

Overgeared

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Overgeared

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 imoogi, 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."

"....."

"Now stop fucking around and log out as soon as possible." b e d n o v e l .com

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 Lauel. 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 Lauel 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 Chiyu'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?" Chiyu 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.

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The combat situation wasn’t bad.

The stage was a trump card that Hayate and the tower members had been thinking about for hundreds of years.

The battlefield created on the assumption of a battle against a dragon had a tremendous effect. The ground drawn with Abellio’s brush didn’t only exist below his feet. It took root in the ground in all directions in the form of diagonal, straight, or curved lines. It was imperfect, but it was a square.

This meant that a ceiling existed in every direction. It was a structure that restricted a dragon’s ability to fly. Additionally, the magic stones that resisted physical force and the strange rocks that absorbed magic power were exquisitely arranged along the road. Each one served as a barrier to protect the tower members and a maze to make the dragons cautious.

The bombardment of the Tomb of the Gods from outside the battlefield further hindered the march of the dragons, who seemed to be spinning in a wheel.

The Overgeared Cannons—they were the work of Only One God Grid. The Overgeared artillerymen army, which had grown through all types of raids and battlefields, amplified the power of the cannons by several times.

They might not be able to penetrate the dragon’s Absolute Defense, but they shook it little by little. The scales of some dragons shook when the bombardment rained down.

Yura and Jishuka’s sniping repeatedly pierced the gap in the scales and caused significant wounds.

The group of dragons reacted quickly. They designated Yura and Jishuka, who delivered powerful attacks even from a distance, and the hundreds of Overgeared Cannon Cannons, as the top targets and fired Breaths.

Every time, the Tomb of the Gods tilted from side to side. It rose and lowered in altitude to avoid some of the Breaths. This was possible thanks to the strange rocks installed on the battlefield. In order for a dragon to fire a Breath, it was necessary to avoid the rock formations and aim. Thanks to this, the speed of shooting the Breaths was very slow.

‘Even considering that, it is a near-perfect evasive maneuver.’

Lauel felt satisfied. The person who was currently controlling the Tomb of the Gods was none other than Zibal. The rare class called ‘Ancient Rider’ judged the Tomb of the Gods to be a ‘ride’ and helped it move according to his will.

“It is literally a god’s weapon.”

Biban repeatedly admired it.

An airship that could hold firm even with several Old Dragons on board it. The Tomb of the Gods was the essence of magic, science, and all types of powers. It was even classified as a ‘territory’ and belonged to the Overgeared World. It had a beneficial effect on those who served Grid and gave a strong sense of oppression to the enemy.

“This is our only chance now that Hayate has bound the Old Dragons' feet. Try to break through the battlefield as soon as the time comes.”

Cranbel was in charge of the top dragon, who was difficult to deal with.

Biban interpreted the situation positively, but he wasn’t being arrogant. The goal was to retreat safely. He judged that this was only possible as long as the battlefield that Abellio drew was maintained.

“As you said before, it seems quite advantageous... wouldn’t it be nice to fight here?”

Chris carefully gave his opinion.

A chance to slash a dragon. It could also possibly kill one.

If he made a significant contribution to the death of a dragon then he could become a Dragon Slayer. It was a never-before-seen opportunity. Chris judged that

they should make the gamble and a significant number of the members of the Overgeared Guild agreed.

Biban cut off those thoughts at once. “Sir Abellio’s painting isn’t permanent.”

No further explanation was necessary. The current situation was favorable due to the battlefield that Abellio drew. The moment the square battlefield holding the group of dragons disappeared, the tide would turn immediately.

In fact, the magic stones and strange rocks that hindered the advance of the group of dragons were being destroyed. The magic stones collapsed due to the dragons’ swinging paws and tails, while the strange rocks collapsed due to magic. There was a scene where the tower members still left on the battlefield were desperately fleeing.

“Additionally, the Old Dragons will arrive soon. There is really no chance or hope then,” Biban added with a dark expression. It was a statement that seemed to take it for granted that Hayate, who was confronting the Old Dragons somewhere, would be defeated.

He felt a deep sorrow.

Lauel nodded. “Let’s pick up all the tower members and retreat.”

In the first place, the goal of this expedition was to rescue the tower members. They weren’t able to help the most important one, Hayate, but they shouldn’t make Hayate’s sacrifice be in vain. As many of the tower members had to be saved as possible.

Just then, the battlefield shook.

Part of the land on the side couldn’t cope with the breaths of an intermediate dragon and was destroyed.

Dragons escaped the battlefield through this gap. They spread out their wings and started flying. They drew closer to the Tomb of the Gods in an instant.

It wasn’t a particularly good decision. The Tomb of the Gods was part of the Overgeared World.

[.....!]

One of the dragons was startled as he arrived at the airship and opened his mouth. He realized that the circulation of magic power needed to shoot the Breath had

slowed significantly. The dragon quickly realized that the space itself was working against him. He was about to turn when Biban's sword soared like a pillar and pierced his abdomen.

The energy of a Dragon Slayer weakly dwelled in the sword energy that could cut anything. It penetrated the Absolute Defense of the low-grade dragon and the entire abdomen.

‘Even so, isn't it too much to expose your belly?’

There weren't even scales there.

Biban shook his head and grabbed his sword with both hands. He swung the giant sword that pierced the dragon's large body with all his might.

The dragon fell to the Tomb of the Gods.

The members of the Overgeared Guild rushed in like wildfire. Like starving demons, they stabbed at the dragon with weapons or poured out magic and skills. Unfortunately, it didn't cause any significant injuries.

However, some people gained an increase in status while others gained achievements or titles. There were differences depending on the individual's position, but as a result, everyone had grown.

Biban straightened his sword once again and was about to behead the dragon.

Then more than 10 Breaths were fired. Many of the members of the Overgeared Guild turned to ash and the disgraced low-grade dragon escaped under the cover of chaos. Massive damage was inflicted everywhere. If the tanks, including Vantner and Toban, hadn't responded quickly, then the UI Clan magicians would've been destroyed. *bednovel. org*

“It is a really great learning ability.”

Vantner clicked his tongue as he was half-melted from the Breaths. Ruby's heals focused on him but her expression was dark.

A group of dragons escaped from the battlefield. They didn't hastily approach the Tomb of the Gods. They kept their distance and fired one Breath at a time. That alone caused a third of the members of the Overgeared Guild to be destroyed. It was safe to say that everyone except for the top rankers were dead.

‘I'm glad there is a cooldown.’

The Old Dragons could fire the Breaths in an unlimited manner, but the ordinary dragons were subjected to considerable restrictions. Each Breath fired had at least two minutes of cooldown. Of course, this didn't mean that the threat had disappeared.

Dragons were the masters of magic. The inability to shoot a Breath didn't significantly reduce their firepower.

"This shit."

As expected, all types of magic were activated and filled Vantner's vision. Tsunamis that could engulf a city, tornadoes filled with lightning, a rain of flames, the soaring earth, and the raining meteorites, etc. Each one was an overwhelming attack and magic that was classified as great magic.

The Tomb of the Gods was attacked from all directions. He was going to die this time...

It happened as Vantner cursed and raised his shield in front of the Ul Clan...

There was a commotion from behind them. It was the sound of the members of the Overgeared Guild, who just died, resurrecting and rushing toward them. They had previously changed the resurrection point to the Tomb of the Gods and quickly rushed in.

Even so, what was the point?

Vantner thought this, but reality was different. The Overgeared members who died and came back were definitely stronger than before. Once a dozen or so grouped up and joined forces, they were able to handle the magic of a dragon. The reward of damaging a dragon earlier was worth dying.

[...It is better not to target them.]

Unlike the low-grade dragons, who became more excited when their magic was blocked, a few intermediate dragons turned their backs without any regrets.

The direction of their gaze was Euphemina. A magician who used magic unfamiliar even to dragons—unless they could do something about that 'moving dimension,' it seemed like it would take a lot of effort to penetrate her magic barrier.

In the first place, they didn't feel much hostility toward players. It was instinct.

"The tower members are in danger."

As the dragons retreated one by one and returned to the battlefield, Lauel became impatient. He noticed that they were targeting the tower members who were isolated in the square battlefield.

Biban was already chasing after them. The Broken Sword repeatedly expanded and contracted as it was used as a grappling hook. He inserted a knife into the back of the dragons ahead of him and repeatedly jumped, allowing him to arrive at the battlefield before anyone else. The speed of one of the few Absolutes of the human world was at a level that narrowly shook off the pursuit of the intermediate dragons.

Biban rescued Radwolf first. The magic machine carrying him was swept away from the battle between Cranbel and Kubartos. He was floundering in a crack in the collapsed ground.

“It is a pity but I can’t bring the magic machine with me.”

“N-No! How much effort didn’t I put into this new work...?!”

Radwolf screamed but Biban didn’t care. He cut open the cockpit of the magic machine stuck in the crevice and pulled Radwolf out. Immediately afterward, a spear of magic pierced the empty cockpit.

Biban had no time to feel relieved. He looked around quickly.

Ken, who had been seriously injured in the beginning, and Jessica and Betty were the next targets to be rescued. He decided that the other tower members could hold on against the dragons for a while.

However, there was a problem. It was that the group of dragons were observing him. All the dragons, except for Kubartos, focused their senses on him. Based on the situation, they saw through his psychology and predicted his next move. They quickly surrounded Ken and Jessica’s location.

“It is really possible to fight endlessly,” Ken said cheerfully as he was surrounded by dragons.

Both torn ears and his right arm were still bleeding. It was because it was a wound made by the claws of a green dragon. The effect of the potion Grid gifted him didn’t work properly.

“I will open the way, so please take care of the aftermath.”

Biban couldn't stop him.

