

Level 4 Human in a Ruined World

#Chapter 201 - Read Level 4 Human in a Ruined World Chapter 201

Chapter 201

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 201: Three Generations (1)

“What is all this?”

Kim Il-sung, the first dictator of North Korea.

As he alternated between examining his own body and six weapons, Yeongwoo, who approached from behind his opponent, swung his sword with all his might.

Ssshaaaat!

It was because he instinctively felt that Kim Il-sung was a completely different entity from the previous two dictators.

It was not only because he immediately regained control of his body upon consciousness, or because he recognized the weapon in his hand.

The moment Yeongwoo felt ominous was none other than...

[Archery, Call of God has been activated.]

The epic-grade archery “Call of God” was activated simultaneously with Kim Il-sung’s appearance.

‘...So archery hadn’t been applied until now?’

Of course, that wasn’t an immediate problem.

「Call of God」 – Epic Archery

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

An epic archery that allows arrows to reach the gods.

What does it mean that this archery, which had been dormant against Kim Jong-un and Kim Jong-il, began to work only after Kim Il-sung appeared?

‘This guy was the real deal...!’

The dictator of North Korea.

The greatest adversary of North Korea.

It was none other than Kim Il-sung, the first dictator of the North, who could be called the epitome of hereditary dictatorship.

‘But this bastard’s bloodline ends here!’

As Yeongwoo thought that, blade of the Bastard was already heading towards Kim Il-sung’s neck, he felt he had overcome a major crisis.

It meant he could strike his neck before Kim Il-sung adapted to this world.

「Ah, Father!」

Of course, as Kim Jong-il, who had to look back due to Kim Il-sung’s presence in the forefront, watched the scene where Yeongwoo’s sword was about to strike, he realized.

‘But it’s too late...!’

Yeongwoo, who anticipated victory, swung the blade to the end.

Sshhhaat!

And at the same moment.

「.....!」

Kim Il-sung wriggled his eyebrows.

「Sensory values have temporarily increased from the original 3,300 to 6,824.」

‘What...?’

Sensory values increased by 3,525 due to the Golden Flash.

This meant that the opponent’s basic senses exceeded 7,000.

‘Unbelievable.’

And at the same time as this unbelievable notification.

Ka-ahng!

“.....!”

It was something Yeongwoo thought was impossible.

「I don't know what it is, but it seems we've become a joke.」

Kim Il-sung struck Yeongwoo with the golden club.

【Contempt for the weak】

|This weapon's attacks can only be blocked by equipment beyond mythological grade.

This meant that either the golden club or the body of the Yaksha itself was equivalent to a mythological grade.

And unsurprisingly.

Ping!

[Achievement Unlocked: Black Legend]

|Achievement Grade: Epic

|Achievement Rank: #2

「Face the legendary evil.」

Achievements are automatically achieved according to conditions, and all stats have increased by 100 due to the epic ring Idealist.

Of course, Yeongwoo, who was greatly shocked, didn't pay attention to the increase in stats notification.

'Blocking... blocking the Bastard? Then originally, wasn't it a certain destruction when he appeared here?'

Estimated average stat value, minimum 7,000.

Plus the existential status that can physically block mythical weapons.

Yeongwoo finally felt the “destruction”.

No, this monster was indeed the embodiment of destruction.

Because generally, no one could possess the power to confront it.

‘...Why? Why can such an existence appear? Then what was the point of people struggling to become stronger all this time?’

While Yeongwoo showed signs of distress at his first encounter with his opponent, the golden club that was in contact with his blade began to glow yellow.

“.....!”

At the same time, a hologram appeared in Yeongwoo’s field of vision as if space was being split apart.

“Insane!”

Yeongwoo hurriedly moved his body.

Then, by a hair’s breadth, a huge lightning bolt struck the spot where he had been.

Kwajik!

‘You’re really wielding lightning...?’

Golden club, a divine tool that controls lightning.

As soon as Yeongwoo saw the lightning strike, he immediately rushed towards his opponent again.

Taat!

「Father! He’s coming again!」

Kim Jong-il screamed in terror, while on the opposite side, Kim Jong-un had seen something of his own and shouted a scream-like line.

「T-The sword is coming again...!」

What Kim Jong-un saw was the automated combat greatsword ‘Golden Trail’, which had made a large turn and was attempting a surprise attack from the right side.

-Weeiiiing!

「Aaaah! He’s coming! Help...!」

Grandson Kim Jong-un.

And son Kim Jong-il.

Although it had been a long time, or rather, even beyond death, when the two bloodlines met again, Kim Il-sung couldn't help feeling annoyed.

With the two guys sticking close to each other's heads and screaming like cowards, how could it look pretty?

「Shut up, you brats!」

With a pathetic expression, Kim Il-sung, holding a longsword in one hand, blocked Yeongwoo's Bastard with that hand, and with the other hand holding a bow, he blocked the Golden Trail.

Taaaang!

Or rather, he only partially blocked it.

「Hmm?」

This time, the Bastard bypassed the longsword Kim Il-sung was holding, cutting across his side, or in other words, halfway slashing Kim Jong-il's neck.

「Ah, Father...!」

「Uh? Dad!」

Kim Jong-il and Kim Jong-un exclaimed, each calling out to their father.

And Kim Il-sung was also surprised by this attack.

It was just now that he learned that the Joseon's Strongest Sword's attack could sometimes not be blocked.

And Yeongwoo also began to learn about his opponent's characteristics.

‘At least the longsword isn't of mythical grade.’

Instead, the Golden Club is definitely of mythical grade.

Then what about the other equipment?

‘I'll figure it out as we continue to fight.’

As Yeongwoo was about to push forward with the momentum for the next attack, Kim Il-sung stepped back and shouted.

「Jong-il...!」

Then, with the hand on the leftmost top, he rotated his Dharma Wheel.

Ssruk.

[Translator – Night]

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As the Dharma Wheel emitted a golden light and ignited, surprisingly...

Shiriiiing!

Kim Jong-il's neck, which was almost cut off, was sealed back.

“.....!”

Seeing this, Yeongwoo sensed that the Dharma Wheel was also a mythical grade weapon.

So probably.

‘That golden club is probably also of mythical grade. Then, the longsword, bow, and arrows are not mythical.’

Among the six weapons, exactly half are mythical grade.

「Father!」

In the meantime, Kim Jong-il, who had returned from the brink of death, shed tears over his father's pale cheek and called out to him continuously.

When he was alive, he was so afraid of being assassinated that he never rode a plane and was extremely reluctant to go outside North Korea.

And now, he was suddenly brought to South Korea and faced a sword attack, so it was no wonder he was surprised.

「...You ugly bastard. You're still so afraid.」

Kim Il-sung scolded his son with a slightly more angry voice than before.

「What did you do to end up like this? Who is he?」

Swooosh.

Eventually, Kim Il-sung pointed to the Joseon Strongest Sword with the Golden Club and asked.

Then Kim Jong-il rolled his eyes back, struggling to answer.

This meant that Kim Jong-un, who had lived in this world until recently, would know about it.

So Kim Jong-un said.

「Th... There was a rebellion.」

With the convenient term 'rebellion', he summed up the complicated event of the reset.

So Yeongwoo said,

“What? Your annihilation vote had almost all the citizens of your country voting. Can you call that a rebellion?”

Hwaaat!

Yeongwoo's eyes began to emit golden flashes again.

“That's not a rebellion...”

Taaat!

“It's judgmental!”

As Yeongwoo released the authority of the Strongest Sword and rushed forward, a golden wave spread out from him.

「.....!」

At this, instead of hastily retaliating, Kim Il-sung stepped back and inserted an arrow into his bow.

「The one who is ruled is always hostile to the ruler. Therefore, to prevent the execution of hostility, you must always keep the reins tight. My grandson seems to have failed in that.」

“...Crazy bastard.”

Kim Il-sung. The protagonist of the North Korean dictatorship system and the perpetrator of the June 25 incident.

And even more than the later dictators, he was the one who added more, there was no less.

「Now, lie down again. I think I know why I've returned here now.」

Taat!

When Kim Il-sung released the strong bowstring he had pulled, an enormous amount of energy gathered in front of the bowstring in an instant.

Sssiiiaaaa!

Although it was the right move for him to put everything aside and dodge first, the judgment of the Joseon Swordsmanship was different.

‘What... Block that?’

Moreover, the Joseon Swordsmanship even displayed a ‘break’ mark on the ‘Dharma wheel’ held in Kim Il-sung’s left arm.

Shuuaaaat!

In the meantime, the arrow Kim Il-sung had shot was already tearing through the air, and for a moment, the shape of the arrow was clearly visible to Yeongwoo’s eyes.

‘Ah...!’

This was due to the synergy of the explosively increased sensory value due to sensory deprivation and the collection effect of the defense encyclopaedia.

[Collection effect: 20]

|Effects of designated equipment increased by 50%

【Enemy attack ability reduced by 75%.】

Even though his sensory value had surpassed 6,800, a weakened arrow flew toward him, making it look like slow motion.

Taat!

In the end, when Yeongwoo lightly brushed aside the arrow, including Kim Il-sung, the three generations of dictators opened their eyes wide.

「Father! That's no ordinary guy either!」

「Grandfather! Th-that guy with the arrow...!」

「Shut up, you bastards!」

While the three dictators spat out lines simultaneously, Yeongwoo immediately fired an arrow from the White Fire.

Kkudddeudduk!

The target was the Dharma Wheel, which had an unreasonable effect.

—Break

The Dharma wheel in question still had the 'break' mark of the Joseon Swordsmanship, and Yeongwoo immediately released his hand from the bowstring.

Taat!

Then.

Puuushuuuuut!

As usual, the specially crafted arrows of the Dogo, with the covert function attached, split into three and shot out on different trajectories.

'This... is this God Calling?'

The person who shot the arrows was surprised, so what about the opponent?

「Aaaargh!」

Kim Jong-il, who still vividly remembered the moment the sword slit his throat, suddenly screamed.

And his son, Kim Jong-un, was equally terrified.

「H-Hurry! Grandfather!」

On the other hand, Kim Il-sung...

「Ugh...!」

Opened his eyes wide and swung all six arms to deflect all three arrows that Yeongwoo had shot.

Tatatang!

「Huh...?」

「Y-Yes!」

The second and third dictators stopped screaming and looked at the first dictator as if he was different.

However, even Kim Il-sung had momentarily forgotten the presence that had been left behind, and that was none other than...

-Weeiing!

It was the 'Golden Trail' that had tried to make a flank attack earlier but was repelled.

Just as Yeongwoo shot the split arrows, it was attempting a rear attack again.

Hwaeaeaeaeak!

And this time.

Taeaeang!

It succeeded in knocking the Dharma out of Kim Il-sung's hand.

「Damn it!」

「This brat...!」

Kim Jong-il and Kim Jong-un gritted their teeth so hard that their fangs were fully exposed when they saw the Dharma Wheel, which had served as a kind of insurance, stuck in the ground.

Even though he had allowed his throat to be cut once before, who could guarantee there wouldn't be a second time?

And even then...

「I-It's real... death...!」

Kim Jong-un spat out a distorted voice, then suddenly flipped his eyeballs and moved his head position to the front.

He had dared to snatch away Kim Il-sung's control over his body.

「...What? Wh-What are you doing, Jong-un!」

While Kim Jong-il scolded his mad son, the body of Kim Il-sung was already staggering away, showing his back to them.

He turned his back on an opponent who possessed a mythical weapon.

「This idiot must have messed up the country like this.」

Kim Il-sung, in extreme anger, quickly rolled his eyes and looked backward.

Then.

「What's that bastard up to...?」

The sight of Joseon's Strongest Sword, holding a whistle in his mouth, was visible.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 202

[Translator – Night]

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Chapter 202: Three Generations (2)

“You're watching everything, aren't you?”

With a whistle in his mouth, Yeongwoo glanced at the sky.

It was probably a message to friends watching television in the returnee's room.

“When Kim Jong-un took over, he was a coward. When it was Kim Il-sung, it was battle mode. As for Kim Jong-il... I'm not sure.”

After talking up to this point, Yeongwoo stared intently at Kim Il-sung, who was glaring from the other side.

Then,

“Phew.”

He blew into the whistle as it was.

Beep!

The clear sound of the whistle echoed through the air.

And from this point on.

Saaa!

The overall saturation suddenly decreased, causing even Kim Jong-un, who was running in the distance, to stop in his tracks.

「What, what's happening now...?」

Kim Jong-un looked up at the sky.

He knew very well that for the crazy laser bombardment to occur, the Joseon Strongest Sword had to call out coordinates.

But just now, wasn't there no one reciting coordinates?

All that the Joseon Strongest Sword did was just...

