when she returned with the tower members. Her hands and ankles were exposed...

“The curse... did you break the curse?!”

Her exposed limbs were like that of ordinary people. Under Baal's curse, her small body had only been bones below the collarbone. Now it was restored to normal.

Hayate and Biban's eyes reddened and Grid's heart throbbed.

‘Agnus, you really did it.’

During the Baal subjugation, one of the things Grid had been concerned about was Betty's personal safety. He knew that Baal's death would lead to the annihilation of the former Baal's Contractors. It was Agnus who reassured him.

Was it because he was also Baal's Contractor? He said he had found a way to break the curse by going through related curses.

Honestly, Grid was uncertain. However, it didn't make sense to keep Baal alive just for the sake of Betty... Grid could only rely on the feeling of grabbing the last straw and pin his hopes on Agnus. Then today, it was finally done.

In the midst of the thrilled atmosphere—

“Agnus... Agnus is dead,” Betty repeated in a hollow voice. It didn't sound like nonsense. The tower members who brought her back lowered their heads with solemn faces.

“.....??”

From Grid's perspective, this strange atmosphere didn't make sense. The tower members knew that Agnus was a player. Did they need to mourn so much for his death...? Wouldn't Agnus be resurrected anyway?

‘No... I should focus on the fact that they are sad despite knowing he is a player.’

What happened? Grid felt the need to hear the story.

“Tell me in detail.”

Overgeared

Chapter 1904

The Fountain of Life—soaking the body in it healed wounds and restored health. Not only did it cure abnormal conditions such as fractures and poisoning, but it also restored health by 10% per minute. The efficacy of it was definitely great.

Yet surprisingly, the versatility was bad. It was because it only existed in beginner hunting grounds below level 50.

‘It is purely an arrangement for newcomers. I didn’t properly take advantage of it, but...’

Every time Grid went to the fountain, he would find wild boars or goblins drinking the water...

The probability of that happening was ridiculous now that he thought about it. Didn’t he die dozens of times near the fountain? Grid shuddered as he recalled this shameful past. Then he quickly sorted out the situation.

‘In any case, Agnus took Betty there...’

Betty stated that when the two of them dipped in the fountain together, Betty’s body was released from the curse and started to regenerate, while Agnus became a complete skeleton. He left a short will for her to live a normal life in the future. Then he turned to ash...

‘He managed to find such a hidden piece.’

There must be at least two former Baal’s Contractors. Additionally, Baal must be dead. It was a hidden piece triggered on a premise that originally couldn’t be established. Agnus used the ‘opportunity’ that would never happen again to save a being with a finite life, unlike himself. He risked being turned into an undead...

Grid was able to vaguely fathom Agnus’ inner thoughts. ‘A woman who would suffer for the rest of her life before dying... I guess he didn’t want to make any more of them.’

Agnus’ old lover was now an open secret.

Grid's mouth was bitter when he thought about the story of her death. Grid wiped his face once before opening his friends list. He wanted to convey at least one message to Agnus: 'You've had a hard time.'

However...

'...What?' Grid was startled. It was because the name Agnus wasn't present on his friends list. It meant one thing.

'He removed me.'

Deleting friends—to be precise, the other person removed him from the friends list.

Grid's thick eyebrows wrinkled. Putting aside the gratitude he felt for Agnus, his pride was hurt.

'This jerk.'

He wanted to send a whisper to Agnus and argue with him right away, but he couldn't remember the ID code. It wasn't like they usually kept in touch a lot. In the end, Grid had to change the target of his whisper. He quickly escaped from the territory of the Tower of Wisdom by using Shunpo and contacted Lauel.

-Lauel.

-Yes, Your Majesty.

-...What is Agnus' ID code?

-It is number 00013.

Lauel answered immediately without knowing the situation. His tone was cautious. He didn't know the situation, but he had inferred the situation where Grid had suffered a one-sided friend deletion.

Grid blushed with shame and added.

-I accidentally removed him from my friends list.

-I see.

-What is with that dull reaction? Could it be that you misunderstood that I was deleted?

-I didn't think so.

-...Yes.

Grid sighed with relief and designated a new target for the whisper.

Agnus#00013.

'I am in the 10,000s.'

He knew that they started the game at a similar time. So what was this difference in ID numbers? How did this guy manage to make the Agnus ID that was 13th?

'His fingers were much faster than mine.'

Aside from the shame that had returned, there was a lot that Grid wanted to say. However...

[The target doesn't exist.]

"What?"

The target wasn't connected or couldn't receive whispers—it wasn't a familiar message like this. It was a message that said 'the target doesn't exist.'

A chill went down Grid's spine as he was feeling confused by the unfamiliar message.

-I'll look into it.

Lauel whispered to him. Lauel had also tried to send a whisper to Agnus, so he seemed to have grasped the situation.

-...Please do so.

After contacting Lauel, Grid returned to the tower and tried to control his expression.

He looked Betty straight in the eyes.

A girl who had lived as a half skeleton for hundreds of years—she lived for others while suffering unimaginable pain and regret.

Thanks to this, she met a precious connection called Agnus and regained her human form. Therefore, Grid spoke brightly in the hope that she would grow up into a woman safely and live a normal life, “Agnus says he is safe, so don’t worry and focus on recuperation. Your breathing must’ve changed now that your body has been restored. You have to adapt to it.”

A god who was a player—Grid was actually much more powerless than the heavenly gods he hated so much. All he could put forward was strength and power. It was far from being omnipotent.

It was impossible for him to understand everyone’s situation. He wouldn’t hesitate to lie if it meant he could deal with the situation. That was how he had lived.

“...I’m glad.”

Betty’s beaming smile of relief drove another nail into Grid’s chest. It felt like there was a hole in his conscience. It was familiar to him.

“...I really don’t know.”

“I’m sorry I couldn’t help you.”

The giant brothers, Radwolf and Fronzaltz, failed to appraise the yeouiju. The worst thing was that they didn’t even ask for more time. The last survivors of the giant species neatly gave up on the yeouiju, despite the knowledge they had accumulated throughout their lives.

It was strange. The species instinct of the giants was their enthusiasm for learning. For them, incomprehensibility was a blessing, not a curse. Yet they gave up so easily?

Fronzaltz noticed Grid’s doubts and added an explanation, “This is beyond the realm of knowledge and wisdom. It is composed of just myths and divinity... therefore, the very distinction of its physical material is an impossibility.”

“.....”

Grid’s anxiety was amplified. He was worried that Braham and Sticks wouldn’t be able to identify it. However, they were the only ones he could rely on right now.

Grid said goodbye to the tower members and returned to Reinhardt with Bunhelier.

“I don’t know...”

There was no chance. Braham and Sticks also failed to appraise the yeouiju. The same was true of Zeratul, who was present just in case.

“What are you using it for?” Zeratul didn’t even know the concept of the yeouiju itself. This was surprising considering his followers were often active on the East Continent.

‘It shows how rare an imoogi is.’

Then how did Sword Immortal Yeoam find and seal the imoogi with two yeouijus among all the imoogis? Grid only learned the truth today after being informed of the entire situation by Kraugel and he belatedly regretted it.

The Sword Immortal, who disappeared without a trace just before Chiyou appeared—Grid shouldn’t have let him go...

‘He must know the most about the yeouiju.’

Should he try to contact Yeoam through Yeo Yulan?

It happened the moment when the mysterious yellow amulet that Yeo Yulan handed over to him for communication crossed Grid’s mind...

“By the way, is all of this necessary?” Braham raised the fundamental question. It was a question that bothered Sticks and the giant brothers, Radwolf and Fronzaltz, but that they didn’t dare to bring it up.

“Can’t you just give it to him?” At the end of Braham’s gaze was a small, black mouse.

“Squeak.” The mouse nodded enthusiastically, as if his frustration had finally been resolved. From here on out, it was purely Grid’s choice.

Evil Dragon Bunhelier—what effect would the yeouiju have in his hands? If Bunhelier really regained his ‘lost power,’ could Grid handle it?

Grid’s expression darkened as he recalled a scenario where Bunhelier became equal to the other Old Dragons. Even though they had been cooperating for over a year, Grid still couldn’t trust the Evil Dragon.

‘Nevertheless, I announced the existence of the yeouiju and cooperated with him to obtain it?’

At this point, Grid wondered if he was hypnotized by Bunhelier without even realizing it. The dream that Basara had was a trap created by Bunhelier’s magic. He couldn’t tell the difference and became obsessed with the yeouiju...

“Squeak?”

Grid thought of the worst situation and made eye contact with Bunhelier.

The round eyes of the mouse—they were as pure as an insignificant creature that merely lived according to providence. It was completely different from reality. The ever-evolving Polymorph was the trigger to cloud his judgment...

Grid thought this far with his crazy thoughts and eventually developed a feeling toward Bunhelier.

I have to kill him. This is a monster I should never trust...

Just then—

“What is this?”

Cries of consternation burst out everywhere and Grid came back to his senses. The yeouiju on the table was turning black. It spread so much sinister magic power that even Braham frowned.

[The information of the ‘Unidentified Yeouiju’ will be updated.]

[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.

One of the energies, whose source is hard to guess, is inducing people to despise and hate ‘Bunhelier.’]

Grid came to his senses.

“Bunhelier.”

He didn't know the intentions. However, one thing was clear. The purpose of this yeouiju was to isolate Bunhelier. Grid almost got hit as well.

This caused a backlash.

"I believe in you."

Grid, who was holding the yeouiju in his hand, shoved it into Bunhelier's mouth. Bunhelier swallowed a bead larger than his body and was forced to hurriedly release Polymorph.

The ominous dark magic power—the evil energy, which was like the symbol of the Evil Dragon, spread throughout Reinhardt starting from the Overgeared Palace. Countless people living in the city turned pale with an instinctive sense of fear.

Sticks groaned and slumped down, while Braham and Zeratul prepared for battle just in case.

"....."

Grid clenched his fists and remained silent. He barely suppressed his instinct to draw his sword and slash Bunhelier right away. Thanks to this—

[Evil Dragon Bunhelier has regained the lost yeouiju.]