Ken suddenly stood up and his energy changed in an extraordinary manner. Before he knew it, his waist-length hair had turned gray. He consumed his Origin True Energy. He burned his own life force.

Baaaang!

Ken's stride widened and the fist he swung broke a dragon's legs.

A roar and a magical bombardment ensued. Ken didn't dodge and instead moved forward. There were holes all over his body and he was engulfed in flames, but he didn't stop.

"I'm finally piercing through it properly, the Absolute Defense."

The face that melted in the heat. Ken was smiling even at the moment of death.

It was something that would forever be imprinted in the minds of his colleagues.

"...It is thanks to Grid."

Ken's gauntlet was also a dragon weapon—Grid made it from the bones and scales of an Old Dragon and it was an unforgettable memory for Ken.

"....."

Ken's voice, which had been emitting smoke every time he spoke, suddenly became inaudible. His lungs and vocal cords were completely burned and he was unable to speak.

Nevertheless, his fists never stopped. His fists, which had been tempered for nearly a thousand years, were given wings after meeting the dragon weapon. They pierced the dragon's Absolute Defense and shattered even the scales. The pride of the ancient, absolute species was reduced to a shard of glass that projected the flames of his body.

"...May you rest in peace in hell."

Biban didn't allow the sacrifice of his colleague to be in vain. He broke through the path that Ken had opened for him and reached Jessica. She was crying. The endless Echo magic responded to the staff created by Grid and amplified the power again and again. It made some of the low-grade dragons flinch.

Thanks to Ken buying time, Katz and Kraugel arrived on time. Hurent and Chris also came to help support Biban. It wasn't just Jessica. Betty was rescued as well.

Chris had a dark look on his face.

Death. He overlooked the reality of it and couldn't help cursing himself for being greedy a few minutes ago.

Ken's final kick raised the chin of the dragon chasing after the group.

After that, it was quiet. It was a silence brought about by a silent death.

"It is embarrassing."

".....?"

Biban's group returned with miserable faces. To their surprise, it was Ken who greeted them. He lay with his head on the lap of Saintess Ruby. He was covered with so many wounds that it wouldn't be strange if he died immediately, but the wounds were steadily recovering.

Faker stood by him.

The group understood the situation and sighed with relief or cheered.

In particular, Biban and the other tower members couldn't hide their emotions. Biban even hugged Faker tightly.

"...Hurry and go." Faker couldn't stand it any longer. He hid in a shadow and urged them. He was a shy person.

Biban laughed and headed back to the battlefield. The Overgeared Guild was supporting him. Thanks to Jessica and Betty, who were deployed on the deck of the Tomb of the Gods, the long-range support firepower increased dramatically.

Biban and the Overgeared members were able to break through the camp built by the dragons more quickly. Of course, there was a price paid for it. More than half of the members of the Overgeared Guild were forced to log out after two deaths.

Being trampled on by a giant foot, being beaten by a tail, being burnt to ashes by Breaths and magic, being crushed by falling rocks, etc. There were many different ways to die.

The screams continued endlessly and the columns of ash continued to rise. Nevertheless, there was far less damage than initially expected.

After a three hour struggle, the group was able to rescue everyone safely. It was a miracle created by Ken's decision to burn his life force.

Humans were strong—Cranbel's Dragon Words gained traction and became more powerful.

Overgeared

Chapter 1913

"I never thought I would crave learning."

Armor that was ripped as if it had been scratched by the claws of a giant beast—the red-haired man curiously examined the loot made of his own scales. Then he threw it away and laughed. He was such a handsome man that his fierce appearance wasn't a flaw.

The flame in his right hand turned into a sword.

It was a form made from a large number of scales joined together and had a pointed tip. It looked like the miniature version of a dragon's tail.

Fire Dragon Trauka—every time he let out a Breath, the giant dragon turned the entire area into a sea of fire. Now he imitated a swordsman in human form.

It was due to the barrier of sword energy that covered the entire sky. Hundreds of millions of sword energy that were shimmering white. Each one contained the dragon killing energy.

"....."

The man standing on the other side of the barrier was silent.

Dragon Slayer Hayate—his flawless demeanor that looked like a noble aristocrat was now a mess. His hair and shoulders were hanging down and black dirt covered his white shirt. There were traces of dry blood.

"You are bothering me until the end."

There was no mockery in Trauka's complaining attitude. The human in front of him dared to hunt dragons and gain the dignity of an Absolute. He was worthy of respect.

Trauka realized it after fighting today. The hatred he had for the Dragon Slayer over the past thousand years had faded.

However, it was right to kill him. It was the duty of the defender of providence.

The giant golden dragon, who had been watching the situation, opened his mouth, [I will head to the east first.]

Gourmet Dragon Raiders—one of the Old Dragons bore a distinct scar.

His self-defense, which boasted the power of Absolute Defense, fluttered precariously like it would disappear immediately. The scales that had fallen off from various parts of his body couldn't be easily regenerated.

"Yes, I will finish off this place and join you." Trauka nodded. At the same time, Raiders left the scene. He headed for the East Continent rather than pursuing the remnants of the tower. It was because there was a request for assistance from Nevartan. He seemed to be struggling with the Martial God.

"...You should've just lived according to providence. The greed of the foolish Goddess made many people, including you, wander."

Trauka peered into Hayate's blue eyes. They were eyes that were losing their light. This great human was dying in real time. The barrier of sword energy blocking Trauka's advance was like a last will and testament. He couldn't pass through it...

It contained a strong will to protect the tower members.

"It is a pity."

The human beings of this world weren't supposed to be great. It was because the fate given to them was to be the entertainment of beings who descended from a higher dimension. But was it a mortal instinct?

Humans had a tendency to overcome their limitations. Maybe it was a tenacity born of ignorance, but... in any case, such great beings often bloomed. It was to the extent of forcing learning on the Old Dragons who were perfect from birth.

Trauka pulled at the hilt of the sword. His goal was to destroy the barrier created by the sword energy of the Dragon Slayer. He would definitely cut off Hayate's lifeline on the other side of the barrier...

The hundreds of millions of sword energies filling the sky fluctuated in unison and a sharp sound followed. The principles and structure of the dragon killing energy.

Trauka had insight into it from the start. He just found it difficult to destroy with a dragon's innate magic power and strength. Therefore, he took a human form. Not only did he change his appearance, but he also sealed his strength and magic power. He took on 'human swordsmanship.'

This was the result. The sky, which had been encroached upon by the dragon killing energy and dyed a pure white, vibrated and regained its blueness. It was the aftermath of Trauka wielding swordsmanship made from referencing Hayate's swordsmanship and precisely slashing the point that was the nucleus of the sword energy barrier.

The hundreds of millions of white blades vanished in a fleeting manner.

"Please don't be reincarnated."

Trauka approached Hayate's side and said a goodbye that was like a curse. There was no hesitation in his sword that stretched out. It quickly aimed to pierce the throat of the noble human being who was always upright despite the storms of a thousand years.

At this moment, two swords flew in, crossed over each other and intercepted Trauka's sword. They were the swords of Zik and Mir, Grid's apostles. The wings borrowed from Sarel were flapping on their backs.

"Hurry up and leave here with Hayate." Zik and Mir urged Sarel. Their swords were still crossed. They grabbed Trauka's sword like a pair of scissors.

It happened the moment Sarel nodded and supported Hayate...

"Thank you for coming here on your own." Trauka laughed and activated the magic and energy that had been sealed for a while.

"Cough...!"

"Cough!"

Zik and Mir's bodies were swept away by a powerful explosion and flew back helplessly. Sariel had been on the verge of completing the Teleport magic. Now she also spun dozens of times in the air while holding Hayate.

"Blame your master for being possessed by the Goddess."

The sun seemed to get closer behind Trauka's back as he raised his sword high. It was an optical illusion created by the atmosphere that was shimmering due to the heat. It couldn't be resisted.

Grid's apostles sensed this in the midst of the pain of their skin melting. They realized the greatness of an Old Dragon and moved desperately. They put all their energy into protecting Hayate at all costs.

Mir spread out a sword curtain containing the power of the Four Auspicious Beasts. Additionally, Zik's runes that contained the divinity of King Sobyel and the halos of light and divine magic released by Sariel worked solely to protect Hayate.

Their deaths were a foregone conclusion. Nevertheless, there was no guarantee that Hayate could be protected.

The sword wielded by Trauka poured out a torrent of flames. It destroyed all the defenses of the apostles and reached Hayate.

In this desperate situation, flame columns that were 50 meters in diameter suddenly soared up. It swallowed up Trauka's torrent of flames that spread out in the shape of a fan and expanded its own territory until it finally hit Trauka.

The apostles survived thanks to this. Then a dragon appeared in front of them. It was obviously small compared to Trauka, but it was twice as big compared to a normal dragon. The scales were red.

Trauka's head tilted at an angle. "Are you Ifrit's child...?"

[I will get revenge for my mother.] The unidentified red dragon didn't seem to have any intention of having a conversation. She activated Mass Teleport to transfer Hayate and the apostles. Then she charged at Trauka.

Trauka stepped in the air and jumped. He grabbed the dragon's horn, circled around, landed on her forehead and sighed. "Foolish child. What is the point of obsessing over what happened in the Age of Oblivion? If you have to blame

someone to get rid of your resentment, blame the goddess who sealed the refraction dragon and reduced us to mere beasts.” *bednovel.com*

[It is disgusting to see you shift blame to others when you have devoured so much of your kin...!]

Navaldrea—Fire Dragon Ifrit’s daughter. Like most red dragons, she spent her whole life in hiding so she didn’t even receive a title. Even so, she fully demonstrated the power of a direct descendant of Fire Dragon Trauka. Even after being caught by the horn, she definitely shook off Trauka.