「You stupid bastard, it's a reinforcement!」

Finally grasping the situation, Kim Il-sung moved his head to the front and regained control of his body.

Swoosh.

And then, Kim Jong-un, pushed aside again, opened his eyes wide.

「Re, reinforcement?」

As Kim Jong-un's question ended, a spot in the sky seemed to split open.

Boom!

Then, the voices familiar to Yeongwoo, and now even to Seoul's Strongest Sword, who were observing the battle from afar, began to echo one by one.

「Yaaah!」

「Aaah!」

Internet broadcaster Hong Yeongtae, entrepreneur Kim Taejoon.

They descended towards the landing point with threatening gestures befitting former mutants.

And finally.

「I am the commander of the Republic of Korea Army! I am Kim Younghyeom...!」

Hardline army commander Kim Younghyeom.

Zzzeet!

With his white mane and beard flattened as he tore through the sky, he was the only one among the 'reinforcement forces' descending diagonally.

Because he was heading straight for Kim Jong-un, not Kim Il-sung.

「General! It's Kim Il-sung now...!」

Seeing Yeongwoo noticing that Kim Jong-un's head was pushed aside and rushing out to warn him, General Kim with the face of a white tiger showed a pleased expression.

「Kim Il-sung? Today is the greatest day of my life.」

Hraaawr!

He was already flying towards Kim Il-sung's head, so instead of backing off, he swung his foreleg forward.

Swoosh!

With a roar like thunder characteristic of a tiger, the white foreleg swung.

In response, Kim Il-sung hurriedly blocked the tiger's claw with a bow.

Kriiing!

It was because he was aware of the Joseon Strongest Sword who was already approaching.

Just as Yeongwoo was concerned about Geumgang Yaksha's mythical equipment, the three generations of the Kim family were also concerned about the attacks of the Joseon Strongest Sword that ignored regular weapons.

Of course, if Kim Jong-un had occupied the front of his head now, he would have simply extended the bow without further thought.

-Creek!

As a result, when the first attack was easily blocked by the bow, enraged Kim Younghyeom spat at Kim Il-sung, baring his teeth.

「Spit! You bastard!」

「Why are these crazy bastards bothering me?」

Since Kim Il-sung had never been spat at by a tiger in his life, he looked puzzled.

And then.

Tap-tap-tap!

Sure enough, hearing the unmistakable footsteps of the Joseon Strongest Sword, Kim Il-sung turned his head to the side.

「...Persistent.」

Unintentionally, Kim Il-sung's gaze turned towards Yeongwoo's Bastard.

Unlike Yeongwoo, he was unaware of the unique effect of Bastard, so he didn't know exactly when the sword would ignore the target.

He just remembered that he could block it with the bow last time.

So.

Hraawr!

He swung the bow again to meet Bastard.

Kaaang!

The third encounter between Yeongwoo and Kim Il-sung.

And then, followed by the sound of a trumpet, Pofu Tenta fiercely distracted his mind, and next to him, a golden goblin was seen running with a Dharma wheel.

「Hey? Father, that brat over there...!」

Although Kim Jong-il, who happened to be looking in that direction, was frightened to see the approaching Dharma wheel, Kim Il-sung had no time to pay attention to such things.

Boom, clang!

In the meantime, he was too preoccupied dealing with the attacks of the Joseon Strongest Sword, which flew again like flashes of lightning.

Moreover.

Thump, thump, thump!

Behind this annoying Strongest Sword, two more mutants were rushing forward.

None other than Youngtae and Taejun.

「General!」

「Hurry! This brat has too many arms!」

As Kim Younghyeom said, the six arms of the Golden Yaksha moved simultaneously as if each were independent organisms.

Although the longsword had been cut off by Yeongwoo's previous attack, there were still sword shafts under the hilt, which were playing the role of a dagger.

Moreover, the sharp arrowhead at the end was itself a melee weapon.

And most importantly.

‘The Geumgang Ray has not been used yet. What's its effect?’

Yeongwoo glanced at the Geumgang Ray, which was not even being used as a weapon.

It looked like a small bell with a handle attached.

Whether the usage count was deducted when it shook, Kim Il-sung did not consciously swing it.

“General, is the bombardment over now? Was there a limit on the number of shots fired?”

When Yeongwoo asked this question across Kim Il-sung's forearm, Kim Younghyeom on the other side growled in response.

「It's rechargeable. If you turn it, you can fire one more shot within 10 seconds.」

Of course, Kim Il-sung and the other two Kims also heard this conversation in between.

「Huh... there's another shot?」

Kim Jong-un and Kim Jong-il both looked frightened, and immediately Kim Il-sung's displeasure rained down upon them.

「How dare you make such faces in front of me?」

「Yikes!」

「Father, no...!」

However, Kim Il-sung, who scolded the two rich men, realized subtly that this three-way system was an intended penalty.

If any of the three wanted, they could seize control of the body at any moment.

As a result, his grandson tried to flee at the slightest sign of danger, and his timid son, unable to even dare to take over the body, only made feeble noises, making a mockery of all three.

「.....」

However, it was impossible to blame others.

What did these pitiful two individuals mean to someone's lineage?

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

「My kingdom has already crumbled. It is clear that heaven is punishing me, to let me witness such a sight.」

As Kim Il-sung uttered these self-pitying lines, Joseon Strongest Sword Jeong Yeongwoo swung Bastard, hitting another target, making the situation even more chaotic.

“Ugh! What kingdom? This crazy bastard still hasn't come to his senses.”

Yeongwoo's advertising fee, which amounted to a whopping 30.8 million karma, drew a bizarre trajectory.

Kaaang!

Already the seventh encounter.

And right on cue, Youngtae and Taejun, who had arrived at the scene, pounced on Kim Il-sung from behind.

Quack!

Being mutants who both walked upright, they had exceptional talent for sticking to their opponents.

「Brother! Quickly, slit his throat...!」

As Youngtae grabbed one of Kim Il-sung's forearms and hung onto it, Kim Taejoon wrapped one of Kim Il-sung's lower arms and waist at the same time with a menacing gesture.

「What...?」

Surprised by the unexpected onslaught, Kim Il-sung seemed slightly confused.

But even with three mutants clinging to him, he managed to withstand Yeongwoo's and the golden track's combined assault.

「What, what's this? How did this bastard show up already?」

As the battle between Yeongwoo and Kim Il-sung progressed to the twelfth round, Kim Younghyeom, sensing that the situation was dire, made a move of his own.

「Ptooey...!」

This time, he spat at Kim Jong-un's face, whom he had been facing.

「Turn around!

「...What?」

「Hurry up and turn your head!」

As Kim Younghyeom, the general, roared, a frightened Kim Jong-un turned his head momentarily.

And then.

「Don't freak out and stay still! If control switches now, we'll all die!」

For the first time since returning to this world, Kim Il-sung showed a fearful expression.

What he feared most here was not the Joseon Strongest Sword or the White Tiger, who hailed from South Korea, but his own grandson.

「Jo... Jong-un! Listen to your grandfather! If you're not careful, it'll be irreparable!」

Kim Jong-il, distrusting his son's courage, shouted desperately, and Kim Il-sung rotated his body widely, detaching the tiger from Kim Jong-un.

Hraaaaawr!

Then the Geumgang Bow glowed yellow.

“Whoa...!”

A holographic lightning bolt appeared in Yeongwoo's field of vision.

As the Geumgang Bow aimed, it was undoubtedly targeting General Kim Younghyeom.

「He's doomed...!」

“General, move back...!”

As Yeongwoo ordered Kim Younghyeom to evade, the golden track, aware of this, was flying to push away General Kim.

Yeongwoo ordered Kim Younghyeom to dodge, and the Golden Trail, which noticed this, was flying to push General Kim away.

But...

Sizzle!

The activation of the Geumgang Bow was faster than the rebuttal.

「Aaargh!」

Before Younghyeom could evade, the yellow lightning bolt pierced through his white fur and jolted his body.

「D... Dammit... 10 seconds!」

General Kim Younghyeom left a last will, mentioning the time it takes for the laser gun to recharge, and vanished into thin air.

「General!」

「Oh...!」

Youngtae and Taejun sighed as they saw General Kim Younghyeom disappear without a trace, while Kim Jong-un scolded his grandfather.

「In ten seconds! Another bombardment in ten seconds!」

Of course, Kim Il-sung was well aware of this fact more than anyone else.

「Damn, they keep cornering me.」

A somewhat ominous line from Kim Il-sung.

At that moment, as Yeongwoo sensed something ominous...

Chime.

For the first time, the Geumgang Ray shook noticeably in the air.

Kim Il-sung had used the final weapon in question.

And then...

Whoosh...!

Suddenly, the winds in the area intensified, and the sky turned pitch black once again.

“What’s going on?”

As Yeongwoo asked this, he gestured towards the goblin.

It was an instruction for him to summon the golden orb in case it was another anomaly.

However, the bell sound of the Geumgang Ray did not herald another anomaly.

《The Geumgang Ray manifests the owner’s dreams into reality.》

‘Dreams... into reality?’

As Yeongwoo followed the instructions of the special message in front of him, a bright red laser beam shot down between Kim Il-sung and Yeongwoo.

Pew!

Then the next message revealed the purpose of this red beam.

《Time until nuclear missile launch: 10 seconds.》

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Chapter 203

[Translator – Night]

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Chapter 203: Dreaming Dictator (1)

“... Nuclear?”

“Nuclear...?”

“You mean nuclear?”

Seoul’s Strongest Swords, upon seeing the operational command of Geumgang ray, wore bewildered expressions.

《Time until nuclear missile launch: 9 seconds》

This incident was beyond the capacity of the human brain to comprehend.

To think that the three generations of the Kim family would appear in the heart of Seoul and lead to the dropping of nuclear missiles... Is this really happening?

“What... What will happen if this...?”

Songpa’s Strongest Sword, Oh Yeonhee, stared at the hovering guidance line with a trance-like gaze.

“This is... Gangnam, isn’t it...?”

Gangnam.

The jurisdiction of the invincible Joseon Strongest Sword, Jeong Yeongwoo, and a region synonymous with wealth just by its name alone.

The area that everyone thought could never be destroyed, now reduced to ruins by the return of Kim Il-sung from hell.

But is that all?

“Wait, if this happens...!”

Yeonhee’s thoughts reached the residents of Songpa-gu, adjacent to Gangnam, belatedly.

If a nuclear bomb falls here, Songpa-gu will also be annihilated, as if it were obvious.

And what about the radiation that will spread in all directions?

In essence, this is it.

“Destr... Destruction. It’s the end now. We’re finished.”

Kim Doha, the Strongest Sword of Yongsan, was already seated, overwhelmed.

《Time until nuclear missile launch: 7 seconds》

Meanwhile, among the spectators, the only administrative official, Jo Sangik, yelled towards Jeong Yeongwoo.

“Yeongwoo! Somehow stop it! If a nuclear bomb drops, Seoul is finished!”

With eyes that seemed almost gone, he screamed at Jeong Yeongwoo.

He had always thought that guy would cause a major accident someday, but he never dared to imagine it would involve a nuclear bomb in Seoul.

Of course, Yeongwoo knew very well the extent of the disaster this time.

“Nuclear? Are you insane? It’s not just us who will die! Are you planning to wipe out all of Seoul?”

As Yeongwoo swung Bastard, Kim Il-sung countered with a terrible line.

「I always wanted to see Seoul become a sea of flames.」

Truly a dream.

“This lunatic!”

Is that line for real?

Yeongwoo was stunned by Kim Il-sung's malicious intent, as he swung Bastard for the twenty-second time.

Crash!

Yeongwoo's attack was unmistakably blocked by Geumgangjo.

'Damn!'

Joseon's Strongest Sword.

It seemed that the legend of North Korea's evil could not be hunted down with North Korea's martial arts alone.

Despite attacking following the mark left by the Joseon Sword Technique, the defense occurred at an astonishing timing, as if the opponent anticipated the same mark.

Moreover.

《Time until nuclear missile launch: 5 seconds》

Suddenly, there were only 5 seconds left.

A decision had to be made now.

'How do I stop the nuclear...?'

Request laser bombardment at the point where the nuclear missile will fall?

In this case, if luck favored, the missile could be wiped out by the laser before the warhead exploded.

But it's not just any missile, it's a nuclear missile.

'There's no way to prevent the radiation from spreading. Laser might even act as a detonator.'

An unpredictable crisis.

Who on earth has ever stopped a nuclear missile?

'Maybe it's better to quickly kill Kim Il-sung? There's a way to request bombardment while I'm attached to him.'

It was practically a suicide mission, but it was better than a nuclear bomb falling on Seoul.

But even in this case.

'No, the missile guidance line has already appeared due to the dream reflection. Even if Kim Il-sung dies, will the missile launch be canceled?'