[Bunhelier has restored the 'Blessing of the Refractive Dragon.']

Bunhelier was able to safely digest the yeouiju. The results were very shocking.

'The Blessing of the Refractive Dragon?'

The gamble was a success—no, his faith was rewarded.

It happened the moment when Grid's face brightened.

[The Goddess of Light, Rebecca, is descending.]

A ridiculous notification window followed. Then a pillar of light fell from the sky. To be more precise, the notification window emerged only after the light pierced Bunhelier's giant body, which had become as huge as the other Old Dragons.

There was the feeling that cause and effect had reversed. It was a very strange feeling.

“...Eh?”

Above the sky that was undulating with the brilliant light—

Grid hurriedly flew away when he saw a holy being appearing through the golden clouds and pointing a finger at Bunhelier. He was too late.

The light pierced Bunhelier’s body again. It was only then that Grid could witness the flashing light from the fingertips of the holy being. It was the power of light that Hanul, a God of the Beginning, longed for.

It was literally the light.

Grid immediately realized that he didn’t have the means to dare face it.

Bunhelier’s voice rang in his mind. [I will fight against the Goddess, so you don’t have to worry, my friend.]

His voice was infinitely warm, unlike his usual tone that was somewhat nervous. Suddenly, Bunhelier’s scales turned transparent and refracted the trajectory of the light that was falling again. This was the only visual information that Grid could recognize.

[Thank you.] Bunhelier left with this short sentence and was no longer visible.

[The world has overcome the crisis of destruction.]

The yeouiju and Bunhelier, the holy being, and the brilliant gathering of lights—they all disappeared like a lie and the world seemed the same as a normal day.

In a daze, Grid’s consciousness sank.

“I feel like your origin is completely far removed from the worlds I know.”

“Are there more like you? Did Rebecca recognize you?”

“If so, the cycle is simply an escape.”

“Rebecca has ■■’s ■■ from the beginning...

The hell of the past that Grid experienced one day—Yatan’s voice, which hadn’t been heard due to the noise, became clearer.

“Rebecca has recognized the existence of the superior beings from the beginning.”

“She realized that she is just a being created by someone. She predicted that one day, someone like you would appear in this world.”

“But actually facing it is a different story. She repeated the destruction in order to delay the meeting with you. It was even while shedding endless tears as she watched the beings born in this world die.”

“She... no, we resent and hate the ones who made us.”

The fact that this world was a game—the Gods of the Beginning knew it.

Overgeared

Grid had always wondered—why didn’t the Goddess take back her blessing?

Every time he struggled and realized the value of the inherent blessing, confusion grew and anxiety took hold.

He could feel a bad stench from within the depths of his body. The curse of the Goddess, in the guise of a blessing, festered and clung fiercely to his destiny. He wanted to shake it off right away. It felt like a time bomb that could explode at any time, so he gradually became nervous. He even had a habit of calculating how many more gods he would have to harm before the Goddess showed her true colors.

‘...It wasn’t a curse or a bomb.’

He remembered the voice of the Goddess he heard when he first visited the Vatican a long time ago.

A voice that was infinitely warm, yet somehow sad. At the time, he simply thought it was a pity for those who had suffered under the corrupted pope.

Thus, it was more questionable. Why did the Goddess turn away from people even though she had compassion for them? Additionally, why did she lead to the end of the world?

There was so little information that he couldn’t guess it at all. It was impossible for him to understand the psychology of the Goddess.

If she was going to destroy humanity again, why did she give the divine messages to help so many people? The Goddess’ warmth was too ‘real’ for her to be regarded

as a common and obvious villain from the cliches. The outside was different from the inside. Grid had experienced it himself.

The double-sided portrait seen in Marie Rose's castle.

The heavenly gods on the side of the demons during the Great Human and Demon War.

The attitude of Yatan, whom he met in the hell of the past, and so on.

Based on the clues that he gradually gathered, he reminded himself of the possibility that Rebecca could be the darkness behind the apocalypse, but he was unable to define her as 'evil.' He came to the conclusion that he had to meet her in person. Then today—

'She isn't evil.'

Grid was finally convinced. Despite the world message 'the world has overcome the crisis of destruction' that appeared the moment Bunhelier disappeared with the Goddess, Grid couldn't harbor any animosity toward her.

Rather, he pitied her. A being who was aware that this world was a game—it was because of this awareness that she led the world to destruction. It was an insight and understanding that was only possible for Grid because he was a player.

"Just now... Reinhardt would've been destroyed if it wasn't for Bunhelier." On the other hand, Braham had an intuition as a resident of this world. There was deep malice in his voice, which trembled with anger and fear. "This has made it clear. Rebecca is the darkness behind the apocalypse that has been repeated. She... is the enemy of our world. She must be exterminated."

It was a confidence that went beyond opinion.

Grid let it flow in one ear and out the other as he summoned a unicorn. "Overgeared Corn, you must've seen the Goddess as well."

A final verification was needed.

"Is she a maiden?"

A maiden—in the dictionary sense, it referred to an unmarried woman. It didn't matter much. However, it was different when intertwined with divinity. For some reason, in myths, a virgin meant a holy being. Therefore, a creature like a unicorn was obsessed with virgins...

Overgeared Corn nodded enthusiastically. There was a very ecstatic expression like it was recalling Rebecca's holy figure. That was enough. Grid wiped the unicorn's spittle from his face and smiled slightly.

"...You have finally become crazier." Braham watched the virginity verification in a puzzled manner and couldn't hide his disgust.

'He isn't calling me crazy. He said I am even crazier.'

Grid was deeply hurt by Braham's radical words, but he wasn't nervous. It was enough to gradually resolve the misunderstanding.

"With this, one thing is certain. Rebecca isn't Morpheus."

This was Lael's conviction after grasping all the circumstances.

Morpheus—it was a product of quantum mechanics. After repeatedly making the impossible possible, it opened the era of virtual reality. If Chairman Lim Cheolho created Morpheus and designed Satisfy, then Morpheus implemented and managed Satisfy.

Morpheus' 'role' within Satisfy would naturally have a high hierarchy. It was widely speculated that it would be the backbone of the 'system,' managing the players while ruling as a God of the Beginning and adjusting the balance of the world.

However, the truth they learned today was different from expectations. Rebecca, the best of the Gods of the Beginning, was opposing Morpheus. To be more precise, she was resisting the 'world' created by Chairman Lim Cheolho and Morpheus.

"Your Majesty is an early player, so you must remember, right? Satisfy has a history of pushing back the release date four times."

Grid remembered, of course It was two times after the closed beta service, and two times after the open beta service—the S.A Group committed the atrocity of pushing back the game's release date four times.

At that time, the S.A Group's stock price had fluctuated.

Since it was a time when many people doubted that it was too early for a game that embodied the same five senses as reality, many experts asserted that the release of Satisfy would only be possible decades later.

‘...Come to think about it, the experts have been wrong since then.’

Grid nodded and Lauel told him the story hidden behind it.

“In fact, the timing of the closed beta was delayed five times.”

“Really...? I’ve never heard of that?”

“At that time, the detailed schedule was delivered only to the large investors.”

Grid wondered, “How do you know this when you started the game a year late?”

“My father invested a lot.”

‘Ah, he was a diamond spoon.’

“In any case, at the time, many people thought that the release date was pushed back because there was a problem within the S.A Group or a lack of technology... where am I going with this? Looking back, it was a completely different reason. It isn’t an exaggeration to say that the S.A Group’s technological prowess has reached a new level, and Chairman Lim Cheolho’s authority within the group is absolute.”

That’s right—the level of completion of the released Satisfy far exceeded people’s expectations and imagination. It was another world that was so perfect that it was unreasonable to simply describe it as a game.

So why was the release date delayed? It had become an unsolved mystery.

It was only today that the truth came out.

Rebecca and Yatan—they knew the nature of this world and repeatedly worked together to destroy it. Due to this, Satisfy’s worldview never reached the ‘point’ where players could intervene. The S.A Group had to postpone the release date several times. To put it simply, the Gods of the Beginning, who had been thought to be Morpheus so far, were actually the cause of the ‘system malfunction,’ or bugs.

“Among them, Hanul is likely to have been recovered with a vaccine.”

This would've led to him becoming antagonistic to Rebecca and the creation of the great myth, the War of the Gods.

"Yatan... I don't know about him. Seeing how he tried to give Your Majesty a clue while leaving a message that he hates the developer, it seems he hasn't fully recovered yet... Rebecca wouldn't have killed him for no reason..."

"The Refractive Dragon?"

The Refractive Dragon—the dragon god who tried to prevent the destruction by appearing every time the world reached the point of destruction.

"It is the backbone of the vaccine and the will of Morpheus. The other Old Dragons must've also been working as a vaccine until they 'forgot.'"

Dragons weren't created for players to kill. Fire Dragon Trauka once hunted the heavenly gods, but surprisingly, the dragons didn't harm humans easily.

Bunhelier also loved human women...

There was plenty of reason to speculate that Old Dragons were 'beings favorable to this world.'

Tap, tap.

Lauel tapped on the table and thought about it. Then he slowly came to a conclusion.

"Since Bunhelier called Your Majesty a friend, it is safe to assume that he is on the same side, right? If so, it is worth looking at the odds of winning against Rebecca."

Grid wasn't an ordinary player. No, it wasn't just thought. Most of the members of the Overgeared Guild that were influenced by Grid had a different perception than ordinary players. They accepted Satisfy as 'another world' rather than just a game, and equated NPCs with humans. They had no choice but to confront Rebecca, who was trying to destroy the world out of a rebellious spirit toward her creator.

In fact, the system had indirectly mentioned it today. If it wasn't for Bunhelier, the world would've been destroyed.

"Looking back at the way she shot divinity at the speed of light, Rebecca must be almost invincible... but she will be inferior to Your Majesty riding Bunhelier."

