

Level 4 Human in a Ruined World #Chapter 191 - Read

Level 4 Human in a Ruined World Chapter 191

Chapter 191

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 191: Everyone's Strongest Sword (11)

"What... what do you think?"

At Gangdong Strongest Sword Kim Juwoo's question, Oh Yeonhee glanced back for a moment.

They were currently on the Olympic Bridge connecting Songpa and Gwangjin-gu.

She was in the process of transitioning from her current district, Songpa, to Gwangjin-gu after dealing with the mutant in Songpa and the border with Gangdong-gu.

She wanted to know if Jeong Yeongwoo's plan to sweep away all the mutants to Gwangjin-gu had really succeeded.

"Well... What else can we do? If the situation isn't good, we have to fight together."

"Even though there's a high chance there's a dragon there...?"

"Were you planning to just sit still until that dragon crawled into Gangdong-gu?"

Yeonhee, who was speeding away at Kim Juwoo's weak voice, glanced back again.

Of course, Kim Juwoo, who had recently joined the Strongest Sword assembly, didn't know much about Gangnam... no, about the importance of Jeong Yeongwoo, the Strongest Sword of Joseon.

He hadn't seen Jeong Yeongwoo swing his elbow to cut off the head of his predecessor, nor had he seen him fight the swords from the north.

'...Jeong Yeongwoo is an irreplaceable madman. It's fortunate he's not our enemy.'

Songpa's Strongest Sword, Yeonhee's gaze was now back to the front.

Probably heading towards Gwangjin-gu, where Jeong Yeongwoo and numerous mutants were locked in a power struggle.

“It’s only natural for Strongest Swords in the same Seoul area to do their best to help each other.”

This time she spoke without looking back.

“And especially, Gangnam’s Strongest Sword must stay alive no matter what.”

As Yeonhee said this, Kim Juwoo replied with a look that seemed to understand but also seemed uncertain.

“Why? Of course, I know he’s strong, but...”

Why does everyone treat Jeong Yeongwoo specially?

According to Kim Juwoo, the Strongest Swords of Seoul seemed to respect him while also fearing him.

Yeonhee immediately responded.

“Because he’s too strong.”

“...?”

“He’s too strong, and nobody else can match that strength. Literally irreplaceable.”

This wasn’t just a matter of hierarchy.

It was a character issue.

Could anyone else change body parts into alien ones, enslave mutants, and secretly prepare laser bombardment?

This wasn’t something that just a strong person could do.

There had to be something more than just strength, but Yeonhee, who had lived relatively within common sense, didn’t know what that was.

So she could only hope that Jeong Yeongwoo would hold his position.

‘But if by any chance Jeong Yeongwoo dies, someone will have to take his place.’

And if possible.

‘It would be most desirable for that to be me.’

That was the real reason Yeonhee was heading to Gwangjin-gu.

[PR/N: Can't trust em bishes ever smh smh]

The equipment that would be left behind if Jeong Yeongwoo were to be defeated for some reason.

She was heading to Gwangjin-gu to collect that equipment in case of emergencies.

But as the distance to Gwangjin-gu shortened, Yeonhee's unexpected expectations began to shatter little by little.

'Oh my god.'

Although mutants were still moving in Gwangjin-gu.

The fact that their numbers were decreasing in real time was also clearly visible.

"What... What's going on?"

At the alarming explosion, Kim Juwoo exclaimed in surprise, and Yeonhee pointed with her hand to somewhere in front.

"Probably that person."

Inside Gwangjin-gu she pointed to, there were Strongest Swords gathered from various places in Seoul, and there was a person sitting among them, pulling a bow surrounded by them.

"...?"

Seeing the unmistakable figure of Jeong Yeongwoo, Yeonhee made a puzzled expression as if she couldn't understand.

Then the problematic person shot another arrow and the Strongest Swords on the other side cheered at the moment the mutants were brought down.

"What... what's happening?"

* * *

"Wow...!"

"One shot?"

"He's insane, really."

From Yongsan, Mapo, Dongdaemun, Seongbuk, Dobong, and finally to Eunpyeong, the Strongest Swords.

When six people shouted, Yeongwoo's ears hurt more than his melting legs.

"Ah, it's noisy. Are you guys that excited?"

Clack clack.

As Yeongwoo muttered again while pulling the bowstring, Yongsan's Strongest Sword Kim Doha laughed annoyingly.

"Well, wouldn't it be obvious? How can those guys fall down with one shot? It's unbelievable. But it's so good! Why? Because Yeongwoo is on our side!"

As expected of Yongsan's Strongest Sword, he seemed genuinely delighted.

He was confident that there would be no need to die at the hands of mutants in Seoul in the future.

Moreover, most of the other Strongest Swords here had fought at least once against mutants from their own districts.

It was a story of bringing mutants here because they realized they couldn't win.

So naturally.

'Can he really kill them with one shot...?'

'This crazy bastard, just how strong is he?'

'So far, he hasn't even shown about 30% of his strength.'

Everyone in this place felt exhilaration and fear at the same time as they watched Yeongwoo ravage the mutants.

They felt exhilaration at the sight of mutants, each stronger than most Strongest Swords, falling like "trash", and fear towards Jeong Yeongwoo, who effortlessly achieved it.

Moreover, isn't this guy currently unable to even walk properly?

Phew!

Finally, as Yeongwoo's bowstring found its place again, the last mutant took its final breath.

And just as it had been all along.

– Thud!

The golden goblin rushed to where the mutant had died and retrieved the golden sphere.

With this, the urgent matter was resolved.

“...Ah.”

With tension released all at once, Yeongwoo found himself inadvertently lying on the ground, looking up at the sky.

Although the sky over Gwangjin-gu, which had pushed back the venomous typhoon with golden rain, was clear, it soon became obscured by ominous shadows.

“...”

As the Strongest Swords surrounding him all looked down at him, blocking the sky with their heads.

“Is it all over?”

“What should we do now?”

“Protection fee... Are you really going to take it?”

At the mention of the word “protection fee” by someone nearby, Yeongwoo’s eyes widened and he sat up.

Swish!

“Ah, money. Of course, we should take it.”

As if waiting for this moment, a quest that had been hanging over him was completed.

Ping!

[Quest Complete – “Dragon Slayer”]

[Reward Granted]

| 5 million Karma

Then, from the end of the sky, a sharp sound of a rift was heard.

Sssh-aaah!

It was none other than the sound of a metal card containing 5 million Karma descending.

“Hey? Everyone, watch out! Before your heads get chopped off...!”

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

As Yeongwoo sensed a sharp presence and screamed, the problematic card shot narrowly between the foreheads of the Strongest Swords.

Pew!

Incredibly, it stopped right in front of Yeongwoo, Dogo’s reward.

[5,000,000]

The number written on the metal card was seen not only by Yeongwoo but also by all the Strongest Swords present.

5 million karma suddenly descending from the sky.

Isn’t this scene implying that Jeong Yeongwoo has a connection with something outside the planetary atmosphere?

“What is this...?”

“...Money falling from the sky?”

As the Strongest Swords began to shoot suspicious glances, just like when they found out about the laser bombardment, Yeongwoo looked around to divert their attention.

“You all should start preparing to pay up, too. Did the Minister not come here?”

As Yeongwoo looked for Gwanak’s Strongest Sword, Jo Sangik, who had agreed to help with the “collection”, Oh Yeonhee and Kim Juwoo appeared from the other side.

“If they didn’t show up here today, it would be one of the two. They either passed away or handled it themselves.”

Then, Oh Yeonhee continued proudly.

“Handling it themselves isn’t entirely impossible.”

“...!”

As the Strongest Swords turned their attention to the two newcomers who had just arrived, they found not a single mutant behind them.

Songpa and Gangdong had dealt with their assigned mutants on their own.

“Huh....”

“Impressive.”

Of course, as Gangdong's Strongest Sword, Kim Juwoo, was someone who had fallen so far as to bring mutants to the Strongest Sword assembly that had opened just the other day, it was right to say that Oh Yeonhee alone had dealt with the two.

“I'm relieved that it's resolved.”

Yeongwoo, who lost 20 million Karma in front of his eyes, welcomed the two.

But he couldn't go out to greet them properly due to his legs.

“Gwanak, Seocho... and Dongjak are missing.”

As Yeonhee, who had been counting the numbers, belatedly looked under Yeongwoo's knees, she flinched.

“Yeongwoo, your legs...?”

“Ah, it's okay. They'll regenerate after some time.”

“Not even a lizard, and your legs will regenerate?”

Ah, realizing she misspoke, Oh Yeonhee covered her mouth with her hand.

But since everyone in this place had made the same mistake at least once, no one thought poorly of her.

‘I thought it would heal minor injuries? Even if your legs are at that point, they'll grow back?’

So far, the only regenerative power of Yeongwoo that Oh Yeonhee had seen in person was the complete recovery of her burnt skin during the confrontation with Jeong Hyunsik.

‘So, he's no longer human at this point...?’

As Oh Yeonhee looked at where Yeongwoo's legs used to be with a horrified expression, Jeonggu slowly withdrew his luck.

"Uh... Then do I have to give you money too?"

It's his father, who even filled out the relationship certificate, wondering if he'll really tear off 10 million Karma.

To this, Yeongwoo nodded as if it were obvious.

"It wouldn't be fair if I didn't take money just because you're my father."

With these words, as if about to get up, Yeongwoo touched the ground with his arms, and the Strongest Swords around reflexively tried to support him.

"Uh..."

"Sh-should I help you up...?"

However, how could they lift Yeongwoo, whose knees were empty?

In fact, it would be more accurate to say, "Should I put you in?"

But Yeongwoo's next move exceeded everyone's expectations.

Thud!

He suddenly pushed the ground hard and soared into the air.

"....?"

"N-no, you...!"

The scene of Yeongwoo, without legs, bouncing high among the Strongest Swords, was bizarre to anyone who saw it.

What's more,

Thump!

Yeongwoo's landing point was on the back of the iron horse Negwig, which Kim Jeonggu had ridden.

Even now, when his legs were not healed, he was trying to do something else.

"Wh-where are you trying to go riding a horse?"

Jeonggu looked up at Yeongwoo.

Just a moment ago, this guy was on the ground, but now he was higher than anyone else here.

“When do you think my legs will grow back? I need to hurry and call the merchants.”

As Yeongwoo said this, he habitually pointed to the Strongest Swords in the audience with his remaining left hand.

Swish.

“There are two main things you all need to do from now on.”

Then, he raised his index finger with his remaining left hand.

“First, each of you should raise 10 million Karma. And secondly...”

Yeongwoo paused for a moment at this point, slowly looking around the desolate scenery of Gwangjin-gu.

Then he issued the second order.

“The second is a wanted list.”

“A wanted list...?”

“Yes. When merchants appear in each region, check the list of goods each one has and purchase what you want. However,”

As Yeongwoo tried to add a condition at the end, everyone perked up their ears.

“However... as I mentioned last time, if a device called a coordinate locator comes up, please let me know. And if there are any high-value martial arts or similar things that you cannot purchase, please report them to me as well.”

This was a request that Yeongwoo, who had gained a new spine and an additional martial arts slot, could make.

“That coordinate locator... is it related to the laser cannon you were secretly working on last time?”

Finally, Oh Yeonhee mentioned the problematic weapon discovered last night on behalf of everyone present.

At that, Yeongwoo let out a breath as if he had expected those words.

“Yes. What I’m looking for is a device that can find the coordinates for laser bombardment.”

“Wow.”

“Really?”

“...Unbelievable.”

Sure enough, the Strongest Swords all exclaimed in shock once again.

But now that this was brought up, Yeongwoo was planning to properly suppress the opponents.

“And once the coordinate locator is secured, I plan to conduct a test launch today. Here in Gwangjin-gu. Any objections?”

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 192

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 192: The Strong Man Who Plays the Flute in Seoul (1)

Laser test firing.

As expected of someone who shattered the Strongest Swords of the North, his cruelty and audacity pierced the sky.

“So... You’re going to test fire a laser in the heart of Seoul?”

When Oh Yeonhee spoke in disbelief, Yeongwoo’s gaze shifted to the sky.

“It’s better than doing it randomly in the downtown area. There are no people here, and no buildings left.”

“ ... ”

Random downtown area.

Yeongwoo’s words sounded quite intimidating to the rest of the Strongest Swords.

Whether intentional or not, it sounded like a threat.

“Anyway, we have to shoot in advance. We need to know how laser bombardment works so we can use it properly in battle.”

As Yeongwoo spoke calmly, Oh Yeonhee eventually retreated as if there was nothing she could do.

“Well, the laser that falls in Gwangjin-gu won’t reach Songpa anyway.”

Even if they didn’t like it, what could they do?

As everyone had seen, the Strongest Sword in front of them was powerful even without both legs.

Of course, if everyone in this place were to raise their swords and attack at the same moment... even then victory couldn’t be guaranteed.

“Oh, and there’s one more thing I want to mention.”

“...?”

As Yeongwoo paused for a moment, the Strongest Swords in the audience looked grim.

“What is it?”

“Another... what...”

Then Yeongwoo’s gaze turned northward.

“Last time in Paju, you all remember, right? We had a big fight with those who came from the north.”

“That... Yeongwoo started it and brought them here, right? It was certainly a big fight, but to put it so simply...”

Although Oh Yeonhee, representing the other Strongest Swords, threw a word of complaint, Yeongwoo redirected the conversation with even greater shock.

“Yes. So we decided to kill Kim Jong-un this time. Some of you probably already know.”

“...!”

“What, what did you say?”

Because Yeongwoo cut to the chase, even the Strongest Swords who participated in the inter-Korean war felt a chill in their hearts.

“Of course, if the Pyongyang Strongest Sword succeeds in defense, we won’t have the chance to meet Kim Jong-un.”

Shrugging, Yeongwoo pointed to the sky again.

“But if the Pyongyang Strongest Sword fails to stop Kim Jong-un, there is a high probability that he will come down to Seoul.”

If that man appears in Seoul, is his purpose to accomplish what he couldn’t achieve during human warfare?

Who knows.

“ ... ”

Ironically, at this moment, all the Strongest Swords’ gazes were fixed on the title above Yeongwoo’s head.

『Strongest Sword of Joseon』

Their secret technique, taken from the north, or rather stolen from the north.

Wasn’t the inter-Korean war because Jeong Yeongwoo went to North Korea alone and killed and stole the title?

‘So in the end, isn’t it because of you that Kim Jong-un might come?’

‘Did you think you could rob North Korean martial arts and get away with it?’

‘Is he crazy, seriously?’

Although everyone thought so inwardly while looking at the problematic title, they didn’t express it out loud.

And neither did Yeongwoo.

“Since North Korea’s affairs are ultimately my business, I have no intention of sharing responsibility with you. However.”

Swiftly.

Yeongwoo pointed to the sky again.

"If I happen to fight and lose to Kim Jong-un, you will be in danger too, right? So please sincerely cooperate with the distribution of karma points and bounty rewards."