But is that the only problem?

《Time until nuclear missile launch: 3 seconds》

Now there were only 3 seconds left, and Kim Il-sung was still skillfully blocking Yeongwoo's attacks.

At this rate, neither Kim Il-sung would die nor the nuclear missile would be intercepted.

"This bastard...!"

As he was pushed to the brink, Yeongwoo's mind began to race rapidly.

'Martial arts! Let's change martial arts first!'

After handing over the Chosun Sword Technique he was equipped with to the golden trajectory, Yeongwoo directly used 'Rohm's Bottom', registered in the Great Sword.

「Rohm's Bottom」 - Legendary Sword Technique

【Fights like a prisoner.】

Pheeng!

At that moment, a purple hologram appeared, but Yeongwoo didn't even bother to confirm it.

《Time until nuclear missile launch: 2 seconds》

Checking the guide and taking the time to execute it would have been a waste in this critical situation.

Swish!

He solely relied on his own judgment and threw Bastard.

And then.

Crash!

He reached a state of 'physical deficiency' by tearing off his own right arm with his left arm.

'40%...!'

The 'physical deficiency' assessed by Yeongwoo as losing one arm granted a 40% increase in power, and at the same time, the blood gushing from the torn surface of his right arm added a 25% increase in strength due to bleeding.

Sssaaa!

His whole body felt like it was boiling.

There was another doping agent, but there was no time to take it out and consume it.

《Time until nuclear missile launch: 1 second》

The task at hand right now was...

Thud!

To dig deep, avoiding the opponent's Geumgangjo and reaching under the chin.

「It's already too late. Whatever you do...」

Kim Il-sung, who realized that the Joseon Strongest Sword was making a final effort, wore a triumphant expression, but then lifted his head upon hearing a sharp sound above.

Swish.

「You're still playing tricks.」

Ssaeeeeeeeck!

It was none other than Bastard, that Yeongwoo had remotely summoned.

The myth-grade sword was descending vertically towards Kim Il-sung's forehead.

However...

Hwaack!

Kim Il-sung deliberately wielded his previously unrevealed Geumgangjo to deflect Bastard.

Crash!

As a result, with his arm already extended and without a weapon in his hand, Yeongwoo plunged his fist under Kim Il-sung's chin.

Thud!

「.....」

Kim Il-sung looked back at Yeongwoo.

It was because he knew that Yeongwoo couldn't threaten him without Bastard.

Moreover.

《Time until nuclear missile launch: 0 seconds》

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

The countdown for the nuclear missile had ended.

Kwaaaah...!

The distinctive high-speed missile movement sound began to be heard without fail.

And at that moment...

'Fuck, Di... Did I miss the timing?'

With a perplexed expression, Yeongwoo extended his fist diagonally towards Kim Il-sung's chin.

This time, it was exactly as Rohm's Bottom had guided him.

Yeongwoo had demanded only one thing from these prisoner's martial arts.

'A single punch that can forcibly turn Kim Il-sung's head...!'

Just like the opponent, Yeongwoo's absurd wish also came true in reality.

Indeed, his left fist was driven into Kim Il-sung's right chin.

Peeeeeoook!

As a result, Kim Il-sung's head was pushed to the left, forcibly moving Kim Jong-un's head attached to the side to the front.

「Huh...?」

In an instant, Kim Jong-un, who had once again become the owner of Geumgang Yaksha, wore a startled expression, and Yeongwoo embraced his head and exerted all his strength.

“What... What is your dream?”

「...My dream?」

As Kim Jong-un responded like this, Yeongwoo's body wrapped around his face trembled violently.

Hwaack!

Kim Il-sung, who had been pushed aside, was actually trying to use his strength to bring himself back to the front.

And at the same moment...

Shwaaaaa!

A very realistic missile propulsion sound was heard from above.

「...Hah!」

Kim Il-sung, who was fighting for control of his body to regain control, exclaimed as he saw the missile entering the visible range.

And Yeongwoo...

‘Ah... Is it a failure after all?’

Gazing deeply with a sinking feeling as the nuclear missile entered 200 meters into the air.

Utter despair.

Indeed, it was impossible to change the content of the ‘dream’ just by changing Kim Jong-un to the front of Geumgang Yaksha.

《Geumgang ray brings the dreams of the owner into reality.》

According to the inscription of Geumgang ray, since the realization of the problem was based on the 'dreams of the owner', Yeongwoo had thought that even if late, changing the owner of Geumgangryeong to another person would reflect this.

After all, the method he had been using to exploit the system had been like that.

However...

'The luck doesn't seem to continue. Was the dream already realized and couldn't be changed? Or was I wrong from the beginning?'

Whatever it was, this battle was a defeat.

Yeongwoo checked the coordinates under his feet, even at this late hour, to request a bombardment.

Seoul was finished now, but it wasn't the end for the entire Republic of Korea.

Here, even if it meant annihilating Kim Il-sung, other cities could survive.

"Earth! 482! 182...!"

Eventually, the moment Yeongwoo attempted his last resort, the self-destruct sequence.

Boom!

Suddenly, a loud sound resembling something breaking apart echoed from the sky.

"...?"

As Yeongwoo hastily looked up, he saw the bottom part of the nuclear missile descending straight down along the guidance wire, spreading out in all directions like a blossoming flower.

"Huh...?"

Yeongwoo's pupils expanded to their maximum.

And the widened eyes were the same for Kim Jong-un, Kim Jong-il, and Kim Il-sung.

Because the missile, which had been descending smoothly, suddenly came to a sudden stop.

「What, what's happening? Why did it stop?」

Kim Il-sung, unable to hide his unease.

Then soon after,

Crackle, boom, crack!

The entire nuclear missile spread out in all directions, transforming into small fragments, then spat out one of the fragments.

Thunk!

The identity of the fragment descending in a gentle arc from the sky was...

Shwaaaaaat, Kwaaaah!

“What... What is that?”

It was an unexpected limousine.

Of course, Yeongwoo wasn't asking because he truly didn't know the identity of the fragment.

He had also seen the Maybach emblem on the rear side of the limousine.

So, that was, Maybach, the luxury brand of Mercedes-Benz.

However, the problem was why a Benz vehicle suddenly popped out of the sky at this moment.

“That's a Benz... right? Why did a Benz suddenly come out?”

As Yeongwoo muttered in confusion, even feeling fear, Kim Jong-un, buried in his embrace, cautiously opened his mouth.

「...No.」

“What?”

「It's not just a Benz. That's...」

Unconsciously, Yeongwoo used his only hand to cover his mouth.

“No way, you...”

With an incredulous look, Yeongwoo stared at Kim Jong-un.

It was a well-known fact through the media that he, as the dictator of North Korea, had a great fondness for foreign cars.

Especially since luxury vehicles like Benz were not imported into North Korea as part of UN sanctions, Kim Jong-un had once smuggled foreign cars through six countries to avoid this.

And the smuggled vehicle was the Benz Maybach S600 Pullman Guard.

He even managed to acquire the next version, the S650, showing just how sincere he was about the car.

「.....」

Eventually, he seemed resigned, as he closed his eyes tightly.

「...That's the new model Maybach, my dream car.」

Dream car.

The moment Kim Jong-un's words were spoken, the nuclear missile in the sky disintegrated into hundreds of Benzes and began to rain down like showers.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 204

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 204: Dreaming Dictator (2)

“Dream Car...? Can Kim Jong-un really use such words?”

As Seongbuk's Strongest Sword, Lee Yoobin, muttered from afar while observing the situation, Songpa's Oh Yeonhee, standing right beside her, replied with a click of her tongue.

“Get a grip and look at the sky.”

With that, she swung her sword above her head, slicing a Mercedes-Benz in half.

Crash!

The ‘Benz Rain’ summoned by Kim Jong-un began pouring down to where Seoul's Strongest Swords were standing.

Whoosh!

The scene of vehicles weighing over 2 tons falling from the sky... no, pouring down like artillery fire, was not only astonishing but also terrifying.

"Hey, this seems dangerous."

Gwanak's Jo Sangik panicked as he watched Benz cars flying three at a time above his head.

"W-What on earth is happening?"

"Watch out!"

Crash, bang!

As the Benz cars crashed mercilessly into the ground, shattering into pieces, the Strongest Swords realized this was not something they could just laugh off and stiffened their expressions.

"Split them before they fall!"

Someone from the audience shouted, drawing their swords, and from then on, the Strongest Swords began showcasing their extraordinary skills by splitting the rapidly flying Benzes with their swords.

"Darn, was becoming a Strongest Sword all for surviving Benz baptisms?"

Dongdaemun's Jang Jeongho, with a bitter laugh, clashed his sword against a Benz that came to chop off his head.

Crash!

Fortunately, it was a relief that outside Cheongdam Park, Benzes weren't falling down elsewhere.

Of course, to the dictators visiting South Korea, this was an incredibly unpleasant situation.

「This crazy bastard is going to replace something like this with a nuclear weapon?」

Kim Il-sung frowned deeply.

Meanwhile, Kim Jong-il, with an expression of disbelief, stared blankly at his son's 'dream'.

「Is this really all your dream amounts to?」

At that, although Kim Jong-un wore a face of embarrassment, he didn't just passively accept it.

「...Father, when you think about it, aren't you not much different?」

He pointed out his father's history of indulging in pleasure despite knowing that the people were starving to death.

「What? You little...」

Kim Jong-il and Kim Jong-un.

As the two clashed fiercely, Kim Il-sung, who was between them, erupted in anger and once again took control of the situation.

「Shut up, you bastards!」

「...!」

「Oh, Father.」

Then, Kim Il-sung turned his head to the south.

「...」

It was clear he was looking towards the rows of apartment complexes in Gangnam.

“...Don't act up.”

Understanding Kim Il-sung's intentions, Yeongwoo quickly pushed himself into his line of sight.

It meant not even attempting to enter the city center before breaking his own will.

But Kim Il-sung just chuckled lowly at Yeongwoo, who was now left alone.

「I still remember when you couldn't do anything even with two arms.”

At this, Yeongwoo silently reached out his left hand and retrieved the Bastard lying on the other side.

Swish, thud!

As he did so, Kim Jong-il, still haunted by the trauma of the Bastard, trembled his eyelids.

Wasn't it a sword that once almost slit his throat?

But Kim Il-sung no longer cared about the safety of these two ugly offspring.

「I will turn this land into a battlefield today.」

With that, he confidently took his first step towards the south.

Crash!

Under his feet, there was a loud noise, and chunks of metal shattered.

「...?」

Kim Il-sung lowered his head to look at the debris, and soon he saw it.

His grandson's dream cars had already turned the area into a sea of Benzes.

「Oh, damn it.」

Finally losing his composure, Kim Il-sung unintentionally cursed, and in that moment, Yeongwoo, holding the Bastard in his left hand, sprang into action.

Clang!

The Joseon's Strongest Sword rushed towards Kim Il-sung, leaping over the heaps of Benzes piled up all around.

This surreal scene was witnessed not only by the surrounding Strongest Swords but also by hundreds of Gangnam residents.

“...Huh?”

“What, what's happening?”

When Kim Jong-un's dream cars poured down, some Gangnam residents who witnessed it rushed over from the downtown area.

Of course, from the perspective of Yeongwoo and the Strongest Swords, the residents' approach was a significant penalty, but for now, no one paid any attention.

Because.

Clang, clang!

Just as Yeongwoo had used two Benzes as springboards to leap high into the air, everyone was too busy watching him rush towards Kim Il-sung.

“Wow!”

“Whoa...!”

Everyone was too focused on Yeongwoo, who had jumped towards Kim Il-sung, to pay attention to anything else, including Yeongwoo himself.

“This, this battle! Sponsored by the universal weapon brand, Dogo...!”

The sudden advertisement came out rushed and belatedly.

[Level 2 Advertisement Space Utilization]

– Before major battles, it must be announced aloud that the fight is supported by Dogo.

This is a business promise.

Moreover, since the chairman is currently searching the universe for a weapon encyclopaedia, we must also keep our promises.

“I am Joseon’s Strongest Sword, Jeong Yeongwoo 07! I am the advertising model for ‘Dogo’...!”

As Yeongwoo soared, even transcending languages, a pattern of Dogo’s symbol spread out like a rainbow from the tear in his right sleeve, following the blood flowing out.

「.....?」

「Dogo?」

「What?」

At this, the three generations of North Korea’s dictators collectively widened their six eyes and looked at the approaching Joseon’s Strongest Sword with a red trajectory.

It was indeed innovative for an outsider to fly around, spewing blood and strange lines, but above all.

「Dogo...!」

「No wonder, there was indeed a backing!」

The shock came from understanding the meaning of “Dogo” completely through Yeongwoo’s pronunciation of a transcendent language.

