

Level 4 Human in a Ruined World #Chapter 171 - Read

Level 4 Human in a Ruined World Chapter 171

Chapter 171

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 171: Sharing the Bed with Enemies (6)

“Alien, you say? What nonsense.”

Yeongwoo pretended to laugh it off, but inwardly, he was sweating coldly.

He was already equipped with the disguise and spine of another dimension.

So strictly speaking, he wasn't entirely human anymore, was he?

“Oh, by the way.”

Yeongwoo turned the topic towards Tomiko, the Miyagi's Sword Master who survived from furnace 3, and Sandong's Twin Evil Jang Jaham.

“Are you two okay? You don't look too good.”

As Yeongwoo spoke, the two who had been waiting for him in the arena were truly battered.

Due to the 'hunting' problem, they had been in battle with the monsters for too long and had no uninjured parts on their bodies.

Especially Jang Jaham, who had been injured outside the arena, was now covered in blood even on his face.

Just how serious the injuries were... Ryu Manho, who had declared he would kill him just a while ago, had already cleaned up his intentions neatly.

‘No matter how much you hate someone, it's not honorable to attack someone who's practically incapacitated in battle.’

Besides, they had already retaliated by scattering the monsters over there.

And above all, he was concerned about the Korean named Jeong Yeongwoo and didn't want to cause any more trouble.

“Ah...It might be a lie to say I’m okay. But since my bones aren’t broken, I should be fine with a little rest.”

Finally, Tomiko, who came from Miyagi, wrapped her blood-stained arm and spoke.

“Yes. It’s fortunate that you seem to be conscious...”

After glancing alternately at the two who didn’t seem well, Yeongwoo shifted his gaze to the timer hanging in the air.

Tick.

To the regret of the injured, the rest time was already ending.

[00:00:19]

Remaining time, 19 seconds.

As Yeongwoo checked the timer, the others also wore grim expressions.

“Well, well. Is the time already up?”

“Considering we were only given 30 minutes.”

“...So are we going straight into the boss battle?”

Including Yeongwoo, the five of them looked up at the ceiling of the arena.

Then they noticed the giant statue they saw when they first came here.

A creature of unknown identity, hanging upside down on the ceiling like a bat.

‘Did they call it Titan Gameta?’

Yeongwoo recalled the dungeon boss’s name.

Even though the distance from the ceiling was quite far, if it looked that big, its actual size must have been enormous.

And finally.

[00:00:01]

Beep...!

As the timer expired, a sharp signal echoed throughout the arena.

Then.

Crash.

A sound like buildings collapsing came from the ceiling.

“...!”

It was none other than the sound of Titan Gameta waking up.

Crash!

Titan Gameta, who had been crouching on the ceiling, began to straighten his upper body.

“Unbelievable.”

“Is it, is it that big...?”

Experts from various countries widened their eyes at the size larger than they imagined.

Crash!

Titan Gameta, made entirely of rocks, looked like a giant despite its height not exceeding 8 meters.

On its back were a pair of wings resembling large hands, but because Titan Gameta was hanging upside down, it looked as if only the hands were wide open while its arms were pressed against each other.

Its grotesque appearance gave off a strange sense of horror and discomfort.

The problem was that everyone here was trapped in the same space as this unpleasant creature.

“...Now we have to fight that?”

Sandong's Twin Evil Jang Jaham murmured in a fearful voice.

It had only been a few minutes since he struggled among thousands of monsters.

As a result, his spirit was already half-broken.

“But, but... since we've already set fire to the furnace, wouldn't that be enough?”

Tomiko, the Miyagi's Sword Master, also spoke uncertainly, without any conviction.

And just as her words ended, three dim lights appeared somewhere in the ceiling.

Bang, bang, bang!

Presumably, as many lights came on as the number of furnaces successfully ignited.

“Well, what’s this now?”

“Looks like it’s time for the boss battle.”

As everyone nervously looked around, a new message appeared in everyone’s sight.

「Activated furnace: 3/3」

「Titan Gameta’s combat power decreases by 3 levels.」

Then, a very large circular boundary line was drawn in blue on the floor of the arena.

Swish!

「The boundary line you see now is the ‘deadline.’」

“Deadline?”

“What... what does that mean?”

It didn’t sound good.

The tone wasn’t very pleasant, and indeed, it was meant to be taken literally.

「From now on, each of you will be assigned a number based on the order of entry into the deadline area.」

“Number?”

As someone reiterated, holographic numbers from 1 to 5 appeared in the center of the arena.

Pop, pop!

「These numbers represent the attack priority of Gameta.」

“Oh...”

Understanding the rule immediately, Yeongwoo checked the ‘deadline’ of Balch.

“So the tank will be assigned according to the order of entry.”

Before Yeongwoo finished speaking, the system added more details.

「When the battle begins, Gameta will prioritize attacking player 1. If player 1 dies or exits the deadline, player 2 will be designated as the next target.」

“What’s this...?”

As Jang Jaham frowned at the somewhat complicated explanation, Yeongwoo summarized it simply.

“That Gameta guy will kill us one by one in order of entry.”

But the rules didn’t end here.

「Players who exit the deadline area will be pushed down the priority list for Gameta’s attacks. However, for each player who exits, Gameta’s combat power will increase by one level.」

This was the core rule of this boss battle.

“What?”

“Isn’t this insane?”

“Why did we even light the furnaces then?”

As people went crazy over the nonsensical rules, Yeongwoo explained while putting on his golden oath breastplate again.

“We lit the furnaces, so it starts from -3. Originally, it would have increased by one level from 0, right?”

“What...?”

“The increase in combat power doesn’t just mean it’s restored from negatives to its original state. It could become even stronger than before.”

Click!

Fully armored now, Yeongwoo stared at Gameta with a calm gaze.

“And judging by how they referred to us as ‘players,’ they’re not the type to lay down the gauntlet. Until player 1 dies, the rest of us are meant to attack while they run around.”

Come to think of it, that made sense.

Why did they label us as runners instead of warriors or fighters?

[Translator – Night]

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That purely meant people who run.

“Huh...”

As everyone nodded in understanding of the fairly reasonable interpretation, Jeonggu swallowed heavily and asked.

“So, what do we do now? If the role of player 1 is to run around, shouldn’t the fastest person take it?”

If that were the case, Tomiko and Jang Jaham, who seemed barely able to move, were already out of the running for the first number.

In other words, they were lacking not just players but attackers as well.

“Yes. That’s usually how it goes.”

The most agile person takes player 1 to draw Gameta’s attention, while the rest launch a full-on attack.

This was the textbook strategy for this boss battle.

“But we have injured people, and if it weren’t for me, the weak team wouldn’t have made it through the furnace section, right?”

“....?”

Everyone was taken aback by Yeongwoo’s sudden arrogance, but no one dared to say anything.

Anyway, it was a fact.

“So what do we do?”

As Jeonggu’s mood soured, Yeongwoo pointed to himself.

“I’ll take number 1.”

Then he pointed to Jeonggu next.

“You’re number 2, Father. Taiwan takes 3. China and Japan, figure out 4 and 5 amongst yourselves.”

Yeongwoo’s strategy was very simple.

“There’s no way you can handle that monster that’s clearly set to run away. So I’ll make sure the numbers don’t fall behind.”

“So you’ll be guarding number 1?”

“Yes. But once the battle starts, don’t ever run out of the deadline. If that thing gets stronger, I can’t guarantee victory either.”

Instead of fleeing outside the deadline, he wanted to say they’d better off die on the spot for the sake of the remaining people, but Yeongwoo held his tongue.

Even if he recommended it, there was no guarantee it would be followed.

“Are you really volunteering for number 1?”

It was such a radical suggestion that Jang Jaham couldn’t believe it.

Since they were already quite injured, there was a high chance they would die in the boss battle if no one stepped up.

If the Joseon’s Strongest Sword really managed to defeat Gameta in this battle, it would be no different than owing his life to him.

“As you said, if Yeongwoo takes number 1... what should we do? How do we defeat that Gameta?”

Tomiko showed her determination to fight despite her injuries, and Yeongwoo nodded.

“The two of you with severe injuries should stay as far away from Gameta as possible. If you get exposed to him, even for a moment, it’ll be a bigger headache.”

In this battle, Yeongwoo was most wary of allies fleeing.

Didn’t they say that for each escapee, Gameta’s combat power would increase by one level?

“But if the two of us drop out, practically three of us will have to deal with it?”

Tomiko reminded them that the recommended number of people for this dungeon was six.

Of course, Yeongwoo hadn't forgotten that fact, so he had devised a plan.

"We won't be short of numbers. We'll fill the six slots tightly."

"What...? What do you mean?"

"Yes...? What do you mean?"

As Tomiko queried, Jeonggu realized what Yeongwoo was talking about.

'Ah, this bastard. He had a squad of mutants.'

Even now, three 'friends' were waiting desperately for Yeongwoo's call in the returnee's room.

Yeongwoo had intended to call them to fill the numbers in this battle.

Yeongwoo, Jeonggu, Ryu Manho.

Adding Yeongtae, Taejoon, and General Kim Younghyeom made exactly six.

"If there are no objections, let's begin now."

Eventually, Yeongwoo touched the whistle hanging around his neck and stepped into the blue 'deadline.'

Click.

Suddenly, light gathered above his head, forming a large number.

「1」

Player 1, Jeong Yeongwoo.

Gameta's top priority target.

And right on cue, Gameta, who had been hanging upside down from the ceiling, descended vertically toward the ground as if icicles were falling.

Swoosh, crash!

It was so much like the scene of a mutant's appearance that everyone in the arena flinched, and by this time, Jeonggu pushed himself into the deadline and received number 2.

Pop!

「2」

Then, with somewhat cheerful voice, he asked Player 1.

“Yeongwoo, what should I do? Since I’m number 2, if by any chance you fall behind....”

Before the dialogue even ended, Yeongwoo threw two swords with a flick of his foot.

“What’s this?”

“My weapons. Now that I have to alternate between bow and sword, hold onto those and give them back to me when I ask for it.”

“What?”

“If I drop the sword on the ground, you’ll have to pick it up quickly. Got it? I didn’t have the golden goblin here, so I was a bit short-handed, but it worked out well.”

“What, you bastard? You’re telling me to shuttle swords?”

An infuriated Jeonggu protested, but Yeongwoo didn’t hear his last words.

—Five...? Your courage is incredible.

Because Gameta, who had landed on the ground by then, was counting the number of humans in the arena.

Yeongwoo then looked at Gameta while clutching the whistle around his neck.

“Then how about eight.....?”

—...?

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 172

[Translator – Night]

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Chapter 172: Sharing the Bed with Enemies (7)

“Are you deaf? I said, how about eight?”

As Yeongwoo strode towards the center of the arena, Gameta looked at him with an expression as if he had never seen anything like this before.

—How audacious. How dare this guy...!

“Who are you?”

—What?

“Who are you? No, I’m genuinely curious. We’re meeting for the first time.”

Thwack!

As Yeongwoo swung a Bastard in preparation for battle, Gameta, who had been watching him, widened his eyes.

Then, Yeongwoo uttered something unexpected.

—Bastard...!

“...What?”

This time, Yeongwoo was the one with a surprised expression.

He thought the guy would react somehow, but he never imagined he would guess the name of the sword he just swung.

“What did you just say?”

As Yeongwoo asked again for confirmation, Gameta raised his blunt index finger to precisely point at ‘Bastard’.

『Bastard』 – Myth-grade One-handed Sword

【Authority Obstruction】

【Contempt for the weak】

【Challenger】

—Isn't that the Challenger, 'Bastard'? How is that sword in your hands?

"Is this sword that famous?"

Indeed, the Bastard was a mythical-grade weapon that Yeongwoo would never have obtained in his lifetime if it weren't for his connection with Dogo.

「You have become the owner of the myth.」

「You can maintain dignity in front of transcendent beings.」

「No longer will your existence be broken.」

Just by looking at the permanent buffs gained upon acquiring a myth-grade equipment, one could understand.

Myth-grade equipment was universal gear for those who sought to stand on par with the beings called 'transcendents'.

'No, no matter what, it's still enough to recognize the monster trapped in some dungeon?'

So Yeongwoo couldn't help but ask again.

"This is the second time I'm asking, who are you? And how did you recognize this sword?"

Upon hearing this, Gameta finally spread his hand-like giant wings wide, casting a grotesque shadow over the arena.

—I am Gameta, the rebel of the Vesedel royal family, a titan of Kromonius!

'...Is being a rebel something to be proud of?'

While thinking this internally, Yeongwoo decided to move on for now.

Perhaps even rebelling against a royal family in the universe could be considered an 'achievement'.

"So are you trapped here as a consequence of your rebellion? You certainly don't look like the owner of this dungeon."

—How arrogant, owner of the myth.

Gameta scolded Yeongwoo and then looked at three lights that entered the ceiling of the arena.

It seemed like he was concerned about the 3-step debuff applied to him.

—Bastard. I saw it in the last battle in Vesedel.

Then he made a gesture as if grasping something with his large hand.