“...Is that so?” Trauka was pushed far away and was convinced. “You are nothing but a residual fire.”

Trauka’s ferocity wasn’t caused by the Goddess’ curse. All she had done was seal some of the Refractive Dragon’s power. The dragons’ behavior during the Age of Oblivion was simply a desire for survival, or their natures. Then now—

“A worm gave birth to a worm.” Trauka revealed part of his original nature. The part of the terrible nature that forced other dragons to fight for survival was naturally terrible. “It is better for you to be part of me.”

Night had come.

Trauka released the Polymorph. His wings created a shadow so huge that it covered Navaldrea’s whole body. Dozens of columns rising from all directions crossed one after another. Navaldrea was isolated in the center.

The whole continent heated up.

“.....!”

A faint scream awakened Hayate’s consciousness. A large number of people were gathered around him. They were the tower members, apostles, and members of the Overgeared Guild.

“Ahh! I’m glad you’re awake!”

It was a little while ago.

The Tomb of the Gods rescued all of the tower members and launched a full-scale offensive.

Due to the members of the Overgeared Guild and tower members launching all types of attacks from the moving Overgeared World, the dragons' front line faltered for a moment. It was only a moment, but Cranbel didn't miss this small opportunity.

He unleashed his power while the enemies were distracted and transferred the Tomb of the Gods from the air to the ground. According to Euphemina, it was a ridiculous power. It was safe to say that the Tomb of the Gods was transferred, in other words, the dimension was transferred.

In any case, thanks to this, the group escaped unharmed and joined Hayate. The weather was very hot but their expression was bound to be bright.

"...There is someone who needs to be saved."

On the other hand, Hayate's face was stiff. The moment he opened his eyes, he got up and searched for a sword.

Ruby and Sariel were stunned.

"Your wounds haven't healed yet!"

"You must rest."

Hayate was badly hurt. It wasn't exaggerating at all to say that he had been on the verge of death just a moment ago. It was impossible for Ruby, who had consumed her divine power throughout the war, to fully restore him.

His mana and sword energy were also nearly depleted.

After seeing that there were no signs of recovery even after pouring the mana potions, it was clear that he had used up his Origin True Energy like Ken. The blond hair that was close to almost white was evidence of this.

Above all, there was no armor. The dragon armor that resembled Grid's armor—the battle with the Old Dragons was so fierce that it seemed to have been destroyed.

"I'm sorry but there is no time to waste." Hayate's hand holding the sword blurred for a moment.

"...Uh?" The tower members and members of the Overgeared Guild rubbed their eyes.

Pure white sword energy spread in front of them and then divided into thousands of pieces. The bars made from the energy of a Dragon Slayer imprisoned hundreds of people.

Hayate had already disappeared without a trace.

“Shit!” Biban’s sharp eyes widened and he raised his power to smash the cage.

[U... Ughh....]

Navaldrea’s thick waist, which was comparable to the circumference of a great mountain, was half cut. Red magic power and intestines gushed out like lava. Her tail, which had always been touching the ground due to her habit of hiding for over a thousand years, hung down more than usual.

Navaldrea’s consciousness gradually faded.

‘Mother...’

She was looking for a chance for revenge and was lucky enough to witness the battle between the Dragon Slayer and Trauka. She closely watched the process of Trauka being physically drained and was convinced that she would never have a second chance at revenge unless it was this moment.

The result was a failure.

Her flames were swallowed up by Trauka’s flames. Every time her claws scratched at Trauka’s scales, Trauka’s claws repeatedly dug into her body. It was an overwhelming gap.

Residual fire...

She thought it was a fitting name for her trivial self.

[Just tell me one thing. Why did you let the Dragon Slayer live?]

Trauka growled as he clutched at Navaldrea’s neck. It was a fierce cry like a beast that had devoured the heart of his kin.

Navaldrea released weak embers on the face of Trauka, which was right in front of him, and grinned. [You... Fucking bastard...]

[That is lowly.] Trauka frowned and tightened his grip. He planned to decapitate this rude relative, kill her, and take the heart. It was while thinking that this was quite a windfall...

[...Um?]

Trauka quickly let go of Navaldrea's neck. Then a pure white light made of sword energy passed by right in front of his hand. It was the energy of a Dragon Slayer. If he had been even a bit slower, then it would've cut his wrist.

Navaldrea was in a state where she had many wounds, but she resembled her mother so he was vigilant.

[You are back on your feet?]

Trauka laughed and shifted his gaze to the side. There was really someone there.

A man with bright, blond hair—perhaps it was out of a strange compulsion, but the shirt that had been crumpled earlier was stiff as if it had been ironed.

[Why are you here?] Navaldrea sighed. She looked several times more surprised than Trauka.

Why did the 'hope' that she managed to save come back to die on his own? She couldn't understand the situation in front of her. The only emotion that the unexpected development gave her was despair.

The man read her inner thoughts clearly and opened his mouth, "It is because the hope you have to believe in isn't me, but yourself."

A few words revealed a noble dignity and character.

Dragon Slayer Hayate said goodbye in an upright and firm voice. "Please stay alive and find your mother's benefactor."

The sky turned white due to the hundreds of sword energies that rose like starlight. It was a space of dragon slaying that isolated Hayate and Trauka.

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A chilly white sword energy flowed through the small space. It was a structure that prevented the dragon from spreading his wings.

[You are ephemeral. It is a pity that you are so obsessed with trivial things.]

Trauka and Hayate were at the same eye level. Trauka, who polymorphed into a human being, even sealed away his innate energy and magic power. That alone made the dragon killing space lose its value.

“Did you not consider our counterattack? The dragons, who regained their duty, will gradually become organized and efficient. We won’t hesitate to invade human nations and cities if necessary. The half-draconians and other creatures will add strength to our efforts.”

A burn-like wound spread across Trauka’s hand as he stroked the white sword energy. That was it. Hayate’s dragon killing energy became even weaker. It was because in the previous battle, he resisted Raiders’ ‘rewind’ ability while expanding his mental world and consuming Origin True Energy to pierce Trauka’s heart.

The present Hayate was far from a perfect state. It was much more than Trauka, who had suffered a series of battles and received considerable wounds.

“You should’ve prepared for a great war, rather than sacrificing yourself to save a few people and one dragon.”

It wasn’t wrong. Hayate was a strategic weapon. As long as he existed, most dragons wouldn’t be able to act rashly. However, he insisted on taking the lead against the unbeatable Old Dragons. He became worthless. In a word, it was a dog’s death.

“I’m glad you are stupid. I will use your death as the starting point to establish the right order.” Trauka slashed at the sword energy.

Hayate rushed in like he had been waiting. He swung his sword and plunged the Dragon Killing Sword into Trauka’s exposed chest.

“Do you think you can beat me in that condition?”

“That is a stupid question.”

Trauka snorted and slammed his sword down. He didn't even care about the sword stuck in his chest. He might've sealed his magic power to resist the Dragon Killing Sword, but his endurance and resilience were intact.

Hayate's sword failed to cut through Trauka's muscles and ultimately failed to reach his heart.

Evasion, counterattacks, and collisions were linked without any time difference. The attacks of the Absolutes who secured a distance had basis and confidence thanks to their insight. It was done immediately and all the swords produced the desired results. Strategies were meaningless.

Hayate's body flew like a cannonball.

Trauka's stab contained the power of a meteorite. If Hayate hadn't twisted the sword to defend himself, his chest would've been pierced and he would've died immediately. Hayate crashed into the sword energy barrier and crashed down. Trauka was chasing after Hayate when a gust of wind blew at Trauka's feet. It was the aftermath of the dragon killing energy created by Hayate's defensive sword.

A foot pierced through the storm and trampled on the afterimage left by Hayate. Hayate rolled over and stabbed Trauka in the waist with the sword held in reverse. It was the feeling of stabbing metal, not flesh.

Hayate corrected the sword that stopped while digging into Trauka's waist and rotated it once. Then the sword managed to dig a bit deeper and touched Trauka's pelvis. It was very hard. It was to the point where the sharp edge of the Dragon Killing Sword, made by Grid, disappeared to a certain extent.

Then Hayate's face exploded. It was the aftermath of being hit by Trauka's knee. To be exact, it only grazed past his ear but the wavelength created was like an explosion. Hayate's face was red as his life was saved by just three centimeters. Blood splattered from his ripped ears that were swept away by the wind pressure and splashed on his face.

After that, hundreds of attacks and defensive moves were exchanged repeatedly. Every time Hayate's sword blurred, three or four light wounds appeared on Trauka's body. Hayate was clearly superior in swordsmanship.

In the end, Trauka's whole body was covered in blood and it wouldn't seem strange for him to die soon. However, he moved smoothly without letting out a single groan. The wounds shedding blood were healing in real time.

On the contrary, Hayate's body became heavier and heavier despite having few wounds. The tip of Trauka's sword grazed Hayate's neck before blooming like a flower.

Trauka changed the shape of his weapon on the fly. A hideous hook was stuck in Hayate's neck. It tore through arteries and muscles and clung to his neck bone.

"Cough...!"

Hayate couldn't get rid of the hook. The moment this came out of his neck, his whole neck bone would be ripped out and he would die. He desperately followed Trauka and swung his sword. Trauka's sword bloomed like a flower and struck again and again until the tip was broken.

At this point, all of Hayate's ribs were broken. It was impossible for him to handle the power of Trauka's fist at close range without the dragon armor.

"Ephemeral things are always persistent. But what does it mean?"

In the end, Trauka grew tired of the sight of Hayate breaking his sword and trying to survive. He clicked his tongue while pointing to the sword energy around him that was fading.

The flashing white sword energy—the energy of a Dragon Slayer contained in it was as precarious as a candle on the verge of extinguishing. It also meant Hayate's remaining vitality. Soon, the only Dragon Slayer in history would die.