Dogo, the universal weapon brand led by Chairman Dogo.

At the same time, he was the advertiser for Joseon’s Strongest Sword Jeong Yeongwoo and the perpetrator who handed over the problematic forbidden weapon, the ‘Bastard’.

Because they understood all of this at once, their brains, totaling three, were overloaded one after another.

And in the meantime.

Crash!

Yeongwoo had reached right in front of Kim Il-sung’s head.

「This damned...!」

As usual, Kim Il-sung blocked Yeongwoo’s face-strike with his golden Geumgangjeo.

Clang!

However, the martial art Yeongwoo was currently wielding was not Joseon’s swordsmanship but Rohm’s Bottom technique.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

And since the martial arts of these alien prisoners were centered around combat rather than swords in the first place.

Swish!

As soon as Yeongwoo’s sword was blocked, he struck Kim Il-sung’s finger joint holding the golden Geumgangjeo.

Crack!

「Ah...!」

With a single blow, Kim Il-sung, whose index and middle fingers were broken, grimaced, and at that moment.

Clang!

The golden Geumgangjeo rolled off from Kim Il-sung's right hand.

「You, you bastard! Grandfather!」

「Father! We have to stop him!」

The two remaining dictators screamed as they watched the golden Geumgangjeo fall.

But Kim Il-sung, experiencing excruciating pain he had never felt before in his life, just closed his eyes tightly.

「Ah, really!」

In the end, Kim Jong-un made another 'coup d'état'.

Swoosh.

He pushed aside his grandfather's head and took over the forefront.

Then.

「Argh.....!」

This time, Kim Jong-un also felt unbearable pain in his fingers.

「Ugh.....!」

Feeling pain beyond imagination, Kim Jong-un tightly closed his eyes along with his grandfather.

And seeing this, Kim Jong-il, instead of moving to the forefront, took a deep breath and closed his eyes firmly.

There was always something to learn from the past.

「Haa.....」

Sensing that he too could become such a spectacle, he had already declared his surrender.

Although it was a choice that seemed cowardly, it was a great relief for Yeongwoo and everyone in Gangnam.

Crash!

In the meantime, Yeongwoo, who had fallen to the ground, not with his feet but with both knees and chin, was because his left foot had shattered into pieces while breaking Kim Il-sung's finger just before.

"Ughh!"

Now, all that remained for Yeongwoo were his left arm and right foot.

But thanks to that.

【Depending on the degree of limb loss, power increases up to a maximum of 80%.】

The effect of 'body loss' had increased to the maximum of 80%.

'Now, if I just cut his throat, it's over.'

As Yeongwoo prepared to slash Kim Il-sung's Achilles tendon, a hologram of violet color swinging a sword in that direction was visible.

Seeing this, Yeongwoo pushed forward with his only functioning right foot and slid forward as if slipping.

Crash!

Then.

Swoosh!

In an instant, he slashed the right Achilles tendon of the golden Geumgangjeo, which had approached right in front of him.

Crash!

As the blade of the Bastard cut the blue Achilles tendon, the pattern of Dogo was embroidered gorgeously along its trajectory, firmly identifying who Yeongwoo's 'backer' was.

And next.

「Ah...!」

Kim Jong-un, who was occupying the body, screamed as he tilted his body, unable to stand up anymore with one ankle severed.

Crash!

Finally, Kim Jong-un buried himself in the ground covered with his own 'dream cars'.

Kwa-aang!

As he collapsed with his body sprawled out, the Benzes wedged on the outskirts of the area jumped into the air, sparkling with their silver marks.

「Aah...」

Amidst the pain from his broken finger joints, Kim Jong-un struggled to lift one eyelid.

Then, amidst the 'dreams' he had invoked himself.

「Huh!」

A streak of something soaring through the air caught his attention.

“Diiieeee!”

In an instant, his vision was engulfed by an enraged face.

As Kim Jong-un locked eyes with Joseon's Strongest Sword, the Bastard impaled him on the neck.

Kwaak!

「No!!」

Startled, Kim Jong-il hastily changed the position of his head, but Yeongwoo, who had already drawn the sword, seemed to be waiting for it.

“You too, follow your son.”

「This...!」

Unable to walk properly anymore, but still able to move his other arms.

Kim Jong-il tried to grab Yeongwoo clinging to his chest, but as he did, the Bastard descended vertically once again.

Kwa-aak!

Piercing through Kim Jong-il's neck.

“Next.”

Yeongwoo drew the sword again and called out to Kim Il-sung, who was trembling below.

Practically a death sentence.

However, as before, he closed his eyes tightly and showed no reaction.

“Surely he’s not pretending to be dead...?”

Yeongwoo leaned over to look at Kim Il-sung’s face attached to the side.

Then, disengaging from the three dictators’ grandiose bodies, he glanced around.

Perhaps it was to confirm whether his ‘friends’ were still present in this world.

‘They must have all left.’

Confirming that Yeong-tae and Tae-jun had returned to the returnee’s room, Yeongwoo looked up at the sky.

“Earth, 482-182-3273-92. Requesting artillery fire, General.”

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 205

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 205: Defense Specialist (1)

「What...?」

At Yeongwoo’s artillery request, Kim Il-Sung’s eyes, which had been tightly shut, suddenly opened.

But already, in the sky.

Kwa-a-a-aang...!

Perhaps General Kim Younghyeom had inputted the coordinates, as the laser cannon was descending.

Not only Kim Il-Sung's head but an area tens of meters in diameter was targeted.

It was still in a state where the output module assembly was incomplete.

「You'll find it hard to survive like this.」

Kim Il-Sung, astonished by the enormous range of the laser cannon's impact, chuckled bitterly.

Then he lifted his head to find his opponent.

– Babat...!

The guy was already being carried away by a frog, swiftly leaving the scene.

「Hey, wait!」

Realizing he was left alone to face death in the Benz field, Kim Il-Sung raised his upper body with a bewildered look.

Then he noticed the figure of Joseon's Strongest Sword, who had been carried by the frog, turning back.

And his pupils were reflecting a white gleam.

「...!」

Then Kim Il-Sung's field of vision began to turn white from above.

The laser cannon was descending right above his head.

「Ah.」

Sensing the end, Kim Il-Sung spat out his last words, and Yeongwoo gestured to the Golden Goblin.

It was to bring the golden sphere.

– Keyt!

The goblin came running, supporting the sphere with his left hand, and soon after, the laser artillery launched from the returnee's room engulfed Kim Il-Sung.

Kwa-a-a-a-aang...!

“Goodbye, Kim Il-Sung.”

Yeongwoo bid farewell to Kim Il-Sung.

And then.

Blame.

Yeongwoo touched the golden sphere the goblin had offered.

Then the sphere soared upwards towards the sky, drawing a golden arc opposite to the laser artillery.

Peeeeeng!

With the momentum to pierce through the clouds, the golden sphere shot up rapidly.

And finally.

Puff, puff!

Arriving at the edge of the sky, it exploded the golden cannon.

“Ah....”

“Incredible.”

Watching from afar, Gangnam residents and Seoul’s Strongest Swords saw the golden waves spreading in the sky with their mouths agape.

While the sight of golden rain was now quite familiar, it was the first time it fell over hundreds of Benzes.

Suaaaaa...!

As the golden lights that completely filled the sky finally began to fall to the ground, the spectacle was achieved.

《Joseon’s Strongest Sword ‘Jeong Yeongwoo 07’ has given up 3 million karma monopoly and gifted 30,000 karma to all Gangnam residents.》

《Soon, 30,000 karma will be provided in the form of commemorative coins. Prepare yourselves.》

Karma distribution messages appearing in the golden rain.

And then.

Pop, pop!

In front of everyone staying in Gangnam, commemorative coins appeared three at a time.

“Is this really the end?”

Yeongwoo quickly grabbed his allocated coins, but his gaze was fixed on the achievement message appearing in the air.

Ping!

[Golden Storm]

|Please call the golden rain in four ways. (2/4)

= When there are seven or more mutants nearby.

= When a national leader dies.

Finally, because the second condition of ‘Golden Storm’ was achieved.

‘Now only two remain.’

– In North America.

– When two beings with attributes of conglomerate and dragon clan are fighting each other.

– When a second-grade or higher dimensional being visits.

Achieving two out of the three conditions would complete the achievement of the Golden Storm.

‘Meeting conglomerate and dragon clan attributes could be achieved within a day or two... The problem is the other one.’

Either summon a second-grade or higher dimensional being to Earth, or go to North America and spread the golden rain.

‘The latter seems more realistic. The chances of land connection are very high soon.’

Reset Stage 3, Pangea.

Yeongwoo already had relevant achievements, and it was also revealed earlier through the Council’s warning that Stage 3 was approaching.

That meant that within a few days, a land route to North America would open up, and borders of various countries would meet.

Of course, there was a high likelihood that this event would generally turn into yet another disaster.

“ ... ”

As Yeongwoo envisioned the future that would soon unfold, the Golden Goblin approached and pointed ahead with its tiny finger.

– Kikit! Kikit!

“What’s going on?”

Yeongwoo naturally looked to where the goblin was pointing.

“Ah.”

There, the spheres left behind by Kim Il-Sung and the two dictators were hovering unexpectedly.

“Right. Those guys were mutants too.”

Yeongwoo tapped the forehead of the Podu Tenta who was carrying him, instructing it to move the spheres forward.

– Babat...!

The creature began to move to the spot where Kim Il-Sung had vanished, crossing over the Benz field.

Since Kim Il-Sung stood at a towering 6 meters, the silhouette of the 大 character remained where he had vanished after being hit by the laser cannon.

[TL/N: This is probably like those remains after a bomb attack or something, im imagining the dictator lying down like this 大💀□]

It was as if a kind of relic had been created following the large hole in the Cheongdam Bridge.

“Wow... Shouldn’t we put up a sign here saying ‘Kim Il-Sung’s Death Place’ or something?”

Meanwhile, Jeonggu, who had approached Yeongwoo, examined the traces of the dictators curiously. On the other hand, Yeongwoo was slightly disappointed to find that the spheres of the Kim lineage seemed no different from regular mutants.

‘Are mutants only mutants to a certain extent?’

After all, even the dragon tyrant Lim Kwangho had no special features except for the spheres.

There were only separate notifications and rewards upon death.

‘So, are these guys the same? In terms of existential status, the Kim lineage seems much higher than Lim Kwangho, the dragon tyrant.’

Just as Yeongwoo thought this,

「The legendary evil has been defeated by Joseon’s Strongest Sword ‘Jeong Yeongwoo07’!」

Just like when he defeated the dragon, a notification appeared, and then the mutation equipment contained within the spheres Yeongwoo detonated was processed for acquisition.

Paat!

「Gambler Stone」 – Mutation Gem

【Slot: 10% resistance against dragon race】

【Special Gem #4】

“Oh... what’s this?”

It was equipment in the form of gems that Yeongwoo hadn’t seen in a long time.

Moreover, it had a resistance attribute, ‘dragon race’, which was new, and below that, there seemed to be additional tooltips whose purpose he couldn’t discern.

‘A special gem number 4... What could this be? Does it have some sort of collection effect?’

From the circumstances, this was presumably the basic loot from the dragon tyrant.

This meant that the sphere used at the moment of Kim Il-Sung’s death belonged to the dragon tyrant Lim Kwangho.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

‘So, does this mean that the spheres left by the Kims can’t be used anymore?’

Originally, this sphere should have been used as entry for the dungeon tonight.

However, if the sphere is used at night, the golden rain doesn’t fall, and therefore, no fixed reward, the mutation equipment, is given.

Therefore,

‘I need to get another sphere for the dungeon.’

After quickly reaching a conclusion, Yeongwoo instructed the goblin to retrieve the spheres.

“That’s a special sphere. So, don’t take it out when entering the dungeon, understood?”

– Kii...!

As if understanding, the goblin nodded its head with a long whine.

Then, it swiftly approached and placed the dictator’s sphere into the spatial pocket.

With this, the North Korean conflict came to an end.

“...Whew.”

Finally catching his breath as if he’d been holding it, Yeongwoo sighed, Jeonggu, who had been fidgeting beside him, asked,

“Is it really all over now?”

“Yes. That’s right. Since we’ve put out the urgent fires.”

Of course, there were still some minor matters left to deal with.

First, he needed to install the dragon’s heart, and he probably needed to receive the reward for defeating the “legendary evil” that might come through accountant Kubu.

Plus, there was also the reward for the achievement “Black Legend.”

‘But the chairman didn’t give any advertisements this time. Is he extremely busy?’

Glancing at the sky, Yeongwoo's attention was diverted by Jeonggu, who was crouching on the ground and nudged him in the ribs.

"What are you doing all of a sudden?"

"If the urgent matters are all settled, take a look at this."