—The day to see the myth again has come... Even eternity is now just a handful of sand.

Seeing the myth-grade equipment 'Bastard' unexpectedly brought new feelings.

However, Yeongwoo wasn't interested in the monster's nostalgia trip.

"What nonsense. Then it's not that big of a deal in reality."

—This...!

In response to Yeongwoo's nonchalant reaction, Gameta folded his wings like fists.

Thunk!

—I don't know how a creature like you attained the status of a challenger, but the appearance of that sword here is for me...!

"It seems we're entering the combat phase soon."

At that moment, Yeongwoo was looking at the tooltip of 'Bastard,' which was glowing red.

【Challenger】

|Combat abilities greatly increase when fighting beings of higher grades.

'Since I'm a grade 7 existence under universal law... That guy must be at least grade 6 or higher.'

As Gameta himself mentioned, Bastard was a sword for challengers.

In other words, in this situation, Yeongwoo, who came to challenge higher beings, was more suitable as the owner of Bastard.

—Finally, the shackles of the prey are capturing me! You, creature, hand over that sword. It will be the key to my remaining tasks.

Thud.

Eventually, Gameta crouched like a predator about to hunt, staring at Yeongwoo.

And simultaneously.

「The sensory value has temporarily increased from the existing 1,500 to 4,500.」

The golden light brought the sensation up by 3,000.

‘...What?’

This meant that Gameta’s basic sensory value was as high as 6,000.

Moreover, wasn’t this the version that had been weakened by three stages due to the ignition of the furnace?

‘If the furnace hadn’t been ignited, I wouldn’t have stood a chance against him.’

Watching Gameta charging fiercely, Yeongwoo gripped Bastard with both hands.

Thunk.

‘Just one match. I want to fight properly, even just once.’

Can Yeongwoo still fight on equal footing with a higher being like Gameta in his current state?

As Yeongwoo stood still, gripping the sword, Jeonggu, feeling that something was amiss, screamed almost like a shriek.

“What, what are you doing? Are you going to switch between using the sword and the bow?”

Seeing this, the experts from the remaining three countries also looked on in disbelief as the distance between Gameta and the Strongest Sword of Joseon, narrowed to a few meters.

And finally.

“This crazy guy...!”

Before the eyes of everyone, including Jeonggu, Jeong Yeongwoo and Gameta clashed.

Baaang!

Gameta’s right-hand swing seemed to tear through the air.

In response, Yeongwoo's Bastard seemed feeble, but...

Kwaaaang!

When the two objects collided, a shockwave swept through the arena, making ears ring.

"Kruh!"

"Ugh...!"

While Gameta's attack power was evident, Yeongwoo's resilience against it was extraordinary.

—This bastard...!

Seeing his blow received without flinching, Gameta expressed surprise.

Of course, Gameta thought this was solely due to the power of Bastard.

—Indeed, Bastard! A mark of the Challenger.

Upon this, Yeongwoo pushed away Gameta's hand, which was in contact with Bastard, and lightly grazed just above his left knee.

Fwaat!

This induced bleeding, boosting his strength by 25%.

—Oh. Seems like you have some tricks up your sleeve.

Seeing the self-harm by his opponent, Gameta quickly deduced the reason and immediately began pressing with his left hand.

Baaang!

Another heavy blow that tore through space.

At the same time, Yeongwoo also swung his sword towards Gameta's left hand.

Kwaaaang!

This was already their second clash.

And at that moment, Yeongwoo felt immense exhilaration.

'This world has truly become anything is possible.'

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Who would have known that a mere human could engage in such a power struggle?

Even now.

-Weeiiiing!

He was watching as the automatic combat greatsword, Golden Trail, aimed behind Gameta and flew towards him.

If that attack landed, it would be the first time causing harm to a higher being.

“Die!”

As Yeongwoo launched an attack to grab Gameta’s attention, he revealed his plan.

—I admit, you’re quite something, creature.

Then, he reached out behind him and grabbed the Golden Trail that was just about to attack.

Kwak!

“...!”

Not only Yeongwoo but also the other ‘creatures’ witnessing this duel could only be astonished.

-Weeiiiing...!

Even though the Golden Trail, caught in a split second, desperately increased its output, it couldn’t escape from Gameta’s grip.

—Now disappear.

Then, holding the Golden Trail, Gameta rushed towards Yeongwoo.

Kwakwakkung!

He truly intended to end this battle.

The scene of the 8-meter giant swinging both arms was terrifying in itself.

‘He seems really angry this time.’

Instead of counterattacking, Yeongwoo leaped backward.

Pwaat!

The ‘Climber,’ which amplified the leap distance by three times, explosively propelled him backward.

‘Ah, I thought it was just for climbing, but it’s actually a weapon from the Giant Temple.’

Hwaaak!

Watching Gameta flail through the air by a hair’s breadth, Yeongwoo belatedly realized the true value of the ‘Climber.’

Then, after swiftly checking Bastard, he drew the bow ‘White Fire’ that he had been carrying over his torso and prepared to draw an arrow.

Tudududuk!

—A bow?

Gameta, whose body was made of rocks, couldn’t be frightened by such arrows.

But the problem was.

Fyuwooosh!

The arrow shot from this bow was made by Dogo.

◇ Dogo: Stealth Arrow

◇ Dogo: Elemental Damage

Even Gameta, whose grade was higher than Yeongwoo’s, found it difficult to react to the stealth arrow.

It was only after the arrow almost touched his forearm that he realized something was wrong.

—...!

Pueeeong!

With a purple explosion, a faint crack appeared on Gameta's right forearm where the arrow struck.

Of course, as Gameta was placed as the dungeon boss, he was not an entity that 'creatures' could never kill.

"You're finished now."

As Yeongwoo uttered another audacious remark upon confirming the purple crack, Gameta, seething with anger, spread his wings wide and slightly levitated into the air.

The next time Yeongwoo tries to jump again, he will snatch him up from the sky.

However, unfortunately for him, Yeongwoo's next move was...

Swoosh.

It was a whistle performance.

Piiiiiiiiing!

As the sound of the whistle resonated in the indoor arena with a diameter of 500 meters, a clear echo reverberated.

And soon after...

Suaaaaa...

The surroundings dimmed as a sinister aura invaded the arena.

"What, what's happening? All of a sudden?"

Tomiko, Miyagi's Sword Master, looked around with a fearful expression, questioning Jeonggu.

"What did you summon...?"

Even Jang Jaham, who sensed that this was 'summoning,' looked up at the ceiling with widened eyes.

Despite being seasoned warriors from various countries who had experienced all sorts of events, none of them could have anticipated this.

The fact that the Strongest Sword of Joseon had a summoning squad of mutants.

Kwaaack!

Eventually, space near the ceiling of the arena tore apart, and from within, screams and shouts began to echo one after another.

「Aaahhh!」

「Uuuhh!」

「No, dammit...!」

Yeongwoo's three friends. Yeongtae, Taejoon, and Younghyeom were returning to this world.

A 3-meter tall hyena humanoid.

Likewise, a 3-meter tall granite golem.

And finally.

[Kim Younghyeom – Friend of Jeong Yeongwoo07]

A 6-meter long, 2.5-meter tall white tiger.

Unlike the returnees seen on television, the three had regained their transformed bodies.

And...

Kwaack, Kwaak!

As they arrived at the arena of the other world one after another, they each guarded their surroundings, revealing their readiness.

They seemed to have practiced their landing positions in preparation for being summoned like this.

But the beings they had to face...

-What are these damn mutts?

An 8-meter tall rock giant.

Upon this, Yeongtae boldly provoked Gameta, opening his elongated jaws.

Thud!

「This time, we're sure! It's definitely you!」

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 173

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 173: Sharing the Bed with Enemies (8)

「Hwa... Are you sure?」

General Kim Younghyeom couldn't easily believe Yeongtae's conviction.

Meanwhile, chairman Kim Taejoon tilted his head at the unfamiliar surroundings.

「Where are we now?」

Having spent an incomprehensible amount of time only in the returnee's room, Taejoon felt curiosity rather than fear in this unfamiliar place.

Upon this, Yeongwoo aimed another arrow at Gameta and shouted.

Pewww!

“I hit him!”

With Yeongwoo's official confirmation, a violet explosion burst from Gameta's shoulder.

Pweeong!

And as a signal, the three 'friends' all turned their gaze towards Gameta.

「Ugh....!」

Leading the charge was Kim Taejoon, who urgently needed to purchase a television.

Kwakwakkwong!

A 3-meter tall granite golem.

Although he had once nearly pulverized Yeongwoo, compared to Gameta, who stood at 8 meters tall, he looked like a small stone doll.

Naturally.

—Ridiculous.

More than anyone present, Gameta, with his cosmic rating, felt disdain.

As the golem's torso was so broad, it looked as if he could kick rather than punch.

And Gameta immediately acted on this thought.

Kwakkwong, hwaeaaak!

Like kicking a rolling soccer ball, he swung his right leg to kick Kim Taejoon who was approaching.

Paeaeaaeang!

Then, with a tremendous noise, Gameta's right ankle snapped.

—Huh...?

The granite golem's exterior was much tougher than expected.

「Hey? His foot's broken!」

Reacting promptly, Yeongtae leaped to Gameta's right side, and Younghyeom also leaped into the air without hesitation.

Kwaaat!

He aimed for Gameta's neck.

「...Why am I doing this here?」

Despite baring his long fangs, General Kim Younghyeom was still struggling to adapt to his role as Yeongwoo's 'friend'.

To support Younghyeom, Yeongwoo shot an arrow towards Gameta's left ankle.

Pewww!

While doing so, he commanded Jeonggu to throw a weapon.

“Black Sword! Throw it over there!”

“Huh?”

Jeonggu, who had been staring blankly as the three mutants attached themselves to Gameta, belatedly came to his senses and looked down at the two knives in his hands.

The Dragon's Legacy and the Sword of Dullahan.

"Is... this it?"

Jeonggu held the particularly black Sword of Dullahan and swung his arm forcefully in the direction indicated by Yeongwoo.

Sswoeatt!

Immediately catching the Black Sword, he extended the blade up to 5 meters and swung it directly.

Hwaeaaeaaak!

Right towards Gameta's chin.

—These guys!

Though quite threatening attacks were coming at him, Gameta couldn't move his body.

His right foot was broken, his right arm was being pulled by the dotted-line humanoid, and the tiger clinging to his neck kept trying to gouge out his eyes.

So Gameta had no choice.

Hwaaat!

Dodging the Black Sword by flying into the air, he threw the 'Golden Trail' he held in his left hand onto the ground.

Kwaang!

Then, with his free left hand, he attempted to grab the white tiger clinging to his neck to tear it apart.

—Annoying bastards.

But just then, thanks to Yeongwoo's shout from below, he involuntarily looked in that direction.

"Bastard! Catch!"

—...?

Looking towards the voice, Gameta saw Bastard flying towards him at high speed.

Perhaps in an attempt to save his comrade in some way, he hastily threw him.

—You've brought this upon yourself.

If he caught the sword, it would have been over, so he snorted.

—Now, behold! The true...!

And just as Gameta was about to catch Bastard confidently.

Pweeong!

A violet explosion occurred at the handle of Bastard.

—Ugh!

Yeongwoo had once again shot an arrow, hitting Bastard.

Thanks to that, Bastard bounced off at a strange angle into the distance, and in the meantime, General Kim Younghyeom, who had been persistently aiming for Gameta's head, succeeded in gouging out one of his eyeballs.

「Ugh, why do I have to do this.」

He had poked out the villain's eyeball with his long fang.

Squish!

At that moment, Gameta, who had not responded to Yeongwoo's tormenting effects so far, made an agonized expression with his mouth.

—Krrrraah! How dare you!

And simultaneously.

Thud!

Yeongwoo moved right under Gameta, who was struggling in the air, and called out to Bastard who was bouncing up to the ceiling.

「Gnoll's Iron Belt」 – Mutant Belt

【Remotely retrieve weapons.】

A traditional attack method that Yeongwoo had used since his days as a local swordsman.

“Die!”

As Yeongwoo swung his arm to summon Bastard, the mythical-class weapon floating high in the air descended rapidly.

Swooosh!

The crimson trace that split the extradimensional dungeon vertically.

“W-what...!”

“Oh my god!”

The three experts, who had been observing from the sidelines, widened their mouths as they watched the crimson trace pierce through Gameta’s flesh.

Although it was no different from a mass lynching by calling in mutants, it was true that Jeong Yeongwoo faced the six-player boss alone.

—Ah...!

Finally, Gameta let out a sigh for the first time and trembled his large wings.

Then.

Whooosh!

With his immense body now devoid of strength, he collapsed to the ground.

Kwaaaang!

As soon as he hit the ground, the three mutants began to mercilessly beat him, much like miners discovering a mineral deposit.

It was almost time to return, so they had to make a bit more effort to be able to afford the television.

「What, a damn dog?」

「Ugh, this guy!」

「Die quickly!」

“Mr. chairman... Maybe your family members are watching...”