Why did the dragon god, or the vaccine, have to be in the form of a ‘refractive’ dragon? It was because that was the only way he could confront Rebecca.

The perfect counter to light—Laue! judged that Grid had a chance of winning if he cooperated with Bunhelier.

“The premise is wrong.” Grid’s expression was bitter as he shook his head.

“We should discuss if we have a chance of winning against Bunhelier, not Rebecca.”

“.....”

“You know the truth, right? Rebecca didn’t destroy the world just because of a sense of repulsion. She was afraid and wary that players wouldn’t treat the inhabitants of this world as human beings.”

“There are quite a few people like that, even at this moment.”

It was as mentioned earlier.

Grid and the members of the Overgeared Guild were unique. It was said that humanity had become one after experiencing the Great Human and Demon War, but many players still didn’t attach importance to the human rights of NPCs.

Like Grid and the members of the Overgeared Guild, they had relationships with certain NPCs and valued them, but they didn’t identify all NPCs as people. They thoroughly distinguished between the game and reality in order to avoid a mental illness.

The state of affairs that Rebecca feared—it was that the inhabitants of this world would be treated as tools or even worse, as not even people...

Of course, the situation used to be much more serious. It was terribly sad for Grid, but it wouldn’t change much in the future.

“However, Rebecca wasn’t against players from the beginning.”

A tragedy that couldn’t be prevented—Rebecca just watched as players started to appear in the world one by one. There must’ve been a time when she felt hopeful after witnessing people like Grid and Damian.

“So I won’t be hostile to her from the beginning either.”

Grid wanted to let Rebecca know that her hope was still alive and well.

“...The Old Dragons are very powerful and they number as many as four. Among them, it is right to identify Bunhelier as the Refractive Dragon. Can you handle them? The Breaths they release casually can devastate everything Your Majesty cherishes. In the worst case scenario, there is a good chance that all the dragons in the world will join the Old Dragons.”

This was why Lael pretended not to know anything and advised Grid to confront Rebecca. It was naturally because it was for the best.

Rebecca was obviously powerful, but there was a counter called the dragons.

On the other hand, the Old Dragons were different. They were powerful enough to hunt the heavenly gods in the past and it was right to say that there was virtually no way to confront them. It was a tough path.

Grid shouldn't cooperate with Rebecca. It was best to cooperate with the Old Dragons to kill Rebecca. It was a very simple matter of turning a blind eye to Rebecca's sad situation.

“In the first place, Rebecca is a great evil. Isn't it true that she is the one who destroyed the world?”

“At the very least, she didn't destroy the world that we know. She was patient, she watched, and she gave us a chance.”

“...You know it is far-fetched in many ways, right?”

“Aren't you the one who has wind in your head? There is no guarantee that the Old Dragons will act for our benefit just because they are hostile to Rebecca.”

It happened as the two people were gradually raising their voices...

Someone burst open the door of the great hall and came in. It was Garion, the God of the Earth. Her face was white as she delivered shocking news, “T-The land in the east... the land in the east is disappearing.”

“.....!!”

Grid jumped out of his seat.

Chiyou's words came to mind.

“The balance you’ve been maintaining will break again. Can you handle it?”

“The strong power of destiny that you possess is about to end another era.”

“Didn’t you get your hands on the yeouiju anyway? Regardless of my warning, the balance will soon be broken and a new era will come. For the time being, even if it isn’t you, the Old Dragons will fight with me.”

“If I am still alive when you are ripe, I will ask for another confrontation at that time.”

Bunhelier regained his yeouiju. Perhaps due to this, the Old Dragons escaped oblivion and went on a hunt for Chiyu.

“Indeed... Your Majesty is right. It doesn’t matter whose side we are on.” Laue stood up after Grid. He faced Grid directly and said, “Your Majesty, act as you normally would. We will support you with all our might.”

Grid’s eyes had been shaking wildly. Now they were restored to normal.

“Yes.”

An era came to an end yet again?

Then he would lead it to a better era—Grid was thinking simply when his field of view was suddenly colored with light.

[The Goddess of Light, ‘Rebecca,’ has invited you to the ‘primordial space.’]

[It is recommended not to respond to the invitation.]

The door that suddenly appeared in front of him and shone brilliantly—a red warning window was flashing above it. It was the ‘will of the system (Morpheus)’ that Grid was no longer unfamiliar with. Grid couldn’t be constrained by it.

The Only One God, who was born on his own, made a judgment and acted according to his own will.

[You have entered the primordial space.]

Overgeared

[You have entered the primordial space.]

[There is a high possibility that the player's account information will be compromised.]

[Access is blocked in accordance with the terms and conditions agreed to by the player.]

[A failure.]

[We advise you to log out right now...]

The warning window, which had been updating quickly, fell silent like it was a lie. Grid couldn't accurately grasp the contents. It was because his vision was paralyzed due to exposure to strong light.

'I'm not that curious.'

The relationship between Morpheus and Rebecca became clear. It was obvious from the content of the warning window. There must've been a lot of scary content to frighten Grid and prevent contact with Rebecca.

'But the fact that Morpheus couldn't stop it...'

Why did the S.A Group intervene in the form of the Refractive Dragon rather than directly eliminating the bug called Rebecca?

Lauel had made two guesses about this.

1. It was to expand the worldview and help the players immerse themselves.

This hypothesis was based on the assumption that the S.A Group would even take advantage of a bug. Why had the Gods of the Beginning repeatedly destroyed and created the world? It was arranged so that players would one day learn about Rebecca's atrocities and become interested in the process of trying to reach the 'hidden truth.' By giving a role to the dragon species, the worldview was expanded.

From the perspective of the S.A Group, who needed a lot of history and stories while creating a world bigger than Earth, even Rebecca's treason could be used as content... It was a very S.A Group-like idea, so it seemed plausible.

'But it is wrong.'

Grid recalled Lauel's second hypothesis.

2. They couldn't directly eliminate Rebecca, even with the authority of Lim Cheolho and Morpheus.

Lauel discussed the possibility of a super intelligence.

Rebecca was one of the most outstanding beings in Satisfy, so the AI that she was made up of must be high-quality. In the first place, she was a being with the power to 'create.' In the world of Satisfy, she was a true god.

Lauel argued that after going through all types of trial and error, learning and thinking. Then she came up with her own idea and disobeyed the order that should've been absolute. It wasn't strange that she had grown to the point of releasing certain limits.

'Looking at the current situation... it must be the latter.'

Looking at several circumstances, most of the concepts that existed in Satisfy were created by Rebecca. It wasn't known what bugs she had installed around the world. She might've designed everything she created to perish if the creator, who came from a higher dimension (the real world), harmed her. The backup data would still exist, but...

It would be difficult for the S.A Group to even use the backup data. Rebecca's handprints were everywhere in the world. For the S.A Group, it might be necessary to recreate the game from scratch. Therefore, they attempted to intervene in the 'worldview' by creating the Refractive Dragon. They weren't denying Rebecca. They were trying to steer her disappearance into the 'natural flow' so that none of the triggers would work.

'Although, everything is just Lauel's brainstorming.'

At any rate, it was clear that Morpheus had no control over Rebecca. The proof was that he was here.

Grid came to this conclusion. At the same time, his vision completely recovered.

A green light source in the form of a round tray—he stood alone on it.

"Obviously, I was invited."

Was there really no landlord~

Grid talked to himself to relax the tension.

“.....”

Then in front of him, the Goddess appeared. It was with a beautiful and sacred appearance. No, she was there from the beginning. She just distorted the light so she wasn't visible. It was an ability that even Faker would be envious of.

“... I didn't expect you to accept the invitation.” Rebecca looked genuinely surprised.

Grid clearly saw her pupils dilate and then gradually shrink.

‘Her eyes...’

Rebecca's eyes were reminiscent of a corpse. They didn't project light. It looked like it was overlaid with yellow paint. He could glimpse the fact that her emotions were quite worn out.

“Why?”

She had the hierarchy of a God of the Beginning and must've never received a guest. Grid hadn't expected refreshments, but it was kind of bad that there was no place to sit. Grid made a chair by linking a few God Hands together and sat down on it.

“Didn't you think I could hurt you?” Rebecca stood still and questioned it. Her hands were neatly folded in front of her. Humble, loving, sacred...

At the same time, she was full of elegance. He couldn't help liking her.

“You should say such words after taking back your blessing.”

Grid's way of speaking also gradually became polite.

“I understand your position.”

His eyes were firm.

“So I decided to put aside some of the doubts I had over the past few years and try to believe in you.”

As he spoke, Grid caught a glimpse of the light in Rebecca's eyes.

He read her hopes and expectations. It was a bit late, but he remembered that this was a space completely independent of the outside world, and he also noticed that

Rebecca's complexion was very pale. She must've been injured in the aftermath of a fierce battle with Bunhelier, who had regained his strength. In the worst case scenario, she might've already been driven to the brink.

It was due to the vaccine revived by Grid. Nevertheless, she couldn't blame him and was putting her expectations on him.

"...There was a girl who was born in the fortified city of Patrian. She lost her father, a soldier of the city, in the war and became the sole breadwinner of her family. However, there was so little that a girl could do."

Grid tilted his head at these few sentences from Rebecca.

The Goddess clasped her hands together. She continued to speak like she was praying to god, "The girl decided to get up early every morning and sell the flowers she had picked from the Fountain of Life. It was a flower that no one wanted. Therefore, it had no value. She had to sell a dozen of them to barely be able to buy a loaf of bread."

Grid felt a sense of deja vu.

Patrian.

A girl selling flowers.

Twelve flowers...

"The young merchant had no choice but to rely on pure compassion. She revealed her circumstances and offered flowers to any passersby she met. Ironically, the only hope was that the girl's situation was so unfortunate. However, her mother was getting weaker day by day after losing her husband."

"....."

"Then at some point, the number of people in the city started increasing. The originally deserted streets were full of 'passersby who came from an unknown place.'"

It was the emergence of players.

"However, none of the passersby cared about the girl. The girl cried out anxiously every day until her voice became hoarse and she couldn't speak. Even so, all that surrounded her was utter indifference."