"You said to me... I am... obsessed with trivial things..." Hayate opened his mouth while clutching the hook stuck in his neck bone.

His pronunciation was inaccurate due to the blood that filled his lungs and throat. Hayate felt that his internal organs and his spine were severely damaged. Since all his ribs were broken, his upper body bent over and swayed like a marionette whose strings had fallen. Nevertheless, his blue eyes didn't waver.

"...It isn't trivial... My mission is..."

Today, Hayate realized time and time again that the Old Dragons were truly monsters with infinite power. It was very hopeless. Therefore, he reflected on his role even more. It was a role he could reflect on thanks to meeting Grid and letting go of his fears.

Dragon Slayer—he was completed in order to destroy a dragon.

“You...?” Trauka noticed that Hayate had completely gray hair and reflexively stabbed him.

A hole pierced the bright red shirt. The completely out of focus eyes captured the blade piercing his chest.

The only Absolute among human beings—he was supposed to be an example to all so his body was always straight and upright. Now he tilted over terribly.

Flinch!

However, a chill went down Trauka’s spine. The sword held in Hayate’s completely collapsed hand—it was because it touched his heart. It was a sword attack with a terrible power that stopped without being able to cut his skin. Even so, Trauka somehow got goosebumps.

“.....!”

Trauka’s eyes were bloodshot as he frowned.

Just then, blood gushed out of his eyes, mouth, nose, and ears. Hundreds of wounds were carved on his body. The large and small wounds, which had been mostly healed except for a few, were moving unevenly. It was the aftermath of Hayate’s sword that injected the energy of a Dragon Slayer into Trauka’s body.

It was thinner than a hair. It was an extremely small, secret weapon made on the assumption that an Old Dragon, which was infinitely large and difficult to fight against, was the enemy. It made the huge body irrelevant.

It pierced the target’s body and flowed through the blood vessels. In the process, it tore open all the wounds inflicted on the target and finally touched the Dragon Heart.

“Gasp...!”

Trauka felt a sharp blade piercing his chest. Cracks quickly occurred. The sealed dragon energy and magic power started to leak out.

“...Kuaaaaak!” In the end, Trauka couldn’t stand it and screamed. The pain of turning the magic power, which started to flow through his whole body due to the forcibly loosened seal, being turned into dragon killing killing energy was so unbearable that even an Old Dragon who had lived for eons couldn’t bear it.

“You...! How dare this ephemeral bastard...!!”

Trauka went on a rampage. He struggled to immediately get rid of the source of this terrible pain.

“I will burn your soul!!!”

Hayate was unable to escape the hand that Trauka swung randomly. He was already immobilized, so he was helplessly grabbed by the neck.

The light in Hayate’s eyes was completely gone. It was hard to say that he was still alive. In fact, it was like hitting a corpse.

Trauka’s anger became even stronger as he was filled with shame.

“This bastard!”

It happened as Trauka was about to break Hayate’s neck... The space of the dragon killing energy, which had been completely shaking for some time, disappeared without a trace. At the same time, two men emerged from the shadow beneath Hayate’s feet like they had been waiting.

One was Faker, who activated the shadow technique.

“Yooooou!”

The other person was Sword God Biban. His expression was distorted more terribly than Trauka, who was roaring and shedding bloody tears. He stabbed Trauka in the chest with the Broken Sword and expanded the size of the sword.

“Ku... ock!!”

The landscape around Trauka quickly changed.

After passing through dozens of mountains and rivers, as well as several wilderness and seas, he finally crashed into a desert. The whole desert shook and a huge sandstorm raged. Trauka realized that the situation wasn’t positive. He regained his form and raised his head above the storm.

Biban could be seen flying toward him.

[You’ve lost your fear!]

The blood-soaked Breath and the tear-soaked sword intersected. The endless chain of shock waves caused desert sand to soar into the sky. In the end, sharp cliffs were formed throughout various parts of the desert and lava seethed below them.

The yellow sand that stained the sky yellow gradually turned red. It was too red to be interpreted as being heated by Trauka's fire. It was too much to interpret it as being wet with the blood that Biban spilled. Each grain of sand too numerous to count was emitting a red glow.

"Who dares to disturb my child's rest?" A chilly voice was heard in the burning desert.

"....."*bednovel. com*

Faker's expression was stiff.

Hayate's body in his arms was strangely light even though it was limp. It was as light as a child. It was as if all the blood and intestines had drained from his body.

"...Shit."

Faker shook his head to shake off this eerie delusion and returned to the Tomb of the Gods. The gray ash left a trail. They were particles oozing out of Hayate's body.

"Hayate!"

The situation didn't change even after arriving at the Tomb of the Gods. Hayate was disappearing. All types of potions and healing spells had no effect. It was because he had already been declared dead.

He had become an Absolute with a human body. Therefore, he was noble, but weak. He was different from the Old Dragons, who were endowed with a tenacious vitality. He was different from Marie Rose, who took the life force of others. He was also different from the gods, who were eternal unless they were forgotten.

He wasn't as evil or selfish as Baal, who reigned with fear and secured infinite lives. This was the reason why—

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

He was loved by the Goddess.

A holy being who cared for the poor—the divinity that came from the golden sky blessed Hayate. It was despite the risk to herself.

[The guardian of the world is appearing.]

There was a roar that shook the earth and the image of the Goddess in the sky tilted. The blood she shed made people witness the transparent scales of the Refractive Dragon.

Soon, the two beings left.

[The world has overcome the crisis of destruction.]

The world message emerged.

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Chapter 1915

[The world has overcome the crisis of destruction.]

For a moment, the members of the Overgeared Guild didn't understand the content of the world message.

It was a little while ago. The holy being, who appeared to bathe the world with light, blessed Hayate. She helped the hero's stopped heart beat again.

However, the system misled the public the moment she left. It was as if she had brought danger to the world. It took them a moment to realize that it was an obvious distortion. It was to the point where they almost felt empathy for Baal.

"The power of the system is greater than I thought. It is unlikely that Grid's epics will work to his advantage in the future."

So far, Grid's epics had mostly worked in his favor. In retrospect, this was only possible due to the system's favor toward Grid. The epic itself was a system that used the world messages. Conversely, the system could weaken the epics.

"Grid must've expected it as well," Katz casually said in the midst of the solemn atmosphere. He had witnessed Grid killing the 2nd Great Demon with one blow. Grid was Grid, even without the help of the epics.

"We don't have to worry about Grid. We should devise a way to go forward."

Katz made a self-deprecating remark.

There was no Grid today. Despite the cooperation of thousands of people, the members of the Overgeared Guild were unable to eliminate even one low-grade dragon. They had accomplished the goal of saving the tower members, but only with the help of Cranbel.

They were powerless.

In the end, no one could refute Katz, who was gritting his teeth.

Hunting dragons? So far, no one had done it except for Hayate.

It went without saying that they couldn't hunt dragons. They knew it was obvious but they were resentful. They were armed with dragon weapons and armor. It was like carrying the goodwill and faith of Grid on their shoulders. They might be just a speck of dust alone, but if they all worked together, it was right to live up to his belief to a certain extent.

However, they couldn't do so.

"There is no soul." Someone's voice rang out at the scene where all types of emotions were intersecting. There were many people who felt it was unfamiliar. It was because it was Knight who opened his mouth.

He was directly recruited by Lauel as an inspector. It hadn't been long since he joined the Overgeared Guild. Due to the role he played, he had little interaction with the members.

"This person... he might never be able to open his eyes in this state."

Knight, who was sitting beside Hayate, spoke like a doctor diagnosing the patient. Nobody could criticize his attitude.

Knight was the owner of a hidden class called the Death God. He had the ability to carve curses on the subject's soul and consume a special resource called 'soul gauge.' It meant he could identify the soul.

"It seems that the soul left his body when he died. I think he is probably wandering in hell by now."

"I will call the hell branch right away to search for his soul."

Yura pulled out a crystal ball. It was an item that could communicate with the red demon in hell.

Knight reacted with skepticism. “The number of souls living in hell must be in the tens of billions. I wonder if it will be easy to find him. In particular, the appearance of the soul body is different from the actual appearance. It is hard to recognize them because most of them looked like how they looked when they were the happiest or experienced great trauma.”

“Then we should just wait for Hayate to come back on his own?”

“Who knows? He must think he is dead... he might believe there is no physical body to return to. His memories won’t be intact and the chances of him coming back on his own are low.”

In the end, it meant one thing.

“I guess I will have to pick him up myself.”

Knight would go and bring Hayate back.

No one doubted him. After becoming an inspector, he thoroughly searched and punished nobles in various places who were corrupted. He had a very good reputation as a person who was faithful to his role. In the first place, he was a reliable talent, which was why Lael personally recruited him.

“Tell me whatever you need,” Lael promised his full support to Knight. No matter whether it was items or a person, Lael promised Knight that he would get anything he needed.

Knight scratched his head. “There is one person who could be of great help, but...”

“Who is it?”

“...It is Seuron.”

“.....”

Lael’s face stiffened while the expressions of the Overgeared members turned rotten.

Soul Predator Seuron—he was one of the Overgeared Guild’s tenacious enemies. He was less likely to accept their request for help. Even if he offered his help, it was hard to trust him. It would be a good thing if he didn’t hit them in the back of the head.

“It must be hard, right? Then please send as many soldiers in support as possible. It will take a long time, but we can push through with numbers.”

“No.” Katz interrupted Knight, who was still scratching his head. “I will make Seuron our partner.”

It was an affirmation that was more confident than necessary.

The members of the Overgeared Guild were at a loss.

“That... Is it possible?”

“It is easy.” A smile spread across Katz’ face. It was a wicked smile that reminded them of his early days as a villain. “I can make his wish come true.”