"What in the world..."

Yeongwoo's pupils dilated suddenly as Jeonggu extended a crimson coin towards him.

This was probably...

"Ah, Eunpyeong."

The money that was taken from Eunpyeong's Strongest Sword, Kim Hyeonggyu.

The money that had been in the bag was now spread out under the Benz field.

"What are we going to do with this money? Where did you even pick it up?"

Although Jeonggu seemed worried, Yeongwoo's focus was elsewhere entirely.

"We fired several shots of laser artillery nearby... And there are still so many coins left?"

The fact that the yakshas dropped the bag of coins would likely coincide with the moment when Yeongwoo retaliated against them.

In other words, it was around the time when the "furnace" concealing Kim Jong-un in the sky was floating.

'If so, the bag of money would have been hit directly by the laser artillery.'

This was almost certain because it was General Kim's laser artillery that shot down the furnace.

So, to sum it up again.

'The coins didn't vanish even after being hit by the laser artillery. But the laser artillery is a weapon that even the Yakshas couldn't withstand... That means...'

The durability of the coins themselves must be tremendous.

'Is it because it is a universally accepted currency? Something that can withstand laser artillery?'

Just as Yeongwoo's mind began to race again, Jeonggu nudged his leg once more.

"Hey, the guys are coming."

"...?"

Turning his head at Jeonggu's prompt, Yeongwoo saw the Seoul's Strongest Swords walking towards them one by one from the other side.

Finally, they seemed to be coming to offer their gratitude now that the battle was over.

Wasn't it Yeongwoo, who even managed to kill Kim Il-Sung, whom they thought would never be defeated?

Now, there was no reason for Seoul's Strongest Swords not to respect him.

"Th... Thank you for your hard work."

"...In the end, he was defeated."

The Strongest Swords, who thanked Yeongwoo in turn, took on a much stiffer demeanor than before.

Although they hadn't felt particularly close to Jeong Yeongwoo before, now they felt like they weren't even the same species.

There was nothing ordinary about his power, equipment, or way of thinking.

It was as if an alien had put on a human disguise and was protecting the human world.

Of course, this "protection" came with a price tag attached.

"Well, did everyone enjoy the show?"

As Yeongwoo clapped while still being carried by Pofu Tenta, the Strongest Swords in the audience looked at him with fearful eyes.

"..."

At this, Yeongwoo took a single karma coin from the pile that Jeonggu was holding.

"Now, shall we discuss defense expenses?"

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 206

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 206: Defense Specialist (2)

‘Defense funds...’

‘So... you really were planning on asking for money.’

‘Here it comes.’

The expressions on the Strongest Swords’ faces were varied.

However, it was a completely different reaction from when Yeongwoo had demanded “protection fees” before.

“If you’re talking about defense funds... how much do you plan to receive?”

“What is the specific definition of defense? Does that mean Yeongwoo will be responsible for all mutants in Seoul?”

This time, the majority of the Strongest Swords asked back on the assumption that they would be “paying defense funds”.

“...The reaction isn’t that bad, is it?”

Jeonggu whispered this with a trembling expression, and Yeongwoo just nodded silently.

After all, everyone here had seen the combat power of the Kim family’s three generations who had descended from the North firsthand.

Thanks to that, they too realized.

The fact that now, if a threatening mutant appears, it is not just the Strongest Swords of a single area that are in danger, but the whole country could be shattered.

And fortunately, they were able to safely withstand this threat this time.

As much as a mutant outside the norm had descended from the North, there was also a Strongest Sword outside the norm prepared in the South.

‘Jeong Yeongwoo... It’s fortunate that a monster like that is on our side.’

'If we had fought Kim Il-sung ourselves, would we have been able to win even if we combined all our strength?'

'I wonder if today would have been Seoul's last day.'

The Strongest Swords each let out a sigh of relief.

And then they looked at Jeong Yeongwoo's right arm, which was the very proof that he was a "monster".

Swish.

The arm that had been ripped off while fighting Kim Il-sung was almost completely recovered.

Unlike the ankle, this loss was not a part of the body melting away, so as soon as the two torn surfaces were joined, they quickly began to adhere.

"Ah, the amount of defense funds I'm proposing is."

Finally, as Yeongwoo brought up the topic of money, the chattering place fell silent at once.

"The amount is...?"

"Uh, how much is it?"

Seeing everyone making pitiful expressions, Yeongwoo raised his left hand and spread his fingers straight.

Pop.

"Five. Five million karma every day."

"Five?"

"Oh...?"

"Are you serious?"

This time, the room was in an uproar for a different reason than before.

It was because the amount Yeongwoo called was much lower than everyone's expectations.

"Is it really five?"

“I thought you would at least call for 10 million or more.”

“Five million? There won’t be any changes later, right?”

In fact, five million was a huge amount that far exceeded the 3 million they would get if they monopolized the mutant compensation.

However, since they had just paid a “protection fee” of 10 million karma, everyone was under the illusion that this defense expenses was cheap.

“.....”

Anyway, since the Strongest Swords of Seoul were still half-hearted, Yeongwoo turned his head and looked at the place where Kim Il-sung had died.

“Of course, I would like to collect more defense funds. As you saw today, my actual value is much higher than five million karma per region.”

“Well, that’s right...”

At this, the Strongest Swords were unable to make any rebuttal.

Wasn’t that true?

Swish.

After a while, Gwanak’s Strongest Sword Jo Sangik slowly raised his hand and opened his mouth.

“As you said, even if you had asked for more defense funds, we would have had no other choice.”

“Yes, that’s right.”

“Then even though you know that, why did you lower the defense expenses and call it...?”

As Jo Sangik raised the question on behalf of everyone, Yeongwoo looked around the room as if he had been waiting.

“Strictly speaking, the defense funds are for the survival of Seoul. If I receive more money, the self-sufficiency of each region will only decrease, won’t it?”

Yeongwoo said this and then added.

“However, there is one condition for the defense expenses of 5 million karma.”

“What is that?”

“...condition?”

The Strongest Swords looked uneasy again.

Because of what Yeongwoo had shown them so far, they didn't think this monster would easily lower his price.

However, Yeongwoo's condition was different from everyone's expectations.

“Golden Rain.”

“...”

“At least, from tomorrow, all Strongest Swords belonging to Seoul must distribute golden rain. If Seoul is to continue to survive, we need to improve its constitution.”

“Even for mutants that you personally disposed of?”

As expected, someone among the Strongest Swords asked quietly, and Yeongwoo nodded.

“Yes. Without exception, every single area must distribute golden rain. Otherwise, they won't be able to pay the defense expenses every day.”

In other words, it meant that defense expenses would be collected even from areas that had cleared mutants by themselves.

“Ah...”

Some of the Strongest swords, who had confidence in their own defense, showed perplexed reactions.

And among them, the most representative figure was Yeonhee of Songpa.

“Wouldn't it be better to just pay you a commission and leave it to you to deal with mutants we can't handle ourselves, like before? In return, you'd get a fair 10 million karma.”

Commission.

From the very choice of words, she drew a clear line.

Just like today, she was saying that she could protect her own district on her own.

But Yeongwoo's thoughts were different.

"That might be possible in normal times, but what if an existence like Kim Il-sung falls into Songpa?"

"Then, of course, 10 million karma..."

"No."

"...Yes?"

"Why do you think I used the term 'defense expenses'? It means that I will take on the responsibility of dealing with beings that could pose a national threat in exchange for a certain amount of military funding on a regular basis."

In fact, the price for mobilizing the asymmetrical power of laser bombardment and the Joseon's Strongest Sword was 5 million every day.

In the absence of alternatives, this was not a very expensive price.

"To be precise, you guys in the Seoul Alliance are going to split the cost of my tens of millions of karma payroll. It's like a tax, in a way. It's not just about giving me money, it's also a sign of your goodwill and trust."

"..."

When Yeongwoo brought up goodwill and trust, Yeonhee had nothing to say.

She knew that the other person was using a strange sophistry, but she couldn't refute it because of the atmosphere.

After all, most of the people here had already paid Yeongwoo 'protection money' once.

The majority actually needed Yeongwoo's help, and even the person who was going to help them had cut his price in half.

'If I argue about this any more, I'll be the only one who looks bad.'

In the end, Yeonhee let out a sigh.

"Alright then, what about the golden rain? Does it mean that all districts will have to choose the 300,000 karma distribution from now on?"

At her question, Yeongwoo's eyes lit up.

"That's right. From now on, we will return the cores left by each mutant to each district."

And Yeongwoo's advice was to use those returned cores to directly sprinkle golden rain and create commemorative coins, and to use those to gain the support of the local residents.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

"There will be differences between districts, but when you sprinkle golden rain, at least 300 million karma will be generated in the district. So, please take 5 million out of that as a defense contribution and distribute the rest in consultation with the local residents."

Even if only 10,000 residents are alive in the area, at least 300 million karma will be generated.

In fact, the population of each district before the reset was at least 120,000 and as many as 650,000.

This means that if golden rain falls in each district tomorrow, the actual amount of karma generated will be much larger.

"Since we will continue to rotate Seoul as it is now, it will be like the residents get 30,000 karma for free. So, there shouldn't be any big problem with getting some of it back."

And then Yeongwoo said this.

"It's like the local residents are paying you defense expenses."

".....!"

At this, the Strongest Swords looked as if they had been hit on the back of the head.

Come to think of it, that's true.

The only difference was the way the money was exchanged, but in essence it was the same act.

The residents paid 'protection money' to the Strongest Swords, the local guardians, and the Strongest Swords paid 'defense expenses' to Yeongwoo in preparation for problems they couldn't handle themselves.

To put it simply, from now on Yeongwoo was going to be the Strongest Sword of the Strongest Swords.

“If all districts are really able to generate golden rain every day, it will be a much more stable system than it is now. At least some karma will be left over.”

Gwanak's Strongest Sword Jo Sangik came forward and defended Yeongwoo's proposal.

“We'll continue to support you with manpower until the fundraising system is in place, just like we did today.”

Oh Yeonhee nodded in agreement after he said this.

“Let's give it a try for now. If everything goes as well as you say, I don't think we're going to lose any money.”

“That's great. You won't regret it. And I think it's essential, especially since the mutants are getting stronger and stronger.”

Yeongwoo thought that simply having the Strongest Swords monopolize 3 million was not enough to sustain the regions.

This was because not only mutants but also monsters were getting stronger as time went on.

‘It has to rain gold all over Seoul every day. Otherwise, Seoul will eventually be in ruins.’

Of course, Yeongwoo wasn't proposing this plan just for everyone's survival.

The reason was money.

More precisely, he needed a stable cash flow.

‘The currency generated by the golden rain is proportional to the number of people. Not only in the long term but also in the medium term, it's beneficial to keep more people alive.’

Currently, there are a total of 12 areas under the Seoul Federation where “collection” is possible.

‘Except for my area, Gangnam, there are 11 areas.’

Therefore, if each area receives a defense expenses of 5 million, Yeongwoo's fixed income per day will be a whopping 55 million karma.

Once this defense expenses system is well established, there won't be a situation where taxes go unpaid, at least for a while.

“Now, has the explanation been sufficient? If there are any other questions or complaints, please speak up now.”

As Yeongwoo said this, an unexpected figure raised his hand.

Whoosh.

It was none other than Kim Doha of Yongsan's Strongest sword.

“Yes, Mr. Doha. Please go ahead.”

“Uh... it's nothing else but... that defense expenses, until when do we have to pay it?”

“The mutation won't be infinite, will it? Kim Jong-un has already appeared in the north, so it's obvious that others will follow suit, right?”

Kim Doha's intention with the question was clear.

At some point soon, all mutants will disappear, so wouldn't defense spending be meaningless by then?

Even this question had considerable persuasiveness.

As he said, for some reason, in the north, the dictator, who might have been the strongest mutant, had already appeared as the third generation.

So, what about Seoul?

Since a dragon has already appeared here, won't similar beings soon emerge one after another?

“Yeah, that's right.”

“It makes sense. No matter how many conglomerates or celebrities there are, there must be limits.”

The atmosphere among the Strongest Swords became one of gradual agreement, and Yeongwoo, too, did not deny it.

“You're right. If there are no more threats, there would be no reason to increase defense expenses.”

But will such a day really come?

Yeongwoo found it difficult to be certain.

If merely disposing of all mutants was enough to end the reset, there would be no achievements like 'Ending Maker'.

[Ending Maker]

| Discover the protagonist after the reset.

Furthermore.

'It's not over yet. Judging by the related achievements, the age of Pangaea will surely come.'

There is something more.

However, until now, it was just a suspicion, so Yeongwoo could only say this much.

"I hope all threats disappear soon, as you said. However, since the reset, our planet has already connected with the universe. So maybe..."