A girl who couldn't speak—she was holding a basket of withered flowers.

The moment Grid recalled the identity of the sense of déjà vu, the Goddess smiled. “One day... on that day, a man approached the weeping girl who was hugging a basket full of flowers. The hand of the man who ran away after fighting with a rabbit right in front of the gate was full of wounds.”

Grid's face turned red.

“The two coins that he handed over saved the girl.”

Grid told her, “...There is something that needs to be corrected. At that time, I was in a situation where I hunted a lot of rabbits and decided to retreat strategically... I never ran away.”

Grid remembered it. It was the second day of the game. At the place where the rabbits respawned, he met a tough rabbit and got tied up. This resulted in him being beaten by dozens of rabbits (in fact, there were just three). He couldn't adjust to the pain and was scared, causing him to scream in a panic. The damn people who were hunting around him saw it and laughed at him...

‘I was so ashamed that I left the scene like I was running away.’

At that time, he returned to the city and met a flower girl. Seeing her miserable state, he felt like he was looking at himself for some reason. Therefore, he helped her. It was a purely emotional act. It wasn't really wise.

“And actually... I regretted it tremendously at the time. I had a hard time because I bought flowers with the money I should've used to buy bread.”

The empty stomach penalty—it was the penalty other players only experienced when they went to hunting grounds far away from the city, but Grid experienced it in just his second day, and it was even in the middle of the city.

He lost half a day because there was no one to help him... he shuddered even thinking about it again...

A smile spread across the Goddess' face as she stared at the trembling Grid.

“You, who carried the scent of flowers every day, was the first hope I found, even despite your regrets.”

“.....”

Sometimes, Grid had thought about it.

The girl he used to buy flowers from every day—she might've given him a hidden quest if he continued further, but in the end, he didn't receive anything. One day, she suddenly disappeared and it just became meaningless charity work. It was proof that he was unlucky or foolish, so it remained a bitter memory.

That wasn't the case. The good deed done out of a moment of emotion—what he thought was worthless gave him a connection with the Goddess.

“Then the attitude of the ‘player’ who took away the girl’s flower basket for fun and the attitude of the players who weighed the weight of the girl’s death because she went out to pick flowers again in the afternoon against the weight of the ‘basic potion provided to them’ made me feel despair.”

“.....”

The girl who disappeared one day—Grid worried about her, but he didn't bother looking for her. No one cared about the disappearance of a flower girl who didn't even give quests.

‘Those bastards.’

The young NPC who was probably dying after being attacked by a goblin. Did the possibility that a quest might occur if they helped her never pop up in the minds of the fools who were nearby at the time? There were only those who were below par present—the flower girl died for that reason.

Thus, it was even more empty and miserable...

Grid was trying to recall the face of the girl he couldn't remember any longer when the voice of the Goddess entered his ears.

“Players who rob a merchant’s carriage every time they find it on the field, players who break into other people’s homes and destroy things in search of hidden treasures, players who try to exploit the opposite sex without changing their expression, players who don’t put value on promises and contracts and repeatedly betray them... I’ve seen countless players who define humans in this world as ‘NPCs’ and easily deprive them of their human rights and lives. Do you know? When you punished the corrupt priests of the Vatican, half of the women who poured alcohol for them when naked were innocent civilians turned into slaves by players.”

“.....”

There was no need for her to say it. The stories Rebecca used as examples were refined to not be as vulgar. There were many such crazy people in real life.

Chasing and raping a woman they saw on the street in order to quench their sexual desire, killing her to destroy evidence... shooting a gun or stabbing someone with a knife just because they felt bad one day, etc.

Then what about in the game? Even a normal person in reality easily became a crazy person in Satisfy. There were too many humans who committed indescribably evil deeds without a moment of hesitation.

Grid was no different from them. There were many cases where he harmed people simply out of necessity. Therefore, the more the Goddess continued speaking, the more he couldn't lift his head. He suddenly had doubts. "...Am I still your hope?"

"Yes." The Goddess had watched Grid's steps from the beginning to the present.

"Nevertheless, you are my hope," she answered firmly. It was the result of weighing him up against most people who didn't even feel guilty. She witnessed Grid working hard to only do good after gaining power and authority.

"Then when you resurrected the divinity of the Refractive Dragon, hope became a curse."

The Goddess confessed, "In fact, I invited you here with the intention of hurting you."

“.....”

"The sense of duty you developed at some point. Your desire to protect people resurrected the divinity of the Refractive Dragon and threatened my personal safety. I was afraid that if I lost my power, I wouldn't be able to undo this world any longer... I was going to hurt you, undermine your strength, and then reseal the divinity of the Refractive Dragon. I was preparing for the last fight."

"Did you change your mind when you saw me obediently accepting the invitation?"

"To be more honest, I couldn't have hurt you no matter what choice you made. You resurrected the divinity of the Refractive Dragon because I didn't communicate with you. It is all my fault. I couldn't have placed the blame on you."

"Why didn't you communicate?"

Rebecca had the ability to create divine messages. She was able to converse with Grid before several misunderstandings overlapped. However, she was silent. The reason was simple. “The creator. I was wary of the foreign god you call Morpheus. I also knew you weren’t free from the influence of the foreign god, so I didn’t trust you.”

“Do you trust me now?”

“...I have come to the conclusion that I have no choice but to trust you.”

Rebecca still had her hands clasped together—Grid noticed it.

“I don’t want to destroy this world ever again.”

She was truly praying.

“Please save us.”

The NPCs—people who were born and lived in this world. Grid was the only one with the power to respect them as human beings and protect them at the same time. This was Rebecca’s belief.

[Only One God Grid is writing the 29th epic.]

[The beginning of the epic comes from Rebecca, the Goddess of Light, believing in him.]

[.....!]

[.....!!]

[A serious error has been found.]

[The epic has stopped being written.]

[The 29th epic is sealed as an unreadable story.]

Overgeared

Chapter 1907

The epic was sealed.

Grid passed over it like it was insignificant. It was an event that was within the predicted range. For Grid, who equated Morpheus with the S.A Group, he felt that such an interference was natural.

‘Looking at the ways of the company, I think it must come from the top.’

Chairman Lim Cheolho—every time Grid accomplished great things, Chairman Lim Cheolho would send a lot of gifts. He also often visited in person to share medicinal wine with Grid's parents...

On the surface, he was pretty broad-minded.

“There is no light. I didn’t expect the influence of the foreign god to reach this place...” Rebecca’s expression stiffened. She seemed to be talking about the epic rewards.

‘If the epic was written properly, would it have received the protection of the light?’

An epic completed with the faith of a God of the Beginning—it was safe to say that it contained content that could turn the world upside down. Naturally, the value of the rewards would be the highest ever. It was sealed, so he couldn’t check it. But...

“It’s okay.” Grid showed a mature appearance. In any case, it had happened and it was something that couldn’t be stopped. Being obsessed with it would just make him feel dirtier.

‘There is a possibility that it will be solved to some extent by borrowing Huroi’s words.’

What if the epic was stopped? The power of the word-of-mouth transmission through people’s stories was also proven through the yeouiju incident this time. It was enough to spread the secret story.

The Goddess told him, “...Blood is flowing from your hands.”

“Hum hum....” Grid coughed in embarrassment while warm light surrounded his fists. His hands, which had been bleeding due to his nails digging in, recovered in an instant. No, it went beyond the level of recovery.

[Your skin and muscles have become stronger.]

[The special stat ‘Physical Tolerance’ has been opened.]

“.....?”

Was this... a God of the Beginning?

A special stat was opened just from receiving healing from her. Then how great was the epic's reward...?

The anger that he tried to suppress was about to rise up again...

Grid barely calmed himself down and changed the subject, “As I said earlier, I understand you.”

The struggle to protect the precious world—the Goddess’ past moves resembled Grid’s present. Naturally, he sympathized and understood. He became eager to help her.

“No matter how many times you have destroyed the world... the weight of your crime might be comparable to the size of the universe, but I have no intention of blaming you.”

The Goddess had no choice but to do so. Her goal was to stop Satisfy from opening. He also understood why.

“But... why did you kill Yatan?”

Of course, a god couldn’t die. He was also a God of the Beginning, so he couldn’t have perished. However, Yatan hadn’t been seen for a long time. He didn’t even show his nose when his precious hell was distorted like that. It was safe to say that he must’ve been put in a condition that was close to death, and it was by none other than the Goddess.

Grid recalled the ending of the Yatan that he had seen in the old hell and asked bluntly, “Wasn’t he the only one who understood you and collaborated with you?”

Why did she have to hurt him?

“Were you afraid of him becoming the second Hanul?”

“Yes.” The Goddess was a very strong being. Despite revealing her sadness, she didn’t waver and responded immediately. She must have a disciplined personality to face the terrible reality without turning away from it. “At some point, he showed signs of it. He said he hated the foreign god, but he questioned whether it was right to go against providence. It was just like Hanul before the war.”

Therefore, she gave him the death penalty. Yatan's soul was sealed in a temple built at the end of a dimension. The Goddess was protecting Yatan from being contaminated and forgetting himself. This was also the Goddess' determination. She was determined to bring about the end of the future with her own hands. She was desperate to bear all her sins and pains alone.

"If I don't give you all my strength to stop the foreign god... will you destroy the world at that time?" Grid's question followed. It was the core question. After the question that he expected her to answer from the beginning, he connected it to the most important question. He didn't even give her time to think. It was a conversational technique he learned from watching Lauel and Huroi. "Answer me."

"...I don't know." Therefore, the Goddess revealed her true feelings. She didn't know.

At the very least, the worst situation was averted. If Rebecca had said yes here, Grid would have needed to reconsider working with her.

"As you know, I have a precious family."

Of course, Rebecca knew this.

The first father—she had been watching Grid, the first player in the world to bear the fruits of love and faith.

"I have decided to stand by your side in order to make a better world for my wives and children, and their friends and descendants, to live in. You just have to keep that in mind."