Before Yeongwoo could add that they might be watching on television, his ‘friends’ stopped their movements first.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

「Gasp.」

「Ah, already?」

As Yeongtae, who had been beating Gameta vigorously, gradually blurred, their summoning time had expired.

「Isn’t this guy dead yet?」

As General Kim Younghyeom, who had already become half-transparent, asked this, Yeongwoo slowly approached the fallen Gameta.

Then, it seemed like the Golden Trail was preparing for the usual ‘decapitation.’

-Weeeeeeng...!

If he felt as if he were angry for some reason, it might have been a misconception.

「We’re done here.」

Following this, chairman Kim Taejoon bid farewell with a disappointed voice and disappeared into thin air.

And then.

Sliiick, shiiriing!

Yeongtae and General Kim Younghyeom also concealed themselves one by one.

Now, only five humans and the giant Gameta remained in the dungeon.

—It was an absurd battle.

As Gameta lay on the ground, jotting down his brief thoughts on the battle, Yeongwoo approached his head.

Clack, clack.

In his right hand, he held the Bastard that Gameta had so desired.

—Challenger, Bastard... They're still in your hands.

“You said you’ve seen this sword before, right?”

With these words, Yeongwoo postponed the execution as he suddenly remembered something.

“I’ve seen this sword before, haven’t I?”

—Yes, you saw it clearly during the last battle of the Vessadel.

As Gameta seemed to be sinking back into memories, Yeongwoo quickly asked again.

“Who was the owner of the sword at that time?”

Then, Gameta’s remaining eye squinted.

—The Bastard was originally the decisive weapon of the Vessadel royal family. Why do you ask about its owner? It seems you have no idea how myths are created.

“...!”

This means that the Bastard that Gameta last saw was a weapon carried by its original owner, the Vessadel royal family, for war.

‘Then how did the chairman acquire this weapon? Could it be that the chairman... of the Vessadel royal family...?’

Considering that one of the chairman’s attached epithets is ‘Destroyer,’ it wasn’t an impossible story.

“Th-the... how are mythical items created? Before you die, shouldn’t you give some guidance or something to this speck?”

As Yeongwoo spread out the child, the eerie shadow of this cursed sword crossed Gameta’s forehead.

—Ha, interesting.

Gameta chuckled wryly.

But even so, he gave a concise answer in a solemn tone, as if it were a dying wish.

—Only those who write their own myths can leave that achievement as tangible heritage. Vessadel killed the transcendent and gave birth to Bastard.

Then, Gameta gestured towards the shadow looming over his head.

—And you now hold that heritage. The phrase “How dare you” couldn’t be more fitting than this.

Gameta ventured into his memories once again.

From just looking at his expression, it was evident.

His lips had already sealed shut, so Yeongwoo sensed that it was finally time to carry out the execution.

“Well, I still don’t fully understand... but I understand that it’s something precious that must be treated with care.”

—...

“Then, farewell!”

As Yeongwoo finished speaking, the Golden Trail, which had been waiting in the air early on, shot down vertically, drawing its golden path like a signature.

Whaaaaack!

Inevitably, the Dogo pattern unfolded along with that trace.

Then, at the fleeting moment, Gameta, who noticed the wedge pattern, widened his eyes.

— Dogo...!

And at that same moment, the Golden Trail struck Gameta’s neck forcefully.

Teaarrrring!

The problem was.

“...Huh?”

Gameta’s neck didn’t get severed instantly.

Even with a legendary greatsword whose blade width was about 40 centimeters, they couldn’t cut Gameta’s neck.

So, in the end.

“Hut!”

Yeongwoo swung down with all his might while holding the child in both hands.

Swoooooosh!

Finally.

Thunk!

Gameta’s tough neck was severed, and his large head rolled across the arena floor.

「The Titan, Gameta, has been slain.」

The system notification officially announcing the death of the dungeon boss.

Then finally, the settlement process began.

[Sanctuary of Valor]

|Dungeon Grade: Normal

|Difficulty: C

|Recommended Participants: 6

「The dungeon has been completed.」

「Survivors: 5.」

All survived.

“Is... is it really over?”

As Jeonggu, also confirming the system notification, spoke as if he couldn’t believe it, Yeongwoo looked at Gameta’s head and said,

“From now on, it is the best part.”

「We will now calculate individual scores for rewards.」

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 174

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 174: Sharing the Bed with Enemies (9)

“Individual scores...?”

“Could it be that the rewards vary for each person?”

As they reached the reward section, the reactions of dungeon novices and experienced adventurers differed.

Jeonggu and Ryu Manho were first-timers in this dungeon.

Meanwhile, Tomiko and Jang Jaham were individuals who had already experienced other dungeons, as evidenced by their reactions.

“Rankings are probably determined by contribution. Rewards also vary according to rank.”

When Tomiko said this, Ryu Manho furrowed his brow.

“Contribution...?”

It was an unwelcome topic.

If they were talking about contributions to this dungeon, wouldn't Joseon's Strongest Sword overwhelmingly receive the highest score?

“Well, since we managed to survive this absurd place, we should consider that reward sufficient.”

Following this, Sandong's Twin Evil Jang Jaham sighed and slumped to the ground, uttering a rather dramatic line.

It had become difficult even to stand due to the ordeal they faced in the third stage.

「The individual score calculation is complete.」

Eventually, the dungeon system finished calculating the scores of the five participants.

[1st Place] Yeongwoo – Total score 133/100

- Outstanding resolver.
- Overwhelming equipment score.
- Between legality and illegality.

[2nd Place] Tomiko – Total score 62/100

- Exemplary manners.
- High equipment score.
- Unfortunate experience in the third stage.

[3rd Place] Jeonggu – Total score 56/100

- Excellent weapon proficiency.
- Did their best.
- Yeongwoo's father.

[4th Place] Jaham – Total score 47/100

- Exceptional combatant.
- Provoker.
- Unfortunate experience in the third stage.

[5th Place] Manho – Total score 36/100

- Exceptional combatant.
- Divider.
- Moody.

“What? Am I really last?”

Upon the revelation of the rankings, Ryu Manho from Taiwan, who was ranked fifth, expressed his dissatisfaction.

To this, Jang Jaham from China sneered at Ryu Manho and chuckled menacingly.

“Heh heh, it's just as it's written on the report card. Divider, and moody.”

“What did you say, you provoker?”

As Ryu Manho growled and attempted to draw his sword, once again, Tomiko intervened between them, expressing her displeasure.

“Oh, come on! Stop it already. Aren’t you all embarrassed to be carried up on his back like that?”

Swiftly, Tomiko pointed towards Joseon’s Strongest Sword, Jeong Yeongwoo.

Of course, she hadn’t made significant contributions to this dungeon herself.

Nevertheless, wasn’t she still a party member with a score of 62 out of 100, as judged by the system out of a maximum of 100 points?

In terms of ranking, she was second.

“With a score of 36 in this position, 62 is quite excellent.”

This was why Tomiko dared to speak out loudly despite Yeongwo being 133 points ahead of her.

“.....”

Meanwhile, Jeonggu tilted his head somewhat tepidly at his own scorecard.

A total score of 56 out of 100.

It seemed he was being praised for doing his best.

Although he had only thrown a weapon to Yeongwoo during the boss battle, the label “excellent weapon proficiency” wasn’t entirely false.

‘But then again...’

– Yeongwoo’s father.

What did being Yeongwoo’s father mean?

Did he introduce himself as Yeongwoo’s father when he first entered this dungeon?

But if that wasn’t the case...

“.....”

While Jeonggu wore a complicated expression, Tomiko, looking at the rulebook, asked,

“I’ve never seen a score exceeding 100. How did such a score come about? Was it the same before?”

[1st Place] Yeongwoo – Total score 133/100

Tomiko was already confident that Jeong Yeongwoo had solved the dungeon in a similar manner before, as she asked.

A monster who summoned flying swords and mutants... Wasn’t it a natural thought?

“Yes, that’s true.”

While Yeongwoo affirmed Tomiko’s question, he didn’t reveal further details.

“Is the score important? Surviving this dungeon is what matters.”

Of course, it wasn’t sincere.

Yeongwoo desperately wanted to obtain the encyclopaedia, the reward for first place.

‘So I’ve secured first place. That’s it’

As Yeongwoo looked at the scorecard with a satisfied expression, the message for reward distribution appeared at the perfect timing.

Plop!

「Rewards will be distributed according to the confirmed rankings.」

[1st Place] Yeongwoo – Armor encyclopaedia

[2nd Place] Tomiko – Random Epic Equipment

[3rd Place] Jeonggu – Random Epic Equipment

[4th Place] Jaham – Random Unique Equipment

[5th Place] Manho – Random Unique Equipment

“Oh?”

“Huh...?”

While everyone was surprised by the rewards, the reasons varied slightly for each of them.

Jeonggu and Ryu Manho, who were experiencing the dungeon for the first time, were amazed by starting with unique grade rewards.

However, Tomiko and Jang Jaham, who were experienced, had their own reactions...

“An encyclopaedia?”

“What’s an encyclopaedia...?”

They reacted as if they were seeing the reward for the first time.

Consequently, Yeongwoo also couldn’t help but feel puzzled.

“You’re seeing an encyclopaedia for the first time? There must have been a first place in the previous dungeons too.”

When Yeongwoo asked this, Tomiko nodded as if it were obvious.

“Of course. Wasn’t the first place reward supposed to be legendary equipment...?”

“The first place reward I saw was also legendary equipment.”

It seemed that the two who had experienced different dungeons each considered the first place reward to be legendary, while only Yeongwoo thought of it as an encyclopaedia.

That meant...

‘Was I wrong?’

Yeongwoo’s gaze returned to his own score.

[1st Place] Yeongwoo – Total score 133/100

‘Total score, 133.’

And last night, in “Pain of Ilya,” where he was rewarded with the Artifact encyclopaedia, Yeongwoo had scored...

[1st Place] Yeongwoo – Total score 172/100

‘...172 points. Both times I scored over 100 for first place.’

Yeongwoo finally realized.

The equipment encyclopaedia was a hidden reward in the dungeon.

It was a reward beyond just being “first place” in terms of achieving something more substantial.

‘Although achieving first place in a dungeon is never easy, considering there are probably several dungeons opening worldwide every day... It didn’t make much sense.’

As Yeongwoo came to this realization, Tomiko and Jang Jaham approached him as if to start a conversation.

“Why? What is it?”

“Stop gaping and say something.”

However, the meeting of the four experts from four countries ended here.

Soon, a beam of light flashed before the eyes of the four, excluding Yeongwoo.

Zap, zap!

It was none other than the physical rewards being given.

The unique rewards were contained in orange boxes, while the epic rewards appeared in silver-white boxes.

“Wow, what’s this? It’s like getting presents.”

Jeonggu exclaimed with excitement, feeling relieved of the tension he had been holding onto for so long.

He had obtained epic-grade equipment after crossing the threshold.

To obtain this through trade with merchants, one would have to pay a huge amount of karma or sacrifice a legendary-grade achievement.

“So what about Yeongwoo...”

Then Tomiko turned her head back to Yeongwoo again, but at that moment, Yeongwoo was already checking a notification message that only he could see.

「Yeongwoo07’s data: ‘Armor encyclopaedia’ has been added.」

‘Oh, it’s over. It’s an Armor encyclopaedia.’

As Yeongwoo confirmed the type of encyclopaedia that appeared as a reward, his expression unintentionally filled with pride, noticed by Jeonggu who recognized it as ominous.

“You, bastard... What incredible thing did you get now?”

“Well, I just...”

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Yeongwoo smiled, swallowing the words “I’m invincible.”

He couldn’t help but think of dozens of armors sleeping in the spatial bag of the Golden Goblin.

And finally...

「In 10 seconds, the dungeon will be closed.」

「Please use the portal to exit.」

With the announcement of the dungeon closure, the countdown began.

「9」

“Huh!”

“Oh, it’s already time.”

“What happens now? Are we going back to where we came from?”

「8」

As the remaining time decreased without hesitation, everyone’s gaze turned to Yeongwoo.

To the monster, no, the nobleman who had broken through this absurd dungeon in an absurd manner.

“By any chance... will you come tomorrow?”

In the end, Jang Jaham subtly requested an after-meeting.

Being somewhat bloodthirsty, he also had a strong desire for power, even though he had almost died today, he thought of coming back to the dungeon again.

Of course, assuming he would be on the same team as the Joseon’s Strongest Sword.

Upon hearing this, Yeongwoo nodded as he looked at the timer, which had now decreased to 6 seconds.

「6」

“Yes. I’ll probably come to the dungeon tomorrow.”

「5」

“Are you unaware? Since it’s random matching every time, it’s difficult to meet again once we part like this.”

As Yeongwoo said this, he remembered Ricardo and Ottavio, who had been his partners in the first dungeon and had shown quite remarkable teamwork.

At this point, one could even say that he missed them a little.

He just wanted to know their current situation, even if it wasn’t related to the dungeon.

‘They must have been causing chaos somewhere. Maybe if I keep flipping through the channels on TV, they’ll show up?’

With this thought in mind, Yeongwoo was about to hurry back to check when an unexpected line came from behind.