Yeongwoo's follow-up about preparing for something beyond mutants was left unfinished.

Gooooong...!

Suddenly, the sky above Gangnam changed ominously.

"Huh?"

"What, what is it?"

"Oh, no way!"

Everyone was startled by the phenomenon reminiscent of when 'Furnace' first appeared, but Yeongwoo and Yangju's Strongest Sword Choi Jongseon were thinking of a completely different entity.

Because that thing...

Shuaaak!

Suddenly, a deep rumble resounded from the sky, and the space in the area seemed to ripple.

Something with tremendous mass was approaching.

"Oh, it's coming!"

“Run...!”

With the thought that something on the level of the three generations of the North was coming again, the Strongest Swords of Seoul looked at Yeongwoo with wide eyes.

Now he was a defense specialist who would receive a salary regularly from tomorrow.

But Yeongwoo, who should have been ready for combat, instead raised both arms and laughed brightly, emitting a strange sound, no, meaning.

“「Dogooooo」!”

As if in response, a huge anchor was suddenly shot down from the sky.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 207

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 207: Defense Specialist (3)

In a world where mutants fall from the sky every day and merchants from all corners of the universe come to trade, the Strongest Swords had adapted relatively quickly.

However, even so.

Shwaaaaaat, kwaaaaang!

They couldn't help but be surprised by the oversized anchor that fell from the sky out of nowhere.

“Ugh...”

“That can't be... an anchor?”

“What the hell is going on?”

The Strongest Swords of Seoul reflexively drew their swords, but didn't dare to raise their blades towards the anchor.

This was because they had learned a lot of meaning through the word “Dogo” that Jeong Yeongwoo had just shouted.

Dogo.

A brand of pan-universal war weapons and a joint-stock company made up of numerous shareholders.

And a military company with Dogo, the Destroyer, the owner of the Ten Thousand Sword Mountain, as its chairman.

The transcendent language that Yeongwoo had shouted contained the scene of the first meeting with Dogo’s shareholders and the atmosphere at the time, so some of the Strongest Swords were so shocked that they staggered.

“What on earth are you doing...?”

Songpa’s Strongest Sword Oh Yeonhee looked at Yeongwoo with her mouth covered.

No matter how strange the world had become, it felt like a very dangerous attempt for a single human to directly contact an ‘alien’.

On the other hand, the reaction of Gwanak’s Strongest Sword Jo Sangik, who had early on seen Yeongwoo’s extraordinary nature, was quite different.

“Oh... my God, Mr. Yeongwoo was a pioneer.”

After learning about Yeongwoo’s incredible history, he admired him even more.

Just as those who first contacted the alien exchange office on the first day of the reset were given early birds, so it must be the same this time.

In this world, you have to overcome your fear and take risks faster than others in order to move forward.

In other words, Jeong Yeongwoo was an ‘early bird’ even among the Strongest Swords.

Of course, Yeongwoo himself didn’t care about what the Strongest Swords thought.

All that mattered to him now was.

“Chairman...!”

Perhaps it was just because he was going to meet the chairman who might have brought the weapon catalog.

[TL/N: After discussing with the PR, we're changing encyclopedia to catalog as it makes more sense contextually.]

Chup, chup!

As Yeongwoo ran towards the anchor piggybacked on Pofu Tenta, the black iron horse Negwig followed him behind, letting out a long cry.

-Kyuuuui!

Then, the wedge pattern of Dogo appeared in a row along the black trail he left.

This was a kind of ceremonial function for his own chairman.

And at the same time.

Zzuuung!

A quest that had been stuck in the corner of Yeongwoo's field of vision started flickering.

[Dogo] "The Will of the Deceased"

[Mission] Assassinate Kim Jong-un.

[Reward] Dogo special equipment

[Special] The fact that Dogo is supporting this mission must be disclosed.

"Huh...?"

After being surprised for a moment, Yeongwoo's eyes filled with anticipation.

Hadn't he already completed the mission listed in that quest?

On top of that, the fact that the quest text was reacting at the moment the chairman arrived was a coincidence.

'The chairman came to deliver the reward in person!'

The moment Yeongwoo thought this, "The Will of the Deceased" was actually completed.

Ping!

[Quest Completed – "The Will of the Deceased"]

[Reward Paid]

| Dogo Special Equipment

“Oh, Chairman!”

As Yeongwoo spread his arms wide open, a huge iron lump slowly descended from beyond the sky.

It was the spaceship shaped like the tomb of the chairman of Dogo.

“...Huh?”

“Oh my God.”

“.....?”

When the Strongest Swords saw the iron plate the size of a skyscraper appear in the sky above Gangnam, they reflexively shuddered and stepped back, sharpening their swords.

It was so powerful that the Geumgang Yaksha they saw earlier felt like a joke.

After all, the Kim family is only the most wicked existence on this planet, and they are nothing more than common thugs in the universe.

On the other hand, the being that appeared now was the founder of a pan-universal military company.

So, it was natural that his majesty far surpassed that of a mutant on a single planet.

Kugugugugug...

As the endlessly tall iron tomb continued to lower its altitude, the huge chain connecting the anchor and the tomb rattled and twisted.

And finally.

“Oh, that person over there.....?”

“What?”

“Look over there!”

The Strongest Swords found something on top of the tombstone and their eyes widened.

That's because there stood a hulking knight, clad in armor from head to toe.

His figure, looking down at the ground with a large greatsword resting on it, was like a character out of a comic book, and everyone stood there with their mouths open, unable to say a word for a while.

Thanks to that.

“Chairman! I’m here!”

Yeongwoo’s location, the only one making a loud noise, was clearly revealed.

—Jeong Yeongwoo07.

After a while, the chairman looked towards where Yeongwoo was and jumped off the top of the tomb without a moment’s hesitation.

Taat!

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

“What?”

“Oh!”

“Jo, be careful!”

The Strongest Swords were actually shocked by the chairman’s free fall.

They knew that their opponent was no ordinary person, but from the Strongest Swords’ point of view, it was a free fall from such a high altitude that it would send shivers down their spines just to watch.

Moreover.

“Huh...?”

“Wow, he’s much bigger than I thought he would be?”

His body, which had looked so small when he was on top of the tomb, started to swell up at an incredible speed as he got closer to the ground.

Fwoosh!

Chairman Dogo finally landed right above Yeongwoo's head.

Descending at high speed, fully absorbing Earth's gravity, he came to a gentle stop about 3 meters above the ground.

Shuaaat!

"Chairman! I've been looking forward to seeing you again."

As Yeongwoo tilted his head on Pofu Tenta, the chairman moved his gaze inside the helmet and looked at Pofu and Yeongwoo's right arm, which was in the middle of recovery.

—You seem to be doing well.

He was still wearing the same armor as before.

A helmet that completely covered the front and full-body armor that was dented all over the place.

The only thing different, though.

'A cape...?'

This time, a cape made of some kind of metal was draped over the chairman's back and shoulders.

Unlike the armor that bore the clear marks of battle, the cape was strangely clean, so Yeongwoo couldn't help but ask.

"Are you... on your way somewhere?"

He asked because he thought it might be related to the weapon catalog that the chairman had personally gone to get in order to fulfill the contract.

However, the answer he got was completely different from what he had expected.

—I was called by the council.

"The council...?"

—They're going to review the contract process for the transfer of the Bastard. It's true that the order of Earth has been distorted by 'Myth'.

"....."

Yeongwoo, who was still a lowly being compared to the chairman, had a hard time understanding even half of what he had just heard.

‘So... does that mean he was summoned somewhere because the council took issue with the transfer of the Mythic weapon?’

In other words, he was being scolded by the council for daring to carry a Myth weapon on Earth while the reset process was still underway.

“Chairman, are you okay? What’s going to happen next?”

As Yeongwoo rolled his eyes to check if the chairman’s limbs were intact, a deep voice came from inside the chairman’s helmet.

—The problem has been resolved, as the councillor who raised the issue has been eliminated.

“Huh?”

The moment the chairman said that, he put his greatsword back in his scabbard, Yeongwoo couldn’t help but think this:

‘No way, even those guys on the council or whatever must be no ordinary beings, but they’re... dead? No, he killed them?’

It was like a businessman who had been called in for a parliamentary inspection had beaten up the National Assembly member who had questioned him.

“Um, Chairman... are you really okay? Isn’t the council that summoned you a pretty high-ranking one?”

As Yeongwoo dared to express his concern about the chairman’s judgment, Dogo tilted his head once and spoke again clearly.

—The problem has been resolved.

“Ah... I guess that’s true since the source of the problem is gone. I was too short-sighted.”

Yeongwoo nodded again.

And he muttered to himself, ‘Crazy bastard Destroyer.’

“So, Chairman, is the Bastard still mine? I’m supposed to pay the acquisition tax by tomorrow.”

If he had to give the Bastard back, the acquisition tax should be canceled as well, right?

To this, Chairman Dogo, instead of giving a precise answer, turned the conversation in an odd direction.

—Are you afraid? To become the master of Myth.

It was clear that even he didn't know for sure, so he was just beating around the bush.

“No, Chairman, it's not that.”

It was the moment when Jeong Yeongwoo, the blockhead recognized by the achievement system, broke his stubbornness for the first time.

What kind of conversation could he have with someone who swung his sword around the moment the council officially called him to raise a problem?

“So, the reason you came to Earth today is...”

Yeongwoo lowered his head slightly and stared at the chairman's empty hands.

Then Dogo laughed softly, as if he knew it all too well.

—The contract will be fulfilled.

(Special Clause) [Expensive Sweat]

- 「Dogo」 will procure one of the catalogs of your choice within two days.

-If the deadline is not met, the head office will pay 100 million karma as a penalty.

The weapon catalog that Yeongwoo had set as a special clause condition.

He was telling him that he had brought it within two days as promised.

“Oh, really?”

As Yeongwoo looked around like a child looking for a Christmas present, the chairman raised his head and looked at the sky.

And then.

Piiiiiiing!

A beam of light shot down from the edge of the sky and placed a holographic book right in front of Yeongwoo.

“Ah... this is it.”

The weapon catalog he had been waiting for so long.

Yeongwoo instinctively tried to reach for the catalog, but first looked at the chairman.

—.....

The chairman nodded his head slightly as if to allow contact, and Yeongwoo reached for the weapon catalog.

Poof.

‘It’s already the third catalog.’

Accessories, armor, and weapons.

Yeongwoo couldn’t even begin to imagine how strong he would become now.

「‘Weapon Catalog’ has been added to Jeong Yeongwoo07’s data.」

The catalog acquisition message appeared, followed by a special notification that had never appeared before.

「A mythical item has been detected from the catalog list.」

「A mythical catalog will be added.」

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 208

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 208: Defense Specialist (4)

“Myth... a mythical catalog?”

As Yeongwoo’s eyes widened, chairman Dogo, as if he had known all along, crossed his arms and said.

—The true value of the Bastard lies there.

It was a kind of Dogo-style bluffing, as Yeongwoo, who had been insignificant because he had handed over the Bastard, could open the myth catalog.

“Th-The Myth Catalog... So, it's a catalog that only registers mythological equipment that you'll acquire in the future? Will I really get a second myth?”

Yeongwoo said with a humble gesture.

Of course, having obtained a mythical weapon in just a few days after the reset, he had never thought that this would be his first and last myth.

Yeongwoo was born insignificant, but he was a very ambitious and mischievous being for an insignificant person.

And above all.

‘If the chairman considered handing over the Bastard even considering the myth catalog... there must be a reason, right? Like another way to obtain a myth.’

Yeongwoo's humble demeanor in front of the chairman was precisely because of this.

Myth Catalog.

Isn't the reason why the chairman gave this to Dogo's advertising model because there is room for a second, and even a third, myth?

‘Chairman, please give me some answers.’

When Yeongwoo looked at Dogo's beast-shaped helmet with anticipation, the chairman responded after a while, not in the form Yeongwoo had expected.

—Jeong Yeongwoo07. You already have the second myth in front of you.

“.....?”

Yeongwoo tilted his head at the unexpected answer.

“What do you mean? Ah, of course, Chairman, your military class is indeed a mythic existence.....”

Yeongwoo was about to say this, but then he suddenly closed his mouth as something crossed his mind.

And then, at the right moment.

Ha.

The chairman spread his arms in a posture that seemed arrogant.

—This body is the myth itself.

‘...Did he make a mistake today?’

But Yeongwoo felt like he knew what the chairman was talking about.

—Even the name of Dogo is written in that catalog.

‘...As expected.’

In other words, the Myth Catalog was not just about equipment, but a conceptual catalog that dealt with everything ‘mythical’.

‘So ultimately, the chairman was just showing off his own achievements. It means being included in the catalog.’

But at the same time.