It was a clear threat.

Don't even think about destroying the world in the future.

The Goddess had doubts.

"If you can't tolerate the end of the world... wouldn't it be better for you to cooperate with the foreign god?"

Rebecca hoped for help from Grid. Yet ironically, she didn't understand why Grid would help her. It was natural. Morpheus' task was to prevent the apocalypse. It was completely on the side of humanity. Furthermore, Grid was the person who liberated the apostle of the foreign god, the Refractive Dragon. It was

advantageous and beneficial for Grid to cooperate with the foreign god. For the sake of the family he wanted to protect, he shouldn't cooperate with the 'risk variable' called Rebecca.

"Then why do you want to hear my prayers?" There was a tremor in her voice. Before he knew it, Rebecca's eyes were losing their light again. It was stained by the abyss and became the eyes of the dead. She realized that it was realistically impossible to ask for help from Grid and felt despair.

On the other hand, Grid's eyes were still clear. He had a firm faith. "Didn't I tell you that I wanted to make a better world to live in?"

There were too many terrible human beings in the world. It was especially the case in this world where players placed a low value on morality and ethics. Even if Grid and the members of the Overgeared Guild took the lead, the effect was only momentary. Additionally, there was a limit to controlling an infinitely growing player using the laws of the Empire. Above all, Grid's life wasn't eternal. It was Grid's belief that the existence of an Absolute who supports NPCs, not players, was essential.

"The world without you will gradually degenerate into a world for players. I don't want that."

Of course, Morpheus would also care about the safety of NPCs. NPCs must exist for Satisfy to be maintained. That was why it was trying to correct Rebecca. However, Morpheus' will was ultimately the will of the S.A Group. They would strive to ensure the freedom of players rather than the human rights of NPCs. Over time, NPCs would become little more than devices or tools for players.

Grid couldn't just watch that happen. He had too many precious people. He wanted to completely eliminate the possibility of his friends and family being trampled upon by scumbags.

"My hope is that the people born in this world and players can have an equal relationship. I want both sides to respect each other as human beings. I am going to make it common sense. To that end, I will take full advantage of the freedom that the foreign god has given me."

The freedom guaranteed to the players—it was a privilege that Grid could also enjoy. The S.A Group could never force him as long as collaborating with Rebecca was 'possible in the worldview.' Instead, Grid would take advantage of this structure of the worldview to interfere with the Refractive Dragon and Old Dragons...

Grid was already prepared to fight against them.

He said, “But before I do that, I need to do some fact-checking.”

“Go ahead. I will answer with all my heart.”

“It looks like Chiyou and the Old Dragons clashed in the east. Is Chiyou an ally at this point?”

“I think so.”

“Does Chiyou also know that this world is a game?”

“I don’t think so. He only cares about his own death... it is just that his desire to disappear will only urge him to fight against the Old Dragons.”

“.....”

The desire to die was something he had from the beginning. Chiyou was just a madman...

Grid made a note in his head and asked the next question, “Why did the Old Dragons bother to attack Chiyou?”

“I think it is judged that Chiyou is holding Hanul captive. Otherwise, it doesn’t explain why Chiyou is standing by Hanul at this point.”

“In other words... the foreign god suspects that Chiyou has reached the same truth as you and harbors resentment, right? The foreign god recognizes Hanul as an ally.”

“Yes.”

“...Why is Chiyou still next to Hanul?”

“I guess there is nowhere to go?”

“.....”

Why did it remind him of his school days when he ate alone every day? Grid became sad for some reason and barely managed to escape from his thoughts.

“...The gods of Asgard don’t seem to know the truth of the world. What will happen to your relationship with them in the future?”

The Goddess' expression grew darker. "I think they are already under the influence of the foreign god. They just faithfully perform the role given by the 'game setting' that was created by the foreign god. You can see it by looking at their instincts."

Suddenly, Grid remembered the words of Yatan, whom he had met in the old hell. He said that the 'cycle' of the Goddess was nothing more than an escape. She was more solitary than Grid expected.

"If you tell them the truth, won't they agree with you?"

"It is dangerous. They won't understand the notion that they are just characters in a game. Even if they do understand, they won't accept it. They will just be outraged. There is a concern that the growing confusion will reveal the truth to humanity. I think that is the end in the truest sense."

Grid thought about it. He thought about how Irene and Lord would react if they found out they were characters in a game.

Such a tragedy... it should never happen.

"....."

Grid closed his eyes and organized his thoughts. Finally, he tried to get to the most important point—the question of whether she was a maiden or not. No matter how pure his intentions, he was cautious to say it in front of her.

'It has already been verified by Overgeared Corn.'

Grid made a detour. "I... I believe in the fact that you are sacred and inviolable."

"...Huh? Ah, yes..."

What...? Why was he avoiding her gaze?

"D-Don't tell me, you're not?"

"T-That is impossible."

"Sigh... I'm glad."

The Goddess eventually said, "...It is already time."

[The exit of the primordial space has opened.]

“Go out before the exit closes.”

Grid wondered, “Why are you in such a hurry all of a sudden?”

“This is the beginning of the world. This is originally an area where only the Gods of the Beginning can enter. From the beginning, it was impossible for you to stay for a long time.”

“The timing seems coincidental...”

Before Grid’s words were over—

[You have left the primordial space.]

The green light source disappeared without a trace and a familiar landscape filled Grid’s field of view. He was back in the Overgeared Palace.

-You don’t have to change.

-Do what you believe is right, as you always do.

-That is my wish and my faith.

The voice of the Goddess permeated his mind. She said that she would leave the next steps entirely to him.

Grid nodded. “I will go to the East Continent first.”

Grid first called Nefelina. She looked particularly small and shabby to him, who had been working with Bunhelier for a while, but he had no other options.

‘Small cars can have their advantages.’

He had never actually driven a small car before, so he didn’t know. In any case... there was no other way...

Overgeared

Chapter 1908

The news that Grid had punished King Sobyel caused an explosive reaction. It was practically a new epic.

The battlefield where Grid confronted King Sobyel became a holy land. There were a lot of people who came to the East Continent to see if there were any valuables left behind at the holy land. The ranker, Hyde, was one of them.

At a small town on the outskirts of the Xing Kingdom... Hyde rented an entire house to share with his colleagues. He was prepared to explore the holy land for a long time.

Perhaps a new dimension gap would appear, or it was possible to pick up the blood shed by King Sobyel or fragments of divinity. It was also good to understand the emergence cycle of the imogi, which was raised by King Sobyel... et cetera, et cetera.

It was only a few minutes ago that he had all types of expectations.

“This damn thing, I told you to log out. What are you doing?”

In the present, Hyde’s anticipation turned to irritation.

The dragons—it was due to the emergence of the Absolute species that drove natural disasters. It was even Nevartan, the Insane Dragon.

It was a being synonymous with the dragons. Most of the dragons recorded in history depicted Nevartan. It was the appearance of a giant among giants.

‘There is no way a monster like that will act aimlessly... does this mean that the Grid’s ongoing episode isn’t over yet? Did I move hastily? No... this is the Insane Dragon who is crazy. It is his vocation to wander aimlessly.’

All he had to do was overcome this crisis. Logging out was the best option. Just take a break until the trouble was over. This was Hyde’s judgment, but...

“...Hey, what are you actually doing?”

One of his colleagues was stubborn. Their accommodation had collapsed in the aftermath of a series of explosions shortly after the emergence of Nevartan. This colleague was whining that he would rescue the NPCs buried under the wreckage of the building.

“Bob has already logged out? A single shot of his magic could blow away all the debris and rescue people.”

“People? Are they people? You have only been watching Grid’s mad movies for a while and became sick because of them.”

A colleague who treated NPCs as human beings when they were just chunks of graphics—the problem was that it wasn't a pretense.

Hyde had worked with his colleagues for ten years. They had made so many memories that it couldn't even be described using terms such as 'childhood friends' or 'friends that grew up on the street together.' He fully grasped the personalities of the dozens of people.

"Hyde, this is the child you praised earlier. You shook hands with him while saying that you liked how polite and quick-witted he was."

A hand sticking out of a gap in the steel bar—Hyde stared blankly at his colleague, who was talking nonsense. Then he sighed and pointed to the hand that was turning blue.

"It was nothing special. It was just a casual conversation. The more you interact with NPCs, the more likely they are to give you a quest. What meaning are you attaching to a conversation that is just like that?"

"....."

Hyde told him, "Wake up. You just have to do one thing. Log out right now. Turn on the news and wait until I call you."

Nevartan wasn't here. He flew over the city and was fighting something on the horizon. However, the repercussions were coming in real time. The surrounding forest collapsed, the ground split, and landslides occurred. All types of disasters happened to the city.

Hyde couldn't afford to allow the so-called Grid disease. This was why Hyde poked his spear through the cracks in the bricks and steel frame. He murdered the boy who was dying anyway, and turned his screaming parents into companions to the underworld.

In the aftermath alone, the rubble of the building became dust and scattered. It meant that if he tried to save them, he could've saved them.

'This crazy thing.' Hyde felt like he had stepped on poo. A warning window rose up. It told him that not only was his chaotic value full, but there was also a witness somewhere and he had become a wanted criminal. Unless the inhabitants of this city were destroyed today, he would be under a number of restrictions in Xing for a while.

‘If this was going to happen, I should’ve rescued him even if it is tiring and would take a while.’

Should he just kill them all...?

Hyde was looking around and thinking seriously when his colleague slapped him. “You...! You! How could you do this...?!!”

“It is because of you.”

“What?”

“You played games without distinguishing between reality, so I got a murderer penalty. For the time being, our party will be left homeless. Stamina management will become more difficult and the overall difficulty of exploration will increase.”

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“.....”

“Now stop fucking around and log out as soon as possible.”

Similar situations were playing out in various parts of the city.

Someone swept up all the valuables in the house where the owner had died and killed the witnesses that appeared, someone froze NPCs with freezing magic to use them as shields to break through the flames, etc.