Knight really got in touch with Seuron and left for hell.

The expressions on the faces of the tower members and the members of the Overgeared Guild became lighter. It was thanks to this that they could now look forward to Hayate’s resurrection.

Once things calmed down a bit, Faker spoke up, “Trauka is in the desert of Reidan.”

Faker was reticent. He only spoke when necessary. Yet even with his low voice, he caught everyone’s attention.

“He was so seriously injured that even an Old Dragon can’t recover easily. It seems that the ‘red dragon’ the apostles spoke of played a great role along with Hayate.”

Faker’s gaze studied Hayate for a moment. He could vividly remember Hayate’s cold body. There was fierce anger and killing intent into his eyes.

“It is a chance to kill an Old Dragon.”

There was no need for further explanation.

Lauel was keeping a close eye on the situation.

An Old Dragon wounded after a series of battles—the bastard who fought without a break was now facing Sword God Biban in the desert. Coincidentally, it was

Marie Rose's stronghold. He was reluctant to drag the queen, who was pregnant, into the fight, but the outcome was positive.

If two Absolutes cooperated, it would be too much for a wounded Old Dragon to handle. In the first place, an Absolute wasn't invincible. Hayate, who was lying here now, was the proof. It was a golden opportunity. If they missed this opportunity, they might never have a chance to kill Trauka.

"I'm going to deploy the entire army. Sariel, please contact the apostles who are off on business and let them know our destination."

Today, most of the members of the Overgeared Guild suffered two deaths and were forced to log out. However, there were more than 100 survivors. Each and every one of them was the best. The Tomb of the Gods of the Gods carried these elite members, the tower members, and the apostles set sail.

The land was steeped in history.

The history that had accumulated even before the birth of humanity was far beyond the scope of an individual's knowledge and imagination. The same was true of the desert of Reidan. From when it wasn't a desert until now, countless creatures were born here and faced a common ending of death.

Now, the purest lineage in the world manifested the history contained in every grain of desert sand. The yellow dust that filled the sky seemed to turn red and pour out.

[Kuock...?!]

The blood pouring down extinguished the surrounding flames and pounded on Trauka's scales. The destructive power was considerable. His internal organs were damaged due to allowing Hayate that last blow and now he felt that they were twisting.

Biban's situation wasn't much different. He almost collapsed.

"If you deliberately dragged me into the fight—"

A chill went down Biban's spine as he gritted his teeth.

"I will judge you as a bad guy and not my dear husband's friend."

The dignity of a queen—the noble voice gave off a tremendous sense of coercion. Biban realized the identity of the person who came to his side and told only the truth.

“I swear on my sword, I didn’t mean to.”

Trauka crashing into the desert of Reidan was purely coincidental. Perhaps Trauka himself didn’t mean it. There was no way he didn’t know what was underground here.

“It is the truth.”

A woman moved forward while carefully caressing her slender belly. She was one of the few Absolutes on the surface. From the moment of her birth, she reigned as the pinnacle of the vampires. In the end, she devoured her original, the progenitor, Beriache, in reverse. It was none other than Marie Rose.

‘I’m sure that a great amount of Beriache’s was lost, but she is still strong to this extent?’

The power of the progenitor that was absorbed by Marie Rose wasn’t permanent. The power in the blood would’ve melted into Marie Rose’s blood and become one, but the magic power would have also been repeatedly dispersed with her breath.

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Nevertheless, Biban shuddered. It was the same Absolute, but a different feeling...

Marie Rose had a mighty aura that was close to that of an Old Dragon.

Trauka also noticed it. He automatically thought that he had encountered an enemy that was too much to handle in his current state. He didn’t feel any pride or shame.

[Ruler of the vampires. I had no intention of disturbing your rest. I will withdraw.]

“This guy...” Biban frowned out of surprise at Trauka’s unexpected words. It would be embarrassing in many ways if Marie Rose left now.

“You do this every time I see you.”

Step, step.

Contrary to Biban's concerns, Marie Rose's pace didn't stop. Every time her small footprints were carved into the desert, the flames around her subsided, forming a pool of blood redder than flames.

"If you are going to apologize and run away every time, why go on a rampage?"

[.....?]

Trauka doubted his ears.

Marie Rose's tone and the context of her words were shocking to him. "If you are going to do that, don't sin in the first place."

[Your words and actions are quite offensive.]

He was trying to speak politely due to the circumstances. The meaning of Trauka's words was clear.

Don't you dare talk like that to the great Fire Dragon Trauka.

Marie Rose didn't even blink.

"I am the same."

The ruler of the vampires—Trauka used this title to be polite. If he called this monster who devoured her mother by 'Berache's daughter,' she would scratch at him. He was too short-sighted. He should've called Marie Rose by 'Grid's wife.'

"I would rather die than live miserably every time."

The pools of blood created throughout the desert overflowed into lakes, rivers, and oceans. The terrible bloody aroma made Biban feel dizzy.

[It is the state of drawing out the blood that has penetrated deep into the ground...]

Trauka grasped Marie Rose's level and made a decision.

[...I can't let you live.]

Duguen!

At this moment, creatures all over the continent felt the pulse of the stars.

The biggest and most ferocious dragon—it was the aftermath of Fire Dragon Trauka’s heart thumping. The sound of his heart beating spread across the continent and people mistook it for the sound of the stars.

[Today, you will turn to ashes from my Breath.]

The Dragon Words were engraved in the space.

A sea of blood started to boil up.

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Chapter 1916

The East Continent, in front of a dimensional gap.

Nevartan was confronting Martial God Chiyou but he didn’t feel any anxiety or nervousness. It was because he was an Old Dragon. Raiders was by his side and Trauka was about to arrive. This was a power capable of eliminating Chiyou without any variables and confirming the intentions of Hanul who existed beyond the gap.

Jingle.

“Today will be my last.”

Chiyou himself was observing his own destiny. The faint sound of laughter permeated the quiet ringing of bells. This crazy Martial God, who blocked the way, was dreaming of simple extinction. Now he was obviously happy. He was looking forward to Trauka coming here more than anyone else.

“.....?”

[.....!]

It happened at the time when the uncomfortable silence was deepening...

The Absolutes silently facing each other simultaneously sensed something strange. They could feel the temperature of the atmosphere rising rapidly. The heat radiated by Trauka affected even the distant East Continent.

[What?]

Since the end of the Age of Oblivion, the dragons had realized their duty. They no longer hunted each other. This meant there was no need to take the enormous effort to spread their senses all over the world in case of possible danger. Thus, the Old Dragons couldn't fathom the circumstances of Trauka. They couldn't figure out who was driving him into a corner.

[I guess I need to help first.]

It happened the moment when Raiders made a quick decision and was about to leave...

"You will have to kill me if you want to leave."

Before they knew it, Chiyou approached and blocked Raiders' path. They might've been free to come when they wanted, but not when they left. There was no coercion, but Raiders responded calmly.

[Let me go. If I manage to bring Trauka back safely, it will increase your chances of extinction.]

It made sense. From the perspective of Chiyou, who only wanted death, it was ideal to fight three Old Dragons at the same time.

After all, Trauka had a history of hunting the celestial gods. He was the most proven one among the Old Dragons and had the proven qualifications to be a God Killer. Surprisingly, Chiyou wasn't persuaded.

"What if you don't come back?" Chiyou blinked and spoke nonsense. At first glance, he seemed innocent. It was an extremely fanatic attitude.

Nevartan frowned with disgust. [Do you think we will run away because we are afraid of you?]

"That's not it. I'm just worried that you might end up in a situation where you can't return."

[Do you think we will suffer a loss?] ***bednovel.com***

"That is impossible. However, there is no guarantee that Trauka will be rescued intact, right? If you ignore me and wait for Trauka to heal, I will have to wait for you again."

Jingle.

“I’m tired of waiting...”

The Age of Oblivion came about after Rebecca, the Goddess of Light, sealed away some of the powers of the Refractive Dragon. This gave hellish days to Chiyou. It was because the Goddess used her own authority to establish the rule ‘the memory seal might be incomplete so the dragons must not be stimulated.’

Chiyou was under the taboo and was forced to just watch the mighty Old Dragons. The Old Dragons also instinctively avoided him. The years when they were unable to hunt each other was too long to count. Chiyou didn’t want to go through it again.

“In conclusion—”

Chiyou pulled out his weapon and held it. It was a weapon shaped like a steel bar. He broke Nevartan’s scales every time he swung it.

“The two of you should work harder. As long as you don’t let your guard down, don’t the two of you have a good chance of winning?”

Chiyou’s weapon was already falling like a thunderbolt. Raiders had fully recovered from the wounds inflicted by Hayate. His scales were tightly woven together, but Chiyou took on the challenge without hesitation.

“In conclusion, the two of you should work harder. As long as you don’t let your guard down, don’t the two of you have a good chance of winning?”

It was just before Chiyou’s scales collided with the golden scales. Chiyou took a few steps back, put away his weapon, and drew it again. Then he swung it again.

“In conclusion, the two of you should work harder. As long as you don’t let your guard down, don’t the two of you have a good chance of winning?”

The same thing happened over and over again. Only Chiyou’s time was going backward. Chiyou was trapped in the rewind time and only repeated the last one second endlessly.

[...It is only one second?]

Raiders’ eyes widened. Originally, his power was able to turn back the target’s time for up to one day. There were several restrictions, such as the premise that the target had to be alive. But in any case, even the Dragon Slayer’s time was turned back three minutes despite being their ultimate enemy.

However, Chiyou's time was limited to being turned back only one second. It wouldn't be like this even if the time of another Old Dragon was rewound.

"As long as you don't let your guard down, don't the two of you have a good chance of winning?"

"Don't let your guard down, don't the two of you have a good chance of winning?"