“But you two came together, didn’t you?”

“...?”

Turning around, he saw it was Jang Jaham.

“You and your father, didn’t you come together like you wanted?”

「3」

“Well... we did pass through the same entrance at the same moment...?”

Yeongwoo answered as if it were obvious.

And Jang Jaham responded in the same manner.

“That’s what I mean.”

“What do you mean?”

“So, we’re also...”

Jang Jaham's words didn't continue further.

Or rather, it would be more accurate to say that they didn't reach Yeongwoo's ears.

Before his words could be fully pronounced, Iche, the dungeon master, filled the room and bounced everyone out of the stadium.

Bam!

Presumably, due to the dungeon's closure as previously announced, all participants were forcibly ejected.

"Ugh!"

It was only at this moment that Yeongwoo painfully learned why he had to open the portal and leave by himself before the countdown ended.

Being forcibly ejected from the dungeon was accompanied by severe nausea and pressure.

"Aargh!"

As Yeongwoo screamed unlike his usual self, at some point, the surroundings filled with Iche suddenly turned red, and his eyes and ears opened.

"Huh!"

And simultaneously...

"Agh!"

From behind, there was a sense that Jeonggu suddenly appeared, rolling on the ground.

He, too, had been forcibly ejected.

"What the heck is all this? Is this how we're supposed to be kicked out?"

"Ugh, what is this... Normally kicked out?"

Moaning, Jeonggu vomited on the ground.

Of course, with a wildfire raging nearby, red embers flew into Jeonggu's wide-open mouth.

"This damn world! Still the same as ever."

As he muttered in arrogance, Golden Goblin, riding on Negwig, approached with a clinking sound.

Clack, clack.

-Kweeee!

With that, Yeongwoo waved to his two colleagues and asked his father, who was still lying on the ground.

“Did you hear earlier?”

“...Hear what?”

“What the Chinese guy said.”

“About using the same entrance tomorrow?”

“Yes. I didn’t hear it all the way to the end, but it was something like that.”

“But is that possible? Even if he finds out where we are, it’s too far to come back. Do you even know where Sandong is?”

“Where is it?”

As Yeongwoo sincerely asked, Jeonggu touched his forehead.

“Damn, it’s across from Incheon. Do you know what that means? It’s across the sea.”

Sandong Province, China.

If you use the sea route, it’s the city closest to South Korea among all regions in China.

However, considering the current means of transportation, which mainly consists of fast land travel, there was hardly any place as difficult to reach as the area across the sea.

But...

“Huh?”

As Yeongwoo made a sound as if he remembered something, Jeonggu’s face wrinkled.

“Why? What now?”

“Is there... really Sandong across from Incheon?”

“If I say so.”

“Then, wouldn’t it be not impossible for people from Sandong to use the same entrance?”

“What...? W-why is that?”

Jeonggu looked at his son with an uneasy expression.

Then the problematic son spread his hands and clapped his palms together.

Slap!

“Soon, the land will be connected. Like Pangaea!”

“What’s going to be connected...?”

Jeonggu’s mouth hung open wide.

And then, he looked at Yeongwoo with a bewildered face.

“No, seriously, look at this... This asshole treats his father like an idiot.”

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 175

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 175: Master of Myths (1)

“It’s true. The continents will soon merge. Whether you believe it or not won’t change anything.”

Yeongwoo said this while gazing at the sky, which was stirred up by embers.

Knowing that the dungeon reward this time was an armor encyclopaedia, it was time to invite the chairman.

(Special Agreement) [Expensive Beads of Sweat]

- 「Dogo」 will obtain an encyclopedia.

- If you choose a type, Dogo will acquire one within two days.
- In case of failure to meet the deadline, the headquarters will pay a penalty of 100 million Karma.

Special conditions of the previous advertising contract, wanted encyclopaedias.

Moreover, if this special contract is not upheld, a penalty of 100 million karma will be imposed.

Therefore, no matter what the outcome, Yeongwoo would not suffer any loss from the contract.

“Are you feeling uncomfortable right now?”

“...Why?”

“I need to call someone. There’s no one around, so now’s the perfect time.”

As Yeongwoo said this, Jeonggu reflexively furrowed his brow.

“What nonsense is that? Who would you call in this weather?”

However, Jeonggu also had a gut feeling.

The person this troublemaker was calling was definitely not an ordinary person.

But he never imagined that this person wouldn’t even be human.

“Chairman! I will use the special contract now! 「Dogo」 ...!”

“Chairman?”

As Yeongwoo shouted at the sky, Jeonggu’s expression turned fearful.

It was because he knew from experience that everything this guy said would come true.

So, the chairman he just called out to the sky must be a real person.

‘Where on earth is the chairman coming from? No, could it be...?’

It was only later that Jeonggu realized something.

Last time, didn’t a mutant team come down from the sky?

So, naturally, this time too...

‘That chairman must not be a regular person either.’

Only after realizing the situation did Jeonggu look at Yeongwoo, about to say something, when suddenly...

Crunch!

Suddenly, the sky turned blood-red and the abnormal weather in the area stopped instantly.

It was as if a night dungeon had appeared.

‘Oh, so the chairman can control the weather at the landing point.’

Yeongwoo, who dared to test the head of advertisers, looked around as if in admiration.

Within a radius of 3 kilometers from where Dogo set his landing point, not a single breeze blew.

“What... who’s coming?”

Jeonggu, unaware of the ‘extraterrestrial’, realized that something extraordinary was coming and looked up at the sky.

Then, soon after...

Crash!

The center of the red sky split open, and a gigantic anchor, also the Dogo chairman’s insignia, shot down.

Whoosh! Crash!

“Whoa, damn!”

The massive anchor that fell in the middle of the ruins of Gwangjin-gu emitted a chilling sense of danger.

Rustle!

Then, connected by chains to the anchor, the Dogo chairman’s airship slowly descended, this time with the lower hull already open.

“Chairman!”

As Yeongwoo waved his hand and approached where the anchor had landed, Dogo finally appeared leisurely from within the giant tomb.

– Jeong Yeongwoo07. You're still alive, I see.

Dogo, who clearly witnessed everything in the dungeon, pretended not to know and Yeongwoo lightly placed his hand on Bastard at his waist in response.

"Yes, thanks to you, Chairman."

Then, glancing at the imposing chairman's airship once again, Yeongwoo uttered the next line.

"I have finally begun to 'speak', do you know why?"

It meant being able to express the meaning of 「Dogo」 in a transcendent language.

At this, Dogo chuckled silently within his thick armor.

No, to be precise, that's how Yeongwoo felt.

– Your existence is rapidly escalating. The evidence being your ability to coin a single word.

After saying this, Dogo added one more thing.

– Unfortunately, it's your choice.

"...Yes? Are you talking about words?"

To Yeongwoo's question, Dogo nodded silently.

– Even your subconscious needs 「Dogo」 .

"Ah, I see..."

Jeong Yeongwoo, a clever little creature, was inwardly tilting his head even at this meaningful moment.

He wondered if the chairman was using this scene as part of his promotional activities.

Anyway, if the chairman was the founder of the weapon brand Dogo, wouldn't he be a salesman through and through, down to his bones?

'My subconscious needs Dogo too...? It sounds plausible, but isn't that a bit too prepared?'

As Yeongwoo gave him a cunning look, Dogo raised a finger clad in armor and pointed at his advertisement model.

– Request the special contract.

“Ah, right. I’ve taken too much of your time, Chairman. However, before that.”

Clank.

As Yeongwoo took a step back, he reached out and grabbed someone’s arm behind him.

Thunk!

“What...?”

It was none other than his father, Kim Jeonggu.

“I should introduce him to the chairman. He’s Kim Jeonggu, my father.”

As Yeongwoo pulled with force, Jeonggu could only be dragged out reluctantly.

“Father, please greet him as well. He’s the chairman who pays for the advertisements.”

“Oh. Uh, nice to meet you. I’m Kim Jeonggu... Is Yeongwoo doing well?”

As Jeonggu awkwardly blurted out whatever came to mind, Dogo stared at him for a moment.

Swish.

Seeing Jeonggu meet his gaze and then quickly glance at the spaceship, Yeongwoo thought,

‘What’s up with this guy? He’s not even fixing his gaze on his helmet. Is he the boss?’

Then, finally,

-Special contract.

Dogo once again ordered the contract to commence to Yeongwoo.

“Yes, Chairman. The encyclopaedia I request is...”

Yeongwoo hesitated until the last moment, but ultimately, there was only one encyclopaedia he needed to request.

“It’s a weapon encyclopaedia. I just obtained an armor encyclopaedia earlier. So now, I can always walk around without armor.”

At this, Dogo showed a hint of joy for the first time.

“Good news.”

Perhaps because he was pleased with the news.

Dogo, who was about to return immediately, left some room for further discussion.

-Is all business concluded?

“Ah...!”

Given Dogo’s position and personality, even if he disappeared right in front of him, Yeongwoo wouldn’t have anything to say.

So, Dogo giving him another chance to ask was a tremendous favor.

“If you permit, I’d like to ask two more things.”

-Speak. I’ll give you ‘a hand’ of time.

A hand.

It meant one minute of Earth time.

So, Yeongwoo used this precious time firstly to seek tax advice.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

“I will transition from a simplified taxpayer to a general taxpayer starting tomorrow. How much tax should I prepare?”

Though it seemed like a pointless question to ask the chairman of a cosmic corporation, it was actually crucial.

In this world, taxes were absolute.

Even if it was the rising star of the cosmos, Joseon’s Strongest Sword defaulting on taxes meant instant obliteration.

And surely, Dogo, the chairman, must have been well aware of that fact.

-Speak the name of existence. I will entrust your affairs to that person.

As expected, the chairman had an answer.

However.

'The name of existence...? So, he means to say the name of the person who will serve as my tax consultant?'

Yeongwoo, with his cosmic experience, only knew one name... that of the mediator Kubu.

'If I do this, I might have to pay Kubu some under-the-table money.'

There wasn't much time left.

Yeongwoo immediately pronounced the name that came to mind.

"Kubu... Guardian of the Otherworld, I choose Kubu."

-Good. What's next?

How much time was left?

Since the chairman kindly didn't set a timer, Yeongwoo could only guess the passage of time by intuition.

"Bastard!"

-...?

"Why did you give me the Bastard? As the chairman, you must have had many other mythical items."

The decisive weapon of the Vessedel royal family, the Bastard.

Why was this sword in Dogo's possession?

And why did he hand it over to Yeongwoo?

"Was that a slightly uncomfortable question?"

Seeing Dogo's cautious reaction to Yeongwoo's careful question, Dogo turned his gaze to the tomb he had come on.

-Next.

As he had no intention of answering, he was ready to accept another question instead.

Then, unknowingly, Jeonggu, who had been holding his breath beside him, blurted out without thinking.

“How much tax do you pay, Chairman? Do you pay any? You might do a bit of tax evasion.”

“This...!”

Yeongwoo was taken aback by the unexpected intrusion, but upon hearing it, he realized it was actually quite an interesting question.

Did taxes exist even in the world of a cosmic corporation?

“Do you pay taxes?”

After a while, Yeongwoo officially asked the question at Jeonggu’s urging, and Dogo drew a heavy sword.

Swooosh!

Immediately, Jeonggu panicked and flattened himself on the ground.

“Eek! Chairman! I’m sorry! I dare to...!”

However, Dogo, only left a mysterious line.

-The only way to escape the sacred duty of paying taxes is to become someone beyond death.

After leaving this eerie line, he disappeared as if scattered into thin air.

Pah!

He spatially shifted into the airship.

Upon this, Yeongwoo stood dumbfounded for a moment before quickly bidding farewell to the chairman.

“Chairman! Please take care...!”

Tap!

Thud!

As Yeongwoo sprinted towards the chairman's airship, like a child chasing a bird, Negwig followed closely behind.

-Squeeeeak!

And surprisingly, at that moment...

Whoosh!

Following Negwig's path, Dogo's spike pattern glittered brightly.

It seemed he had his own tracking function.

Joseon's Strongest Sword, chasing after the chairman's airship while holding the Bastard high.

And beside him, the iron horse scattering spike patterns.

"..."

Still lying on the ground, Jeonggu only lifted his head in astonishment, feeling disoriented by the bizarre sight.

"No, how does the world even work?"

And in the midst of all this...

"Chairmaaann!"

With Yeongwoo's utmost sincerity in seeing him off, the chairman's massive airship rose into the sky like a flash of lightning.

Shooaaat!

Then...

Pop!

As if nothing had happened, the space where the airship had been was now clean and empty.

"...Phew."

Finally, Jeonggu breathed a sigh of relief.

Seeing Yeongwoo returning to his side, Jeonggu attempted to take off his cape.

Thwip!

“What... what’s this? What the hell, you crazy guy!”

“Oh, right. Father would die if this was taken off, wouldn’t he?”

Seemingly forgetting, Yeongwoo startled, removing his hand.

“I almost wasted 2,000.”

Then Jeonggu, sweating in the suddenly reignited storm of embers, asked,

“What, what was that? Why did you suddenly try to take off the clothes again?”