"..."

In conclusion, it was a request, no, another threat.

"Okay, then which region should we start from? "Let's go sprinkle some golden rain!"

* * *

Currently, Yeongwoo possesses a total of 8 spheres.

And the origin of each sphere is.

'Yongsan, Mapo, Dongdaemun, Seongbuk, Dobong, Eunpyeong, Gwangjin-gu. The last one fell when Im Kwangho died.'

Chaebol Im Kwangho.

It was impossible to know from which area he flew back as a Dragon.

Therefore, it was possible that special types of variants like dragons could appear regardless of their affiliation to specific regions.

'It's still just a hypothesis... but it's the only one for now.'

So at the moment, Yeongwoo could autonomously use only two spheres.

The remaining six had to be used to sprinkle the golden rain in each region.

'But since I fought Im Kwangho today and used the sphere that came out in Gangnam... I should use the sphere obtained from him in Gangnam.'

In that case, only one sphere remained.

'The best scenario would be to use the sphere when Kim Jong-un dies to break the record and use the sphere he left behind to enter the night dungeon...'

Actually, this was a very bad idea.

There were only two ways for Yeongwoo to meet Kim Jong-un.

One, to attack Pyongyang every day until Kim Jong-un appears.

Two, for the Pyongyang Strongest Sword to lose to Kim Jong-un.

Whatever the case, it wasn't a particularly desirable scenario ethically.

'Anyway, I have quite a bit to do right now, so I need to focus on building my foundation.'

With this thought in mind, Yeongwoo reached out to a goblin opening an extradimensional pouch attached to Negwig's leg.

Swiftly.

The creature pulled out a golden sphere from the pouch and handed it to Yeongwoo.

– Keet!

Current time: 2:13 PM.

The area Yeongwoo was looking at while riding Negwig was Dongdaemun, under the jurisdiction of Jang Jeongho.

Being adjacent to Gwangjin-gu, it was chosen as the starting point for sprinkling the golden rain.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

The order was Dongdaemun, Yongsan, Mapo, Eunpyeong, Seongbuk, Dobong.

Then, if time permitted, Yeongwoo planned to investigate the situation in Yangju, the former jurisdiction of Choi Jongseon, and the ownerless city of Uijeongbu.

And then.

'Then return to Gangnam and scatter the golden rain.'

As Yeongwoo reviewed his ambitious plan and touched the sphere lifted by the goblin, the sphere shot up into the sky as usual.

Whoosh!

Then.

Boom...!

Exploding like fireworks at the edge of the sky, it pushed out waves of golden light in all directions.

“It’s always amazing to see.”

“Ah...”

The Strongest Swords lined up behind Yeongwoo exclaimed in admiration, their pupils filled with golden light.

These were the Strongest Swords from the areas Yeongwoo had chosen to sprinkle the golden rain, from Dongdaemun to Eunpyeong.

“Alright, that’s enough. Next is Yongsan.”

As Yeongwoo said this amidst the falling rain, Jang Jeongho, the Strongest Sword of Dongdaemun, asked with his palm covered in gold.

“When and where should we send the money?”

It was a statement that inevitably hurt the pride of a Strongest Sword, so Jang Jeongho’s expression was deeply creased.

To this, Yeongwoo, after checking the time, replied in a gentle tone.

“You can bring it to my accommodation before 10 p.m. You don’t necessarily have to come in person.”

But since it was a considerable amount of money, it was usually the Strongest Sword who would come to deliver it.

That’s why Yeongwoo gave them ample time.

“...Alright. I’ll send someone to Gwanak later to request personnel.”

“Yes. That’s good.”

As Yeongwoo nodded, Jang Jeongho disappeared amidst the golden rain, mumbling.

From now on, he would essentially be going around asking for bribes from his own regional residents.

And the remaining five Strongest Swords watching him didn’t feel particularly comfortable.

Soon, it would be their turn to do the same.

“Where did I say was next?”

After watching Jang Jeongho's back for a while, Yeongwoo looked around the audience and asked, and Kim Doha, the Strongest Sword of Yongsan, quietly raised his hand.

"...Yongsan."

"Ah, Yongsan. Since there are government employees there, it should be much easier."

"Yes... I suppose."

"Then let's go right away."

* * *

The peculiar journey of Jeong Yeongwoo and the five Strongest Swords.

The procedure was the same for each area.

When Yeongwoo moved to the next area with two slaves riding Negwig, the Strongest Swords followed closely behind.

Sometimes, after dealing with monsters, monster handlers or ordinary citizens who were adept at cleanup would follow behind as well.

Upon arrival in the area, Yeongwoo would shoot the sphere into the air to create the golden rain.

As they repeated this golden rain operation three more times, what remained behind Yeongwoo was only one strong candidate, Kim Jeonggu, who was also the Strongest Sword of Dobong.

"Hey, haven't your legs grown a lot in the meantime?"

Jeonggu from behind suddenly spoke, prompting Yeongwoo to bow his head and examine his legs.

Indeed, the two legs hanging from Negwig's sides had grown considerably, as Jeonggu had observed.

Now, the shape of the shinbone was somewhat visible.

However, the most important part for walking, the feet, had not yet formed their skeletal structure completely, so it would take quite some time for full recovery.

'It doesn't take long for the severed parts to reattach, but it takes quite a while for the melted-away parts to grow back.'

As Yeongwoo thought of this obvious fact while looking at his legs, Jeonggu spoke again.

“But, there’s something I want to talk about.”

“...?”

“Actually, there’s something I need to confess.”

“Yes?”

At this unexpected conversation, Yeongwoo turned his upper body around to look back, and there he saw Jeonggu taking out a handful of coins from his pocket.

“What’s this?”

“Monsters. You know there were monsters in Gwangjin-gu.”

“Ah.”

“Since you seemed preoccupied, I took care of it too.”

Here, “I took care of it too” meant not only Jeonggu but also the other Strongest Swords present there had picked up the coins.

So, he chose the expression “confessing” to refer to this.

“...It’s really a confession.”

“It’s not a small amount of money when you add it all up... I didn’t think you would know. That’s why I’m confessing.”

At Jeonggu’s words, Yeongwoo chuckled.

Of course, he knew that the monsters also gave coins.

So, when everything was settled, and there were no coins left in the area, he could guess that someone had collected them.

“Did everyone pick them up? The coins on the ground.”

“Uh, what’s her name... Oh Yeonhee from Songpa probably didn’t pick them up?”

This refers to Songpa Strongest Sword Oh Yeonhee.

In other words, except for her, the others were hastily picking up the coins scattered on the ground while Yeongwoo was busy fighting the dragon.

“It seems the protection money of ten million was quite a concern.”

“Yesterday, you said it wasn’t protection money, right?”

“Anyway, it’s done. As long as everyone shares it, it doesn’t matter.”

Seeing Yeongwoo unexpectedly showing mercy, Jeonggu even chuckled.

“Hey, what’s going on all of a sudden? You said you’d collect money regardless of the means and methods from now on?”

In response, Yeongwoo formed a gun shape with his index finger and thumb and smiled.

“It gives them some breathing room before I start taking money in earnest.”

“...What?”

“Once the Laser Canon is completed, I plan to ask for defence funds. I think I can get it today.”

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 193

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 193: The Strong Man Who Plays the Flute in Seoul (2)

《Joseon’s Strongest Sword ‘Jeong Yeongwoo 07’ gave up exclusive rights to 3 million karma and gifted 30,000 karma to all residents of Dobong.》

3:14 PM.

Finally, the golden rain fell in Dobong.

Shooosh!

Staring blankly at the golden drops falling from the sky, Jeonggu quickly shifted his gaze to Yeongwoo.

“Is the schedule in Seoul over now?”

“Father needs to stay here and collect money.”

“...What about you?”

“I’m going to stop by Yangju and Uijeongbu.”

It was to deal with any remaining mutants.

And if mutants were caught early on, couldn’t they meet with merchants instead?

It was a plan that wouldn’t lose out in any way.

“Then can I just collect money and go straight to Gangnam?”

“Yes. Be careful not to get robbed on the way.”

After leaving an ambiguous remark, Yeongwoo took hold of Negwig’s reins.

Then Jeonggu silently looked at his son’s legs.

Yeongwoo’s legs were still without feet.

He knew better than anyone else that even without feet, the guy would fly around like a monster, but for some reason, his heart felt bitter.

‘Idiot.’

Jeonggu sniffed for no reason.

[PR/N: getting attached?]

And meanwhile, Yeongwoo had already turned Negwig’s head towards Uijeongbu.

“I’m leaving. See you later.”

“Oh, yeah. Then Gangnam....”

Kwack!

Before Jeonggu could finish his sentence, Negwig kicked the ground and flew Yeongwoo northward.

Kwaaaaah!

Of course, Yeongwoo also heard what Jeonggu was going to say next, but he knew it wasn't important enough to stop Negwig in the middle of the road.

Most importantly, what mattered to him right now was.

* Available karma: 5,214,500

Current balance, 5.21 million karma.

'If I only collect half of today's revenue in the afternoon, it will be 30 million.'

So if he met a merchant in Uijeongbu or Yangju, he could spend all of his 5 million now.

Kwack, kwack!

As they quickly passed through the center of Dobong, Dobongsan Mountain began to appear on the left.

And shortly after.

| The current area of residence is 'Uijeongbu'.

| There are no Strongest Swords in this area.

The status of Uijeongbu's region appeared.

In the meantime, he left Dobong and set foot on Uijeongbu.

'Since there are no Strongest Swords here, there is a considerable chance that mutants are still here.'

Unfortunately, Yeongwoo also made the Strongest Sword in this area disappear.

Former Uijeongbu's Joseon's Strongest Sword, Kwak Sungwon04.

A man who split in two and died from Bastard Yeongwoo.

But he was also the mastermind behind the Uijeongbu Penitentiary incident, so he felt no guilt.

'If only he had been a little more famous, he might have met as a mutant.'

Kwack!

As they continued up north along the road, they finally began to see bodies.

Judging by the fact that the blood hadn't fully dried, it was estimated that they had fought and died on the 5th day of mutation.

'Even though the Strongest Sword died, they continued to stay here... Their courage was remarkable.'

Of course, it could also have been people from the Gangbuk alliance rather than the prison people who controlled Uijeongbu.

Weren't they together when the Uijeongbu's Strongest Sword died?

So it wasn't surprising that they also came up here to Uijeongbu to hunt mutants.....

"Huh?"

As Yeongwoo slowed down Negwig's speed and looked around at the bodies, he suddenly noticed something and pulled the reins.

"This is a stab wound....?"

What Yeongwoo discovered was nothing other than a stab wound deeply ingrained in a corpse.

Clearly a wound inflicted by a human wielding a sword.

Mutants were generally larger in size, so even if they were holding a sword, there would inevitably be differences from humans.

'Could they have come down from Yeoncheon to here?'

There is a temporary army headquarters in Yeoncheon.

They might have come down to Uijeongbu for karma.

If not, it could be a Strongest Sword from a completely different area.

Anyway, there were too many possibilities, so Yeongwoo had no choice but to keep going.

Kwack!

Then.

'Wow, this is unexpected.'

Not long after, he saw a black pillar of light descending on the other side.

The 5th-day merchant of Uijeongbu.

Someone had already killed mutants here.

Moreover, it was in a competitive situation with other hunters or Strongest Swords from other areas.

‘Whoever killed the mutants and even cut their throats while they were lurking around when the mutants appeared, must be very aggressive.’

“.....”

Uncertain whether the opponent might be nearby, Yeongwoo scanned the surroundings with his ‘Fearful Cat’ activated.

However, the cat was calmly closing its eyes with a relaxed expression.

‘It seems like they’ve already left. Perhaps they’ve moved to the next area.’

If it’s the next area, it would probably be Yangju.

The opposite area, Dobong, had mutants drawn to Gwangjin-gu from early on.

So even if they set foot in Seoul, they probably wouldn’t have gained any significant income.

‘Let’s meet the merchant here first.’

Thud!

As Yeongwoo urged Negwig towards the direction of the merchant again, more bodies and ruined buildings came into view than before. And finally.

Shooahh.....!

A black pillar emitting an ominous energy descended in the middle of the intersection ahead.

Kwack!

Unable to walk yet, Yeongwoo approached the pillar while riding Negwig.

A space in the air opened, and Kubu appeared.

Srrlut.

–Greetings, Master of the Bastard, the one who slayed the dragon, Jeong Yeongwoo07, it's an honor to see you again!

“Huh...?”

Kubu's salutation for Yeongwoo had changed since the last time.

The phrase about being the human of Earth, the strongest in Gyeongbuk and the northern part of the Korean Peninsula, was completely gone.

It seemed that from a cosmic perspective, possessing Bastard and defeating a dragon was a more outstanding achievement than being the strongest in the northern part of the Korean Peninsula.

“Are you not calling me ‘the human of Earth’ anymore?”

Yeongwoo blinked as Kubu, as usual, started his self-introduction.

–I am the owner of the Tenta Tribe and Daro...

–Yes! That's right.

“I'm not called ‘the human of Earth’ anymore?”

–Jeong Yeongwoo 07, are still a human of Earth. However...

Kubu blinked once again.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Then continued.

–As most of the assets you have accumulated so far are outside Earth, it is now meaningless to mention your planet of origin.

“Oh.”

Yeongwoo only understood half of what Kubu said, but he nodded anyway.

“Is that introduction applicable beyond Earth? Like, is it my official business card?”

Kubu glanced somewhere in the air and immediately replied.

–Yes, ever since you defeated the first dragon in Seoul, the personal profile of Jeong Yeongwoo07 listed in the registry has been updated.

“Registry? What’s registry?”

–Registry is the life record of all beings governed by cosmic law.

“...Ah.”

Although he didn’t fully understand this time, Yeongwoo roughly grasped the concept.

“It’s like a kind of log... No, it’s more like a universal fate record, recorded in real-time.”

The difference is that this registry is announced somewhere in the universe.

It’s like a company’s financial statement.

‘It records the past and present of all beings, and based on that, the introduction is determined...? Amazing.’

That meant that the process also affected determining the value of a being.

At least in the cosmic sense.

“Then I hope ‘the human of Earth’ keeps appearing in my profile. Is there no way? After all, it’s important to know which planet someone comes from.”

If he had to use that introduction whenever he met someone in the universe, Yeongwoo wanted to include information about his planet of origin and race in that phrase.

If you think about space, wouldn’t a planet be like a country on Earth?

So, if he had to introduce himself as ‘the one who defeated the dragon,’ he wanted to be recognized as the one who defeated the dragon as a human of Earth.

However, he didn’t receive a positive response.

–Official personal details follow the contents of the registry, so it is currently impossible to modify them.

What he had achieved so far was much more valuable than an introduction like ‘the human of Earth,’ so it meant that the introduction could not be changed arbitrarily.

“I can’t decide my introduction on my own.”

But there’s always a way.