"Don't the two of you have a good chance of winning?"

The cycle was also getting shorter and shorter. Before he knew it, Raiders' power could only turn Chiyou's time back by 0.3 seconds. The more times he used his power, the more uncomfortable Raiders' expression became.

[Is this monstrous bastard resisting in real time?] Nevartan clicked his tongue and couldn't stand still any longer.

In the misaligned time—

Baaang!

Chiyou failed to react to Nevartan's attack. His chest was torn apart by the enormous claws and his waist was struck by the tail that curved like a whip. At the same time, Raiders released his power. He used Blink to change position. Once time was no longer rewound, Chiyou was confronted with an incomprehensible situation.

Not only did his attack miss the target, but he allowed a counterattack and was hurt. It was an attack that he allowed without being aware of it.

"...Amazing." Chiyou's bloodthirsty smile deepened. Even in the face of incomprehensible harm that the Martial God shouldn't suffer, he didn't shrink back or feel wary. He purely rejoiced. "As expected, I need you."

"I guess he won't come again today~"

The Black and White sisters had no choice but to admit it. The concept of time was nothing for beings who were born an Absolute. It was only then that the archangel Raphael's attitude made sense. They had been wasting several months already waiting for their prey, but apart from the first two days, Raphael didn't feel anxious at all.

“Grid’s holy land ends at the point we saw yesterday, right? Shall we go sightseeing at the river of reincarnation today?”

“...Won’t Black Knight Eligos recognize you?”

Raphael questioned it, “How can he find out? You’ve witnessed how perfect my disguise is many times, haven’t you?”

“But the river of reincarnation is the most central area included in the Overgeared World...”

“Aish, it is fine. There will be no big trouble unless someone reports me.”

The Black and White sisters lost their loved one due to Baal and the demons. They became great demons to get perfect revenge and their revenge battle was currently in progress. Even if Grid killed Baal, a small number of demons, including Rose, were still alive.

The goal of the sisters was to find and kill them all.

The celestial gods, who watched the demons go on a rampage, also weren’t free from their wrath. Therefore, the sisters’ immediate task was to properly mess with Raphael.

Archangel Raphael, who came down to hell for some reason with the purpose of hunting Jishuka—in order to prevent Raphael from achieving their purpose, the sisters were going to watch from the side and interfere at an important moment.

‘I won’t report them... I can’t let a monster like this run wild.’

Yes, it had to be an important moment for them to step up. An Absolute was someone even a truck full of legends and transcendents couldn’t fight again. They weren’t foolish enough to act rashly against Raphael, who was of the same rank as Baal.

The sisters said, “You are right.”

“Haha, it is good that you are quick-witted. That is why you guys are alive.”

The sisters took the lead after appeasing them somewhat. Then Raphael followed them in a leisurely manner. They perceived the sisters as nothing more than a hell tour guide.

“If Asgard is a paradise for gods, then hell is a paradise for the dead. Every time I see souls playing without care, there is no way to express it other than a paradise, right? At first glance, I can see how Yatan felt when he created this world. I wonder if it was necessary to go to such lengths for the sake of insignificant beings.”

Raphael kept talking like a puppy who wanted to poop.

The unfamiliar environment of hell seemed to attract the attention of archangels in many ways.

“I’m sure Baal must’ve started to have such questions and opposed Yatan, right? It is a shame that his soul has been destroyed. It would’ve been quite fun to see his resentment as he watched the purified hell. Ah... Are you angry? That’s right. Thinking about it, hell is like this purely because of Grid. Grid must be your enemy as well.”

The flow was similar every day.

The Black and White sisters explored every corner of hell with Raphael. They roughly responded to Raphael’s chatter with brilliant smiles on their beautiful faces. They consumed a lot of mental energy in order to try not to make mistakes, but the rewards were sweet.

[The special stat ‘demonic energy’ has permanently increased by 2.]

[The special stat ‘willpower’ has permanently increased by 1.]

The divinity of the archangel had a subtle effect even when it was thoroughly hidden. It scattered undetectable energy, causing constant damage to the opposite demons. The sisters earned reasonable compensation every time they endured the damage for more than a certain period of time.

It felt like a growth-type sandbag that grew while being hit. It was unpleasant but the rewards were very sweet. The enhancement of special stats, which was directly related to their status as demons, allowed them to develop rapidly. Instead, their level stagnated due to fewer opportunities to hunt, but even that was an advantage.

Their level remained the same but their stats steadily increased? It was like becoming stronger while still having room to grow.

“Um...?”

The river of reincarnation—the souls, who were living a happy life in the peaceful hell, were driven by some instinct and stepped foot in it.

Raphael had been watching the souls forget their previous lives and prepare for reincarnation. Then they made a strange expression and suddenly tilted their head. They were watching a soul making its way up the river along the river's edge.

“Isn't that soul very special?”

Raphael took an interest in the soul that was in the shape of a blond-haired young man.

Was he a prince in his lifetime? His luxurious demeanor and distinctive gaze was very noticeable.

"Indeed. Was he royalty?”

Raphael criticized the sisters. “Is he special because he was a king? You sound like human beings. How special can the human lineage be?”

The Black and White sisters responded no matter what topic Raphael brought up. It was to please Raphael. This time, they were too short-sighted. They reacted incorrectly and were met with suspicion.

Raphael glared at the tense sisters before soon smiling.

“Come to think of it, human lineage is important to demons. Ideally, in order for you to operate on the surface, you might become parasites through contracts with humans. Isn't that right?”

“T-That's right. The more powerful the target, the more comfortable it is...”

“As expected. However, the reason I say that this soul is special is due to the power it contains. I don't want to express it this way since it is a human, but it is almost noble... I've never seen anything like him since I've been here.”

“.....”

The sisters were just puzzled. They couldn't recognize the power that resided in souls at all. Based on what they could see, the blond-haired young man's soul was no different from other souls.

“Let's chase him.”

Regardless of the sisters' sentiments, Raphael started to pursue the young man's soul.

It was while humming like Raphael was amused.

At the same time, in front of the hell elevator...

"Don't waste time. Hurry," Seuron, the Soul Predator who just arrived in hell, urged Knight. The impression Seuron gave off was very different from the past. His sharp fangs, red eyes, and pale skin that seemed to be bleached all indicated that he was no longer human.

Knight was surprised by the situation. The Soul Predator was famous for being particularly arrogant among the high rankers. He even had a bad relationship with the Overgeared Guild. So how did Katz convince him?

The question was solved unexpectedly quickly. Seuron revealed it himself. "I must succeed in this mission to form a household..."

For vampires, a household meant a blood family. Having a blood family meant being the founder of a new blood family. The founder's lineage became more nobler as the number of blood relatives increased and they grew stronger.

"Ah..." Knight remembered Katz' status within the vampire species. He could be confident that Seuron would never betray him.

Overgeared

Chapter 1917

[You are faster than Hayate.]

The huge eyes that originally contained the universe were on fire—it was ominous because it seemed to imply a fire that would engulf the whole world.

[You are stronger than Hayate.]

Trauka was honest in his assessment of Biban and Marie Rose.

In fact, Biban's big sword had grown to its limit and was relentlessly breaking Trauka's red scales. On the other hand, Trauka's Breath, pouring out in all directions, couldn't even touch Marie Rose's hair. It missed time and time again.

Nevertheless, the flow of the battle wasn't good.

Trauka's front paw, which had bright red skin exposed, finally grabbed hold of Biban's large sword and prevented him from moving it. The claws were the original source of the dragon weapon. Now the more strength that the claws used, the more the giant sword screamed like it was going to break.

Marie Rose suffered persistent burns from Trauka's snorting that exhaled the residual heat of the Breath. She was forced to use the power of vampirism to recover.

[However, that isn't enough to replace Hayate.]

The reason why Trauka was critically wounded by the Dragon Killing Sword was because it was the rule of the world. It was a rule based on none other than the laws made by Hayate himself. It was unique and great. It was an extremely unconventional power that made the originally perfect Old Dragons incomplete. Moreover, the reason why the 'weight' of Hayate's sword was lighter than Biban's sword was because Hayate was controlling the 'Infinite Sword Energy.'

It was an obvious ploy. Looking back now, Hayate was a tenacious and clever hunter. In order to subdue the beasts that were bigger and stronger than himself, he set an invisible trap at every moment. Then he sacrificed himself to tempt the beast to step into the trap.

The reason why Trauka acknowledged Hayate's greatness, but hated and cursed him to the end, was because he had repeatedly felt the illusion that he had become a small object when fighting Hayate.

Meanwhile, it was different against Biban. Biban's swordsmanship might be sophisticated and powerful, but Trauka didn't feel uneasy. Trauka could handle swords that were bound by the rules.

[Also, Hayate had convictions.]

The history of the desert—the traces of blood shed by all creatures that had lived on this land as they went through countless events and incidents, reacted to Marie Rose's magic power and surged up. The sight of it eventually forming a sea was overwhelming.

In fact, the sea of blood was corroding and weakening Trauka's scales. The intense heat evaporated half the blood, but Trauka felt a great deal of pressure. Still, it was at a bearable level.

Trauka couldn't imagine himself falling. It was because Marie Rose wasn't desperate. Unlike Hayate, who believed that Trauka must be killed and destroyed, she had no intention of risking her life. She was in a position to discuss eternal life, but she acted more insignificant than Hayate, who lived with only one life. In a way, it was a difference in belief.

[Therefore, you will be reduced to ashes.]

Trauka took a step forward and the sea of blood, boiling like lava, overflowed uncontrollably.

Biban was unable to free himself because he was caught by the sword. He ended up covered in blood and suffered terrible burns all over his body.