“Then someone with the Myth Catalog might go hunting for mythical beings like you, Chairman. They could kill myths to fill the catalog...”

Yeongwoo asked a question that could seem quite absurd, but the chairman, who exuded strength, straightened his shoulders as if proud.

—Indeed. There have been quite a few challengers.

And then, he muttered quietly while adjusting the greatsword at his waist.

—I am also the owner of the Myth Catalog. And today, I filled one slot in the catalog. Finally, that Bastard has found a use as well.

‘...Unbelievable.’

He was referring to the member of council who raised questions about the Bastard’s transfer.

‘With such scoundrels everywhere, how on earth is the order of the universe being maintained?’

As Yeongwoo was thinking this, the current status of the Myth Catalog appeared before his eyes.

[1]

The 'myth' Yeongwoo had collected so far was only one.

From now on, if he acquires another mythical equipment or defeats a mythical being, he can increase that number one by one.

'How many myths has the chairman, the crazy king of destruction, collected?'

Without realizing it, Yeongwoo stared blankly at the distorted Dogo full-body armor, then his attention was drawn to the notification messages that appeared one after another.

Swish!

"Huh?"

It was none other than.

【The sword body length is proportional to the user's height.】

【25% increase in power against targets larger than the user.】

【Ignore 50% of physical damage reduction rate.】

.

.

.

【15% increase in power when using both hands.】

【20% increase in power for the first attack. Reactivated when switching weapons】

It was a special effect application message from the weapon catalog.

All the options of the collected weapon equipment were applied collectively.

And finally.

[There are 2 unapplied effects.]

|Subject: Golden Trait, "Bastard"

|Reason: Ownership effect

A notice appeared stating that the automatic combat of the two-handed sword 'Golden Trail' and the unique effects of the Bastard would not be activated by the catalog.

‘Ah... That’s a shame. Not all effects are applied indiscriminately.’

In other words, to see the effects of the Bastard and the Golden Trail, they must be worn directly.

‘I thought I could see the flying Bastard.’

One fortunate point was that since the Golden Trail automatically followed its owner, there was no need to take it up and waste a slot. Now that “Preemptive Strike” was registered in the catalog, would he not frequently use slash attacks and thrusts?

「Preemptive Strike」 – Variant One-Handed Sword

【20% increase in power for the first attack. Reactivated when switching weapons】

‘Still, the Dullahan’s Sword effect is applied in the catalog. Hunting dragons will be much easier.’

Imagine the Bastard’s sword extending up to 6 meters. Yeongwoo had confidence that he could even scare off dragons.

Also, due to the Weapon Catalog, even though his firepower might not be great, his versatility had significantly increased.

‘My preparations to meet my mother and uncles are all done.’

Swish!

Next, the status of the Weapon Catalog appeared.

[Weapon Catalog]

[13]

[Collection Effect: 10]

|Damage increase per registered weapon: 1%

“Oh.”

Indeed, it could be called a Weapon Catalog.

The collection effect from level 1 was extraordinary.

‘So if 100 weapons are registered, the damage increase would be 100%, right?’

Of course, judging by the operation of the previous catalog, it wouldn't be easy to fill the catalog in a short time since only equipment with special effects could be registered in the catalog.

'But ultimately, it's a matter of time. As long as there's enough karma, I can buy equipment as they come.'

In the end, it's another karma issue.

However, the negotiations for defense expenses had been settled to some extent, and there was still plenty of advertising fees from Dogo that had not been received.

"Chairman... Thank you for all your hard work. I will work hard to spread the name of Dogo far and wide."

As Yeongwoo bowed his head, Pofu, who was carrying him, also tilted his upper body and bowed to the chairman.

— Babat!

"However....."

After a while, Yeongwoo spoke up again.

—What is it? Tell me.

"There's still one unpaid reward."

Yeongwoo gestured with his right thumb, index finger, and middle finger crossed, and the Dogo inside the helmet chuckled knowingly.

—You're right. Business deals must be clear.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Then he gave some kind of signal to the sky again.

And then.

Boom!

This time, instead of a pillar of light, a rough noise of physical force was heard as the problem 'reward' broke through the sky and crashed into the middle of Yeongwoo and Dogo.

Boom!

“Whoa!”

The volume of the ‘reward’ was larger than expected, so Yeongwoo instinctively stepped back but barely managed to hold his ground.

“What is this, Chairman?”

Yeongwoo asked while looking at the black lump of metal.

The equipment summoned by the chairman was stuck in the ground in an oval shape, like the egg that contained Negwig.

However, its size was about 1 meter in diameter, much smaller than Negwig.

‘He probably didn’t give me another mount.’

As Yeongwoo cautiously examined the black metal, Dogo pointed at the reward with his finger.

—After reaching an agreement with the shareholders, it was decided to provide a newly developed product for demonstration. This is the reward for killing Kim Jong-un.

“...A new product?”

Of course, from Yeongwoo’s perspective, it was even more surprising to hear the name ‘Kim Jong-un’ pronounced by the chairman.

—Look.

Dogo descended slowly for the product demonstration.

Yeongwoo watched as he gradually approached the earth’s surface and the chairman’s toes.

He had never actually ‘landed’ on the earth because he always floated in the air.

Swoosh.

Finally, he descended to a place just 1 meter above the ground, then slowly drew out his sword and lightly scratched the ‘new product’ with its tip.

Sssht!

At that moment.

Crack!

With a fierce friction sound, the metal object, which had been in an oval shape, unfolded widely.

“...Huh?”

Yeongwoo finally realized what this reward was and widened his eyes.

“A cloak... This is a cloak, right?”

Moreover, this cloak was the same product as the one the chairman was currently wearing.

—When you receive a summons someday, you too must wear the “Phase Armor.”

Phase Armor.

The ‘Phase Armor’ given by Dogo using transcendental language was a type of robe.

It was an equipment term that indicated the affiliation, status, and cosmic aspect of the wearer.

Generally, it was made in the form of a cloak, but depending on one’s preference, it could also be a ritual sword, shield, or helmet.

‘Especially when engaging in external activities, wearing Phase Armor is considered a cosmic etiquette. It’s almost essential when entering public institutions...’

For a while, Yeongwoo was unraveling the complex meaning of “Phase Armor,” but he once again paid attention to the chairman’s recent words.

“Chairman, but when they say ‘summoned’ in space... it’s usually not for good, right?”

For example, like when the chairman was summoned by the committee.

‘Even if you haven’t paid taxes, you’ll probably be ordered to appear at the relevant agency...’

Dogo didn’t deny this.

—That’s right. So you should pay even more attention to cosmic etiquette and prepare for unavoidable choices.

“Unavoidable choices...?”

As Yeongwoo echoed the chairman's words like a parrot, Dogo looked up at the sky again.

But this time.

Poof!

It was to ascend into the sky.

As usual, it was about to leave as soon as it finished its business here.

"Ch-chairman! What do you mean by unavoidable choices you just mentioned? Chairman!"

As Yeongwoo shouted while looking at Dogo, his commanding voice echoed from the sky.

—Remember Dogo's business philosophy. I am Dogo, the King of Destruction, the one born on the battlefield, the master of the Hundred Thousand Swords Mountain, 「Dogo」 ...!

'What the heck... What is he saying?'

While Yeongwoo was frowning, the giant chain connecting the chairman's tombstone to the anchor began to be sucked up into the sky.

Swish, swish, swish, swish!

Dogo began its voyage back into the vast universe.

"Chairman! Stay healthy...!"

Since he had to see them off anyway, Yeongwoo waved his arms into the air.

Then, the Seoul Strongest Swords, who had been listening to their conversation blankly, also waved their hands awkwardly.

Especially Gwanak Strongest Sword Jo Sangik.

"...Yeongwoo seems to have a tough life as well."

Watching the gigantic tombstone of the "New Humanity," disappear beyond the sky, he licked his lips in admiration.

Poof!

And in the place where the chairman had left.

“.....”

Dogo's special cloak, the reward for killing Kim Jong-un, remained.

“A cloak that allows you to prepare for unavoidable choices...?”

Now that the chairman had left, it was time to open the gift.

Yeongwoo immediately reached out and touched the black cloak.

Tap.

「Cosmic Etiquette」 – ◇ Dogo Phase Armor

【20% increase in damage to government officials.】

【20% resistance to abilities】

【Dogo】

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 209

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 209: Up (1)

“Targeting government officials...?”

As soon as Yeongwoo saw the main effect of the cloak, he immediately realized what the chairman meant by “unavoidable choices.”

‘So, even when he beat that councillor to death, he was wearing this.’

In a way, the incident itself could have been excellent publicity.

It's like saying, with this product, you can solve any ‘problem.’

‘But then, who exactly are Dogo's main customers?’

While Dogo manufacturing such dubious equipment seemed plausible, Yeongwoo wondered who would actually buy such gear.

Finally, he started to take an interest in the customers of the company he was promoting.

“Government officials as targets? What kind of trouble are you getting into?”

As Jeonggu approached, he was astonished by the tooltip of ‘Cosmic Etiquette,’ and Yeongwoo, picking up the cloak, turned his head sideways.

“I haven’t done anything yet.”

“Yet?”

“Well, I don’t know about other people’s affairs.”

Yeongwoo couldn’t grasp the chairman’s true intentions behind giving him this insane cloak.

It could be a suggestion to resist upcoming tax bombs, or it might imply an entirely different event.

‘Well, ‘government officials’ is quite a broad term.’

Anyway, the chairman seemed to think that their advertising model, just like himself, would clash with government officials.

‘I hope it’s just a bluff. I have no intention of becoming a full-fledged criminal already.’

Of course, as long as he wore this cloak, it would be difficult to win the favor of government officials.

‘Does this just automatically wear when draped over the shoulders?’

Since there were no obvious loops or belts to attach the cloak to the body, Yeongwoo draped the large hunk of metal over his shoulders like wearing a coat.

Then, ‘Cosmic Etiquette’ landed sharply on Yeongwoo’s back with a metallic sound.

Clink!

「Cosmic Etiquette」 - ◇ Dogo Phase Armor

【20% increase in damage to government officials.】

【20% resistance to abilities】

【Dogo】

An astonishing cloak that can threaten government officials just by wearing it.

Next, Yeongwoo's resistance abilities soared, confirming that Cosmic Etiquette had been properly applied.

|Flame Resistance: 35%

|Cold Resistance: 35%

|Lightning Resistance: 30%

|Toxin Resistance: 15% 【50% Osmosis】

|Ability Resistance: 50%

“Wow... My toxin resistance has increased too.”

This was thanks to the effect of the Osmosis of the Story Ring.

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

He inadvertently made full use of the Osmosis.

‘Taking advantage of the 35% toxin resistance.’

As Yeongwoo thought this, his mind spun once more.

‘Wait... Right now, my toxin resistance alone is 15%, so it receives the Osmosis effect, right?’

Then if the toxin resistance was not 15% but 30%, what would happen?

‘In this case, there will be two basic resistances with the lowest values. Then wouldn't they both receive the Osmosis effect?’

Having reached this point in his thoughts, Yeongwoo glanced quickly through the equipment catalog.

While there was no way to increase toxin resistance to 30% right now, he could temporarily lower lightning resistance to 15% to test it.

‘If I find equipment with 15% lightning resistance and deactivate it for a moment, I can experiment right away.’

And finally.

‘I found it.’

He discovered it in the accessory catalog.

「Insulation」 - Mutation Bracelet

【15% Lightning Resistance】

Insulation, 15% lightning resistance.

If he deactivates this in the catalog now, he could record both the lowest values of toxin and lightning resistance.

Pop!

As soon as Yeongwoo deactivated Insulation, his lightning resistance immediately dropped to 15%.

Then.

Boom!

|Flame Resistance: 35%

|Cold Resistance: 35%

|Lightning Resistance: 15% 【50% Osmosis】

|Toxin Resistance: 15% 【50% Osmosis】

|Ability Resistance: 50%

The lightning resistance also increased by 50% due to the Osmosis.

‘Hey... This is a total scam, isn’t it?’

As Yeongwoo unintentionally marveled at the successful experimental results, Jeonggu tilted his head.

“Why, what are you up to now?”

“I’m just boosting resistance.”

“What?”

Though Jeonggu asked, Yeongwoo’s gaze had already returned to the catalog.

Thanks to the second-tier collection effect of the accessory catalog, by deactivating all effects related to basic resistance, he could apply Osmosis to all four resistances.

[Collection Effect: 20]

| All basic resistances +15%

‘This is like winning a Nobel Prize.’

Excitedly, Yeongwoo found and deactivated each basic resistance effect one by one.