To which Yeongwoo scratched his chin and replied,

“I finished my work, so I was going to put it in the encyclopaedia.”

Then, he unfolded today’s biggest harvest, the Armor encyclopaedia.

Pop!

[Armor encyclopaedia]

[20]

「The Collection Effect Level 1 has been unlocked.」

「The Collection Effect Level 2 has been unlocked.」

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 176

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 176: Master of Myths (2)

Unlocked up to level 2 at once.

‘I collected twenty. No, with the cloak, it’s twenty-one.’

In the typhoon of embers, Yeongwoo watched the activation messages of the equipment passing by in front of him in a daze.

From the most recently obtained equipment to the defensive gear that had been left untouched for days, all dormant special effects were being applied at once.

【20% increase in power against enemies with abilities.】

【15% of attack power converted to ability damage.】

【Power increases up to 80% depending on the degree of limb loss.】

.

.

.

【20% cold resistance】

【Can be attached to walls or ceilings.】

And accordingly.

Poof!

|Fire Resistance: 35%

|Cold Resistance: 35%

|Lightning Resistance: 30%

|Poison Resistance: 15% 【Osmosis 35%】

|Ability Resistance: 30%

Yeongwoo's resistance also increased significantly, with the average exceeding 30%.

‘Wow, Osmosis seems ridiculously good like this.’

「Osmosis」 – Epic Ring

【The lowest basic resistance value is equal to the highest resistance value.】

As the tooltip suggested, the basic resistance with the lowest value, 'poison', received the pressure resistance effect, raising its resistance to 35%.

'Now I don't even need to bother buying poison resistance equipment.'

From now on, Yeongwoo's resistance securing strategy was to bolster only the three elements of fire, cold, and lightning, and if possible, even the ability resistance.

'So far, the power prevailing in the Barren Universe is of the ability type. They were even making ability damage equipment.'

So Yeongwoo was thinking of gathering as much ability-related equipment as possible.

With the idea that he wouldn't back down even if he clashed with anyone in the universe.

Being a Grade 4 human by birth, Yeongwoo, who had been lagging behind in running since the first day of the reset, possessed a kind of instinctual weakness.

'No matter how much you increase your strength, it's never excessive.'

As Yeongwoo deeply breathed in the air filled with embers, the armor encyclopaedia, which had finally completed the registration process, revealed the collection effects of levels 1 and 2.

「Each encyclopaedia has its own unique collection effects, and when the encyclopaedia completion exceeds a certain level, you can obtain amazing blessings or skills.」

[Armor encyclopaedia]

[20]

[Collection Effect: 10]

|All damage reduced by 10%

[Collection Effect: 20]

|50% increase in designated equipment's effects

"What...?"

Yeongwoo's gaze stopped at the level 2 collection effect.

‘The effect of designated equipment? Does that mean it can also increase the effects of sense deprivation or golden oath?’

It probably could.

A special function that could only be activated by collecting a whopping 20 pieces of armor couldn’t be useless.

‘Wow, then...’

「Golden Oath」 – Legendary Breastplate

【50% decrease in enemy’s attack power.】

If the Golden Oath is targeted for the level 2 effect, it reduces the enemy’s attack power by 75%.

‘This is definitely it.’

Yeongwoo took off his armor and immediately stored it in the encyclopaedia, applying the collection effect.

And then.

Poof!

The tooltip of the encyclopaedia, which was displayed in front of him, flashed, and the level 2 effect changed.

[Collection Effect: 20]

|50% increase in designated equipment’s effects

【75% decrease in enemy’s attack power.】

“Wow...!”

Shocking.

Yeongwoo stood with his mouth agape for a while, unable to say anything.

Then Jeonggu asked, tugging at the hem of his cloak.

“What on earth is it? Let me know.”

In the midst of the blazing firestorm.

For Jeonggu, standing here staring blankly into the air was all he could do at the moment, so he couldn't help but feel both anxious and bored.

"It's nothing much."

"It seems like a big deal."

"Now it's harder for humans to kill me, no matter who they are."

"...That was the case before."

Jeonggu pointed out with a tilt of his head, then quickly asked another question.

"So who can kill you then?"

"Huh?"

"You said it's difficult for any human to kill you. So who do you think can kill you?"

Why classify and categorize opponents by their species?

"I'm not sure."

Finally, Yeongwoo made up his mind.

"The Chairman would definitely be able to kill me..."

Yeongwoo then thought of Titan Gameta as his next opponent.

Although he couldn't determine what rank he was, he was certain that his original presence would be more imposing than it was today.

Even in a weakened state of Grade 3 debilitation, he was still a formidable opponent.

'If I had not lit two extra fires in the furnace, I wouldn't have been able to guarantee victory.'

So...

"I'm not sure if this expression is appropriate, but mercenaries with some recognition from outer space...? Wouldn't they be capable of killing me?"

"You're quite confident, huh? Well, you're confident, but if someone from outer space comes, wouldn't it be natural for you to die? We're human after all."

"That's why I mentioned it. I probably will lose."

Yeongwoo said this, but in his heart, he was somewhat denying it.

Because soon the Chairman would come back with the Weapon encyclopaedia.

‘Now that my armor is reinforced... If I can get the Weapon encyclopaedia later, can I win against the Gameta of the past?’

Of course, this was a very reckless thought.

Was he trying to compare himself, a mere mortal, to a being like the Gameta, a traitor to the royal family?

“Anyway, is everything done now? I want to go in and rest quickly.”

Meanwhile, Jeonggu looked towards Gangnam with a nostalgic look in his eyes.

However, he tightly held the silver-white box he received as a reward from the dungeon earlier.

“... Aren’t you going to open it?”

So when Yeongwoo pointed to the box with his chin and asked, Jeonggu hugged the box even tighter.

“Are you trying to snatch it? No, you can’t. This is my life’s worth.”

“... ”

“Let’s go back to the lodging. I will open it there. It’s too valuable to open on the street, isn’t it?”

“That’s true.”

A valuable item.

If it were an Epic Grade equipment, it could be adequately described as precious.

Even Yeongwoo didn’t have much Epic Grade equipment.

[PR/N: Buddy... u have legendary and mythic grade equipment....]

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

“Then let’s go now.”

“...Really?”

“Yes. I think I need to rest a bit to be able to move tomorrow.”

This was also true.

Because of the long dungeon last night, he had hardly slept for two days.

“Yes, let’s go back quickly. I’m sick of fire now.”

* * *

Parnas Hotel Room 3233.

It was hard to believe that just a few hours ago, he was waiting for the night to come inside.

It felt like he had been gone for at least a few days.

“What time is it now?”

“It’s just before 1 a.m.”

After briefly looking at the clock, Yeongwoo walked towards Room 3233, which was visible on the other side.

Then.

Tap.

He lightly knocked on the door.

Immediately, a sound from inside was heard, and Jongsu opened the door to greet him.

“Ah, sir! Thank you for your hard work.”

However, as he noticed Yeongwoo standing outside without his upper garments, he quickly stepped back and opened the way.

“P-Please come in.”

“Where are the children? Are they asleep?”

“Uh, well...”

Jongsu scratched the back of his head.

Upon this, Yeongwoo sensed that the children had seen what happened in the dungeon through the television.

Seok did not separate her children.

Of course, the children might not have stepped back.

‘Well, I shouldn’t interfere too much.’

After blinking once, Yeongwoo asked Jongsu again.

“How far did it come out?”

“From the television... right?”

As Yeongwoo continued to look at him, Jongsu told him about what he had seen through the television overnight.

Even after Yeongwoo and Jeonggu left the room, they continued to watch the returnee’s room through the television, and then at some point...

“Suddenly, it felt like the floor was sinking, and the three of them were sucked in.”

“Ah...”

It was probably right after Yeongwoo played the horn.

“After that?”

“After that...”

The darkened screen suddenly showed a huge monster, Jongsu explained.

‘Titan Gameta’s. The television was actually illuminating where friends were.’

Until now, he thought it was illuminating the returnee’s room, but the focusing of that channel was actually on the individuals.

“Then all of the Chairman’s actions must have been shown.”

“Yes... we were all very impressed.”

“...I see.”

Nevertheless, it wasn’t a very desperate battle.

“Then now they must be focusing on the returnee’s room again.”

“Yes. It was chaotic because of that.”

“Why?”

When Yeongwoo asked blankly, Seok, Kim Taejoon’s wife, rushed over from the other side of the room with a loud noise.

“Why? Because we’ve been watching you from over there!”

“...?”

Yeongwoo didn’t understand what she was saying at first, but soon he understood Seok’s meaning.

“Oh, no way.”

This time, Yeongwoo’s steps quickened.

As he entered the bedroom where the television was, the children of Seok, who were watching the entrance register, widened their eyes.

“Oh...!”

At first, it seemed like ‘oh’ was just an astonished sound, but the actual words the children were trying to say were,

“Dad!”

It was a word calling for their father.

“Dad...?”

Yeongwoo repeated the children’s words as if entranced, then looked up above his head following their gaze.

Then a voice came from the direction of the television where the children were looking.

-Uh, yes! It’s dad! It looks good now!

It was the voice of Kim Taejoon, the chariman.

As Yeongwoo took two more steps and looked at the television screen, he saw Yeongtae, Taejoon, and Yeongheum sitting in the all-white yard.

And in front of them was a small black and white television, about 9 inches, which seemed a bit small for three adult men to watch together.

Inside it, just like it was looking down at the returnee's room, the scenery of the bedroom of room 3233 was visible.

It was as if it was slantingly looking down from above Yeongwoo's head.

"Is there a transparent camera attached here?"

As Yeongwoo murmured while examining his head, the three people on the screen spoke simultaneously.

"Thank you, Yeongwoo."

This was Kim Taejoon's thanks for being able to see his family directly thanks to Yeongwoo.

"Hey, why is this guy taking off his clothes in front of the kids?"

This was General Kim Younghyeom's complaint.

And finally.

"Sir! A new item has been added to the menu! But there's something strange about it!"

A report on the current situation of the "Returnee's Room" from Hong Yeongtae.

"Something strange?"

Until now, Yeongwoo had no particular thoughts.

Yeongtae was originally the type to flatter, and besides, wasn't that place the returnee's room?

The only items that could be purchased there were items for the welfare of prisoners.

Things like an hourglass, chess, or television to ease the pain of waiting.

But this time, the story that came out of Yeongtae's mouth was a bit different.

"There's an item called 'Laser Bombardment' here. What is this? But sir, you know...?"

At this, Yeongwoo, for the first time, turned his head with a fearful expression.

"I, I don't know... What is that?"

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 177

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 177: Master of Myths (3)

“Laser?”

“Laser...?”

“You mean, laser?”

Since communication with ‘friends’ through the television was being heard by everyone in the room, chaos erupted in an instant.

“What nonsense, laser? Why would there be a laser here?”

At Jeonggu’s words, Yeongwoo waved his hand in the air.

“Ah, because it’s so noisy, could everyone please quiet down?”

Then he asked Yeongtae on the television again.

“Are you sure? Laser bombardment...?”

Upon which, Yeongtae pushed the menu towards the transparent camera in the air.

—Look, it’s written here.

“Ha.”

It was indeed there.

In the middle of the large menu shown by Yeongtae, there was clearly written “Laser Bombardment.”

However.

“What’s above laser bombardment? Is it blank?”

Yeongwoo asked when he saw the empty space at the top of the menu, to which Yeongtae shook his head.

—There's something more, but it's covered for now. Seems like it's locked or something.

Yeongtae said with his nose wrinkled, just like a true sniffer.

—But there are many other things besides this. There's also high-definition television, and something called a generator... huh?

While examining the prices of other products, Yeongtae suddenly widened his eyes.

“Why? What is it?”

To which Yeongwoo asked, tilting his head, and this time General Kim Younghyeom snatched the menu from Yeongtae's hand.

Hmph!

—What's this? There's no price for laser bombardment?

“Eh?”

Could it mean it's free?

From the name alone, it definitely didn't seem like something that could be free.

“General, what are you talking about?”

Yeongwoo was about to ask again about the price of the bombardment.

—Whoa! General!

—Be careful!

With Yeongtae and Taejoon's frightened voices, General Kim Younghyeom selected 'Laser Bombardment' from the menu.

Seeing there was no price tag, he immediately proceeded with the purchase.

And then.

Zap!

Instantly, the returnee's room on the television shone brightly white.

“Gasp.”

“...What’s that?”

Something astonishing enough to even surprise the people in the bedroom piled up in the returnee’s room.

It was none other than.

—Damn these lunatics.

Components of a laser gun turret.

Presumably, when properly assembled, it would become a huge machine, consisting of thousands of parts.

“...Oh my.”

Yeongwoo, who examined the returnee’s room through the television, soon touched his forehead.

He seemed to have a good idea of what was going on.

‘So, is this why the returnee’s room seemed endlessly spacious?’

The essence of the returnee’s room began to fit the assumption of it being a prison.

Instead of selling laser guns, why give out countless parts?

It must be a hint to assemble that thing while time passes, like inmates in a prison doing labor.