There's no such thing as impossible in this world.

Especially in a universe where transcendent beings play the game.

"So, if I do something great that can't be introduced without mentioning the Earth, does that mean I can put the Earth back in the introduction? Right?"

Yeongwoo asked with a determined look in his eyes, and Kubu blinked hesitantly.

—In theory, it's possible.

Of course, neither Kubu nor Yeongwoo knew what the 'remarkable thing' would be.

—Have you prepared the acquisition tax? If you're arrested, it'll be difficult to avoid death.

As they continued to talk about the registry, Kubu suddenly shifted the topic to taxes.

In response, Yeongwoo shrugged and glanced to the south.

"I'm making that money right now. It'll be ready by evening. But anyway, the acquisition tax is paid tomorrow, right? Today, I'll just pay taxes on business income."

—That's correct.

"Then, tens of millions karma would have to sit idle for 24 hours."

—.....

For some reason, Kubu didn't respond to his words.

So Yeongwoo continued with his next line.

"So, what I'm asking is, can I also engage in loan sharking like the Ohsaek Credit?"

At this, Kubu's eyes widened even more.

Having met countless customers from various planets as a cosmic transaction intermediary, he had never seen anyone's mind grow so quickly.

—The first issue you need to resolve before starting loan sharking is loan collection.

"That makes sense...? You have to collect the money you lent, and if someone tries to run away with the money, you have to find a way to recover it."

–Correct. Therefore, generally, we rely on the enforcement power of cosmic law, but the conditions and procedures...

Kubu, about to continue his explanation, blinked rapidly as if suddenly feeling frustrated, then skipped the intermediate process.

–Legal loan sharking is currently impossible, and illegal loan sharking is the same.

“So, there are illegal loan sharks in the universe.”

Since Yeongwoo wasn’t interested in digging deeper into this matter, he concluded the conversation at this point.

For now, getting a coordinate scanner is the top priority.

“Then let’s start with the merchant transaction.”

Yeongwoo glanced again at the black pillar on the other side while double-checking his karma balance.

The intermediary Kubu then delivered the most welcome news of the day.

–But before that, there’s one reward you should receive.

“Oh, a reward? What...?”

Excitement painted Yeongwoo’s face.

In response, Kubu’s pupils flashed, summoning a green-tinted laser guidance beam from the sky.

Pew!

–A reward for defeating the dragon has been delivered from the reset system. As your tax representative, I am conveying it on your behalf.

“Oh, right. You mentioned something about the first dragon, but only the phrase appeared and nothing else.”

Yeongwoo wiggled his foot without a shoe, feeling like it was Christmas.

“What’s the reward?”

As Joseon Yeongwoo struggled to see the tip of the green guidance beam, Kubu elaborated.

–Get ready, the ‘Heart of the Dragon’ will be awarded to you shortly.

Then he had to tell a story that Yeongwoo couldn’t help but feel excited about.

–The Heart of the Dragon is tax-free.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 194

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 194: The Strong Man Who Plays the Flute in Seoul (3)

“Tax-free...!”

Upon hearing the welcome words, Yeongwoo spread his eyes and arms wide, and the green guiding line flashed in sync.

Snatch!

Then.

Shwaaah!

From the sky, the heart in question quickly shot down.

A reward from the reset system for defeating Seoul’s first dragon, Chaebol Im Kwangho.

‘A dragon’s heart... It can’t be a real heart, right? It’s probably an amulet or something.’

As Yeongwoo thought this, he was suddenly engulfed in an ominous premonition.

Swhaa!

Finally, the dragon’s heart appeared before him, literally looking like a heart.

Kwung, kwung!

The new heart, standing at Yeongwoo’s eye level along the green guiding line, was emitting an incredibly powerful pulse, dispersing the surrounding air.

Moreover, its size was enormous, as if it had just been pulled from a real dragon's body.

Kwung...!

"W-What is this? Did you really bring the actual heart?"

As Yeongwoo asked Kubu, staring at the heart larger than himself, the extraterrestrial tax accountant rolled his eyes.

—Yes. Currently, the dragon's heart is preserved in its original form, and it can be processed into an amulet if desired.

An amulet.

As Yeongwoo expected.

But...

"...What if I don't process it?"

Unable to contain his curiosity, Yeongwoo asked, and Kubu blinked in response.

—The unprocessed dragon's heart can become bodily equipment and can be installed through transplantation surgery.

"Uh..."

In other words, like the spine implanted in the horrific process last time, the dragon's heart could also be inserted into a human body.

Kwung, kwung!

"..."

Yeongwoo continued to stare silently at the pulsating heart.

The outer layer of the heart muscle, crackling from within, was covered in a greenish metal, making it look somewhat like a car engine at first glance.

'...Putting that into my body?'

Fundamentally human though he may be, Yeongwoo felt a vague fear rising, but at the same time, he became equally curious.

What would happen if he put it into his body?

“Wouldn’t the equipment effect... be stronger without processing?”

—Yes. The unprocessed form of the dragon’s heart is the most powerful, and if processed into an amulet, its unique functions cannot be used.

“Unique functions? What are those?”

As Yeongwoo asked, Kubu raised his eyes towards the sky.

—Functions that generate special climates depending on the heart type.

“What did you say?”

After hearing the answer, Yeongwoo’s mouth fell open.

In short, by inserting that green heart into his chest, he could create a venomous typhoon.

“No, then it’s better to receive it in its original form. Let’s go without processing.”

Pointing to the giant heart, Yeongwoo spoke, and Kubu requested confirmation once again.

—It can only be installed through surgery. Will you receive it without processing?

“Yes. Pain can be endured, but if the heart is processed, it cannot be undone, right?”

—Understood. Then I will process it as received in its original form.

At Yeongwoo’s final consent, Kubu’s pupils flickered.

Snatch!

Immediately, a new tooltip appeared in Yeongwoo’s vision, and the enormous heart began to shrink to fit the size of the wearer’s body.

「Heart of the Venomous Dragon」 – Legendary Heart

【Venomous Fang】

【Corrosive Blood】

【Heart Fusion】

“...The composition itself is extraordinary.”

A tooltip for the heart already seemed ominous.

As Yeongwoo focused on the unique effects listed in the tooltip, detailed information appeared below.

Snatch!

【Venomous Fang】

|Adds 10% of total attack power as poison attribute damage.

【Corrosive Blood】

|Blood becomes corrupted, gaining corrosiveness.

【Heart Fusion】

|Fuses with hearts of other dragons.

“Whoa...”

Yeongwoo carefully examined the impressive effects of the new heart.

‘At this rate, isn’t it almost like an alien...?’

Adding 10% of total attack power as poison attribute damage.

And blood becomes corrosive.

In itself, it was a remarkable effect, but Yeongwoo was already looking beyond that.

‘If I were to defeat and extract the hearts of other dragons and fuse them, would the attribute damage increase by another 10%?’

Of course, the effect obtained from the fire dragon would likely be fire attribute damage, and the lightning dragon would be lightning attribute damage.

Anyway, if it really worked that way, it meant a 10% increase in damage for each type of dragon defeated.

Simply put, if he defeated ten different types of dragons and seized their hearts, his attack power would double.

And above all, this meant...

‘10% of total attack power... It means whether doping or getting conditional buffs, they all apply.’

With various attributes, he would also encounter fewer situations where he’d be countered due to specific resistances of opponents.

‘In the end, it’s telling me to keep hunting dragons to upgrade the hearts.’

Since he had no choice but to specialize in dragons, Yeongwoo couldn’t help but feel satisfied with the situation.

However, if there were any downsides...

‘...The surgery takes a bit of time. It would be safer to do it during lodging.’

Yeongwoo couldn’t help but think of Kim Jeonggu’s distorted expression.

What else would he say if he said he would do heart replacement surgery in addition to spinal surgery?

“Now, can I just take this?”

As Yeongwoo pointed to the still-floating “heart,” before Kubu could answer, the Golden Goblin reached out.

-Kit!

Then, he grabbed the heart with both hands and threw it into a pocket of space.

“...”

Seeing the heart that would be transplanted tonight being thrown around, Yeongwoo felt strange, but he decided to let it go for now.

‘It’s called a dragon’s heart, so it won’t get squished just because it’s tossed a bit.’

With the heart issue resolved, the next step was to obtain today’s main mission, the coordinates locator.

“Is the merchant ready? Please open the trades.”

As Yeongwoo ordered, Kubu rolled his eyes once again.

—The mediation fee for this transaction is 10% and is included in the item price. A total of six merchants have bid for this trade.

—Would you like to see the list of bidding merchants and their proposals?

“...Huh?”

Surprised by Kubu’s words, Yeongwoo inadvertently widened his eyes, and Kubu did the same.

—...Is there a problem?

“No, it’s not a problem, but... Wasn’t this merchant not ready yet?”

—That’s correct. Since there are no transaction records, merchant selection is possible.

‘What? Does that mean the one who went here first didn’t deal with the merchant?’

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Of course, it could be that they moved on to the next area before the merchant appeared.

Defeating a mutant doesn’t immediately summon a merchant, after all.

Anyway, as Yeongwoo had two wanted items, he couldn’t help but be pleased.

“Are there really six merchants? There are so many strange things happening today.”

—As Yeongwoo’s universal rating has rapidly increased, the range of accessible merchant types has also expanded.

“Ah...”

In other words, those six merchants came to meet Yeongwoo, not to trade with other Earthlings.

“Then, during the merchant selection process, can you accommodate my convenience? I won’t ask you to reduce the fee.”

As Yeongwoo subtly threatened, Kubu blinked his eyes.

—If you let us know your preferences, we will do our best to accommodate them within the limits possible.

“Okay. It’s nothing special.”

After saying this, Yeongwoo probably looked beyond the sky, where the merchants were waiting.

“Please leave only the ones who brought the coordinates locator or martial arts.”

In short, it was a command for Kubu to personally select and bring the merchants.

—...

After looking at Yeongwoo for a moment, Kubu’s eyes flickered.

—Understood your orders.

As Yeongwoo was recognized as a tax client, Kubu couldn’t refuse his request.

This was the price of the courtesy request.

As Kubu blinked his eyes rapidly for a while under Yeongwoo’s orders, he finally called someone to the black pillar behind him.

Kwaaaaah!

From the sky, pink beams began to fall, quickly dyeing the black pillar with the merchant’s emblem.

“Wh... Who’s appearing so flamboyantly?”

As Yeongwoo unconsciously took a step back and asked, Kubu proudly replied.

—As you requested, we couldn’t find the coordinate locator, but we were able to bring merchants dealing with martial arts.

—The trading partner this time is the Sadun Pilgrimage Team.

“Pilgrimage...? So they’re religious people?”

But they sell martial arts...

While Yeongwoo made a puzzled expression, three merchants appeared, each covered in a long hood.

Although their heights seemed to be about five to six meters, their entire bodies were covered in clothing, but they couldn’t hide the contours of the muscles hidden underneath.

‘Are they really... a pilgrimage team? Is it right for them to go on a pilgrimage for religious purposes?’

—Will you agree to the deal? The product list is ready.

“Yes... Let’s take a look for now.”

As Yeongwoo nodded with a bewildered expression, Kubu blinked his eyes widely and displayed the product list.

Swoosh!

As usual, the product list, starting from the blue blotch, quickly took on the form of human language.

1 – 「Severe Punishment」 – Artifact Spear Technique

【Do not spare the sinner.】

◇ 310,500 Karma

2 – 「Distrust and Hatred」 – Unique Swordsmanship

【Boldly wield the whip to awaken faith.】

◇ 776,000 Karma

3 – 「Call of God」 – Epic Archery

【With sufficient faith, you can even reach the gods with your arrows.】

◇ 3,940,000 Karma

“....?”

Product descriptions that seemed to be missing a screw or two, much like those of the prisoners of Rohm.

‘Is this right? Are they asking for 3.94 million for such tooltips?’

Of course, when compared to what the prisoners sold under “Rohm’s Bottom,” martial arts generally fetched that price.

And most of all...

'I could probably make good use of the archery. When fighting a dragon, the first task is to drop the opponent from the sky.'

* Available Karma: 5,214,500

Current balance, 5.21 million Karma.

Eventually, just as Yeongwoo was contemplating, in the moment he decided to purchase 'Call of God'...

Clack!

Metallic footsteps sounded from behind Yeongwoo, and then the voice of a young man flew over.

"Stop moving! Don't touch the merchandise. That merchant is mine."

"Huh...?"

As Yeongwoo turned around at the unexpected confrontation, a title he had never seen before came into view.

『Gyeonggi's Strongest Sword』

The Strongest Sword of Gyeonggi.

"Ah."

Upon seeing the opponent's title, Yeongwoo realized a lot.

The one who completely swept away Uijeongbu and passed through must have been this guy.

'What, he's not an ordinary guy, is he?'

Yeongwoo inwardly admired as he saw that the opponent was about two meters tall.

Encountering the Strongest Swords, who had invested in appearance as well, was not common.

But that was one thing, and another was...

"Why are you speaking informally?"

"....?"

“Why are you speaking informally to someone you’ve just met?”

As Yeongwoo said this, he instinctively jumped off the Negwig.

Gasp!

Then...

“Huh?”

As his ankle, which hadn’t fully healed yet, hit the ground, he fell over.

Thud!

Seeing this sight, the Strongest Sword of Gyeonggi finally drew his sword with a triumphant voice.

Shwaah!

“It said ‘The Strongest Sword of Joseon’... I knew something was off... you idiot.”

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 195

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 195: Black Rain (1)

Idiot.

Strictly speaking, it wasn’t an incorrect expression.

Because both of Jeong Yeongwoo’s legs had yet to regenerate.

Unable to even walk properly, let alone stand up, he was clearly an idiot.

Moreover.

“Ugh...”

Gently touching his face that had been slammed onto the asphalt ground made for a ridiculous sight.

What kind of person worthy of the title “Strongest Sword” would be so dramatic about such injuries?

“What the hell are you doing...?”

The Gyeonggi Strongest Sword, with an incredulous expression, looked at the Joseon’s Strongest Sword in front of him.

Of course, this attitude stemmed from not knowing anything about the opponent’s background.

For Yeongwoo, injuries usually started with limbs being cut off.

So, in fact, rather than touching his face because it hurt, Yeongwoo was closer to pondering the vague pain he rarely felt.

“Oh, I forgot I don’t have feet.”

As Yeongwoo, who had been lying on the ground, lifted his upper body and sat down, the pattern of a Dogo’s wedge wrapped around his right forearm in the tattoo “White Space” came and then disappeared.

This was also one of the signals that Jeong Yeongwoo was a dangerous individual, but the sword of Gyeonggi, lacking insight, did not notice.

His gaze was simply on...

“...”

The golden sword floating in the air, the sturdy black iron horse, and the two alien creatures rushing back and forth between them were all chaotic.

– Keii...!

– Babat!

The Golden Goblin Artifact Slave and the Artifact Slave, Pofu Tenta and Negwig the Iron Horse.