They really hurt the inhabitants in all sorts of ways and for all types of reasons.

Nevartan’s Breath and magic never touched the city, but the population of a few towns quickly disappeared. It seemed to have become a ghost town at first glance. Hyde’s wanted criminal penalty was also removed.

‘The witnesses were found and killed by someone? How lucky.’

They were atrocities committed by a very few people. Even so, the problem was that the level of each player was very high. It was a small city without a proper army and it was controlled by only a handful of players. From a long time ago, normal NPCs couldn’t handle players.

Satisfy’s high degree of freedom where ‘anything was possible’ meant that even at this moment, NPCs around the continent were being driven to death. Grid had eyes and ears throughout the empire and he naturally knew this best. Thus, he chose to

work with Rebecca. It was with the conviction that this world shouldn't belong to players.

-...In addition, Hyde, who is known as the slayer of the Chaos Mountains. Add this guy to the kill list.

Just in time, Grid passed over the city and delivered dozens of names to Lael. There were exactly 24 people. Grid even saw it with his own eyes. These 24 players took advantage of the disturbances to harm the residences and take advantage for their own interests. There must be someone who committed murder even if there were no benefits.

-Yes.

The names of bigshots, who were hard to ignore, were mentioned one after another, but Lael accepted the order without hesitation.

The four nations of the East Continent were effectively under the protection of the Overgeared Empire. A person who committed a crime here couldn't be forgiven even if they were the owner of a nation. It was something that Grid had long declared, making it the law.

'By the way, there is no end to the trash.'

Grid was deeply frustrated. The peace that had come to the world after Baal's death was overshadowed. No, it was because peace had come that the number of garbage becoming active was increasing.

Then hundreds of God Hands spread across the city.

The necromancer who slaughtered the inhabitants and made disposable undead to build a barrier and block the rocks rolling down the mountain; the swordsman who killed the soldiers helping the people evacuate to take their swords; and the transcendent who killed the lord, who should be leading the soldiers, and climbed to the top of the lord's castle to appreciate the disaster—all of them were cut by the swords wielded by the God Hands.

"Braham will arrive soon. I think you can leave the rest of the work to him," Nefelina said cautiously. Her voice trembled. She seemed to know that it was her father lurking at their destination on the horizon.

"Yes, let's go." On the other hand, Grid's voice was subdued and calm as he retrieved the God Hands. He was outwardly calm.

In reality, he was much more nervous than Nefelina. What choice would Nefelina make when she would soon face the truth? Maybe she would leave his side...

Grid paused for a while before using Shunpo again. He was holding Nefelina, who had polymorphed into a human, in his arms. He treated the girl with the same care as usual, even though she might cooperate with her father and turn against him.

“.....”

Grid had been repeatedly moving forward, only to suddenly stop. His cheeks ached. It was due to the aftermath of the shockwave caused by the collision of Nevartan’s Breath and Chiyou’s sword. However, no blood flowed. It was thanks to the ‘physical tolerance’ stat that came from Rebecca. It felt like having dragon scales on his skin. Grid noticed that the value of the newly acquired stat was similar to wearing an extra layer of dragon armor.

“...Hmm?” Chiyou had Nevartan’s tail wrapped around his waist in return for blocking Nevartan’s claws. Then his gaze fell on Grid and he made a sound. He tilted his head and didn’t seem able to grasp the situation properly.

Nevartan was different.

[Grid... you joined forces with Rebecca and finally came to get in the way.]

Dragons learned providence from the moment they were born. Furthermore, all knowledge and information were learned naturally. Of course, they were incomplete during the period when Bunhelier lost his yeouiju. They fell into oblivion and didn’t fully demonstrate the ‘I know everything’ characteristic of their species.

Now it was different. Ever since Bunhelier regained his true form, they had grasped the major events of the world in close to real time. It was because this was the authority Morpheus had given them. It was a reasonable choice to quickly identify and remove the bugs that might be lurking.

[I can’t understand it. Why are you on the side of the crazy Goddess?]

Rebecca tried to reset the world in her own way. It was never normal. She was an evil that was incomparable to Baal, who was playing house in hell, so correction was necessary. She wasn’t someone Grid should cooperate with when he had been fighting to protect the world.

Grid replied to Nevartan, who was genuinely puzzled, “We shouldn’t be the masters of this world.”

[It is sophistry. They are words that aren’t suitable for you, who have swallowed more than half the world. Is the madness of the Goddess contagious?]

“At the very least, we need a counter-force to keep us in check.”

[Nefelina.]

Flinch.

The girl’s shoulders trembled at her father’s quiet call.

[Even though you are still a hatchling, you know what is going on.]

“.....?”

Did she already know? The reason why Nefelina was less talkative than usual—it wasn’t because she was nervous, but because she was worried about her relationship with Grid...

[Come here. We all have our roles.]

“.....”

Grid closed his eyes. He didn’t have the courage to see Nefelina’s expression. He didn’t want to see her leave for her father’s side.

‘No...’

He had to face it. He had done this without any consideration for Nefelina’s position. He betrayed her. The minimum of courtesy that he should do was to see her off on her way.

“Goodbye. Be careful of dangerous things until you become an adult.” In the end, Grid said goodbye to Nefelina. No matter how much he thought about it, he saw no possibility of her remaining by his side.

‘In the first place, a small car is a bit awkward.’

Grid was trying hard to control his mind, but... it didn’t have much of an effect. His heart was heavy and depressed.

“...Excuse me, Grid.” Nefelina was still by Grid’s side. Her small hands carefully grasped Grid’s cloak that was fluttering along with his divinity. “What are you going to do from now on? It can’t be helped due to the relationship with my father, but... are you going to fight against Raiders, who helped you? Even with Bunhelier, who became a friend...?”

“...I’m going to convince them.”

“They aren’t beings who will be persuaded with just a few words.”

“Of course.”

Persuasion wasn’t just about a conversation. Strength was necessary...

Grid meditated on it and controlled his mind. Then Nefelina glared at him and asked, "Then me?"

“I will respect your choice.”

He didn’t want to fight Nefelina...

Even if she was going to leave soon.

If she shot a Breath at him, he would just let her go.

‘Well, how can a hatchling fire a Breath?’

“Why?” Nefelina raised her eyes. Her large eyes gradually became transparent. Tears welled up in her eyes. “Why aren’t you going to convince me?”

“...In what capacity should I persuade you?”

“Don’t you feel sorry for the cows you wasted?”

“Huh...?”

“Is it such a waste to feed me? Grid, you are a little idiot!”

“.....”

Grid was greatly shocked.

Nefelina—she was called a hatchling, but she would eventually become a dragon. She was even the bloodline of an Old Dragon. She was the heir to Morpheus' will, but she was about to go against her natural destiny.

“I woke up from the egg safely thanks to you!”

“You raised me!”

“I am your family! Lord and Irene said so!”

The reasons why she needed to be with Grid. Nefelina dared to list them out. They were interesting facts. She didn't mention her identity as an apostle. She seemed to decide that family was the most important and valuable thing in the world.

It was just like Grid. She was influenced by Grid. Anyone could see that she was Grid's child.

Grid's eyes trembled. His eyes also became transparent. Nefelina's strong heart, affection, and daringness to defy fate touched him greatly. It also gave him hope. It was the hope that maybe it was really possible to convince Bunhelier.

[Stop.]

Nevartan didn't tolerate it.

[I will judge that Rebecca's mania is contagious.]

The huge jaw opened up. The dark magic power, which led everything to destruction, overlapped dozens of times in a split second. The targets were Grid and Nefelina. Nevartan put all his energy into getting rid of them.

“Hey! Get on!” It was just as Nefelina hastily undid the Polymorph and was about to put Grid on her back...

Chiyou, who had been silent for a while, asked, “Is the conversation over?”

He grabbed the tail of the giant dragon that was tightening around his waist and swung it wide. Just in time, the Breaths that were fired shot toward the sky. The black flashes spun around and around, tearing through the clouds and grazing the sun and moon. The fragments of the moon formed the Milky Way.

“Then let's fight. Of course, the three of you can cooperate.”

The truly crazy god smiled slightly with his back against the half-broken moon.

Overgeared

Chapter 1909

“So... Rebecca and Yatan’s reset of the world wasn’t an ‘original setting,’ but a bug?”

“You finally understand. You had a hard time understanding.”

“Haha, why are you so... Wait? Are you making fun of me right now?” Vantner exclaimed. By this point, the members of the Overgeared Guild me,had completed their assessment of the situation.

“It is amazing that the dragons are on the players’ side.”

“More than that, isn’t it correct to say that they are the S.A Group’s livestock?”

“It reminds me of what Chairman Lim said a long time ago. Didn’t they say that dragons were creatures not made to be killed? Now that I see it, these words are quite meaningful.”

“Then what is the Dragon Slayer? Is SIr Hayate a bug?”

“I wonder if that is it. Rebecca’s will must’ve twisted the whole setup.”

It was pitiful. The Goddess realized that this world was just a game and fought for their dignity, so that the beings living in this world didn’t despair.

They understood Grid’s feelings when he decided to stand by her side. They understood the reason. If the Empire cooperated with the dragons, it might be surprisingly easy to punish Rebecca, but then Satisfy’s ‘future’ would disappear. The world wouldn’t be the Satisfy they had been experiencing.

‘Wasn’t it actually Rebecca’s arrangement that the named NPCs received a ridiculous level correction?’

“If the Absolute who protects NPCs disappears, there will be a negative chain effect.”

Morpheus would take 100% control of the system. NPCs would be coordinated and controlled solely to the players’ liking. They would be reduced to tools and devices, just like NPCs in normal games. If they weren’t respected as human beings and had all sorts of questions, they would surely collapse on their own one day.

Lauel imagined it. NPCS who were treated as livestock would realize that they were only in a game. Then they would end their lives as a group. This would be a recurring event even if the S.A Group created new NPCS. Of course, they would create a system that protected NPCS as soon as they figured out the problem, but players who had already broken their immersion once would never see NPCS as humans again.