‘Well... It’s more productive than just playing chess endlessly.’

In actual prisons, inmates are often assigned to produce products like soap and razors under the name of penal labor.

So, in a way, this is also a kind of penal labor.

Of course, it would be nearly impossible for the three, who were not even from the mechanical field, to correctly assemble those many parts.

And as expected, this time, a system message appeared to both the ‘friends’ and Yeongwoo.

「Due to the purchase of the television, conditional two-way communication has been enabled.」

「As a result, some equipment sponsored by the weapon company Toma has been added to the list of activatable products.」

‘Weapons company Toma?’

Since it wasn’t written in a transcendent language, its meaning couldn’t be clear, but to Yeongwoo’s thoughts, it seemed like one of those universal arms manufacturers, like ‘Dogo.’

Plop!

Then, the returnee’s room flashed again, and a hefty holographic book appeared in front of the three prisoners.

“What, what is this?”

While the others were curious, Yeongwoo felt even more intrigued.

And the three on the television hurriedly opened the problematic book.

After a while, General Kim Younghyeom began to stumble as he recited the first words of the book.

—Thank you for purchasing Toma’s product. This product is a planetary-scale bombardment support equipment, and if you need bombardment at the galactic level, please contact headquarters...

“Crazy.”

So, in short, the holographic book the three received was some sort of product manual.

Kim Younghyeom just read the preface, indicating that the laser turret activated this time supports planetary-scale bombardment.

And if you want intergalactic long-range bombardment, you need to purchase additional products through Toma headquarters.

—I thought it might be a ballistic missile because I saw something like a barrel, but it turned out to be completely different.

After Kim Younghyeom roughly scanned the book, Yeongwoo quickly asked.

“General, so what does that mean?”

—Orbital bombardment.

“Yes...?”

—If we complete the launcher here and shoot the laser, somewhere up there, they will receive the laser and shoot it at the target for us.

“Is that possible?”

—Let’s see if those guys from Toma can do it. What... should we call it intermediary orbital bombardment? It’s a way I’ve never seen before.

A laser.

If you shoot energy, Toma receives that power and attacks on our behalf...

It sounded like a story that wasn’t entirely implausible at first glance.

“And what about the bombing target? If you’re just shooting lasers on your side, how do you know the bombing target?”

Then General Kim Younghyeom, who had been diligently searching through the holographic book, suddenly looked up at the camera with a puzzled expression.

—Are you really going to use this?

Perhaps feeling something ominous, General Kim Younghyeom immediately used a distant form of address towards Yeongwoo.

“What else would we do? As long as we can assemble it.”

—It may take some time, but we can assemble it. Everything after this is just assembly instructions.

Then, finally, Younghyeom found the coordinate request part in the manual.

However.

—Ah.

His first words were a sigh.

“Why?”

—To properly carry out laser bombardment, at least two things are needed.

“What are they? Please tell me.”

Yeongwoo urged, and General Kim Younghyeom raised his fingers one by one.

—First, a generator for constant operation of the television and launcher. Ah, it seems like you can’t keep the television on indefinitely.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Generator.

This was the product mentioned by Yeongtae earlier.

Among the items with price tags, there was a generator in addition to the high-definition television.

—Second, a coordinate locator.

“A coordinate locator...?”

—This is something you need to acquire. When you call out the coordinates from your end, we enter them into the launcher.

“I see... That makes sense.”

Yeongwoo now understood this whole process to some extent.

The three prisoners detained in the returnee’s room would assemble the laser turret until the next call, and in the meantime, Yeongwoo on Earth thought,

‘I can search for the coordinate locator from traders... I can issue a warrant to the Seoul Strongest Swords tomorrow afternoon.’

He might not know, but that coordinate locator is likely a product from a company called ‘Toma.’

If he were the CEO of Toma, he would have set up a bait like that.

—Wow, this is amazing.

Meanwhile, Yeongtae, who had already started touching the launcher components, showed on the other side how two pieces of metal stuck together like magnets.

—They stick together like magnets. See?

To this, Yeongwoo showed a response that was not particularly surprised.

“It’s probably designed to be assembled by hand.”

They support even intergalactic-scale bombardment.

So, implementing that level of convenience is a piece of cake for them.

Yeongwoo stared at the numerous components in horror, then turned to General Kim Younghyeom again.

“Anyway, you’ll have plenty to do for a while.”

He omitted the unnecessary words about not feeling bored, but General Kim’s dissatisfaction emerged immediately.

—No, but why do we have to go through this trouble? Isn’t it enough to fight willingly every time you call us?

He meant that he was trapped here for a showdown with Kim Jong-un, the Secretary-General of the Joseon Workers’ Party, not for endless labor.

To this, Yeongwoo looked genuinely puzzled and asked.

“Are you serious?”

—What?

“Laser turret ready for launch! Target: Kim Jong-un, Secretary-General...!”

Yeongwoo suddenly made a crazy remark, but at least General Kim Younghyeom showed a more enthusiastic demeanor than anyone else.

—Ah...!

He only realized it now.

If they could complete that weapon in time, they might be able to use the laser turret in the showdown with Kim Jong-un.

“Launch command? No. You can press the launch button directly.”

At Yeongwoo’s words, General Kim Younghyeom, who was barely calming down his excitement, coughed slightly.

—Hmm, that’s not such a bad suggestion.

“And anyway, you guys are the ones doing the laser bombardment, right? So you can also accumulate merit points.”

—Oh!

—Ah, that’s really true.

Yeongtae and Taejoon also nodded with bright expressions at the mention of merit points. This meant that they could acquire points even when not on call.

There were still many leisure items on the menu that they hadn’t purchased yet.

—By the way, besides the laser bombardment, there were quite a few items locked above... What could they be?

Chairman Kim Taejoon muttered as he checked the menu again.

—Right. The first item we make was the laser turret. So the second one must be even more extraordinary.

General Kim Younghyeom also agreed with Taejoon’s thoughts.

“There must be something unreasonable.”

Yeongwoo was curious about the other products, but there was no immediate way to find out.

Perhaps the chairman would know?

Being a military contractor like Toma, he must be well-informed about this side of things.

‘Maybe they’re in competition with each other.’

It’s a problem that can’t be solved without more consideration.

Yeongwoo decided to wrap up the laser situation at this point.

“Anyway, please put in a lot of effort. The sooner you assemble it, the sooner you can use it in real combat.”

Perhaps later this afternoon, or tomorrow... Kim Jong-un would eventually appear in the northern part.

So they needed to prepare as quickly as possible.

—Yes, sir! We’ll hurry up!

—We don't have anything to do here anyway.

—It's better to do that than just stare at the hourglass.

With this agreement with the three detainees, Yeongwoo suddenly felt all the tension dissipating, and fatigue came over him.

All these things about lasers had given him a subtle psychological shock.

'This crazy world... How far does it go?'

For now, it seemed like he needed to get some sleep, so he unconsciously made his way to the sofa in the living room.

Sssshh.

The space in the living room he was heading towards split open.

"Uh...!"

What's this now?

As Yeongwoo reflexively prepared for battle, a familiar tone came from the split space.

—Earthling, the strongest man in Gyeongbuk and Gangnam, and the guardian of the northern part of the Korean Peninsula, it is an honor to meet you, Lord Jeong Yeongwoo 07!

"...Ah. Mr. Kubu."

—I, who have been promoted to level 8 under the laws of the universe! Kubu, the guardian of the Tenta and the master of the Darro!

Kubu's universal law rank promotion.

It seemed that his existence had been elevated as he was entrusted with Yeongwoo's tax affairs.

"Oh, congratulations. Did you come under Chairman Dogo's orders?"

As Yeongwoo approached with a bright smile, Kubu lifted the space and opened his eyes.

—Yes! Thanks to you mentioning my name, Lord Yeongwoo! For me, who has lived half my life as level 9, this is too much...!

Seeing Kubu sincerely moved, Yeongwoo scratched his chin cautiously and offered a luck.

“So, do you have something prepared?”

—Thank you so much... Uh, what...?

It seemed to be an unexpected story, as Kubu forgot to even blink and stared at Yeongwoo.

—Um, what are you talking about?

“On Earth, there is a long-standing tradition of bribes. If you’re not familiar, I’ll explain it to you now.”

[PR/N: Is bro really asking for a bribe rn 🤖👁️]

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 178

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 178: Master of Myths (4)

Under-the-table money, bribery, rebates.

Whatever term you used, it seemed like there were similar concepts in the universe.

—Ah... Yes, of course!

Kubu blinked his large eyes, hiding his confusion.

—You’ve bestowed upon me an honor that cannot be bought with money, Jeong Yeongwoo07. So, I shall give you a gift that cannot be bought with money!

Pfwaat!

Suddenly, Kubu, with yellowish pupils, stared blankly at something as if calling out for it.

‘Huh...? Why are you doing this so formally? I was expecting to negotiate the transaction fee or ask for a bigger discount.’

Of course, the larger the amount of under-the-table money, the better it was.

Anyway, Yeongwoo looked around cautiously, slightly bewildered.

Suddenly, amid the commotion, people from the bedroom started walking towards the living room.

“What’s going on this time?”

Seok, appearing with the children, asked with concern.

So Yeongwoo made an effort to smile at her and the children.

“Oh, it’s nothing.”

“...Nothing?”

Seok disagreed entirely, looking at the large eyes dominating the living room.

“Ah, are you seeing this for the first time? He’s the one who will take care of my tax affairs from now on.”

As soon as Yeongwoo finished speaking, Kubu, having completed some kind of summoning ritual, opened his eyes again.

—Jeong Yeongwoo07! Please accept the under-the-table money I’ve prepared here!

With that, a portal emitting yellow light opened beneath Kubu’s yellowish pupils.

Pfwaat!

Apparently, something was being brought in through that portal.

“No, Kubu! Under-the-table money should be given discreetly...”

While Yeongwoo was expressing his indignation towards the under-the-table money entering through the main gate, something groped its way out of the yellow portal.

‘Walking...?’

Seeing the ‘under-the-table money’, Yeongwoo sensed that something was terribly wrong.

And then, immediately,

—Keeiiii!

The under-the-table money, walking out of the portal, made a whimpering sound.

The bribe prepared by Kubu was none other than a living creature.

–The finest quality Tenta slave! It's Pofu Tenta!

Kubu, the guardian of the Tenta people, proudly introduced the bribe slave.

Upon hearing this, Yeongwoo, like the people behind him, was left speechless.

'Do aliens have no common sense? What are you going to do bringing a slave in front of the kids?'

From the Portal, 3233's living room was graced by the broad foot of the fully emerged Pofu Tenta from the portal.

Squelch, squelch!

"What...?"

Youngwoo exclaimed with a drained voice as he noticed claws on the creature's feet.

The being brought by Kubu as part of his elevated status was a bipedal frog with a height of 70 centimeters.

– Brrrup!

Half of its face was a mouth, typical of amphibians.

Pofu Tenta opened its large mouth wide, surveying the room.

It seemed to be mentally preparing itself for the new planet where it would likely end up buried as a slave.

"...Goodness. Yeongwoo, do you even trade slaves now?"

Despite being gagged by her own words, Seok questioned like this.

However, Yeongwoo couldn't bring himself to answer.

After all, the golden goblin he had seen earlier, as well as the man who was to be her husband, were practically no different from slaves.

And, right on cue.

– Kiiiiiii!

The senior slave who had been resting on the living room sofa rushed towards the new slave.

Tatat!

-Kiik!

When the goblin waved its arms, Pofu Tenta responded in kind.

-Babaat!

Then both of them looked at Yeongwoo simultaneously.

Swish.

‘...I don’t know what it is, but it doesn’t feel good.’

As Yeongwoo wore a troubled expression, Kubu blinked again and spoke.

–Pofu Tenta is the highest slave of the unique grade. It will greatly assist you on your journey, Jeong Yeongwoo07.

“Highest grade?”

Yeongwoo, who had been about to send the frog-like creature back to space, stopped short.

‘The golden goblin was an artifact-grade, but...?’

This meant that this Pofu Tenta was of a higher grade than the goblin.

“So, does it have a name? The golden goblin was just called the golden goblin.”

「Golden Goblin」 – Artifact Slave

【Stores items in a pocket dimension.】

【Collects things that turn into money.】

Knowing this, Yeongwoo felt inexplicably sad.

When slaves reached a certain grade, they could have their own names.

–This is the ownership of Pofu Tenta.

Finally, Kubu presented a small yellow bead in front of Yeongwoo.

Probably, touching that bead would officially make Yeongwoo the owner of Pofu Tenta.

“I hope I won’t end up like a slave trader, leading around a group of followers.”

Yeongwoo reached out slowly toward the bead.

And then...

Touch.

Finally, when his fingertips touched the bead, he saw a new item tooltip appear before his eyes.

「Pofu Tenta」 – Unique slave

【Plays the trumpet】

【Iron Chain Band】

| The effect of trumpet performance increases by 10% for each adjacent slave.

“Trumpet performance...?”

Muttered Yeongwoo to himself as he saw the tooltip.