“What are those?”

The Strongest Sword of Gyeonggi dared to point his sword alternately at Yeongwoo’s two slaves.

Swiftly.

In response, Yeongwoo also pointed to the opponent with the mythical weapon “Bastard”.

“Do you have equipment that becomes stronger the shorter you speak? Why do you keep doing that?”

At this, the Strongest Sword of Gyeonggi hesitated for a moment, unable to find a counterargument, and wrinkled his nose.

“Well... since we’re going to fight anyway, is there a need to be polite?”

“There’s no need not to be polite on purpose. I didn’t ask you to greet me properly.”

As Yeongwoo spoke like this, he glanced briefly at the “Golden Trail” still lying dormant.

“I know what you mean. Just a few days ago, I killed quite a few people collecting titles.”

Of course, there had been no unilateral attacks, but... he had never avoided a fight either.

It was unintentional and deliberate murder.

“But now it’s different... now I know how precious people are.”

“...What?”

“If you’re the Gyeonggi’s Strongest Sword, you’ve unified at least three regions, right? So, if you die, won’t there be a gap in security?”

“...Well, if I die, that might happen.”

“So what’s your point? I’ll let the informality slide, so while I’m still speaking kindly, keep your voice in check and leave.”

For a moment, the veteran Strongest Sword’s aura emanated from Yeongwoo’s eyes.

“...!”

In response, the Strongest Sword of Gyeonggi twitched involuntarily, but soon regained his composure and chuckled.

“Well, I’m sure it must have been easy at one time, but isn’t that why you’re a cripple now?”

He had known from the beginning that the opponent's title and equipment were impressive.

However, he never thought he would lose to someone who couldn't even walk.

Confidence in oneself.

And pride.

That was the characteristic of the Strongest Sword of a large region.

Yeongwoo hadn't even attended Seoul's Strongest Sword gathering during his time as the Strongest Sword of Gyeongbuk.

It was to challenge the reputed Strongest Sword of Gangnam in Seoul.

Therefore, Yeongwoo knew well that you could only find out who was truly stronger by fighting.

But.

"No."

"...What?"

"Today, you've chosen the wrong opponent. I'm not just a cripple."

"Heh."

Before Yeongwoo's words, the Strongest Sword of Gyeonggi tried to laugh again, but...

Hwa-ah-at!

Due to Yeongwoo's display of power, he could no longer laugh.

"Kugh...!"

It was because his heart suddenly felt as if it were being squeezed tightly.

"I have one obsession because I was born a lowly human. That's... whoever tries to kill me..."

While using his authority, as Yeongwoo uttered his lines with glowing eyes, something incredible happened.

"Absolutely nothing, you bastard!"

Faaah!

The problematic Strongest Sword of Gyeonggi had released Yeongwoo's authority.

"What...?"

In the face of the unexpected development, Yeongwoo widened his eyes.

The opponent was indeed a rascal, daring to attack despite seeing both his title and equipment.

With a thud!

Thanks to withstanding the authority of the Joseon's Strongest Sword, the Strongest Sword of Gyeonggi's momentum increased even more as he turned and rushed towards Yeongwoo.

"This stupid bastard."

Yeongwoo also realized that things could not be undone and was about to extend Bastard, but then changed his mind and plucked out his Dragon's Legacy like lightning.

Shhwat, kaang!

In the blink of an eye, the blades of the two strongest swords clashed in mid-air.

「Sensory values have temporarily increased from the original 3,300 to 4,376.」

Yeongwoo's gaze could clearly see the relatively mediocre sensory values of the Gyeonggi's Strongest Sword, and conversely, the Gyeonggi's Strongest Sword...

"Insane."

As befitting a Strongest Sword of a large region, he realized the opponent's true strength during their first exchange, and his expression crumbled.

"How did this happen...?"

[PR/N: He's the strongest cripple of Joseon bro 😊]

Even the strength to withstand the opponent's force pushing the sword away was faltering in the right hand of the Gyeonggi's Strongest Sword.

In the meantime, the Dragon's Legacy, which came into contact with his blade, was glowing red.

The challenger's innate grade wasn't particularly high either.

And Yeongwoo, seeing this, asked through the crossed blades.

"Where is your jurisdiction?"

"What?"

The Gyeonggi's Strongest Sword, who was unknowingly making a foolish expression, belatedly recalled...

—I have one obsession because I was born a lowly human. That's... whoever tries to kill me...

What the man in front of him couldn't finish saying a moment ago.

"Ah."

Absolutely, he wouldn't spare anyone.

This Joseon's Strongest Sword never let his opponents live once a fight began.

And...

'I'm fucked.'

Finally understanding the situation properly, the Gyeonggi's Strongest Sword opened his mouth wide.

Then...

"I, I made a mistake..."

Instinctively, he started begging for mercy.

It was as if he couldn't even attempt a second round.

But it was already after Yeongwoo's gaze had turned icy.

"That's already in the past. More importantly, where is your jurisdiction? I should at least save the people of that area."

Yeongwoo pronounced a diplomatic death sentence.

Upon hearing this, the Gyeonggi's Strongest Sword, who was facing Yeongwoo, let go of his sword and hastily stepped back.

While a direct confrontation was impossible, he still thought he could escape.

However...

Thwong.

As he tried to retreat, his body was abruptly blocked by a solid metal object.

“...?”

Surprised, the Gyeonggi's Strongest Sword turned around, only to see a golden sword, nearly two meters long, blocking his path.

-Weeeeeing...

If just moments ago it seemed like a mere interesting weapon, now the golden sword felt eerily ominous.

“Sa... Save...”

At that moment, as the Gyeonggi's Strongest Sword began to beg for his life again, the silhouette of the Joseon's Strongest Sword was reflected on the surface of the golden sword he was looking at.

“Ah...!”

It was clear to anyone.

Ssuaaeaeae!

While kneeling, the figure was swinging the sword.

* * *

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

At the same time, in Imjingak Peace Nuri Park in Paju, Gyeonggi Province.

Jo Seongsik, Yeoncheon's Strongest Sword, was smoking a cigarette while watching the windmills lined up on the hill spinning around.

“Sigh.”

Despite his relaxed expression after finally feeling some leisure, there were swordsmen with big and small wounds scattered throughout the park, lying exhausted.

“ ... ”

They were soldiers under the Yeoncheon Army's temporary headquarters.

Having just dealt with the monsters and mutants in Paju, they were all exhausted.

But today's hard work was over.

Having cleared Paju, Yeoncheon, and Cheorwon, all three northern border regions of South Korea, the only thing left was to maintain border surveillance.

“Report on casualties?”

As Jo Seongsik brushed off the tobacco on his palm, Sergeant Kim Hansoo, who was standing next to him, reported.

“Two dead, one critically injured.”

In other words, they lost three combatants.

“We've lost about 10% of our combat strength in just one day.”

As Jo Seongsik made a bitter expression, another man sitting behind him opened his mouth.

“Shouldn't we start heading to Seoul soon?”

Cheorwon's Strongest Sword, Private Kim Kwangyong.

Until now, he had essentially acted independently, except for occasional clashes with the Yeoncheon Army headquarters, but now he was moving together with Jo Seongsik as a practical ally.

And the reason for this was none other than the encounter with Jeong Yeongwoo, the Joseon's Strongest Sword, in Cheorwon yesterday.

It was only after meeting him that they finally realized something.

That there were many strong individuals still supporting this world.

Though not necessarily hopeful, the fact that there was something to rely on was quite reassuring.

The Joseon's Strongest Sword, who boasted an unreasonable strength, and the Seoul's Strongest Sword Union and provisional government organized around him.

"Yes. Since we've solved all urgent matters, it would be a good idea to stop by Seoul before it gets dark."

Jo Seongsik also agreed with Kim Gwangyong.

And even if it wasn't his exact words, he had been thinking about visiting Seoul soon anyway.

The strange Strongest Sword, who fought while sprinkling dirt in the eyes of the mutants, kept coming to his mind for some reason.

He seemed to be the only one among all the people he had seen who wasn't living a tough life.

In any case, there was a strange addictive quality to the aura emitted by the so-called Joseon's Strongest Sword.

'If we meet again next time, I should ask him exactly how the situation in the North is unfolding.'

Since he was the representative of the Army Headquarters who claimed to monitor the North, his greatest concern could not but be the situation in North Korea.

"Sigh."

After flicking off the remaining cigarette ash, he noticed that the windmills on the hill in the distance suddenly started spinning rapidly.

Whooooosh...!

It was also from this moment that a strong wind blew, almost folding his ears.

"What's happening all of a sudden?"

"Why is the wind blowing like this?"

The swordsmen scattered around the military headquarters also began to rise one by one at the suspicious weather, and by this time.

Kwaling!

With a sudden thunderclap, the sky darkened in an instant.

“W-what is this...?”

Kim Kwangyong cautiously drew his sword while looking at Lieutenant Jo Seongsik.

He judged it wasn't just a simple weather change.

The sky, which had been sunny just a while ago, was now filled with dark clouds as if it had always been like this.

And then.

Kwrrrung!

After thundering much closer than before, the incident began.

Shwaaa...!

“...Rain?”

Rain poured suddenly from the dark sky.

“I-It's pouring suddenly!”

“Should we withdraw to Yeoncheon for now?”

The soldiers, who had started feeling extreme fatigue and discomfort for some reason, expressed their desire to withdraw towards Lieutenant Jo Seongsik.

On the other hand, Yeoncheon's Strongest Sword, Jo Seongsik, instead...

Shwaaaat!

He raised his sword and shouted through the downpour.

“All units, prepare for combat...!”

Although it was purely an intuition-based command, his instincts were not wrong.

Kwrrrung!

Then, another thunderclap rang out, and lightning flashed from inside the clouds in the sky.

Paaat!

At that moment, a huge furnace appeared in the sky above the Peace Nuri Park.

“...!”

“Ahh!”

It was only then that the soldiers of Yeoncheon realized that something serious was happening and drew their swords in panic, and by this time, Kim Kwangyong, the Cheorwon's Strongest Sword, also realized something was wrong.

“Oh, it's rain.”

Feeling something sticky, he wiped his cheek, only to find that thick rain was oozing out.

“This, it's not just rain...!”

As he was about to urgently report to Lieutenant Jo Seongsik...

Ssuaaeaeae!

Two ominous creatures leapt down from the dark sky.

Kwack!

‘Damn it, it was a mutant after all.’

Jo Seongsik cursed.

Although there was no sign of the mutant's emblematic pillar of light, the fact that they had appeared in front of him could not be denied.

Especially with this damn rain accompanying them.

‘I don't know who they are, but they're not your average assholes.’

He could already feel this fact in his skin.

“Squads 1 and 4, behind me! Squads 2 and 3, stick with Kim Kwangyong behind me! Everyone, stay alert!”

As Jo Seongsik began to wave off the rain pouring down in front of him, the creatures raised their heads to look at the furnace in the sky, as if waiting for battle approval.

“...!”

And seeing this, Jo Seongsik said,

“Private Kim Kwangyong, lift me up.”

Unlike before, he gave the order to Cheorwon's Strongest Sword, Kim Kwangyong.

But Kim Kwangyong was not unaware.

"Yes, step on me."

Immediately, he bent his knees and made a foothold with both arms.

Then,

Tap!

Jo Seongsik promptly stepped on Kim Kwangyong's arm, and Kim Kwangyong threw Lieutenant Jeong into the sky with all his might.

Hwaeaeaeaaak!

"Who are you! Reveal your identity!"

Jo Seongsik, soaring into the sky, swung his sword and headed straight for the furnace.

And a moment later.

"...!"

As Jo Seongsik, who had approached right in front of the furnace, looked, a single name tag came into his sight.

It was none other than.

"What? How dare this bastard...?"

[Dictator – Kim Jong-un]

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 196

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 196: Black Rain (2)

Shyatt!

Yeongwoo brushed off the blood from the Dragon's Legacy on the floor and looked around.

'Fortunately, there are no witnesses.'

It felt awkward, as it had been a while since he had killed someone.

'But still haven't properly used the Bastard.'

Yeongwoo had chosen to confront the Gyeonggi Strongest Sword with the Dragon's Legacy not for his own sake, but purely to withstand the opponent's attacks.

Nevertheless, he wanted to have a brief conversation after exchanging blows.

Since Bastard's blade could only be blocked by mythical-grade equipment, if Yeongwoo had extended Bastard, the Gyeonggi Strongest Sword would not have been able to withstand the sword and would have died.

'Of course, I made an effort to exchange blows, but there was no profit.'

He didn't hear who would inherit the jurisdiction of the deceased Gyeonggi Strongest Sword.

However, Yeongwoo was someone who had long opened the list of martial arts.

「You have acquired the Gyeonggi Strongest Sword!」

By inheriting the title, along with it came the martial arts the opponent possessed, giving a clue to the jurisdiction of the deceased.

'I should be able to figure out the newly added regional techniques.'

As Yeongwoo unfolded his martial arts list, the techniques stolen by the Gyeonggi Strongest Sword from other Strongest Swords appeared one after another.

| Gyeonggi Technique – Unique Grade

| Pocheon Technique – Relic Grade

| Gapyeong Technique – Relic Grade

| Hwacheon Technique – Relic Grade

A total of four.

Moreover, among these, Hwacheon was from Gangwon Province.

‘Was he from Hwacheon? If he traveled from Hwacheon to Gapyeong and Pocheon, the route seems consistent.’

In the case of Yeongwoo himself, if he listed the regional titles he currently possessed, he could clearly see the route he had taken from Gumi.

‘It’s quite a distance to manage Hwacheon... I’ll have to hope someone is in Gangwon Province.’

Day 5 of the reset.

He used to be someone who seemed temporarily hostile to all the Strongest Swords, but ironically, now he found himself hoping there were still many powerful Strongest Swords left.

If it wasn’t to wish for Seoul to become the only surviving city on the peninsula, it was necessary.

“Ah, you’ve certainly collected your equipment meticulously.”

Despite Yeongwoo’s apologetic gaze, he rummaged through the corpse with rather business like hands.

-Kiiit!

It was with the golden goblin who was curious about the identity of the former Gyeonggi Strongest Sword.

‘It seems there are no hidden equipment.’

After confirming that the Serpent of Greed didn’t respond, Yeongwoo registered the equipment he had removed from the corpse in the encyclopaedia.

A total of three items could be put into the encyclopaedia immediately.

‘Two pieces of armor, one accessory.’

And the rest were two weapons.

「Contingency」 – Mutant One-handed Sword

【Increases durability by 15% when defending】

‘Not bad. Perfect for the encyclopaedia.’

On the other hand, the second weapon was a bit unusual.

「Preemptive Strike」 – Mutant One-handed Sword

【Increases the power of the first attack by 20%. Reactivates on successful hit】

‘Oh-ho.’

This was probably the weapon the Gyeonggi Strongest Sword had been holding.

The power of the first attack increased after the sword was drawn from the scabbard.