Marie Rose actually recovered thanks to it. No matter whether it was hot or cold, as long as it was blood, it was always beneficial to her. Instead, she used the blood that poured in like a tidal wave as a resource to unleash dozens of types of blood magic.

Trauka didn't bother to cast protective magic. He simply swung his wings widely and created a storm. The dozens of spells failed to hit Trauka and missed. Each spell had an accuracy correction imprinted in it but it was useless. The spells swept away by the storm corrected their trajectory. However, they soon exploded uncontrollably, unable to withstand the air pressure before they could reach Trauka.

"How ignorant."

Canceling out magic with physical force—Marie Rose's position as she shook her head at that sight was abruptly under Trauka's chin. It was a place that was difficult to see due to a dragon's physical structure. Her hands were imbued with blood and sharpened like a sword, cutting at the Adam's apple.

Loud sparks occurred and Trauka's scales were severed. The cutting surface was neat. A clear scar was carved on Trauka's neck where his defense was lost. Of course, the wound wasn't deep. It was practically impossible to dig into the thick flesh of a dragon and cut through the bones when the power of the blood sword was halved by cutting through the scales. Additionally, the cut scales were regenerating in real time.

Marie Rose was trying to link another attack before the regeneration was completed, only to suddenly turn to mist and disperse. At the same time, Trauka's claws cut through the mist.

“Haaaaaap!”

Trauka’s counterattack missed and Biban released a shout that came from his lower abdomen. He retrieved the sword that had been captured by Trauka and watched a half-moon sword light engraved in the space. It was an arbitrary reduction and expansion of the size of the sword. It even disturbed the senses of an Old Dragon.

Eventually, an eerie sound rang out. He succeeded in cutting at Trauka’s Adam’s apple just before the scales regenerated. A large amount of blood was scattered in all directions.

Biban knew that even this was Hayate’s credit. The reason why Trauka’s Absolute Defense didn’t fully work right now was due to the wound that Hayate inflicted on the Dragon Heart.

‘I... If only I had been with you.’

Blood flowed down Biban’s cheeks and chin as he gritted his teeth. The blood and sweat flowing from his head mixed together like tears. They were tears that projected a decaying heart.

Biban wanted to go back in time to a few hours ago. He wanted to stand beside Hayate, who stood alone in the way of the Old Dragons. Of course, most of the tower members would’ve ended up killed by Kubartos, but reality was still cold. Biban was keenly realizing that he should’ve preserved Hayate’s power, even if it meant sacrificing himself and all the other tower members.

He was conscious of the other Old Dragons. Trauka might seem cornered right now, but Biban knew that things would turn around the moment Raiders or Nevartan arrived at the scene. This was why Biban resented himself for not being able to protect Hayate.

He cursed his self from a few hours ago who had the vain dream of ‘I will protect everyone.’ He was someone who had been hiding for hundreds of years.

Today, why did he see the world as easily and beautifully as a fairy tale? Suddenly, Grid came to mind. The benefactor he was grateful to who had given him hope many times before. He made the world as beautiful as a fairy tale. Biban missed him terribly today.

Suddenly, Biban's body became a dot. It was the aftermath of blocking Trauka's tail, which flew through the sea of blood that was split in half. He was pushed completely out of the battlefield.

"Cough...!"

Dark red blood was mixed with shattered pieces of his internal organs.

Biban had no time to deal with the pain and used Shunpo. He went back the way he came. He repeatedly narrowed the distance to the far away battlefield while clearing up his complicated head and making up his mind.

'I have to repay the favor.'

It would be foolish to hold back power in preparation for the Old Dragons that might appear at any time. *bednovel. net*

The odds of victory were already gone at the moment the Old Dragons joined. It was right to aim to clean up the situation before that. He burned his life force, whether it was out of a desire to not make Hayate's sacrifice in vain or to show respect to Grid, who would definitely return soon.

It should've been like this from the beginning.

Above the battlefield, a dragon with jewel-like red scales continuously breathed out fire.

The muscles in Biban's arms started to swell when he saw the desert, which was covered in blood and fire and looked more vicious than the old hell.

On the other hand, his sword became smaller. However, the expectations and weight multiplied by several times.

Biban's mental world was in sync with the dragon weapon that Grid had created. It was a mental world that bestowed the title of 'god' on a single human being and made him an Absolute. The potential contained in it was endless. At the heart of it was the desire to kill a dragon.

[.....!]

Trauka's eyes widened. He had been laughing at the ugliness of Marie Rose, who missed the opportunity to stab the Dragon Heart in order to avoid the Breath.

Then he felt Hayate's presence.

Hayate definitely died?

Trauka quickly raised his head to check the identity of the presence and Biban's image was engraved in Trauka's burning eyes.

An eerie aura that glowed an incandescent white—Biban had the distinct energy of a Dragon Slayer wrapped around his body and he was falling like a comet. He had a desire to kill Trauka without fail. It was as if he was trying to replace Hayate, who had died.

He couldn't understand his target. It was to the point where Trauka was disgusted.

Suddenly, the landscape of the battlefield changed. The flames that had burned the entire desert and lit up the night were extinguished in an instant. The desert became cold when night was restored. The sea of blood cooled down.

After a split second of silence, the sun soon rose. It was an artificial sun that rose from the mouth of Trauka as he raised his long neck upright. It was the precursor to the Breath that was created by absorbing not only his magic power, but also all the heat around him.

The energy coming from it was unusual. Biban knew he would never be able to handle it. Nevertheless, he didn't stop moving forward.

Trauka fired his Breath. It was a Breath with a diameter of several hundred meters. It was impossible to avoid it from the time it was shot. The pillar of flames that burned everything turned the world white. Biban couldn't see anything. The usage of Shunpo was blocked.

Biban just fell straight down.

The dragon weapon—he grasped the possibility of killing a dragon with his blood-covered hands while holding the image of the target, Trauka, in his unwavering hands. In an instant, he threw himself into the Breath that was facing him.

The energy of a Dragon Slayer wrapped around his body shook like it would go out. The cracked skin heated up like live charcoal. The blood of Biban's body evaporated. The ten fingers of his holding the sword melted away one after another...

Soon—

By the time Biban pierced through the Breath and arrived in front of Trauka, he only had three mummified fingers remaining. Even these fingers were turning to ashes and were barely retaining their shape.

Black smoke billowed from his head where part of the skull was exposed. It was as if his brain had been burned down. Nevertheless, the appearance of Biban not letting go of the sword and finally plunging it into Trauka's forehead clearly resembled Hayate to some extent.

[...Kuaaack!!]

Today—Trauka let out a second scream. He couldn't endure the pain that far exceeded the total amount of pain he had experienced in his lifetime.

Marie Rose didn't dare to denounce it as ugly. Biban's tenacity was special to her as well. The smile disappeared from her beautiful face, just like when she saw her mother trying to devour her.

Blood erupted like an active volcano from Trauka's forehead and was drawn away in response to Marie Rose's power. It was the precursor to vampirism. A sip of the blood of an Old Dragon. No, even if she could only take one drop, Marie Rose's combat power would be amplified for a moment.

It was a fact that Trauka also knew.

[How... dare you...?!]

The space turned red. It was Trauka's heat. He operated his wounded Dragon Heart at the cost of tremendous aftereffects. The result was certain. Just before a drop of blood touched Marie Rose's skin, all of Trauka's blood in the air evaporated and disappeared.

Just as he did throughout the battle, Trauka never gave any of the blood he shed to the vampire ruler.

This time, the heat was hotter than ever. It seemed like even the sea of blood evaporated and flames clung to Marie Rose's dress. They were flames that didn't go out.

“.....”

Marie Rose stepped back. The reason she conceived her child wasn't for herself. She was distinctly different from Beriache. Therefore, it was imperative for her to protect the child in her womb. But...

But she didn't think she should back down like this. Grid's grieving appearance came to mind. The possibility of her dear husband suffering from this guilt for the rest of his life couldn't be tolerated. It was a matter of pride before love. In the end—

“Drink.” Marie Rose stood by Biban's side instead of fleeing underground. She slit her wrist and fed it to the dying human.

Duguen...!

Biban's heart, which had been reduced to ashes by the flames that raged inside him, started beating again. His lungs, which had lost their function, coughed up air.

[It is a meaningless effort.]

It happened as Marie Rose took care of Biban, who hadn't come to his senses despite his wounds recovering...

Trauka's angry voice rang out loudly. The flames that had been burning Marie Rose's dress suddenly died down.

It was a negative sign. The heat around them was being sucked into Trauka's mouth. Once again, the sun was forming.

“...I don't mean to have an extramarital affair.” Marie Rose realized that it was too late to escape and placed her mouth on Biban's dry neck.

Flash!

Suddenly, two diagonal lines intersected on Trauka's giant body.

The vast desert was cut like a cake—it was even into four exactly equal parts. It was the result of the Space Sword of the present day Sword Saint and the previous generation Sword Saint. Of course, the Old Dragon's body wasn't cut, but the sun in his mouth was reduced to an insignificant remnant and scattered.

On the other side of the sky, the Tomb of the Gods started the bombardment.

Overgeared

Chapter 1918

“He fought with such a terrifying monster.”

Muller’s words and deeds were rather light as he clicked his tongue.

The burning desert and the unconscious Biban—Muller didn’t show any signs of nervousness despite witnessing the situation on the battlefield.

Yet on the contrary, this was actually evidence that he was nervous. This was a common trait among the lone heroes who protected the world alone. They had a habit of trying to keep their surroundings from being agitated.

[You have suffered the ‘fracture’ abnormal condition.]

In the meantime, Kraugel was restoring his completely smashed right hand. It was the aftermath of using Space Sword.

Muller’s condition was much more serious. Therefore, Saintess Ruby’s healing skills were focused on him.

‘Both arms are broken. He suffered a bigger backlash since he aimed for the vital point.’