Pofu Tenta reached into the bulging pocket on his side and pulled out a small golden trumpet.

“Wow!”

“Was his stomach a pocket?”

In that case, was Pofu Tenta some kind of bard?

Does this mean he gives buffs to his owner through trumpet performance...?

—Pofu is the best trumpet player of the Tenta tribe.

Kubu’s explanation continued.

But that wasn’t really important.

“No... It’s obvious that he plays well, but isn’t the effect of his performance more important?”

So when Yeongwoo requested a trumpet demonstration from Pofu, Kubu declined on his behalf.

–It’s difficult here.

“Why?”

–Pofu’s trumpet performance is for attack purposes.

* * *

An attack-oriented trumpet performance... What kind of performance is that?

Yeongwoo was left with only questions, so he decided to accept Kubu’s “fee” for now.

“Shall we start some business now?”

As Yeongwoo looked at Kubu, his first tax accountant, Kubu blinked once again.

–Yes. First, let’s calculate the business income of Mr. Jeong Yeongwoo07.

–Let’s calculate the total business income of Mr. Jeong Yeongwoo07, which amounted to 34 million karma over the past two days, with 28 million karma being paid in cash.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

At this, the people gathered in the living room, ranging from Jeonggu, the Strongest Sword of Dobong, Jongsu, Kwon Taeyoung and Kim Taejoon’s family, who could only be considered low-income in terms of imports, couldn’t close their mouths.

“What? How much...?”

“34 million?”

Even in this place where various classes gathered, a daily income in the tens of millions was something unimaginable.

However, Yeongwoo noticed something strange about Kubu’s income calculation and mentioned it.

–Why is the total amount 34 million when the cash is only 28 million?”

Then Kubu rolled his eyes and quickly replied.

“Some of the income from advertising activities was paid in physical goods.

“Ah.”

As soon as Yeongwoo heard this, he realized that it was the cost of modifying Dogo's equipment.

◇ Dogo: secret arrow

◇ Dogo: Special ability damage

This is Dogo's special function attached to the epic bow 'White Fire'.

'Then is this option valued at 6 million karma? Even though it looks like a retail price, not a wholesale price.'

After all, Dogo was not a non-profit organization.

They wouldn't engage in unprofitable business.

'Still, the items received through special agreements are not counted as business income. Thank goodness.'

If the weapon encyclopaedia and mythical-grade weapon were converted into actual income, how much would it be?

There was a high probability that Yeongwoo would not be able to even afford the taxes.

“So... How much tax do I have to pay tonight?”

Yeongwoo's voice became smaller for some reason.

But of course, wasn't that what Dogo's chairman said?

In this universe, the only way to avoid taxes is to transcend death.

In other words, if you didn't want to die, you had to pay.

—The current basic calculated tax for Mr. Jeong Yeongwoo⁰⁷, a general taxpayer, is 3.4 million karma.

Calculated tax.

It refers to the tax before applying deductions.

“What...?”

Yeongwoo shouted without realizing it.

“Wait, does it make sense to pay 3.4 million in taxes in just one day?”

In an instant, Yeongwoo lost his composure and became a real taxpayer.

But the amount of money was also a fact.

“Businesses have a tax rate of 10%. In fact, it’s not that high compared to Earth.”

Jeonggu from the corner of the living room chimed in.

But Yeongwoo couldn’t easily agree.

“No, if you were a real businessman on Earth, you could deduct expenses from your income. Isn’t this just taking 10% of the total income?”

Yeongwoo hesitated, then suddenly remembered something and asked Kubu.

“What about the single-person household deduction? Until yesterday, it was supposed to halve the tax.”

Then Kubu replied with regret.

—The single-person household deduction is a special deduction applied only to simple taxpayers during the protection period after the gate opening. It does not apply to Mr. Jeong Yeongwoo07, who has converted to a general taxpayer.

“Ah, damn it...!”

Yeongwoo almost blurted out the F word, but managed to hold it back as he looked at the kids.

“So, am I supposed to pay the full 3.4 million? Who the hell is taking all that money?”

As Yeongwoo spoke with the intention of finding the tax collector and killing him, Kubu trembled with his eyes.

Because...

—Jeong Yeongwoo07, sir.

“Yes.”

—In addition to the basic calculated tax, there’s also an acquisition tax for each item.

“What? For real, just say it straightforwardly!”

The rage of Joseon’s Greatest Sword, who had received a tax bomb, pierced through the cabin ceiling.

“It’s for illegitimate children, right? That acquisition tax.”

—That’s correct.

‘Fuck, I’m tired.’

How much would the acquisition tax be for myth-grade equipment?

Yeongwoo now felt dizzy.

‘Could it be that I was set up by the chairman? When he gave me myth weapons, he never mentioned anything about an acquisition tax.’

Luckily, he had a considerable amount of cash just in case.

* Available Karma: 8,954,500

8.95 million Karma.

But wasn’t the tax for advertising already 3.4 million Karma?

Could he really bear the acquisition tax for myth-grade equipment with that money?

‘Even the weapon encyclopaedia might have an acquisition tax...?’

Bankruptcy.

This would lead to bankruptcy.

And the consequences of that...

‘Death...?’

Being threatened not by mutants but by taxes, he had never imagined such a life even in his dreams.

“Then did the chairman pay the transfer tax? Actually, if you think about it, that sword he gave was one-sided!”

Upon hearing this, Kubu responded without even blinking this time.

—Since it was recorded in the books as a business transaction, the chairman paid the transfer tax as usual.

“Hah.”

At this point, there was nothing more to say.

So Yeongwoo asked again in a voice devoid of spirit.

“Is there no other way? This is really bankruptcy.”

To this, Kubu rolled his large pupils.

—According to the education I received in Dogo for Jeong Yeongwoo07’s tax representation work...

“Oh, is there something?”

With a feeling of grasping at straws, Yeongwoo perked up his ears, and Kubu looked at him with rolling eyeballs.

—Currently, the tax-saving strategies that I can recommend to Jeong Yeongwoo07 are dependent family deduction and single-parent household special deduction.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 179

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 179: Master of Myths (5)

“What...?”

He heard it.

Clearly heard it.

But he couldn’t believe it.

“A single parent... what?”

Dependent Family Deduction, Single Parent Household Special Deduction.

Is it really true that such things exist in universal law?

‘Considering there’s also a deduction for single-person households.’

Whether it’s a single parent or two parents, what wouldn’t one do to avoid death by taxes?

“So, what do I need to do? Since I already have my father with me, doesn’t that automatically fulfill both conditions?”

Dependent Family Deduction.

Simply put, it’s a deduction applied when supporting parents, grandparents, or spouses.

In addition to direct descendants under South Korean law, deductions are also given for spouses, siblings, adopted children, and foster children under certain conditions.

Of course, the scope of ‘dependent family’ under universal law may be unknown, but in any case, wouldn’t a biological father be sufficiently included?

‘And now we are already a single-parent family. Is there anything else he can do other than recommend tax-saving strategies?’

As if waiting for Yeongwoo’s answer, Kubu looked at Jeonggu, while the tax accountant continued to gaze at Jeonggu.

—For the ‘Single Parent Household Deduction’ to apply, both Mr. Jeong Yeongwoo⁰⁷ and Mr. Kim Jeonggu¹¹ must be recognized as family under universal law.

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Uh...? Then, aren’t we not recognized as family under universal law yet?”

Jeonggu’s expression became complicated.

He had been avoiding Yeongwoo’s blade, but subconsciously began to wonder if that orphan could really be his son.

As the two men couldn’t continue the conversation, Kubu elaborated.

—To put it in Earth terms, you need to go through formal documentation to prove your relationship under universal law. Currently, the two of you are not officially recognized as family.

“Ah.”

Yeongwoo, who had experienced quite a few cosmic procedures, understood first.

“It’s like needing some sort of notarization. Since we’ve never formally acknowledged our status as family until now.”

More precisely, the situation was that Yeongwoo’s father, Jeonggu, was denying the existence of his son.

—That’s correct. If you wish to formalize your relationship, please carefully read and sign this ‘document’ I’m presenting to you.

Snap!

As Kubu finished speaking, a holographic document appeared in front of the two men.

And the content of that document was none other than a ‘Direct Descendants Certificate.’

《Universal Descendants General Certificate》

– 「Jeong Yeongwoo07」 is recognized as the biological and legal son of 「Kim Jeonggu 11」 and thus proves the family relationship under universal law.

– 「Kim Jeonggu 11」 is recognized as the biological and legal father of 「Jeong Yeongwoo07」 and thus proves the family relationship under universal law.

Under each statement, there was a blank space bordered by an original design, which seemed to be a place for signatures.

“Good heavens.”

After carefully reading the statements, Jeonggu was left speechless.

A universal family relationship certificate.

He had never imagined he would be faced with something like this in his lifetime.

But that’s exactly why.

“...But if we sign here and the contents don’t match the truth, what happens?”

Jeonggu had to be cautious.

“There’s a statement here claiming to prove biological fatherhood, but it might not be true.”

In fact, before the reset, they had never even touched each other, so the statement of being a biological father wasn’t quite appropriate.

Still, at this point, if Jeonggu acknowledged it, there was room to consider them as actual father and son.

However, the issue of biological fatherhood was a problem that couldn’t simply be brushed aside.

The answer to this problem was either true or false, nothing in between.

—That’s correct.

Finally, Kubu began to answer.

—If the content of the certificate you sign does not match the truth, you may be arrested and prosecuted for forgery of an official document.

“...Prosecuted?”

This time, Yeongwoo showed curiosity.

There’s a concept of prosecution in the universe too?

Then who and where do you get arrested and prosecuted?

—In this case, there’s a possibility that intentionality may not be proven during the trial. However, since most are unexpectedly killed during the detention period, please sign carefully.

“Killed during detention...? Are you saying they die in prison?”

To Yeongwoo’s question, Kubu gave a chilling response.

—That’s correct. Approximately 84% of those awaiting trial die in custody.

That means, even if you’re innocent, there’s a high chance you’ll end up dead.

‘An 84% fatality rate for pre-trial detainees? What kind of world is this?’

What kind of universe is it, indeed...?

“Th-then, shouldn’t we avoid signing this?”

With a frightened expression, Jeonggu moved away from the direct descendants certificate, prompting Yeongwoo to immediately pick it up.

Snap!

“Stop talking nonsense, Father. If we can’t pay the taxes this time, I’ll die.”

“You’ll die even if you’re prosecuted, you lunatic!”

“That’s only if we’re not recognized as actual wealthy individuals! Even if you get detained, there’s a 16% chance of survival.”

After saying this, Yeongwoo raised his hand to the signature space on the certificate without hesitation.

Tap!

“But if you can’t pay the taxes, you’ll die with a 100% chance. Do you understand? So sign quickly if you don’t want to die right now.”

Swish.

Having finished signing first, Yeongwoo drew a diagonal line between his and Jeonggu’s signature spaces with the tip of his knife.

If you don’t want to die, then sign.

An incredibly ruthless move indeed.

“...”

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

However, no one could reprimand Yeongwoo in this situation.

Everyone present knew he was ruthless, and this was a special circumstance.

Basic tax alone amounted to 3.4 million karma.

Plus, there was the acquisition tax for myth-grade equipment.

Some in the audience thought it was surprising that Jeong Yeongwoo hadn’t lost his temper earlier.

“Sign it. It’s the only way for both of us to survive. And let’s find out for sure whether we’re wealthy or not.”

“Uh....”

Jeonggu hesitated.

Yeongwoo’s words were true.

If they signed this universal document, they would definitely find out.

If Jeong Yeongwoo and Kim Jeonggu were indeed related by blood, tax deductions would proceed.

And if not...

‘Imprisoned in a universal prison with an 84% mortality rate.’

Of course, if imprisoned with that crazy orphan, there might be a slightly lower chance of dying from an ‘accident’ before the trial.

“You’re a real bastard.”

In the end, Jeonggu cursed as he raised his hand to the signature space.

Tap.

With a satisfied expression, Yeongwoo then turned his gaze to Kubu.

“Is it done now? How much will the tax decrease with two deductions?”

An eagerly awaited question.

However, the response from Kubu was dismal.

—Even if the family relationship is proven, the Dependent Family Deduction will not be activated. Currently, only the Single Parent Household Special Deduction can be applied.

—The Single Parent Household Special Deduction rate is 30%.

“No... Why won’t they recognize us as dependent family? Even if Father tries his hardest and earns money, he won’t even make enough to cover my basic tax?”

Once again, Yeongwoo criticized his father’s life in front of everyone.

Yet, Kubu's response remained the same.

—Mr. Kim Jeonggu's income for the past two days amounts to 6.84 million karma, exceeding the daily income requirement of 100,000 karma for the dependent family criteria.

"Oh... You've earned quite a lot, Father."

"You little..."

"This is giving me a headache."

Yeongwoo rubbed his temples and asked Kubu again.

"No, why did you recommend the Dependent Family Deduction then?"

In response, instead of answering, Kubu rolled his eyes and looked beyond the living room.

—.....

Toward the direction where Seok and her children were, behind Yeongwoo and Jeonggu.