The green scenery, the smell of the scenery, and the chirping of birds—it would all lose its value, no matter how much it was implemented in the same way as reality.

“However, people’s perceptions have changed quite a bit these days, right? I don’t think they will harm NPCS for no reason just because NPCS are no longer protected by the system.”

“That’s right. There are a lot of people like Grid...”

“Even looking at the news right now, the minority is always a problem. Plus, the players are too strong. Given enough time, just a dozen players can easily conquer a city. Even if they die, they will continue to resurrect and consume their opponents. How can they be handled?”

“Indeed... there are quite a few people who can overthrow not just a city, but also a nation.”

“...Kraugel, can I also go with you?” Yura followed Kraugel, who got up from his seat as the conversation between the members of the Overgeared Guild was proceeding seriously, and asked this question. She knew that his destination was the Tower of Wisdom.

“Under the circumstances, the dragons’ species traits will change completely. They won’t hurt each other any longer and will gather together.”

Additionally, the first place they would target was the Tower of Wisdom. There was no way they could afford to let the Dragon Slayer go.

Yura decided that the Tower of Wisdom should be guarded. It was obvious that Grid’s position would be in jeopardy the moment the tower collapsed. The reason why the entire Overgeared Guild didn’t move there was because the Tower of Wisdom had the attribute of not being able to be observed. Even if dozens of dragons put their heads together and tried to come up with a plan, they wouldn’t be able to easily find the Tower of Wisdom. No, it had to be like that.

Just then—

“Bunhelier...” Kraugel murmured. He looked very shocked.

“The tower is in danger.”

Kraugel’s voice was just as charismatic as Grid’s voice. He just had to raise his voice a bit and he could catch the attention of those around him.

Everyone’s eyes focused on him.

“Bunhelier knows the location of the tower.”

Shocking words followed. Shouts exploded from everywhere and Lael summoned the Tomb of the Gods.

“Be prepared to die twice a day. Even if we are destroyed, Hayate and Biban must be saved.”

The Prime Minister of the Empire—the person in power, who was below only one person and above many people, set out personally. It was to add his own meager strength. He knew he couldn’t count on help from Grid in the current situation. This was thanks to his habit of always thoroughly calculating things.

[The three of us can cooperate...? I see. Chiyou, you weren’t on Rebecca’s side. You are just doing this to increase the chances of death.]

A strange sight was occurring in the sky. The fragments of the moon, which were forming the Milky Way, moved backwards in time and the broken moon was restored.

Nevartan and Chiyou took it lightly. Surprisingly, Grid didn’t pay attention to it either.

‘It is the protection of the system.’

In the worldview, these phenomena were described as the ‘providence of the universe.’ It worked for the maintenance of the world. In short, Morpheus didn’t allow the collapse of the only remaining moon.

[Chiyou, I will fight you at any time later. Get out of the way today. I’ll be content to take Hanul with me.]

“Are you ignoring Grid now?” Nevartan’s attitude of focusing only on Chiyou poked Nefelina’s heart. She released Polymorph, revealing the shape of a small and precious dragon. Then she opened wide her sharp eyes.

[You are my bloodline, so it isn’t like you are low in intelligence... are you maliciously interpreting it?]

Nevartan found it pathetic and puffed out smoke from his nose.

[Your ‘family’ must’ve rushed here to stop the destruction of the continent, right? If I stop fighting with Chiyou and accomplish my goal, that is also fulfilling the will of your ‘family.’ What justification do you have to fight?]

It was Nevartan who emphasized the word ‘family’ with great force. He looked a bit hurt and Grid was embarrassed by the words. At this moment—

[Additionally, your ‘family’ has reached his limits.]

Nevartan said something meaningful.

Grid was startled by the words. Eyes that captured the universe, just like the other Old Dragons—he could clearly feel that Nevartan’s huge eyes were contemplating him. He got goosebumps.

[Don’t you have to leave soon? I can’t give you any attention.]

It was over.

[There is one minute left until your daily connection time limit.]

The notification window that was only visible in Grid’s eyes was being updated. It was predictable. Grid visited the Blue Dragon and the dimensional gap, defeated the imoogi and King Sobyel, and came here shortly after meeting Rebecca.

It was the limit of a player. His access time was coming to an end.

Nevartan was aware of that.

“Martial God Chiyou.”

59 seconds.

Grid drew Twilight and Defying the Natural Order. The momentum was beyond a modest level and reached killing intent. He didn't show any of the mental fatigue from acting non-stop for several days.

"If you really want to die, make me grow more."

Click.

Two swords became one. The wavelength alone stirred the atmosphere. It was the sword energy of the one who saved humanity by punishing the ruler of hell. The target had to be alarmed.

However, Nevartan and Chiyou were calm. They expressed their majesty with ordinary expressions.

Grid opened his mouth. "I think an Old Dragon will be enough nourishment for me, right?"

"Who knows... it would be better for me to cooperate with the Old Dragons and Hanul than to give you the Old Dragons as nutrients." Chiyou had only been obsessed with Grid when facing the gods of Asgard. Now it was different. On the contrary, Grid wasn't of any interest. Chiyou judged that the value of the Old Dragons and Hanul was higher than Grid.

"Nevartan."

48 seconds.

Grid wasn't flustered.

"Chiyou has seen through the fact that I am falsely cooperating with Rebecca."

He just took advantage of the developments that flowed in an unwanted direction.

Jingle.

The bells all over Chiyou's body vibrated. It was a vibration created by a combination of him tilting his head in confusion and the false laugh he gave after realizing the situation.

Nevartan snorted.

[You are falsely cooperating with Rebecca? If that is the case, you wouldn't have missed the opportunity Chiyou gave you. However, you acted hastily without

waiting until Hanul stood on our side. Be mindful of trivial tricks. There is a limit to my respect for you.]

“Hanul won’t stand on our side even if I waited.”

43 seconds.

Grid didn’t have time to feel resentment toward the fast-moving time. He just accelerated his heated mind to the next level and tried to figure out the best action. He had the mindset to worship Lael and Huroi, who solved all sorts of situations with just a few words, as teachers.

It was just as he declared to Nefelina. He was determined to persuade Bunhelier and the Old Dragons. He realized he would have to use force if he got it wrong, but he basically needed to know how to speak a different language.

“Hanul covets Rebecca’s light.”

Transparent eyes—there were no lies in Grid’s eyes at this moment. Putting aside his intentions, he was telling the truth.

“That is why he is buying time without leaving Chiyu’s side. It is the time required to acquire the light stored in the dimensional gap.”

[It is a good thing if Hanul, an ally, gets his hands on the power of light.]

Nevartan was completely unperturbed. He didn’t know what tricks Hanul was doing in the dimensional gap, but he didn’t suspect that Hanul would harm the world.

Grid asked, “Do you really believe that Hanul has been corrected?”

[.....?] ***bednovel.com***

32 seconds.

“He might be less powerful than Rebecca, but his hierarchy is the same. Isn’t it arrogant to believe that you can perfectly comprehend and control his heart when he has lived since the beginning of time?”

[...I need proof that Hanul is trying to get the light.]

Grid succeeded. He made Nevartan have reasonable doubts and elicited the desired response.

“129°3...” Grid gave the coordinates he remembered.

“.....” Chiyou just watched. It was because he noticed that Grid’s intention was just to ‘move the battlefield.’ It wasn’t a hindrance, so he stood on the sidelines.

Nevartan used Teleport. Chiyou and Nefelina, who was carrying Grid, also chased after him.

The place where they arrived was in front of the gap of some dimension. It was the place where Hanul’s heart, which was repeatedly being destroyed by the light and restored, was located. It was outside the continent. The scenery beneath their feet was the sea.

[It can’t be seen from the outside.]

It was a separate dimension but it was bizarrely secretive. It gave Nevartan greater doubts and he was about to enter the dimensional gap.

“Kill me to enter here.” Then Chiyou blocked the entrance.

Nevartan frowned.

‘What is really going on in this world...?’ His eyes seemed to be saying this.

[Grid, I think it is better for us to cooperate here. Our relationship can be re-established later.]

Finally, Nevartan bowed his pride.

2 seconds.

“I don’t have any time left.” Grid bluntly refused. “If you need it, you can call the other Old Dragons. That is the only way now.”

[.....]

The truth that wasn’t a lie—The insightful Nevartan couldn’t say anything else.

“I wish you luck.”

[You will be forcibly logged out after exceeding the connection timeout.]

Grid disappeared from the scene without a trace.

“Follow Grid’s advice and call the other Old Dragons.” Chiyou was very happy about this situation. “That is the only way you can stop Hanul, who is playing tricks in here.”

He decided to match Grid’s rhythm in order to increase the chances of death.

Overgeared

Chapter 1910

Shin Youngwoo immediately received an e-mail after logging out. It was a report that the Tower of Wisdom might be in danger. It was added that all the Overgeared Guild members had left to provide support.

Youngwoo wasn’t worried. ‘Hayate ahjussi will respond.’

The Dragon Slayer was the one who was most sensitive to changes in the dragons. It was Youngwoo’s belief that Hayate must’ve noticed the changes in the world with his instinctive senses. Hayate would’ve abandoned the tower where Bunhelier had come and gone like it was his own house.

‘Additionally, the Old Dragons were handed over to Chiyou. Even if the tower members can’t escape, they will be able to hold on if they all work together.’

No... they were no longer at the level of simply being able to hold on. They had to unconditionally hold on.

How long were they going to keep saying weak things when they were now armed with dragon weapons?

‘They need to pay for it soon.’

Too much time had passed since then for them to make the excuse that the opponent was too strong.

Youngwoo remembered how his colleagues had fought against King Sobyeeol. Led by Kraugel, they were noticeably stronger.

He was afraid to say this since it might be misinterpreted as a curse, but he hoped they would experience more trials as soon as possible.

‘It will be more efficient if they keep dying and growing.’

His colleagues weren't lacking when it came to damage. There was enough firepower to kill the opponent unless it was an Absolute.