‘And it reactivates on successful hit, so repeating draw and sheath attacks should do.’

While this effect alone didn’t seem superior to other weapons, once it was registered in the weapon encyclopaedia, the story would change.

‘Anyway, just enhancing the first strike is quite significant, and if it’s not during a melee, it’s not that difficult to sheathe the sword during battle...’

And surely, there must be equipment that gives reinforcement effects when sheathing somewhere.

‘The chairman should hurry up and get the encyclopaedia.’

After glancing at the sky briefly, Yeongwoo turned his gaze back to Kubu.

“Are you both still there?”

He referred to Kubu, the intermediary, and the merchant.

Then Kubu, who had left only a thin thread in the air, blinked his eyes.

Sshrrrrt.

—Yes. We’re waiting.

“Then let’s conclude the transaction. Let’s learn archery.”

At Yeongwoo’s words, Kubu blinked.

—We will process the purchase of the Epic Archery, ‘Call of God.’

With that, 3,940,000 karma was withdrawn from Yeongwoo’s balance, and the Sagye-grade bow became Yeongwoo’s property.

「Call of God」 – Epic Archery

【If you have enough faith, you can even reach the gods with your arrows.】

And at the same time.

* Available karma: 1,274,500

The balance decreased to 1.27 million karma.

‘I hope the coordinate locator isn’t more expensive than 1.2 million.’

Anxiety grew as the balance decreased.

Anyway, since all the business here today was finished, Yeongwoo bid farewell to Kubu.

“Thank you for your hard work. See you in Yangju shortly.”

—Until next time. Thank you for the transaction!

Poof!

Kubu, the intermediary, vanished somewhere beyond the empty space.

“....”

Yeongwoo glanced briefly at the spot where he disappeared before turning his head to his next destination, Yangju.

‘I’ll buy a locator or resistance equipment if they have any, and if not, I’ll head straight back to Gangnam.’

Time was gradually becoming pressing.

He needed to return to his original jurisdiction before sunset, scatter the Golden Rain, and wait for the Strongest Swords to visit with bundles of money from all directions.

‘And if conditions allow, it would be good to equip the Heart quickly.’

As Yeongwoo rose to his feet, Negwig approached him first and wrapped Yeongwoo’s body with its reins.

Swoosh!

“Huh...?”

Although Yeongwoo was momentarily surprised by the sudden move, he decided to quietly observe what the creature was doing.

He didn't think the means of transportation given by Dogo would harm him.

And indeed.

Phew!

All Negwig did was lift Yeongwoo onto its back.

"Oh dear!"

Still seated, Yeongwoo expressed his gratitude to Negwig while stroking the steel mane of the alien's iron horse.

In the meantime, the two slaves climbed onto Negwig's back following their master.

-Keet!

-Babat!

Moreover, since the golden goblin had indicated the direction northward to Yangju, Yeongwoo immediately took the reins and urged Negwig forward.

* * *

4:16 PM.

Yangju, once a refuge for the Final Line, yielded little income.

Although there was a merchant present, the available trading partner seemed fixed, possibly due to the former Gyeonggi Strongest Sword's prior visit.

Moreover, all the goods sold by the merchant in Yangju were combat weapons.

'Of course, if I had plenty of cash left, I might have bought one or two...'

He needed to save money to purchase a locator whose price he didn't know yet, and even if not, he needed to save for the acquisition tax that would be imposed tomorrow.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Also, if the chairman were to obtain the weapon encyclopaedia, wouldn't there be an acquisition tax for that?

'This crazy world. How did taxes become more threatening than dragons?'

Of course, this was a limited view for Yeongwoo.

Most people were not even paying acquisition tax, just the basic tax as simple taxpayers.

Clatter, clatter!

Anyway, after a rare adventure, Yeongwoo hurriedly turned Negwig's head toward Gangnam, and now he was passing through Seongbuk-gu via Dobong-gu.

There stood Seongbuk Strongest Sword Lee Yoobin with a bright title.

"Oh."

Yeongwoo, who recognized his opponent first, made a surprised sound, prompting Lee Yoobin, who sensed Negwig's approach in time, to turn around.

『Seongbuk's Strongest Sword』

She had a gloomy expression, and her shoulders and back were filled with bags that were obviously full of coins.

She crossed paths with Yeongwoo just as she were about to depart for the so-called 'protection fee.'

"What, were you up there all this time?"

Yoobin looked north, the direction Yeongwoo had come from.

Then she unceremoniously dropped the backpacks hanging all over her body onto the ground.

Thud!

"It was supposed to be on my way to meet you anyway, so it worked out. Take this. It's the promised ten million karma."

"Thank you."

Yeongwoo glanced briefly at the money bags on Negwig while pondering for a moment.

“...There's no need to count, right?”

“Wow, are you really insane.”

For a moment, annoyance surged, and then Yoobin burst into laughter.

“No, how did we end up giving money to such a person?”

“But still, it's better than dying.”

As Yeongwoo pointed to the money bags with his finger, the golden goblin swept the bags into a pocket of the void.

-Kiki!

For some reason, the creature laughed greedily.

At this, Yoobin, with a disgusted expression, looked at the golden slave and then asked Yeongwoo with a tone that something suddenly came to mind.

“Are you going back to Gangnam now?”

“Yes, do you have other business?”

“Not really, but I'd like you to give me a ride.”

“To Gangnam...?”

Of course, he had no intention of refusing a customer who had paid ten million karma, but Yeongwoo was curious about the reason.

“Are you going for something specific in Gangnam?”

“I just want to take a look around.”

“...?”

“People carrying money bags are going to come to find you, I want to see that.”

* * *

The first paying customer, Seongbuk Strongest Sword Lee Yoobin.

Yeongwoo continued south with her on board.

Soon, they reached Dongdaemun, under the jurisdiction of Jang Jeongho, but unfortunately, Jang Jeongho was nowhere to be seen.

"I don't see Jeongho. Did he take a different route?"

As Yeongwoo murmured while looking around, Yoobin in the backseat chuckled and said.

"That guy might not appear normally because he's not an ordinary bastard."

"...Really?"

It wasn't what Yeongwoo expected when the opponent actually showed up like that.

"Yeongwoo knows roughly, right? What kind of person Jang Jeongho is."

"No matter what, would he exchange his life for just ten million?"

"...?"

This time, Yoobin was surprised by Yeongwoo's indifferent remark.

"What did you say? Was it to die if you didn't pay ten million?"

Lee Yoobin spoke as if she hadn't even dreamed of it.

When paying the golden rain in each area, Jeong Yeongwoo gave the mutant equipment he received as payment to the Strongest Swords of each area.

Although he received ten million under the pretext of protection fee, the golden orbs were essentially owned by the regional managers, so he wouldn't take away fixed compensation unless necessary.

So Yoobin was quite grateful for that sentiment, and more than anything, she didn't want to get involved with Jeong Yeongwoo, so she provided the protection fee without any fuss.

But.

'No, did he really intend to kill me if I didn't pay ten million? He's totally crazy, isn't he?'

Of course, this proved that her judgment was correct.

If she hadn't prepared the protection fee in Seongbuk, wouldn't that lunatic have come to her and swung his sword himself?

“...”

As Yoobin was having horrifying thoughts in her mind, Yeongwoo glanced back and said reassuringly.

“Hey, I’m not suddenly going to approach him like some loan shark.”

“T-That’s right?”

“Doesn’t Yoobin know better? How conflicts are resolved at the Strongest Sword meeting.”

“Well....”

Yoobin’s pupils looked up to the sky.

One of the basic rules of the Strongest Sword meeting.

If there is no consensus on a matter, the representatives engage in a duel to follow the winner’s opinion.

“A duel...? So that means officially saying you’ll kill each other.”

“If you don’t pay the money you owe, that’s how it goes.”

“No, but that’s....”

Yoobin’s mutterings about it being worse than loan sharks didn’t come out.

Because Negwig had already passed through Gwangjin-gu and was jumping over the edge of the Cheongdam Bridge.

Thud!

The hole was a trace of yesterday, when Yeongwoo killed Kim Seokshin, a mutant and a Seoul Metropolitan Council member, with an arrow as he returned as a Wyvern.

“We’re already in Gangnam.”

Yeongwoo’s voice sounded excited for some reason.

Yoobin also had some expectations for different reasons, so she leaned her head out next to Yeongwoo’s and looked ahead.

But what she needed to see was approaching from behind.

Thud thud!

The sound of someone running at an incredibly fast speed.

Both Yoobin and Jeong Yeongwoo turned their heads back and saw it immediately.

“Huh?”

“Huh.”

“What, have you two become friends? Anyway, let’s meet in front of the hotel!”

Dongdaemun’s Strongest Sword Jang Jeongho passed by them at a speed close to a full sprint.

Jang Jeongho seemed to be heading to Gangnam just like the two of them.

He was probably coming to deliver the ‘protection fee’ Yeongwoo had ordered.

But the problem was.

Thud thud...

In the meantime, Jang Jeongho, who had run far away, seemed incredibly light.

Not only was he fast, but there was actually nothing hanging on his body.

Ten million karma.

Shouldn’t he be hanging backpacks all over his body like Yoobin did in Seongbuk-gu if he was going to bring it all in coin form?

Yeongwoo instinctively pointed to Jang Jeongho as if he were a bastard.

Shoo.

“Why does that bastard look like he has no money?”

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 197

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 197: Black Rain (3)

Why on earth?

Why didn't Jang Jeongho from Dongdaemun bring the money?

To this question, Lee Yoobin, who lives in the neighborhood right next to him, attributed it to Jang Jeongho's intelligence.

"I told you earlier, didn't I? That he's a stupid guy? I doubted he'd go as far as killing."

"Well, that could be true."

Upon hearing this, Yeongwoo partly agreed but soon changed his mind.

'But no matter what, he wouldn't have chosen to confront me.'

Although Jang Jeongho was somewhat hot-tempered and not particularly kind-hearted, he wasn't reckless enough to pick a fight with a well-known strongman.

Didn't he immediately back off when he realized the difference in strength during their first meeting at the Strongest Swords assembly?

'What then? Did he manage to get a large sum of money?'

If not that, then...

'...A coordinate locator.'

There was also a chance that Jang Jeongho had personally purchased a coordinate locator, one of the items Yeongwoo was wanted for.

Regardless of whether Jang Jeongho displayed such proactive behavior, it was uncertain.

Anyway, what mattered was...

"Oh..."

It was a fact that the Strongest Swords were indeed bringing in ten million Karma.

Because there was a procession of black sedans driving in the same direction as us on the road ahead.

Among the Strongest Swords in Seoul, the only one who would bother to attend with such a big protocol was Kim Doha, Yongsan's Strongest Sword.

"Ha, there's such a method."

Watching the line of vehicles from Yongsan, Lee Yoobin slapped his forehead.

"It seems they brought the money properly, seeing that there are so many cars."

"Yes, it seems so."

Yeongwoo agreed with Yoobin and increased the speed of the Negwig a little.

Vroom!

As they entered the city, they could see more and more residents gathering along the roadside.

"Oh... Strongest Sword!"

"Jeong Yeongwoo...!"

"What's going on today?"

They too noticed that the Strongest Sword from various regions were gathering in Gangnam.

"If only I had brought along some backpacks to sell, I would have made a fortune."

Seeing the crowd on the street, Yoobin waved awkwardly at the people.

And in the midst of that...

"Everyone, please step back! It can be dangerous!"

Employees of Taewon Corporation, holding megaphones, began pushing people aside at the hotel entrance.

Taewon was also caught off guard by the sudden visit of the Strongest Swords.

"Yeongwoo!"

Soon, as the Negwig reached in front of the Parnas Hotel, Lim Suna, who was waiting in front of the lobby, rushed over.

"The Strongest Swords have alr- already..."

As Suna said this, behind her, Songpa Strongest Sword Oh Yeonhee and Gwanak's Strongest Sword Jo Sangik, who had arrived early and were chatting in the lobby, could be seen.

They had also come deliberately to observe the scene, just like Lee Yoobin.

"Since everyone is gathering on their own, it's good."

As Yeongwoo exchanged glances with Sangik in front of the lobby, Yoobin asked.

"What's that supposed to mean? Are there things other than those who came to pay money?"

To this, Yeongwoo pointed his finger towards the sky.

"As I mentioned around lunchtime, if we secure the coordinate locator, we plan to test fire it. So the more spectators, the better."

"...?"

Yoobin couldn't readily understand Yeongwoo's words and tilted her head in confusion.

"You might not understand yet. You'll see later."

Since Yeongwoo had not yet confirmed the power of laser bombardment, he kept his words.

If the power of the bombardment was sufficient, he would start receiving defense fees, and if the performance of the laser cannon was lower than expected, he would have to step back.

'Tomara, was it? It seems to be a place that sells planetary-scale weapons... If the bombardment provided by such a company is used, it would be extraordinary.'

Clack, clack.

As the Negwig reached its destination and started to slow down, all the Strongest Swords gathered in front of the lobby turned to look at Yeongwoo.

"Yeongwoo."

"Oh... You finally came."

Quite a few Strongest Swords had gathered in front of the main gate of the Parnas Hotel.

Among them, there were three who were not obligated to pay protection fees: Oh Yeonhee from Songpa, Jo Sangik from Gwanak, and Yangju Strongest Sword Choi Jongseon.

On the other hand, there were six who had to pay protection fees.

‘And four of them have arrived.’

Dongdaemun, Seongbuk, Yongsan, and finally, Dobong Strongest Sword Kim Jeonggu.

“Hey, are you really that greedy? You called all these people together just to collect money. Isn’t it?”

Jeonggu looked intimidatingly at the strongmen gathered from various parts of Seoul as he walked out.

Then, to support Yeongwoo, who was getting off the Negwig, he reached out his arm.

“Ah, it’s okay.”

“What are you talking about? You can’t even walk properly.”

Seeing Jeong-Yeongwoo’s ankle as he stuck out his tongue, Jeonggu widened his eyes for a moment.

“Huh? This kid.”

Because Yeongwoo’s foot had grown quite a bit in the meantime.

“With this speed, I should be able to walk in an hour or two.”

Anyway, it was a fact that he needed someone’s support right now to avoid looking awkward.

“...?”

So, at the moment when Yeongwoo was about to lean on his father involuntarily...

—Babbat!

The slave, Pofu Tenta, quickly rushed over and stood behind Negwig, supporting his back on the right side.

It seemed as if he was about to lift Yeongwoo up.

“...What?”

Jeonggu looked at the alien slave with a displeased expression.

Meanwhile, Yeongwoo, with a questioning gaze as if to say 'really?', lifted his right thigh and part of his buttocks onto Pofu Tenta's adorable shoulders.

Swish.

At that moment, Pofu's body trembled as if trying to support Yeongwoo.

—Babbat!

He was willing to carry his master who had uncomfortable legs around.

“Are you really okay...?”