"Oh, really... No way."

Yeongwoo, sensing a lot, rubs his face with both hands.

Under South Korean law, the scope of dependent family includes direct descendants, spouses, siblings, adopted children, and foster children.

In other words, if the same criteria apply under universal law, there was a considerable chance that Taejoon and Seok's children would be considered as candidates for foster children.

'Or maybe they could be adopted by me.'

As Yeongwoo looked at the children with a perplexed expression, Kubu spat out a ruthless remark.

—If there are foster children or adopted children, they can receive the benefits of the Dependent Family Deduction. The deduction rate is 15% and is calculated in combination with other deduction rates.

Combined with other deduction rates.

This means that if the Single Parent Household Special Deduction rate of 30% is already applied, and the Dependent Family Deduction is added, the deduction rate becomes 45%.

“45%... That’s not even half. Is that enough? And we still have to pay the acquisition tax.”

Yeongwoo looks silently at the ‘Bastard’ in his hand.

Since it’s still an unpaid weapon, it’s hard to consider it as fully owned.

‘And because of this weapon, lives have been taken.’

As Yeongwoo’s expression darkens, Jeonggu tries to console him.

“Why are you acting like this? I even signed it with great determination. Even if it’s bad, the acquisition tax won’t be ridiculously high, right? Mr. Tax Accountant.”

Named the Strongest Sword of Joseon.

Does it make sense to die because of unpaid taxes?

Jeonggu asked, thinking that the acquisition tax wouldn’t be that much.

However, taxes in the universe were never trivial.

—The acquisition tax for the ‘Bastard’ that Jeong Yeongwoo⁰⁷ must pay is... 30.8 million karma.

“What?”

“What did you say?”

“How much...?”

Even before Yeongwoo’s reaction, the audience in the cabin was more shocked, covering their mouths.

“T... Thirty million? Is it not a lie?”

Jeonggu also asked in disbelief, and here, only Yeongwoo was not surprised.

Because he knew that the tax would actually come to him soon.

“Do we have to pay the acquisition tax by tonight?”

—The deadline for the acquisition tax payment is tomorrow at 10 p.m.

Since it's the early morning of the 5th day, it's practically about two days' time.

'And amazingly, it coincides with the deadline for the Dogo Quest.'

[Dogo] "Paternal Confirmation"

[Mission] Spend 3 days with 'Kim Jeonggu11.'

[Reward] 20 million karma.

[Special] Kim Jeonggu11 must remain alive during the mission.

Yeongwoo realized that the chairman of Dogo knew about this tax issue and its solution from early on.

'For now, I can cover the tax due today. But the problem is the acquisition tax for the 'bastard' and the acquisition tax for the weapon encyclopaedia that I haven't even seen yet.'

Money.

A lot of money is needed.

How much do you need to earn to pay all the taxes and still have money left?

"...I'll start gathering money by any means necessary from now on. I'll have to ask the chairman for more advertisements."

As Yeongwoo stares into space with a half-turned gaze, Kubu cautiously asks again, his eyelids trembling.

—C-can I, can I go off duty now...?

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 180

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 180: Master of Myths (6)

“What about foster children? But the family support deduction hasn’t been applied yet.”

Jeong Yeongwoo 07, chased by taxes.

Now he was even more thick-skinned than before.

“Madam, may I borrow the kids for a moment? Is that okay?”

“Yes? Oh, yes....”

Seok’s expression was bewildered.

To think that even though their mother, not parents, was living well, they had to make their children foster children....

Normally, she would have raised a fuss right away, but Seok had just heard the unreasonable tax details a moment ago.

Moreover, if that man were to be killed by taxes, wouldn’t the survival of her husband also become uncertain?

“Kids, it’s okay. Did you see just now? Just go and come back after putting your hands on it.”

When Seok said this to the kids, Yeongwoo instructed Kubu to prepare the foster child certification.

—Foster child certification, prepared.

As Kubu rolled his eyes one more time, he raised the signature box just like before, and then the two kids stood side by side in front of him.

Yeongwoo instinctively reached for Bastard to pick it up, but changed his course and tucked it into his waistband.

Click.

Then he spread out his hands and said.

“The signatures we’re doing now will ensure that this gentleman and your father will live long lives.”

“Our... our father too?”

“Of course...! Now, let’s sign.”

Yeongwoo pointed to the hologram signature box.

Upon that, the two kids, each placed their hands on their respective signature boxes.

Phah!

—Foster child signatures completed.

—Now, please have the guardian sign directly for the foster child.

With Kubu's words, small signature boxes appeared on the foreheads of the two kids.

'What... This is much more formal than I thought.'

Yeongwoo awkwardly approached the foster children and cautiously raised his hand.

"T-thank you. From now on, I'm your guardian."

Although he whispered as best as he could as if he had something to say, it was sincere.

One reason Kim Taejoon, the chairman, was putting all his efforts into helping them was because of these kids, and above all, wouldn't it be necessary to repay the value of the 15% deduction?

Of course, the children had no idea what it meant for the Strongest Sword of Joseon to become their guardian.

—Guardian signature completed.

—As of now, Mr. Jeong Yeongwoo 07 is the official guardian of Kim Moses 47 and Kim Leehyun.

Along with Kubu's proclamation, a new system message appeared in Yeongwoo's view.

「The family support deduction has been activated.」

'Oh... It's applied immediately.'

Then when can we confirm the status of single-parent families?

"When will proof of relationship with the father be available? It seems like the special deduction hasn't been applied yet."

At that, Kubu looked up into the air.

—You can check the eligibility for the special deduction at the time of tax collection today at 10 p.m.

“So if the deduction isn’t applied, that means that person isn’t my father?”

Swoosh.

When Yeongwoo pointed to Jeonggu with his finger, Kubu nodded with his eyeballs.

—That’s correct. Furthermore, if the special deduction is not applied today, there is a high probability that arrest proceedings will be initiated in the near future.

“That’s great. The arrest mortality rate is 84%?”

If you don’t pay taxes, it’s immediate execution, and even just forgery of official documents results in an 84% mortality rate.

But if taxes are paid on time and if Kim Jeonggu is the father, wouldn’t there be no arrests or prosecutions?

‘There won’t be any problem. If there’s a problem, I’ll just beg the chairman.’

Anyway, today’s tasks were all done now.

“Mr. Kubu, thank you for your hard work. You should go home now. From now on, we should think about how to reduce the acquisition tax.”

When Yeongwoo said this, Kubu blinked and replied.

—I’ll look for more solutions too. Then, goodbye.

Silently, Kubu left for home through the air.

After seeing off the tax accountant like that, Yeongwoo looked around at the people remaining in the room.

“Thank you all for your hard work. Now, let’s get some rest!”

* * *

—B-497, B-497, come here. It looks like a long rod. If you’re not sure, take the blueprint and find it.

—General, is this it? Huh? No, it’s not. This is D-77. It looks exactly the same though.

The three prisoners on the television screen were now assembling part of the lower laser rifle.

Judging by the size of the piles of parts around them, it seemed like it would be difficult to assemble even more than half of it overnight.

“... Should I keep it on?”

When Yeongwoo said this while holding the remote control, Seok, who had been sitting on the bed with the kids, watching her husband's face, nodded.

“Yes. I want to watch it steadily today. We don't know what will happen next.”

That's right.

Will they be able to use a room with a television next time, who including Seok will die when, how, no one knows.

“Yes. I'll be resting in a separate room, so please let me know if anything happens.”

“Thank you.”

Having heard Seok's response, Yeongwoo briefly switched channels to see if there were any screens left unchecked.

However, on another channel, all he found was the eerie muttering of Kim Jong-un in the dark, and the adult channels of Lemu remained locked.

「This is a paid channel. To make a payment, please pick up the receiver and dial 992 0909#。」

‘I am a little curious about Lemu's broadcast....’

Yeongwoo soon operated the remote control again and illuminated the returnee's room.

Then, he noticed Kim Taejoon, the chairman, rummaging through piles of parts in his white pajamas.

‘...As expected.’

To have the chairman laboring and watching obscene foreign broadcasts in front of his family would not be appropriate.

Moreover, Chairman Dogo would probably prefer not to watch Lemu's broadcasts either.

So, in the end,

“Rest.”

Leaving the remote control with Seok, Yeongwoo slipped out of the bedroom.

Then, he noticed Jeonggu, Jongsu, and Taeyoung sprawled near the sofa in the living room.

Everyone seemed quite tired given the time.

Meanwhile, the largest sofa was completely empty, and it seemed like it was reserved for Yeongwoo, the owner of this room.

“Did you leave it for me?”

As Yeongwoo entered the living room and asked, Jeonggu, who was half-closed his eyes, raised his upper body slightly to greet him.

“What about your bedroom?”

“I left it for Madam so that she could have a better look at the chairman’s face.”

“You finally gave it to her? Even so, shouldn’t you be the one using it?”

Jeonggu narrowed his eyes.

Upon this, Yeongwoo shrugged.

“It’s the first day of television. And as long as I can rest comfortably, I’m going to use the bed in the special room.”

“This child acts like a dog to his father and like Bodhisattva to others.”

Jeonggu climbed onto the empty sofa.

And as Yeongwoo watched his father, he murmured quietly.

“Father, please rest well too. We never know what will happen when you sleep and wake up again.”

Soon, when the day breaks, the official fifth day of the reset will begin.

New mutants, new merchants, and...

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

‘New laser cannon?’

Yeongwoo chuckled and entered the special room.

Every day felt long, but this time, it felt even longer.

Perhaps it was because he had encountered too much.

Thud.

As he kicked off his shoes and lay down on the bed, the soft white sheets enveloped his body gently.

“...Ha.”

When soft fibers touched his skin, which had only touched blades, claws, rocks, and the like, Yeongwoo felt a sensation as if his consciousness were melting away.

And indeed.

“...Kung.”

With a strange groan, he drifted off to sleep.

* * *

Whooosh...!

Somewhere, a gust of wind swept fiercely around his ankles.

‘Ah, it’s cold.’

Yeongwoo shivered without realizing it.

Then he realized belatedly.

He was standing barefoot on something.

Whooosh...!

Another powerful gust of wind blew, pushing his body recklessly, and only then did Yeongwoo look down at his feet.

There, he saw a giant figure with black scales, filling his view.

‘Wow.’

It was... a dragon’s scales.

Yeongwoo was standing on the dorsal fin of a flying dragon.

‘What, what’s all this?’

As a bewildered Yeongwoo took a step backward, lightning struck near the clouds, revealing the silhouette of another dragon.

Then.

—Greet with the sword. That person is your uncle.

Voices, no, meanings, rose up from under Yeongwoo’s feet like rising heat.

‘...Mother?’

Sensing something, Yeongwoo was about to speak to the dragon beneath his feet when suddenly, because of the lightning emitted by the dragon... no, his uncle, his vision turned white.

‘Mother...!’

In the white view, Yeongwoo cried out for his mother.

And in reality.

“Mom!”

Yeongwoo woke up with a shout.

“Huh!”

With a start, Yeongwoo’s upper body sprang up like lightning.

And there before him stood an old man with a nasty expression, furrowing his eyebrows.

“Why the fuss since morning? Are you trying to provoke something?”

“W-What is it? Now?”

“What do you mean, now? It’s morning.”

Jeonggu raised his finger and pointed outside the window.

Indeed, as he said, sunlight was pouring in through the window of the special room. It was dazzlingly bright.

“Answer the phone. It’s so noisy, it’s killing me.”

“...Yes?”

Only after hearing Jeonggu’s words did Yeongwoo realize the ringing that was spreading from the bedroom.

Ring ring!

Ring ring!

It was the morning call ringing right now, as it does every day at 8 a.m. with the end of the abnormal climate.

And then,

「Your strength has been permanently increased by 100 due to an Furious goblin.」

「The usage count of the pumpkin-colored Horn of Plenty has been recharged.」

All the devices that operate or recharge daily were activated simultaneously.

The officially designated ‘day’ by the system had now begun.

‘Ah... What kind of mess will happen today?’

As Yeongwoo began to put on his illusion again to answer the morning call, this time, a system message, or rather a notice from the Council, appeared before everyone’s eyes.

“Hello, this is an announcement from the Council.」

It was the first time the name ‘Council’ had appeared in the announcement since the first day of the reset.

“Huh? The Council? These bastards.”

Unconsciously, Yeongwoo referred to the Council as ‘these bastards.’

On the first day of the reset, they were merely felt as unknown entities, but now, Yeongwoo could sense that the Council members were just another part of the cosmic beings.

‘What grade is the Council? And exactly which Council are they?’

It could be the Earth Council, or maybe a stellar management company on a universal scale.

So, Yeongwoo waited for the next message from the Council.

And then,

「Reset Phase 3 will begin shortly.」

A kind of warning message was broadcasted.

“What...? Phase 3?”

Perhaps it might lead to Pangaea.

But what the Council was warning about was not the onset of Reset Phase 3.

「Prior to this, high-risk mutants are expected to visit, so representatives of each region are advised to form pairs of two if possible.」

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]