Control? Senses? They were superior to him in such areas from the beginning. The only problem was that they had infinitely weaker bodies compared to their enemies... this was something that couldn't be helped as long as they were a player, and it wasn't a big problem in the first place.

It was important to have the firepower to kill the enemy.

They had to take advantage of the fact that the enemy's level was higher. Even if they died, it was unconditionally beneficial to seriously injure or kill the enemy. The gains were much greater than the amount of experience lost.

This was the process that Youngwoo had gone through first. He had a low win rate when fighting enemies of the same status, but despite this, he endlessly became stronger.

'...By the way, the timing when the e-mail arrived is ridiculous.'

Youngwoo was nervous about other things.

The e-mail from Lauel. It arrived at the exact time he logged out without a single second of error. The timing was too accurate to dismiss it as a mere coincidence.

'It is hard for such a busy guy to even calculate my access time limit...'

Honestly, it was kind of scary.

'I'm afraid he will go bald after overdoing it.'

Youngwoo did what he had to do.

He washed, ate, and trained himself. He started practicing the habits he had been adopting for seven years and the effects were immediate. His complicated mind became clear and his excited heart calmed down.

'As expected, there is no contact from the S.A Group.'

Today, Youngwoo made a choice that could change Satisfy's fate. He didn't know if it was the right answer. He just wanted to do so and believed he should. He had no idea how to persuade people if they objected or criticized him.

In particular, he expected the S.A Group to make a fuss, but there was no response. There was also no message from Chairman Lim Cheolho, who contacted him and sent a gift every time Youngwoo solved a major incident.

‘Is he very upset...?’

Youngwoo remembered a few previous interviews with Chairman Lim Cheolho.

Satisfy was a world created to satisfy everyone. Lim Cheolho had hoped that people suffering from problems such as education, status, money, or disabilities in reality would have equal opportunities and be equally happy in Satisfy...

He also added these words at the end every time he was interviewed by various media outlets.

Therefore, Youngwoo sided with Rebecca. He knew that the moment Rebecca was ‘cured’ by Morpheus, Satisfy would become a world just for players. Of course, the person who must’ve felt the greatest sense of betrayal from his choice was Chairman Lim Cheolho.

‘He isn’t a communist. Equal happiness is nonsense... does he really believe that is possible?’

Could the chairman be an alien as rumored? Was this why he couldn’t fathom the essence of human beings?

Youngwoo was jokingly thinking about something absurd when he received a phone call. It was from Lauel’s employee.

-I contacted you because the boss told me to report to you, Grid.

“What’s going on?”

-I arrived in Innsbruck this morning and visited Agnus’ castle, but I didn’t see any signs of people. There are also no signs of him going out recently. I guess I will have to keep an eye on it while staying nearby.

“.....”

At the end of the call, Youngwoo’s expression became a bit serious. He was anticipating how Agnus felt when he sacrificed himself to save Betty. He thought there was a high possibility that Agnus would just quit the game. He also hoped that this opportunity would free Agnus from all types of pain. He simply thought positively.

However, Lael seemed to have a different idea when he sent someone to investigate. What's more, there were no signs of people all day?

Youngwoo naturally imagined a bad situation.

'...No, he is a guy who lives alone in that big castle. Unless he goes out, it is natural not to see any signs of people.'

Maybe Agnus didn't quit the game. He might still be locked in a capsule.

'Did he get a hidden question with a name change?'

The right to change the game name was real. It was proven when Youngwoo became an Only One God. The S.A Group forced people who used the same name as Grid to change their names and gave them the 'name change ticket.'

'Let's sleep first.'

The moment the alarm went off, Youngwoo shook off his thoughts and lay down on the bed. Rest was essential for all preparations.

"Our response wasn't slow..."

"It isn't an exaggeration to say that they can cross the continent with a single flap of their wings."

The expressions of the tower members were dark. As many as dozens of dragons surrounded them.

The desperate escape drama had come to an end. The result was the worst. It seemed that it would be difficult to escape annihilation.

"Sir Radwolf, is that thing still not working?" Biban glanced at Radwolf's bracelet. It was a terminal connected to the warp gate of the towers that existed in various places. It was something recently developed but it didn't work.

Radwolf nodded with a pale face. "At this point, I have no choice but to admit it. It looks like all the gates have been destroyed."

"The locations of the towers have been discovered..."

Today, Hayate suddenly ordered the base to be moved immediately. The tower members decided to move out without even taking time to pack their belongings. However, Radwolf's artifact didn't work. The tower members were forced to use the magic machines and ended up allowing the enemies to pursue them.

There was only one reason: the towers that were prepared in various places in case of an emergency—they had all collapsed.

It was clear that the dragons were responsible.

“Are they saying they won't even give us the slightest bit of hope...? Now that these scary guys are putting their heads together, the level of threat is on a whole different level.” Biban clicked his tongue and was faced with a choice. Should he break through the encirclement and let the other tower members escape, or should they work together to resist?

‘...I guess it is the latter.’

He felt sorry for Sir Hayate, who tied up the feet of the Old Dragons alone in order to let them escape, but the entire continent had become a land of death. There was no point in trying to break out of the encirclement. Their way of living was gone from the moment the dragons started to cooperate without preying on each other.

“Sir Abellio, create your territory.”

The 7th Seat nodded and adjusted his wide-brimmed hat with a pointed tip. Before anyone knew it, the brush he took out sprinkled colorful paint.

The legendary painter—he painted the stage of the great war that the tower members had been practicing for over the past hundreds of years. The blue sky that favored the winged beasts was transformed into a terrain familiar and advantageous to the tower members.

The response of the dragons was quick. Like masters of magic, they cast all types of magic to disrupt Abellio.

However, Abellio's painting was in the realm of a power. He was unaffected by magic, so some aggressive dragons aimed directly for him.

The 6th Seat, Ken, took the lead. He performed a brilliant dance and made the dragon's advance falter for a while. In a split second, both ears and his right arm were ripped off, but his expression didn't change at all. He grabbed the tail of a passing dragon and consumed his Origin True Energy to throw the dragon away.

Then two Breaths shot from the rear aimed for his head and heart. For a moment, Ken's eyes lost their light and went blank. There was an unusual atmosphere.

Suddenly, Biban grabbed him by the shoulder. "It is still too early for your dying flash."

Baaaang!

The Broken Sword split apart the two Breaths. The Breath of a top dragon seemed insignificant to Sword God Biban. He shook off the remnants of the Breaths like he was dusting it off.

Then a huge, golden flash aimed for him. Biban's vision was covered with shiny gold as he stood and blocked with his sword. It was the scales of a Gold Dragon. The top dragon Kubartos grabbed Biban's sword with only one hand while his Breath spread across the battlefield.

[It is a pity that Hayate was taken away by two Old Dragons, but things turned out well. I will cruelly kill you and fulfill half of my past covenant.]

The Gold Dragon's Breath was as cold as metal. Every time it touched the skin of the tower members, it turned them to gold. Even Abellio's hand turned into gold as he was busy moving the brush. Finally, he couldn't draw.

"A top dragon...!" The lamentation of the tower members followed.

Biban, who was exposed to Kubartos's Breath from the front, was completely transformed into a golden statue.

Magic power concentrated in the mouths of several dragons that passed him. It was the harbinger to dozens of Breaths.

It was a time when the atmosphere was in turmoil.

Biban's Broken Sword started expanding rapidly. He pushed away Kubartos, who was clinging to him, while striking the dragons from all directions.

It was a spectacular sight. It was the sight of dozens of huge dragons falling down at once.

It was over.

"Living Sword."

Then a blue sword light poured from the huge airship that appeared on the battlefield. It slashed at the tower members, not the dragons. To be precise, it slashed at the gold that covered the skin of the tower members.

This was the ultimate skill created by Kraugel, the present day Sword Saint, for the sake of 'team play.' From some point on, he assumed that he wasn't going to keep fighting alone, but instead together with people. This allowed him to create this swordsmanship.

"Sir Kraugel!"

Thanks to this, the tower members regained their freedom and started to scatter. They used the terrain features drawn by Abellio to find the best position.

[Do you know? Your foolish choice has made me very happy.] Kubartos curled up his wings to fend off the bombardment of the Tomb of the Gods. The top dragon, clad in golden scales, smiled. [I will slaughter you and have fun.]

"I won't allow it."

It happened the moment when Biban's sword struck down at Kubartos...

[Humans can't rebel against me.]

Duguen!

Biban swung his sword with blazing eyes, but it stopped right in front of Kubartos' nose. The tower members and Overgeared members, who had been preparing for battle on the Tomb of the Gods, stiffened like stone statues.

Dragon Words—a top dragon's usage of Dragon Words restricted the human species. Of course, Biban was an Absolute and he slowly resisted. In the first place, the more targets that were designated by Dragon Words, the less effective it became.

Bang!

Biban's sword moved again and collided with Kubartos' horn. The tower members and Overgeared members, including Kraugel, started to move again.

However, the very act of resisting Dragon Words caused a great loss. Resources such as stamina, health, and mana were reduced by more than half. Some skills entered cooldown time and their stats also fell.

The top dragon Kubartos—he was clever. Putting aside his arrogance, he used tricks. He deliberately weakened human power. b e d n o v e l . n e t

The tower members, who were already at a disadvantage, felt even more pressure than from the dozens of dragons.

‘I can’t believe it is like this even before we start fighting.’

It was the moment when the morale of the Overgeared members was infinitely lowered.

[Humans are strong.]

[This is the providence that I personally witnessed and it isn’t distorted.]

New Dragon Words dominated the battlefield. The silvery magic power spread like a tidal wave, infusing all types of beneficial energies into the tower members and the members of the Overgeared Guild.

Kubartos frowned. [You... what type of trick is this?]

Above the battlefield painted by Abellio, translucent silver scales shone in a cloudless blue sky. The being who soon revealed its full appearance was another high-ranking dragon that wasn’t inferior to Kubartos. It was the Cloaked Dragon, Cranbel.

[I am just doing what I believe is right.]