Although the conversation didn't happen, Yeongwoo, understanding the intention, transferred the rest of his body that was leaning on Negwig to Pofu.

Swish.

As a result, Yeongwoo ended up resembling a rider, with his thighs resting on Pofu Tenta's shoulders.

Of course, Pofu Tenta's height was only 70 centimeters.

In contrast, Yeongwoo was two meters tall.

Therefore, he had to stretch out both legs to keep his ankles from dragging on the ground, which made Yeongwoo look quite ridiculous.

Moreover...

—Babbat! Babbat...!

Because Pofu Tenta kept chanting 'Babbat' as if putting in effort with each step.

“Uh...”

“Is that right...?”

“It looks so pitiful.”

“Uh, what should we do? Should we leave it like this?”

Both the citizens surrounding them and even the Strongest Sword looked at the diminutive alien frog with pity.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Because, on the surface, it seemed as if Jeong Yeongwoo was abusing Pofu.

“...I’d rather crawl on the ground. Please let me down now.”

When Yeongwoo requested to be let down, Pofu, after looking around with his large eyes, almost at a right angle, turned his head to look at his master.

–Baaat!

“What?”

At the moment when Yeongwoo felt confused by the slightly angry voice, unlike usual.

–Baa...!

Pofu took a deep breath and suddenly inflated his body.

–Baeaatt!

His height, which was only 70 centimeters, increased to a whopping 2 meters.

As a result, Pofu, who had seemed cute and pitiful, instantly transformed into a formidable frog monster exuding an intimidating presence.

“Wow?”

“It’s, it’s a monster!”

“Aaah!”

As a result, there was no one left to glare at Yeongwoo, and the area around the hotel became chaotic.

Most people, except for the Strongest Sword, panicked and fled.

“...Now it’s a bit calmer.”

As Yeongwoo said with a troubled expression, Oh Yeonhee, who had been holding the spear without realizing it, sighed.

“You seem to have nothing but troublesome things.”

This was what Yeongwoo's friends were saying, as well as a reminder about the laser cannon they were secretly assembling.

"This is something I really didn't know about."

While Yeongwoo was making excuses with applause, Pofu Tenta moved his steps towards the inside of the hotel.

Kuwung, thunk!

At that moment, Yongsan's Strongest Sword Kim Doha, who had been hiding in the car and observing the situation, opened the rear door and appeared.

"Yeongwoo, sir! It seems you haven't fully recovered yet. I wish you a speedy recovery."

Then, he instructed the government officials to lower the money bags in front of Yeongwoo.

Clack, clack!

"This is the promised ten million Karma. The New Seoul government remembers what you have done, Yeongwoo!"

Kim Doha seemed to have become a politician by now.

Since he couldn't withstand the strongman, Joseon Strongest Sword without paying money anyway, he had come up with a grand plan to pay protection fees in the name of the New Seoul government.

"Yes. Thank you. I will use this money in a very meaningful way."

As Kim Doha extended both hands, Yeongwoo also shook hands with him.

Anyway, it wasn't usual to hand over ten million, so willingly.

'Then, who on earth is that gentleman...?'

Swish.

Yeongwoo's gaze finally fell on Jang Jeongho from Dongdaemun, who was standing awkwardly in his light attire.

"Mr. Jeongho... Are you also... prepared?"

Then, with a confident smile for some reason, Jang Jeongho walked briskly towards Yeongwoo, who was riding his horse.

“I’m here. When I was in the military, I heard this kind of saying.”

“...?”

“B-grade soldiers do well only after being told what to do, but A-grade soldiers finish the task even before being told.”

“So, are you saying that Mr. Jeongho is an A-grade soldier?”

When Yeongwoo asked this, Jang Jeongho shrugged and pointed to his chest with his right thumb.

“Well... If I have to say so myself.”

Then he took something out of his pocket with his left hand.

Swish.

“I’m S-grade. Not only do I find and complete tasks in advance, but I also have good luck.”

Jang Jeongho proudly revealed what Yeongwoo had been looking for so desperately—the coordinate locator.

「Coordinate Locator」 – Artifact tool

【It shows the coordinates of visible points.】

“Anyway, didn’t you issue a search order because you needed the locator? So, instead of wasting time, I personally bought it for you.”

“I see.”

Yeongwoo nodded as if he understood.

“So, how much did you pay for it? Since it’s an artifact grade, it couldn’t have been very expensive... I’ll subtract five times the price of the locator from the money I promised to give you.”

Yeongwoo had seen the prices of numerous equipment so far.

Therefore, his remark implied that the price of artifact equipment was unlikely to exceed 400,000.

However, Jang Jeongho’s following dialogue...

“Well... That’s because this item has some special functions, so the price...”

Just as Jang Jeongho was about to lie with his eyes half-closed, indicating that he was bluffing, Lee Yoobin, who was standing behind Yeongwoo, gestured as if to slit his own throat with his palm.

It meant that if he said something wrong now, his throat would be slit.

“Th-that’s... So, the price...”

When Jang Jeongho stammered, Yeongwoo pointed to the locator with Bastard, which he had pulled out at some point.

Swish.

“Surely the price was a bit over ten million? So, should I return some of the difference to you...?”

“Ah, sir... That wouldn’t be possible.”

Jang Jeongho barely managed to escape from the underworld.

However, he had done his best until the end.

“Oh... It was Five hundred thousand Karma.”

Even though Bastard was only about 40 centimeters away from his throat, he had increased the price to about 20% of the original cost.

But fortunately, this level of lying was within Yeongwoo’s tolerance.

Jang Jeongho had indeed done a good job.

Moreover, it was a stroke of luck that the locator appeared in his jurisdiction.

“Phew, it’s much cheaper than I thought. It’s a very valuable item to me, at least.”

By now, everyone in the audience must have realized that Yeongwoo had seen through Jang Jeongho’s lie.

So, instead of wielding a whip, Yeongwoo decided to offer a carrot.

There might be a day when he would need the help of the Strongest Swords again.

And since he was planning to receive defense fees in the future, there was no need to spoil the atmosphere by demanding a few million more Karma right now.

“As you said, you’re really lucky.”

“ ... ”

“You could have hidden or not brought me this item... After all, we’re members of the same alliance, right?”

“Ah, yes. Of course. That goes without saying.”

Finally, Jang Jeongho realized where the Bastard was pointing.

But unlike a sharp blade, Yeongwoo’s words flowed softly and gently.

“Thank you so much. In that sense, I won’t take any money from you today, Mr. Jeongho.”

Then, Gwanak Strongest Sword Jo Sangik, who had been quietly watching the whole series of events, secretly opened his mouth.

‘This... This guy, is he trying to get into politics now?’

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 198

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 198: Black Rain (4)

Coordinate Locator.

From Yeongwoo’s perspective, it was almost as if he had bought it for a whopping ten million karma, but the effect of this transaction may have been worth much more than ten million.

Because through this, everyone in the audience knew.

Still, it meant that Jeong Yeongwoo was not stingy to those who helped him.

“T-Thank you.”

Jang Jeongho of Dongdaemun Strongest Sword bowed to Yeongwoo, showing the top of his head.

Then he politely handed over the locator with both hands.

Swoosh.

“This is now yours, Mr. Yeongwoo.”

“Thank you.”

As Yeongwoo reached out to receive the locator, Pofu Tenta carrying him took a step forward.

Kwoong!

“...!”

While Jang Jeongho flinched, thanks to him, Yeongwoo could receive the locator by just slightly bending his upper body.

Thud.

It was cold.

The coordinate locator was a thin square metal like a card.

About the size of a palm, maybe a little smaller.

That’s why Jang Jeongho was able to put it in his pocket.

“But... do you know how to use it?”

Jang Jeongho, who handed over the locator, asked Yeongwoo.

After buying this item from the merchant, he tried various attempts to use it himself but couldn’t make it work at all.

On the other hand.

“Oh, the instructions?”

As Yeongwoo took the locator, he could immediately understand how to operate this metal.

The way to activate this thing was simply.

‘I guess I just need to hold it. Does it only activate when coordinate usage is possible?’

Pah-ah-ah-ah!

Right now, in Yeongwoo’s eyes, the coordinates were already visible along with the aiming point.

[||||I-Earth-482-183-4239-06]

The coordinates were displayed above the aiming point in the center of his vision, and when Yeongwoo turned his eyes to another direction, the coordinates were updated to match the position of the aiming point.

‘I wonder if it’s compatible with Clairvoyance.’

「Clairvoyance」 – Mutant Earrings

【Amplifies vision up to 5 times】

As Yeongwoo turned his head outside the lobby to amplify his vision, the small aiming point turned into thin crosshairs, showing a new set of coordinates.

‘Good heavens.’

Coordinate searching was a function that was compatible even with Clairvoyance, which amplifies vision.

‘With this, it should be possible to bombard quite far.’

And most importantly.

“...”

The fact that coordinates were displayed in his sight itself implied the completion of the laser gun.

No, even if not completed, it would be possible to input coordinates and shoot.

Since the locator, which didn’t work at all in Jang Jeongho’s possession, was activated here immediately.

Swoosh.

As Yeongwoo looked up at the sky, Jeonggu approached quietly and asked in a low voice.

“Why? What’s up this time?”

“It seems like the laser gun has been assembled quite a lot.”

“What? How do you know that?”

In response, Yeongwoo handed the coordinate locator to Jeonggu.

“It only works for me.”

“...?”

Of course, Jeonggu couldn’t see the coordinates either, and Yeongwoo retrieved the locator.

“Whether it’s a laser gun or anything else, it seems like you need equipment that requires coordinates to activate.”

“Then isn’t it trash for the majority? Selling this for money.”

“But for me, it’s an indispensable piece of equipment.”

After saying this, Yeongwoo glanced up and down at Kim Jeonggu, who had nothing to carry, just like Jang Jeongho.

“What about you, father?”

“Huh?”

“Why are you here without collecting funds?”

Swoosh.

Now Yeongwoo moved the Bastard habitually.

He even mounted on Pofu Tenta, making it quite intimidating.

“W-What are you talking about? We’re still in progress.”

Jeonggu said this while looking at Jo Sangik on the other side.

Thanks to the people sent by Seoul National University in Gwanak, the fundraising is still ongoing even at this hour.

“But the fact that it’s ten million, when I think about paying it myself, it’s a huge amount of money. If they keep asking for money in the future, those people won’t just sit still.”

This time, due to the 'Dragon Shock,' everyone donated without much resistance, but it was a story about whether it would continue like that in the future.

They are supposed to be the Strongest Swords in each region, but wouldn't they rather gather money for protection and start a coup?

"We need to be careful. There's no eternal leader in this world."

As Jeonggu cautioned with concern, Yeongwoo's gaze turned towards the Strongest Sword in the audience.

More precisely, he was looking at the coordinates above their heads.

"So, instead of settling, we should keep moving forward. Stronger firepower, stronger bodies."

"...Is it right to use the phrase 'not settling' like that?"

As the two exchanged meaningless words, a man with a backpack full of bags appeared from across the hotel.

It was none other than.

『Mapo's Strongest Sword』

Yang Wootaek.

"Hey there."

Wootaek looked at the Strongest Swords gathered in the hotel lobby and waved to Yeongwoo with a cool smile.

He brought the promised money.

With this, 30 million karma has been collected.

-Kikkit!

Before Yeongwoo could give instructions, golden goblin popped out and swept the backpacks Wootaek brought into pocket dimension pouch.

Thus, Yeongwoo's cash reserve, which had just exceeded one million karma not long ago, skyrocketed with tremendous momentum.

* Available Karma: 31,274,500

‘Now, only Eunpyeong is left.’

If Eunpyeong Strongest Sword brings the money as promised and the fundraising in his father’s constituency, Dobong, is successfully completed, he will secure about 50 million karma by the end of today.

‘Then there shouldn’t be a big problem with acquiring the encyclopaedia.’

Basically, it’s the value of Yeongwoo’s life.

Do they really understand these circumstances?

“ ... ”

Yeongwoo glanced briefly at the Strongest Swords discussing the coordinate locator, then felt a vibration outside his thigh.

“What’s this?”

As he reached into his pocket, he saw the Epic Compass ‘Fearful-Cat’ awake and whimpering.

It meant a threatening presence was approaching nearby.

“ ... ? ”

For Yeongwoo, it was a phenomenon he couldn’t help but find strange.

The dragon that appeared in Seoul today had already been dealt with, and even if there were any unprocessed mutants somewhere, they shouldn’t be strong enough for the cat to react like this.

And it’s not like the compass malfunctioned... Whatever it was, there was a problem.

“Something’s coming.”

“What? What are you talking about?”

Ignoring Jeonggu’s raised eyebrows, Yeongwoo ordered Pofu to move him outside the lobby.

-Bath!

As Pofu, at Yeongwoo’s command, stepped out of the hotel gate with him on his back, the rest of the Strongest Swords followed suit.

“Yeongwoo, what’s going on all of a sudden?”

“What... could it be a test fire?”

Various regional champions walked out of the lobby with puzzled expressions.

Then immediately.

“Gasp.”

“Oh my.”

“What, what’s...?”

They all brought their hands near the scabbard with widened eyes.

This was because they could clearly see it from in front of the hotel.

Quarrrrrr...!

The sight of the sky over Gwangjin-gu on the other side of the Han River turning ominously dark.

Moreover, not only the sky but all the spaces above the ground in Gwangjin-gu were dark.

And the reason was.

Quaaaa!

It was because of the black rain pouring crazily from the cloudy sky.

“The rain... is black?”

Seongbuk’s Strongest Sword, Lee Yoobin made a grim expression.

She had directly witnessed abnormal weather occurring in specific areas when the dragon appeared today.

“Um, Yeongwoo, maybe...”

As Yoobin instinctively tried to ask for the opinion of Joseon Strongest Sword, Jeong Yeongwoo, Yongsan Strongest Sword, Kim Doha, was already standing behind him.

“Were there another dragon...? Mr. Yeongwoo can handle that too, right?”

Kim Doha, trying to hide under the shadow of Joseon Strongest Sword with confidence.

Yeongwoo smiled more kindly than ever at Doha's behavior.

"Of course. According to your expression, what I received today is protection money, isn't it? If I receive money, I should deliver its value."

As Yeongwoo said this, Jang Jeongho widened his eyes and pointed towards the direction of Gwangjin-gu.

"No? Isn't that feeling of something approaching?"

As he said, the clouds and black rain covering the sky of Gwangjin-gu were gradually expanding their area.

'Whatever it is, it seems to be coming this way.'

Swoosh.

As Yeongwoo signaled for Negwig to approach, Jeonggu, who had drawn his sword, asked with a tense voice.

"Wha... what's going on?"

"Somehow, it doesn't seem to be a dragon... Anyway, we should see what's coming."

If the opponent had been a dragon, they would have found someone who received the mark of an adversary like Lim Kwangho.

But this guy who appeared this time showed up on this land without any warning.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Click.

Soon, as Yeongwoo mounted Negwig again, Songpa's Strongest Sword Oh Yeonhee approached with her Scimitar drawn.