The Space Sword that ‘cut anything’ was the ultimate technique that led to the judgment that the Sword Saint was superior. No matter the target, they were almost always cut in half.

However, it asked if this caused instant death—this actually wasn’t the case.

Beings that couldn’t die easily due to the setting or the story, or terrain features that shouldn’t disappear, would either have the damage done by the Space Sword completely repaired or they were completely immune to it.

This was the protection of the system. A representative example was Garion, the God of the Earth. This meant that a dragon would never die after being cut by the Space Sword. It was right to say that it was the worst compatibility with the Sword Saint.

‘I should’ve advised you to aim for the arm or tail.’

It would've achieved significant results if Muller had wielded his Space Sword and aimed for Trauka's limbs or other non-life-threatening body parts. However, Kraugel and Muller aimed for the head and the heart respectively.

Kraugel had the intention of slashing the Breath while Muller had the intention of killing Trauka. As a result, Muller wasted his Space Sword.

He couldn't be blamed. Anyone could see that Trauka's current state wasn't normal. To add a bit of exaggeration, it wouldn't be strange if he died right away. He was covered in wounds. His red and beautiful scales were all dented like broken mirrors.

If Kraugel wasn't a player—if he hadn't 'recognized' the absolute power of the system, he would've wielded Space Sword while aiming for the Dragon Heart.

Just then, a loud noise echoed from all parts of the airship. It was the sound of the tower members, apostles, and members of the Overgeared Guild jumping down. The one in the lead was the gray-haired Martial God Zeratul. Their expressions were determined as they rushed into the battlefield without any delay.

Kraugel's expression was the same. He took a potion to help him recover from his broken bones. Then he followed his teammates while having a hunch: Hayate and Biban had sacrificed themselves in succession today—if they couldn't kill Trauka, they would never get another chance to kill him...

Braham Eshwald—he moved to the East Continent after Grid and was ordered to guard a city. This caused him to waste quite a bit of time.

A huge magical force was raised to build a protective barrier throughout the city, but some people were still unaware of this fact and committing strange acts. These same human beings plundered and killed human beings under the cover of the disturbance. It was purely to satisfy their petty greed or fleeting pleasure. It was done without any guilt, so Braham felt a certain sense of alienation.

However, it was a waste of time to figure out the identity of this sense of alienation. He simply burned and killed all the worms who weren't even worth discussing. It was only then that he followed Grid's trail and arrived at where he was now...

“.....”

Braham, the strongest of the apostles, was practically treated like an Absolute. It was because he could become an Absolute at any time if he got the opportunity. He was a great magician who created new magic and was a god with two modifiers. He was the master of a great myth and even possessed the power of a direct descendant that he inherited from Beriache.

Arguably, any transcendent was humble in comparison to Braham. Therefore, Braham was nervous. He couldn't tolerate that he remained a transcendent despite being fully qualified.

'I think it won't be long now.'

Braham wore layers of stealth magic and watched the battle between the Martial God and Old Dragons with bated breath. His expression gradually darkened. It was because he was acutely aware of the gap between them and himself. He believed that he wasn't far away when he was inspired by the Sword Immortal and imitated an Absolute, but it seemed he was still a long way from achieving the realm of an Absolute.

"Shit..."

The sky was obscured by starlight due to the swirling magic power.

Pitch-black Breaths were raining down against the dark sky. Each one of them had the power to extinguish the soul, but they were dodged at a distance that was as thin as a sheet of paper. It was truly a phenomenal movement that was hard for Braham to imitate no matter what he did.

However, that didn't mean anything against Raiders.

Braham clearly witnessed it. The moment Chiyou tried to counter Nevartan, Chiyou's time was rewound and Nevartan fired a new Breath in the gap. This time, Chiyou's reaction was late. By the time he came to his senses, he couldn't completely avoid the Breath that was in front of him and his limbs flew away.

A few similar things were happening over and over again. Chiyou must've sensed the unusual situation from the beginning. This was no way he didn't notice that the truly dangerous enemy was Raiders, not Nevartan.

Nevertheless, he completely ignored Raiders. His sword never pointed at Raiders. It was like he was having a one-on-one match with Nevartan. **bednovel.com**

It was easy to figure out what was going on in his mind. Chiyou's wish was to be extinguished. He was deliberately avoiding doing anything that would increase his odds of survival. The originally rigged fight was blocked by Chiyou's power to induce a 'fair competition,' but it was difficult to see it as a match manipulation.

It was true that Nevartan's Breath was also a threat. The attack that could inflict fatal wounds on Chiyou was Nevartan's Breaths. Chiyou aiming at Nevartan first didn't cause his power to malfunction.

"It is contradictory in many ways," Braham opened his mouth. He wasn't talking to himself. There was someone listening by his side. It was Sariel, who came to take Braham away, but ended up being tied down here with him.

Braham spoke leisurely to her, who was afraid that the stealth magic would be released, "He wants to die but he has to fight as hard as he can in order to die... Chiyou is a mass of contradictions. He is completely out of touch with common sense. He can only be seen as a lunatic in the eyes of a third party."

"Righ... t?" Sariel replied roughly. The senses of the Martial God and Old Dragons were absolute. They were so focused on combat right now that they didn't notice Braham's stealth magic, but it wasn't unusual to be spotted at any time. There was no reason to watch the battle unless they were suicidal.

Moreover, it was now an emergency. They intended to defeat Trauka on the mainland. Braham had to join them right away.

"...I am the same." However, Braham seemed oblivious to the urgency of the situation. He dragged out the time by talking nonsense. "There is a resemblance between me and Chiyou."

".....?"

Braham's attitude of comparing himself to Chiyou, who was the strongest among the Absolutes, was very bizarre. It was beyond shameless. What's more, doing it in this situation?

'Is he saying that he is similar in that they are both crazy?' Sariel was seriously thinking this, only to suddenly see something conspicuous in Braham's red eyes.

Braham finally smiled. "This contradiction isn't a defect."

The proportion that bloodline played in Braham's pride was surprisingly small. His true pride came from his own achievement of becoming a legend despite the power of his great lineage being sealed. Of course, he never showed it outwardly.

Bragging about the results of his tireless efforts? He thought he was bringing himself down to the same level as the fools who lacked natural talent.

That's right—as Beriache's direct descendant, Braham had the sense of being the chosen one. He believed he was special. He was sure that he had to be special. The results of his efforts gave him a sense of pride. While he respected Grid's efforts, he concealed his own efforts.

He was a contradictory existence. Braham himself was aware of this.

Thus, he seriously thought about it one day. Why couldn't he become an Absolute even though he was fully qualified? Maybe it was because he was a contradictory being. An Absolute must be perfect, so there should be no contradictions. He wondered if this type of providence ruled the world...

He was mistaken. Chiyou was proving it right now.

Braham got the perfect answer.

"There is only one thing I am lacking."

His qualifications were sufficient. Contradictions weren't a defect. There was only one reason why he didn't become an Absolute.

"Achievements. I am slightly lacking in terms of this."

Of course, Braham had left behind a number of accomplishments. He worked as a legendary magician, slaughtered several Great Demons and half-gods, and killed the Hydra to engrave his name on a giant myth. Above all, he was the teacher who taught magic to Grid, who would later become an Only One God.

He had performed countless great things, such as instilling magic into Grid's exclusive mineral and briefly competing with an Absolute like King Sobyel. His imprint remained everywhere in history and mythology.

But it was a bit lacking. He was one step short of becoming an Absolute.

The answer was simple...

"I will stay here and fight these monsters." Braham's declaration was shocking.

Sariel's eyes were stunned for a moment.

Braham continued explaining, "In any case, we need someone to monitor and control this place. The moment the Old Dragons detect Trauka's crisis and leaves to help, won't the possibility of the main force killing Trauka disappear?"

"Who knows? Isn't it right to focus on firepower on Trauka now that they can't help him?"

"You fool. The magic of a dragon manifests the moment they want it to. If Nevartan uses Teleport when Raiders reverses Chiyou's time, Chiyou will be forced to miss Nevartan."

Braham's expression was serious. "I will stay here to block the variables. Additionally, I'm going to contribute to their deaths."

There was no chance for Sariel to convince him. It was because Braham released the several layers of stealth magic.

"Um...?"

[What?]

Even though they were a considerable distance away, Chiyou and the Old Dragons immediately recognized the presence of the uninvited guest.

Terrifying gazes fell on the two of them.

Sariel looked like she had lost her soul, while Braham didn't lose his nobility.

"Braham, the apostle of Grid, has come to kill you."

The Old Dragons and Chiyou tilted their heads. Braham's declaration was so absurd that it was hard to understand. To put it simply, it was similar to the barking of a dog.

Sariel just gave up. Braham's inability to be controlled was too famous. There was no need for her to panic. Additionally...

[Grid's number one apostle and angel are here... does this mean that Trauka didn't clash with Grid's subordinates?]

[There are no special variables. There is no chance Trauka will experience a crisis.]

The response of the Old Dragons was strange. It seemed they were completely mistaken about something. Could it be that Braham's absurd choice worked to their benefit? Was this in the realm of Braham's calculations? Sariel had such a ridiculous thought.

'No... It isn't ridiculous. It is definitely within the realm of calculation.'

The Old Dragons were perfect beings. It was inherently impossible for humans to hunt them. It was a natural connection of accidents that caused the Old Dragons to judge that Trauka was safe based on Braham's emergence. Braham's aim was right here.

Chiyu opened his mouth, "Braham, I will allow you to stand by their side. If you ever try to help me, I will get rid of you first. Don't forget to keep that in mind."

"Bah..."

[.....?]

If Braham hadn't snorted and stood awkwardly on the Old Dragons' side, Sariel might've thought that Braham was very cool.