"Let's go together. Mr. Yeongwoo, you're not the only Strongest Sword."

"Yes. It's better if there are many people to fight together."

Yeongwoo didn't oppose the participation of others.

If the laser cannon wasn't fully completed yet, they needed to supplement the firepower even if it meant they were short in numbers.

'I don't even know if there's a generator up there. First, let's request artillery fire, and if there's no response, I'll have to blow the whistle.'

After Yeongwoo made his own plan, he directed Negwig towards the direction of Gwangjin-gu.

Taat!

Then, Oh Yeonhee followed closely behind, and the rest of the Strongest Swords followed one after another in order of bravery.

Of course, the last one was Yongsan's Strongest Sword Kim Doha.

Tatat!

Nine Strongest Swords, including Yeongwoo, went out.

However, most of them were moving together with the belief that Joseon's Strongest Sword Jeong Yeongwoo would somehow resolve it.

"Does Seoul usually get crowded like this?"

Yangju's Strongest Sword Choi Jongseon asked Lee Yoobin, who was running right next to him.

To which, Yoobin chuckled and replied.

"After that person appeared, things like this often happen."

The person she mentioned, of course, meant Yeongwoo.

And right at that moment.

Quaaa!

Yeongwoo, who was leading from the front, stopped Negwig.

Finally, because they could see the Cheongdam Bridge connecting Gangnam and Gwangjin, the problem was.

Quaaaaa.....!

About seventy percent of the Cheongdam Bridge was already engulfed by the black rain.

‘No matter how you look at it, it’s abnormal weather. Can I take these people inside?’

Since Yeongwoo wasn’t immune to all abnormal weather, he couldn’t move recklessly.

So, what he thought was.

‘Since I had to make it rain golden rain in Gangnam anyway, if it comes this far, I’ll use the orb.’

The hidden effect of the golden rain, which is to release abnormal weather.

“I should prepare to sprinkle some rain.”

As Yeongwoo said this, the golden goblin rummaged through its pouch and took out a golden orb.

-Kik!

And at that moment.

Kurrrrng.....!

The sound of thunder from the pitch-black clouds seemed to be coming from directly above them.

Taat, tatat!

Then, irregular footsteps began to be heard from inside the darkness-shrouded Cheongdam Bridge.

“Huh.....?”

“Huh.”

Naturally, all eyes in the audience turned to the Cheongdam Bridge.

While most thought it was the footsteps of a mutant, Yeongwoo’s opinion differed.

-Gyaaaong.

The Fearful-cat, still with its eyes wide open, was looking beyond the dark clouds above the Cheongdam Bridge.

And above all.

Taat... Tatat!

The rhythm of the problem footsteps was familiar for some reason.

“It... It seems to be a person?”

As Yeongwoo, who realized something, alone guided Negwig towards the direction of the bridge, Jeonggu’s voice was heard from behind.

“Be, be careful! Yeongwoo...!”

And almost at the same moment.

...Taat!

Now, from within the black rain that had swallowed nearly ninety percent of the Cheongdam Bridge, a person of a small build staggered out.

Tatat.

The person in question was none other than.

“Oh... oh...!”

It was Kim Hyeonggyu, the Eunpyeong Strongest Sword, who looked almost like he was about to cry with joy when he saw Jeong Yeongwoo.

He was a rookie who joined the Seoul Alliance after the Strongest Sword gathering in Paju.

“Yeongwoo!”

Hyeonggyu came towards Yeongwoo with his arms outstretched, looking almost like he was melting into the mud.

Upon seeing the broken sword in his right hand, Yeongwoo asked.

“What happened to this?”

And as Hyeonggyu passed by Negwig tremblingly, as if he needed to escape from something.

“Sorry...”

“...What?”

“It’s so strong... All my money was taken away.”

“What, what happened? Did someone rob you? My ten million?”

At the dreadful news, Yeongwoo perked up his ears, and just then, the rain that had completely engulfed the Cheongdam Bridge began to pour over Yeongwoo and Negwig.

Quaaaaa.....!

At that moment, a feeling of exhaustion swept over him, and his stomach turned queasy.

“What’s this? It seems like there’s a debuff attached to the rainwater.”

And then.

Thud!

“...?”

Boom!

A heavy footstep echoed from inside the dark Cheongdam Bridge.

This was unmistakably a sound of something inhuman.

Upon this, Yeongwoo slowly withdrew the sidearm from his hip and gradually retreated Negwig backwards.

He didn’t want to fight on top of the Cheongdam Bridge, for fear of collapsing it.

‘It looks like the fight is going to happen in Gangnam this time.’

Fortunately in the midst of misfortune, this area was a park, so as long as the battle didn’t drag on too long, nearby residences wouldn’t be destroyed.

Thud!

Soon, the footsteps sounded much closer than before.

And then suddenly.

Bang!

With a weighty metallic sound, a massive iron club was slammed into the end point of the Cheongdam Bridge.

“What...?”

Seeing the size of the club, Yeongwoo sensed that the opponent’s stature must be enormous.

And indeed.

Kwoong!

The owners of the iron club that appeared next revealed gigantic figures.

-Kruuk.

In front of Yeongwoo were two Yakshas, each standing at a towering height of 5 meters.

“Huh? Yakshas?”

Yeongwoo’s eyes widened as he confirmed the monsters’ appearance.

As far as he remembered, North Korea’s dictator Kim Jong-un was supposed to return as the Golden Yaksha.

So naturally, the mutants he brought along should be.

‘...Yakshas.’

Just as Yeongwoo reached this conclusion, the object held in the left hand of the second Yaksha caught his attention.

“Hey, isn’t that my money pouch?”

Pointing with his hand while pushing aside the rain, Yeongwoo accused the problem object, causing the Yaksha to glare at him with malicious intent.

-Kruuk.

“Not this, this one, you bastard.”

Bang!

Yeongwoo threatened with the Bastard menacingly as he activated the golden orb held aloft by the golden goblin with the other hand.

Although his heart was racing with the prospect of losing tens of millions of karma right before his eyes, he couldn't afford to lose the fight.

Shuaaaaat!

The orb soon made contact with Yeongwoo and exploded into a golden trajectory, pushing back the black rain from the sky.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 199

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 199: Mr. Kim (1)

“Ah....”

Thanks to Jeong Yeongwoo, they had already seen this scene several times, but the members of Strongest Swords could not help but have a mesmerized expression as always.

Whoa...!

As golden waves began to spread in the midst of dark clouds, the area around Cheongdam Bridge, which had been dark, began to brighten again.

It was as if morning was coming.

“...It's amazing.”

Just as Jeonggu opened his mouth in awe, the black rain that had been approaching Strongest Sword's feet beyond Cheongdam Bridge disappeared without a trace.

Pop!

And then.

Shooo...!

Golden figures falling from the sky filled the space.

It was the beginning of golden rain falling across Gangnam District.

《Strongest Sword's 'Jeong Yeongwoo 07' has given up exclusive control of 3 million karma and gifted 30,000 karma to all Gangnam residents.》

Soon after, as usual, Yeongwoo's golden rain distribution notification appeared.

《30,000 karma will soon be distributed in commemorative coin form. Get ready.》

Even instructions on how to receive the money appeared.

"Huh...."

"...?"

"What's this?"

The members of Strongest Sword on the left were still staring at a spot in the air, unable to look away.

The reason being.

Goooo...!

Another presence hidden in the darkness above Cheongdam Bridge was revealed.

It was a metal furnace floating above the bridge, the size of a typical detached house.

"W-What is that?"

"I've never seen anything like that before."

"Is it a mutant... or something?"

As Strongest Swords blinked in surprise, the 'furnace' that had been showered in golden rain along with everyone else spoke for the first time.

—Where... is this place?

Unlike the sinister aura that brought the black rain, the 'furnace' seemed equally impressed by the golden rain as the Strongest Swords.

Especially against the backdrop of the sky in Gangnam, where high-rise buildings were well preserved and bathed in golden light, how astonishing must it have appeared to the furnace, or rather, to Kim Jong-un's eyes.

Pop, pop!

Following that, in front of everyone, coins suddenly appeared in threes.

Strongest Swords reached out belatedly for the commemorative coins, and the furnace spoke again.

—Distribution...?

Seeing that he didn't continue, it seemed he secretly hoped for coins to fall to him as well.

"You won't get any money from me, you bastard."

Yeongwoo immediately provoked him, cutting off his expectations.

Clack!

He aimed his bow at the furnace in the sky.

Of course, this was the Cheongdam Bridge, which should be preserved as much as possible.

However, since the furnace showed no signs of movement, Yeongwoo judged that he needed to provoke the guy first.

And above all.

'He's a fifth-day mutant. And a top figure in North Korea at that. So he won't crash immediately from this.'

Having already clashed with high-risk mutants in Seoul once, he didn't think the attack would cause the bridge to collapse.

And indeed.

Phew!

As soon as an arrow of mercy flew out from the forefront of the white saturation.

Whoa!

A huge explosion occurred right in front of Yeongwoo.

Boom!

Surprisingly, one of the two yakshas who had been confronting him blocked the arrow with his body.

-Thwack!

Startled by the sudden explosion, Negwig quickly withdrew his leg.

It was to protect Yeongwoo, whom he was carrying.

But Yeongwoo was busy watching the yakshas who were walking out amidst the purple smoke.

‘They reacted in that brief moment? How...?’

He had imagined the arrow would hit the furnace and bounce off, never imagining it would be blocked by just some small fries.

These yakshas probably won’t use local swordsmanship or unique martial arts.

Therefore, their immediate reaction was unexpected, meaning they had only responded with their basic abilities.

“Huh?”

“They’re coming over!”

As the yakshas finally stepped out of Cheongdam Bridge and onto the park grounds, the Strongest Swords, who had been in spectator mode until then, all drew their weapons at once.

Shoo!

Jeong Yeongwoo would have to fight against a formidable opponent.

With this kind of mutant, turning Seoul into ruins was just a matter of time.

However, Yeongwoo actually rushed to restrain them.

“Everyone, step back...! These are not opponents you can handle!”

What does it mean that these guys have come down to Gwangjin-gu?

‘As expected, it seems like Pyongyang’s Strongest Sword couldn’t defeat Kim Jong-un. No, it’s probably more accurate to say they couldn’t even break his subordinates.’

These monsters even sensed and blocked covert arrows.

So, the Strongest Swords of Seoul, who had built up their martial arts in a logical manner, couldn't possibly deal with them.

“Spear...!”

As Yeongwoo raised his voice and increased Negwig's speed, the golden goblin running alongside him pulled out a long spear from a spatial pocket.

-Kit!

「Armor Cutter」 – Mutant Spear

【50% reduction in physical damage resistance ignored.】

He chose this because he had seen the yaksha not even flinch when hit by an arrow.

While the purple explosion was a special attribute, the arrow's attack itself was physical damage.

Thud!

Finally holding the steel armor cutter in his hand, Yeongwoo charged forward, holding the spear horizontally like a lance.

Swoosh, swoosh!

As the yaksha sensed the threat and aimed at him, they gripped the iron clubs they had laid on the ground with both hands.

Thump.

And simultaneously.

「Sensory values temporarily increased from the previous 3,300 to 5,426.」

「Sensory values temporarily increased from the previous 5,426 to 7,570.」

Yeongwoo's sensory values skyrocketed rapidly.

Each of the yakshas basic sensory values exceeded 4,000.

“This is insane.”

Since he had already anticipated this, Yeongwoo gripped the spear even tighter.

Swoosh, swoosh!

And then.

-Kruk.

-Kraa...!

The Yakshas swung their clubs furiously, and Yeongwoo, along with Negwig, flew into their trajectory like bullets.

“Ah...!”

“Oh my god.”

It was like a clash of spears.

The Strongest Swords, who had belatedly rushed towards the Yakshas, stopped in their tracks as they witnessed the giant clubs swinging down.

When those guys moved their heavy arms, an extraordinary blast of air emanated from the monstrous clubs.

“What the...?”

“...Ugh.”

It was a moment that allowed one to understand why Yongsan's Strongest Sword Kim Doha had surrendered to Jeong Hyunsik in just one exchange.

[PR/N: Am I the only one confused? Why is this mentioned here?]

Unable to advance any further when that absurd blast of air reached their skin, they just couldn't muster the courage to go on.

And in the midst of that.

-Baaah!

With the war horn of the Pofu Tenta, Yeongwoo clashed with the Yakshas.

However, the reality was far from what everyone had expected.

Squeak!

The 'Steel Armor Cutter' he had thrust forward into the fray didn't pierce through the club swung by the first Yaksha and bounced off into the sky.

Meanwhile, the second Yaksha kicked Negwig's chest, knocking him off balance.

Pwoooock!

-Thwack!

Negwig, experiencing his first attack since coming to Earth, let out a startled cry as he crashed to the ground, and Yeongwoo, riding on top of him, also fell to the ground.

And then the second Yaksha, as if waiting, raised his club to smash Negwig's head to pieces.

Boooom!

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

A terrifying sound that tore through the air.

“...!”

As the ominous trajectory descended vertically above Negwig's head, a golden trajectory flew in and barely blocked the club.

Krrraaaaang!

-Weeeeeng!

The automatic combat greatsword with Prisoner's Martial Arts entered, as it knew very well how important a resource Negwig was.

—The supposed elite of the Strongest Swords couldn't even stand properly...! All they have are just tricks, aren't they?

Thinking he had finally grasped the situation, the voice inside the furnace chuckled softly without any response from Yeongwoo, who was now crawling out from under Negwig.

Seeing this unexpected sight, Jeonggu, who had not run to the furnace until now, yelled at the furnace.

“Hey, you! What's the point of hiding in there and babbling? If you're so confident, come down right now! I, Dobong's Strongest Sword Kim Jeonggu, will take you on!”

Then Jeonggu reached out to the golden goblin and gave a clumsy order.

“Wea-weapons...!”

Whatever it was, it was an order to present a usable weapon from the pouch... No, it was actually a request.

-Kit.

However, the golden goblin clearly refused by retracting its muzzle.

“That guy?”

From the goblin’s perspective, Kim Jeonggu wasn’t its master, and...

– Ki...!

At least, Yeongwoo didn’t seem to be in a disadvantageous position in its eyes.

“Huh?”

As everyone watched the golden goblin and Jeonggu, Oh Yeonhee, who had been keeping an eye on Yeongwoo, suddenly widened her eyes.

Yeongwoo, who had crawled out from under Negwig, was deftly swinging a spear towards the first Yaksha.

“Haah!”

And that, too, while firmly planted on both feet.

– Grk...!

Surprised by this sudden attack, the first Yaksha attempted to block the assault with his club, but:

【Contempt for the weak】

[This weapon’s attack can only be blocked by equipment surpassing myth-grade.

The blade of Bastard easily sliced through the piece of metal the Yaksha was holding, as if cutting tofu, and into the Yaksha’s abdomen.

Pwoooook!

Even the thick-looking skin of the Yaksha seemed to soften greatly in front of Bastard, and soon, brownish organs spilled out, dirtying the ground.

Shwaaat!

An absurdly asymmetrical display of power.

– Ugh, ugh...!

With one slash from Yeongwoo, the abdomen split open, and the first Yaksha desperately tried to shield his belly with his hands.

His grotesque head naturally drooped, and before the second Yaksha could intervene, the first one's head rolled off.

Sscheaaaat!

It was Bastard that struck again.

Peeoook!

Showing how heavy a head could be, the Yaksha's head didn't even rotate once as it hit the ground.

And to the surprise of the second Yaksha:

– Ugh...

With his thick lips pursed, he opted to retreat.

Ku-kung!

He began to dart towards the side street, avoiding Yeongwoo who stood in his way, realizing that there was no fighting against an unstoppable attack.

Kung, kung!

Of course, the most unsettled by the scene of the fleeing Yaksha was undoubtedly the furnace in the sky.

—Halt! For those who flee the battlefield, death awaits...!

Ssss...

As the enraged 'furnace' made a growl and moved forward, its position finally moved beyond the Cheongdam Bridge.

Now they could shoot arrows at the furnace or bombard it with lasers to their heart's content.

‘Of course, the latter is a story for when the cannon is completed.’

Kung, kukuung!

Amidst all this, the second Yaksha was still running towards the city center, and seeing this, Yeongwoo muttered to himself, unheard by others:

“Sir... General, can you hear me? Did you get the generator?”

But naturally, there was no reply.

Even if he had bought a generator and was watching this moment on television, there was no way to send a message.

The only means of communication, if any, was...

“Um.”

Yeongwoo silently activated the ‘Clairvoyance’ and saw the fleeing second Yaksha’s buttocks, already quite far away, with a 5x magnification.

Then, roughly 5 seconds later, he looked at the anticipated point where the guy would be located.

Yeongwoo, who had practiced mounted archery before, found it not difficult to anticipate the movement of the target running at a certain speed.

Didn’t he shoot Wyverns flying around with arrows before?

[||||I-Earth-482-182-4051-72]

This was the coordinate of the anticipated point where the guy would arrive.

Yeongwoo looked at the number and pronounced it aloud.

“Earth, 482, 182, 4051, 72. Can you confirm?”

He cautiously relayed the coordinates in a small voice.

But the laser cannon didn’t fire, and Yeongwoo shouted loudly.

“Earth! 482! 182! 4051! 72!”

However, even after 3 seconds, 4 seconds, and eventually 5 seconds passed, the laser cannon still didn’t fire.

‘Could it be that they haven’t bought the generator yet? Or maybe the laser cannon is not fully completed?’

Both scenarios were possible.

So, Yeongwoo hurriedly picked up the whistle.

Anyway, he could catch that guy if he chased him now, but it would be a different story if Kim Jong-un was inside that furnace.

And already, he was emitting something... strange.

So, eventually...

Swish.

The moment Yeongwoo raised the whistle near his mouth.

Phew-yeet!

A very alien sound came from beyond the sky.

“Huh?”

Yeongwoo looked up, wondering if he misheard.

Pwaaah!

An incredibly thick laser beam shot through the clouds.

“Damn it!”

“No...!”

“Ah!”

The Strongest Swords in the audience instinctively recoiled in surprise, and Oh Yeonhee saw even the furnace in the sky momentarily stagger.

And at that moment, Yeongwoo witnessed it.

Kwaaaaah!

Just the slight grazing of the laser beam’s periphery was enough to annihilate the second Yaksha who had already left the arrival point.

“...!”

Due to his friends firing a laser with an output too high, not only the requested bombardment point but also its surroundings were completely devastated.

Upon this, Yeongwoo...

Swoosh.

He turned around and looked at the spot between the furnace and the Strongest Sword.

Then he shouted loudly.

“Earth! 482! 182! 3265! 08!”

Upon hearing this, all the Strongest Sword in the audience began to flee.

[TL/N: 😊 bro]

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 200

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 200: Mr. Kim (2)

“482, 182.....”

Tap, tap.

General Kim Younghyeom, who was tapping the keypad, suddenly stopped.

Then he turned around and shouted.

“What, what was next? 3 what?”

At that moment, CEO Kim Taejoon, who was watching the television on the other side, stretched out his arms and expressed the numbers.

“Three-two-six-five-zero-eight!”

It was a completion signal he had learned during his youth as an 81mm mortar soldier.

Despite the considerable time that had passed, he thought he wouldn't remember, but it was such an intuitive movement that he could somewhat reproduce it.

3265, 08.

These numbers were coordinates relayed by Jeong Yeongwoo on television for the second shelling.

And judging by Yeongwoo's gaze now, the target this time was...

"General, this time it's falling onto the airship that Kim Jong-un is aboard."

"Mm... Is that true?"

General Kim Younghyeom, a colonel in the army.

Former director of the Army Headquarters Policy Office.

He belonged to the hardline faction to the extent that he openly stated in a national defense speech, 'If North Korea fires one missile, we should fire two.'

But now he had actually come to the point of firing missiles...

No, firing laser cannons at Kim Jong-un.

However.

"Three-two-six... Five, zero... Eight."

The only flaw in his role as a warrior against the North was that he tapped the keypad slowly like an eagle.

The reason the first shelling was delayed by two beats was also because of this.

Of course, in return.

"Coordinates input complete. Fire!"

His demeanor did not allow imitations.

Perhaps it was because he had fallen for Jeong Yeongwoo's trick that he was now trapped here wearing white pajamas instead of a military uniform, where he could have a showdown with Kim Jong-un.

But now that the brat had actually kept his promise, there was no more complaint.

-Weeiiiiing.

Eventually, the laser cannon with the input coordinates tilted its long barrel about 3 degrees to the right.

And then.

Kugugugugugu...!

It gathered enough energy to shake the entire room of the returnee.

Pfuwaaaaaaaaaack!

It fired high-concentration energy into the empty space.

And at this moment, General Kim Younghyeom...

Tap!

He was making a dignified salute toward the end of the barrel.

He was sending his regards to those who were directly fighting Kim Jong-un, including Yeongwoo.

Then, Kim Taejoon, who was watching the television intently, reported the situation urgently with a desperate voice.

“It’s falling now!”

At this, not only General Kim Younghyeom but also Yeongtae, who was accumulating energy by stepping on the “pedal” on the other side, rushed to the television.

The reason these three couldn’t input the coordinates while watching the television simultaneously was purely due to the physical distance problem.

In order to operate the television constantly, it had to be connected to the generator installed automatically in the middle of the returnee’s room, which inevitably created a distance from the laser cannon’s coordinate input device.

Perhaps this was why there was a separate large television on the menu board.

Moreover, the laser cannon was structured to rotate the pedal connected to the energy charging module to prepare for the next shot.

So Yeongtae, the youngest, operated the pedal, and General Kim, in the position of commander, took charge of inputting the coordinates.

“Wow.”

“Oh, it’s coming...!”

Gradually, the battlefield on the television turned white, and the laser beam covering the furnace was visible.

“Whoa... Isn’t the firepower too strong? If it’s that powerful, wouldn’t even Yeongwoo be overwhelmed?”

Since the laser cannon was not fully assembled yet and some modules were missing, it seemed that one of them was an output control module.

Although there was an output control lever on the input side, it didn’t actually work even though all the power was in.

“Is that brat gonna die just because he’s hit by a laser? It’ll be fine.”

General Kim, who didn’t know how powerful a weapon he was firing, said so.

Then finally.

Swoooosh!

As the laser bombardment that covered the screen in white ended, the situation at the entrance to Cheongdam Park began to reveal.

Swooooosh...

Due to the high-energy, the entire park area was now reduced to ashes, with not a single blade of grass left.

And the problem furnace that Yeongwoo and his friends had targeted was no longer floating in the air.

Instead.

“Ah.”

“Huh?”

“...What’s that?”

Even on the low-resolution black-and-white screen, a huge presence sitting on the ground with a relaxed pose seemed concerning.

“That’s Kim Jong-un’s main body. No wonder he didn’t die even after taking that hit.”

General Kim Younghyeom pointed at Kim Jong-un on the television with his finger.

Then, CEO Kim Taejoon, who had been staring at the screen, furrowed his brow and examined Kim Jong-un’s head more closely.

“Why? What’s wrong?”

“General, take a closer look. Doesn’t this face look familiar to you?”

“What...?”

General Kim Younghyeom finally realized that Kim Jong-un had three heads.

He looked at the left head pointed out by Taejoon and his mouth fell open.

“Kim Jong-il...!”

Though his eyes were closed as if he were sleeping, he was certain.

That was Kim Jong-il’s face.

Then, Yeongtae tilted his head and flicked the right head with his finger.

“And who’s this?”

Kim Jong-il, and Kim Jong-un.

But on the right side, there was another head asleep.

Of course, Younghyeom and Taejoon instantly recognized whose face it was.

“Kim Il-sung... That’s Kim Il-sung.”

“...Could it really be Kim Il-sung?”

“The first of the North. It seems the three of them were dragged out of hell together.”

General Kim Younghyeom said this with gritted teeth.

But at the same time, his face was filled with undeniable delight.

“How many rounds of ammunition are left?”

“We’ve used them all. We need to step on the pedal again to recharge the energy.”

As Yeongtae said this, General Kim Younghyeom suddenly rushed towards the pedal without hesitation.

“General?”

“What are you doing? Quickly, turn the pedal! Yeongwoo will call us soon! Hurry!”

* * *

Geumgang Yaksha.

One of the five great kings of Buddhism, a guardian deity of the North with three faces, six arms, and weapons.

Of course, it was ironic that this being, said to exterminate demons, was given to Kim Jong-un’s mutant body, which could be considered a demon itself...

‘Having three heads does seem fitting in a way.’

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Standing tall with both feet planted firmly, Yeongwoo looked at the Geumgang Yaksha sitting far away.

[Dictator – Kim Jong-un]

As expected, Kim Jong-un, transformed into Geumgang Yaksha, appeared within the shattered furnace due to the laser bombardment.

He had the three heads and six arms as widely known, each arm holding the weapons unique to Geumgang Yaksha.

The thunderbolt-wielding god, Vajra.

The dharma staff producing the sound of a bell, Ghanta.

The wheel of dharma symbolizing Buddhist teachings, Dharma Wheel.

And the other three hands held a bow and arrow and a sword to vanquish demons.

Even the weapons of the materialized Geumgang Yaksha were “original.”

‘Then each one probably has different functions. It won’t be an easy opponent, considering the combat power of the two Geumgang Yakshas he brought with him.’

Especially since he brought his father and grandfather.

Wouldn’t that make him three times as powerful as usual?

Yeongwoo alternated his gaze between the remaining two heads that Kim Jong-un was wearing, unable to believe even after seeing them directly.

Although the skin was close to blue and elongated incisors were visible, the shape of the face was clearly that of North Korea’s former dictators, Kim Il-sung and Kim Jong-il.

For some reason, all three generations of the Kim family were embodied in one body.

‘Why is that? Is it related to Karma?’

Everything that happened in this universe was recorded in detail as “ledger,” and based on this, the cosmic value and status of all beings were determined.

So it was inevitable that the appearance of the three dictators in this place was somehow related to the records engraved in the ledger.

Swish.

As Yeongwoo checked the coordinates to request the third bombardment, Kim Jong-un, who had been closing his eyes, lifted his eyelids.

「You...!」

Although he had been pretending to be calm, he was also afraid of the laser beam.

Mocking his opponent openly, Yeongwoo shouted the coordinates.

“Earth! 482! 182! 3264! 11!”

Then, Kim Jong-un, much to Yeongwoo’s surprise, looked up at the sky in panic.

His legs, which had been crossed to turn the body, were already touching the ground as he was about to run away.

「Eeek...!」

Contrary to Yeongwoo’s expectations, Kim Jong-un leaves looking very cowardly.

“...?”

Yeongwoo realized after staring at him blankly for a moment that despite the time that had passed, the laser cannon had not fired.

‘Oh, could it be that the number of bombardments is predetermined?’

Thud, thud, thud!

Meanwhile, Kim Jong-un, towering at 7 meters tall, had already fled far away, slicing through the airspace of Gangnam-gu.

‘That bastard?’

Yeongwoo immediately saw through the fact that he was intentionally running towards the city center to avoid the laser bombardment.

Knowing well that he wouldn’t be subjected to the absurd bombardment he saw earlier if he caught residents.

But.

Thunk, thunk, thud!

Just when it seemed like Kim Jong-un was escaping successfully, he suddenly stumbled and fell forward before completely leaving the park premises.

“Whoa, what’s wrong with that idiot?”

With Bastard drawn, Yeongwoo quickly ran towards him.

At this moment, it seemed like he could grab his chin even without a bombardment.

Tap, tap!

Yeongwoo quickly closed the distance between him and Kim Jong-un to within 10 meters, allowing him to notice that the front face of the fallen Geumgang Yaksha was someone other than Kim Jong-un.

That person was none other than...

「Is that... Jong-un?」

Finally, the awakened former dictator, Kim Jong-il, appeared.

With consciousness returning to his head, control over the body was taken away from his son.

Of course, there seemed to be no intention at the moment.

Because...

Swoosh.

In an instant, Kim Jong-il's head turned back to the left, reclaiming the front, instead of Kim Jong-un.

「Yes, Father. I'm back!」

And with that, the figure lying on the ground started fleeing again.

Thunk, thunk!

「What's going on now? Jong-un, where are we?」

This time, Kim Jong-il's voice came from the side without taking over the front, observing the situation while watching what his son was doing.

「Here, in South Korea.」

「What... South Korea?」

Only then did Kim Jong-il open his eyes wide and look around.

And then he saw the Joseon's Strongest Sword, who was chasing them from behind.

The golden glint in his eyes, the sharp sword already drawn from its sheath.

Even Kim Jong-il, who was still unfamiliar with this world, could see that he was an enemy.

「Why... why are you running away? Fight! The enemy is right in front of you...!」

As Kim Jong-il, watching Yeongwoo from the side, felt something, his lips trembled.

And then...

Crack!

The Geumgang Yaksha, which was desperately fleeing, convulsed once again.

「Gah...!」

This time, both Dictators groaned, and Yeongwoo looked closely.

‘No way.’

Both Kim Jong-un and Kim Jong-il, their heads were pushed to the side.

And that meant...

「Oh...」

It meant that the third head, Kim Il-sung, had awakened.

Crash!

As soon as Kim Il-sung gained control of the body, he stopped the body that was about to crash into the ground, just like earlier.

And then...

Thud, thud, thud.

Raising the majestic figure upright, he adjusted the weapons held in his six hands one by one.

Then, the two Dictators, who had not dared to return from the side to the front, cautiously opened their mouths.

「...Father! This... foolish son is finally paying his respects...」

「Ha... grandfather?」

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]