As a result,

| Flame Resistance: 15% 【50% Osmosis】

| Cold Resistance: 15% 【50% Osmosis】

| Lightning Resistance: 15% 【50% Osmosis】

| Toxin Resistance: 15% 【50% Osmosis】

| Ability Resistance: 50%

Ironically, after removing resistance equipment, his resistance actually skyrocketed.

‘Wow, not only did the chairman give me the power to target government officials, but he also gifted me resistance.’

This meant there was no need to deliberately purchase resistance equipment, saving even more on equipment costs.

However, the point to be careful of in this setup was,

‘Now, resistance can only be increased through ability resistance, and basic resistance should not be accidentally increased.’

Of course, there might be a way to bring in large quantities of special resistances like the one obtained today, but for now, ability resistance was the only method.

‘Let’s set up Gems in advance. The probability of encountering a dragon again tomorrow is quite high.’

Thanks to having three catalogs, now all gem slots could be utilized.

For example,

「Ghost Armor」 - Mutated Breastplate

【15% Projectile Damage Reduction】

【-Empty Slot-】

Since Ghost Armor was listed in the armor catalog, he could receive all the effects of the equipped gems without directly wearing it.

Furthermore, there were still two Void Stones left to create new gem slots.

Ping!

Next, when Yeongwoo inserted a Gem into the Ghost Armor, a new entry appeared at the bottom of his resistance status.

| Dragonkin Resistance: 10%

‘Farming knows no bounds. But there probably isn’t something like government official resistance, right?’

It was half a joke, but probably not.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

There was likely an ability resistance attached to something like ‘Cosmic Etiquette,’ which could be considered a kind of obstruction to government duties.

This meant that government officials in the universe generally used ability damage.

“What’s next? If someone else is coming, tell me in advance.”

After watching Yeongwoo for a while, Jeonggu shook his head as if fed up.

Meanwhile, the golden goblin gathered 10 million karma scattered around the Benz field.

-Keet!

Finally, he retrieved the 'protection fee' promised by Eunpyeong.

At this point, Yeongwoo belatedly realized that the Dharma Wheel carried by the goblin had disappeared.

As expected, when the Yaksha disappeared, the equipment the goblin carried also disappeared.

'You can't just eat up mythological equipment.'

What were the collection effects of mythological catalogs?

And how much had the chairman filled in the catalog?

"Well, for now, there won't be any more guests."

Yeongwoo detached his luck while groping for the Bastard at his waist.

Since he probably wouldn't meet any more mythical equipment or equivalent beings today, the only remaining task was the nighttime dungeon.

'Since I can blow the whistle once more, my friends can meet me in the dungeon.'

However, to avoid using up Kim Il-sung's sphere for a dungeon entry ticket, he needed to obtain one more golden sphere.

"Maybe the next destination is North Korea again...?"

"What?"

"Today, to enter the dungeon, I need one more sphere."

"...So you're going to North Korea to get it?"

"There's probably still a high chance of mutants being there."

And after visiting there, the protection fee collected in Dobong would probably have arrived at the lodging.

In essence, only money coming in remained.

"Now that the difficult tasks are almost done, you don't have to worry."

After offering such unhelpful comfort, Yeongwoo finally checked the achievement rewards.

[Achievement Completed: Black Legend]

| Achievement Grade: Epic

| Achievement Rank: #2

「Face legendary evil.」

Since encountering the Kims fulfilled the achievement, the reward notification had been flickering in the corner of his vision since earlier.

‘Black Legend... Let’s see what it is.’

As Yeongwoo approved the reward collection, a new item with a very peculiar tooltip appeared.

Paat!

「Evil Meter」 - Mythological Tool

【You can see the target’s evil meter.】

【Increase in post-achievement evil reduction rate by 20%】

‘Evil meter...?’

Yeongwoo’s eyes widened.

This was a device related to the structure of this world, or rather, the universe.

The device, shaped like a revolver, had its entire barrel shimmering brightly like a prism exposed to light.

“W-What’s that? Is it a gun?”

Jeonggu approached, mesmerized by the shimmering barrel of the measuring device, and Yeongwoo, with a slightly tense expression, opened his mouth.

“It’s an Evil Meter.”

“What? Evil?”

“Yes. It seems like when you shoot someone with this, you can see their Evil Meter.”

Swish-

When Yeongwoo aimed the gun... no, the measuring device at Jeonggu, the Strongest Swords standing in the distance started murmuring.

To them, who didn't understand the situation well, it seemed like Yeongwoo suddenly pulling out a gun and threatening his father.

Meanwhile, Yeongwoo was watching a spectrum of iridescent light gathering above Jeonggu's head.

Probably a sign that he had become the measurement target.

"It seems that committing virtuous acts reduces the evil meter. It says so in the tooltip."

"Why are you talking to me while pointing a gun at me?"

"No, it's just... fascinating, isn't it?"

As Yeongwoo chattered while tapping the barrel, Jeonggu wiped the cold sweat flowing from his forehead for some reason.

"So, how much virtue do you have to commit to reduce the evil meter? It won't be a one-to-one ratio, right?"

"I don't know. But now that we have this measuring device, we should be able to figure it out roughly."

And for that, they would need to know what the universe specifically defined as 'evil deeds' and what constituted 'virtuous acts.'

In fact, concepts like evil or virtue themselves were quite abstract and subjective depending on the circumstances.

"So, can you only see other people's evil meters with that device?"

"I don't think so. If you shoot, you should be able to see mine too."

However, Yeongwoo's gun was still pointed at his father.

"Really? How about shooting yourself first?"

Jeonggu made a gun shape with his hand and pointed it at his own temple.

Yeongwoo nodded.

“Yes. I must know my own evil meter. But before that.”

As Yeongwoo placed his finger on the trigger of the measuring device, a clicking sound echoed.

“Aren’t you curious?”

“About what?”

“Whether the universe considers the involuntary creation of orphans due to unintentional malicious intent as evil deeds or not.”

“What?”

“Let’s see the universe’s judgment together. Father!”

Swiftly, Yeongwoo grasped the Evil Meter with both hands.

“...!”

Then, without hesitation, he pulled the trigger.

Bang!

[TL/N: Bat-shit insane guy.]

[PR/N: Bro shot his father in the fucking forehead

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 210

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 209: Up (2)

He thought he wouldn’t die with a high probability.

Even if he were to fire the evil meter at his father.

Of course, it looked just like a real gun.

‘Something like a bullet could be shot.’

Even if that were the case, as long as his heart wasn’t pierced, he thought he could survive with effort.

In a hurry, he could lend the “Slime’s Core” to regenerate his body.

But the place Yeongwoo inadvertently aimed at was.

“Huh?”

It was right in the middle of his father’s forehead.

It was instinctively aiming at a place where it could cause fatal injury at the thought of firing a gun.

So naturally.

Bang!

As the trigger was pulled, the gun fired a bullet towards Jeonggu’s forehead.

“... A bullet came out?”

“No, this crazy bastard!”

The two Strongest Sword, sensing something was wrong for a moment, were startled.

And almost simultaneously, the multicolored bullet fired from the detector pierced Jeonggu’s forehead.

Bang!

“Whoa! Father!”

“Ah...!”

Jeonggu squeezed his forehead with a grim face.

But.

“....?”

Instead of a hole appearing in his forehead, not a single drop of blood was coming out.

“Huh?”

“What, what’s going on?”

“It looks like it was just a holographic bullet.”

When Yeongwoo finished firing and lowered the detector, system messages appeared in the air at the right moment.

『Kim Jeonggu-49522-III_III』

| Evilness level: 1,079,806

“1.7 million...? Is that... high?”

As it was the first measurement target, Yeongwoo couldn’t tell whether Jeonggu’s evilness level was high or low.

“1.7 million? Is my evilness level really 1.7 million”

When Jeonggu asked like that, Yeongwoo finally realized.

The fact that only the owner of the detector could check the evilness level.

“You can’t see it from there, can you?”

When Yeongwoo pointed to the system message in front of him, Jeonggu shrugged his shoulders.

“I don’t see anything.”

“Oh, really?”

Then it meant that Jeonggu couldn’t see the evilness level change history extending below the evilness level.

“ ... ”

So Yeongwoo read the remaining messages as if stealing the other’s diary.

[Recent increase in evilness level]

| Increase of 13 due to the murder of Im Gyeonghan06.

[Recent decrease in evilness level]

| Decrease of 134,801 due to the assassination of dictator Kim Jong-un by Jeong Yeongwoo07.

Surprisingly, the person who reduced Jeonggu's evilness level the most was none other than Yeongwoo himself.

'How did this happen?'

Yeongwoo had a shocked expression, but he was secretly guessing the reason.

The reason why Jeonggu's evilness level decreased due to the actions of Jeong Yeongwoo07.

'Kim Jeonggu... is really my father.'

Of course, tonight the truth of the 'Direct Descendant Universal Certificate' written last night would be confirmed, but before that, it was as if it had been cross-verified through the evilness system.

And above all.

[Maximum increase and decrease in evilness level]

| Unintentional modification by Jeong Yeongwoo07, +1,362,447.

| Decrease of 134,801 due to the assassination of dictator Kim Jong-un by Jeong Yeongwoo07.

At the bottom, there was a separate note, similar to what was written in Yeongwoo's destiny book.

Because of unintentional intentions, the evilness level increased by a whopping 1.36 million.

In other words, Kim Jeonggu's maximum evilness was none other than the illegitimate child, Jeong Yeongwoo.

'It doesn't feel good to be the reason for my father's maximum evilness.'

Moreover, the evilness level was 1.36 million.

Considering that Jeonggu gained 13 evilness by killing Im Gyeonghan06, 1.36 million was a very high number.

'And the reason why my father's evilness level is high... is probably because of my age.'

Joseon's Strongest Sword, Jeong Yeongwoo07.

The strongest orphan born, giving his father a whopping 1.36 million evilness.

‘But am I really that wicked? I don’t think I’ve accumulated many virtues, but...’

Even so, is it saying that right after birth, he accumulates evilness so great for his father?

Yeongwoo felt a little sad.

But the somewhat comforting part was.

| Decrease of 134,801 due to the assassination of dictator Kim Jong-un by Jeong Yeongwoo07.

Killing Kim Jong-un significantly reduced his father’s evilness level.

‘Kim Jong-un must have committed heinous acts to have such a large evilness level. If I had let him live, he would have continued to commit sins....’

In other words, if you want to lower your evilness level, you just need to find and kill someone who has committed greater evil than yourself.

‘It’s quite inexplicable. The principles of the universe.’

Yeongwoo sighed deeply, then suddenly thought of another existence and blinked.

—I am Dogo, the King of Destruction, the one born on the battlefield, the master of the Hundred Thousand Swords Mountain, 「Dogo」

It was Dogo, the founder and current chairman of the intergalactic weapon brand 「Dogo」. ‘The chairman is a nobleman who kills even councillors, how much evilness level would he have?’

Surprisingly, his evilness level might not be high.

If Dogo has overwhelmingly contributed to public welfare or good deeds more than the harm caused to the universe, couldn’t he offset a large amount of evilness level?

‘... But that’s probably not the case.’

Swish.

Yeongwoo tightened his grip on the evil meter.

Now that he roughly understood the structure of the evilness system, it was time to examine his own evilness level.

“You’re doing it to yourself now?”

“Yes.”

As Yeongwoo nodded, Jeonggu’s expression seemed to be expectant.

Except for the mistake of having a son, he hadn’t done anything terribly wrong, yet his current evilness level was 1.07 million.

And even that was reduced by Jeong Yeongwoo’s “good deeds.”

Then, what would be the evilness level of Jeong Yeongwoo07, who is evilness incarnate?

“Alright, here we go.”

As Yeongwoo aimed the muzzle at his own forearm, Jeonggu’s expression twisted strangely.

He had just aimed at the head earlier, so why was he now shooting himself in the arm?

“Hey, you! Fairness dictates that you should also...”

Before Jeonggu’s words urging him to shoot himself in the forehead could continue.

Bang!

Yeongwoo’s evil meter fired once again.

And soon.

Bang!

Yeongwoo’s evilness level was revealed plainly.

『Jeong Yeongwoo-49523-III_II』

| Evilness level: 46,023,840

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

“Huh?”

Yeongwoo, who aimed the detector at his own forehead, blinked, wondering if he had misread something.

However.

“46... million?”

The evilness system was still reporting Yeongwoo’s current evilness level as 46 million.

“What? 46 million...?”

Jeonggu, who was laughing, also stiffened his expression upon hearing Yeongwoo’s evilness level.

He sensed that it wasn’t just a matter to laugh off.

“Does that make sense? What kind of evilness level is in the tens of millions?”

Since Jeonggu had just heard his own evilness level, his expression was more complex than ever before.

Despite Yeongwoo’s flaws, he didn’t think he was such a wicked person to accumulate an evilness level of 46 million.

“What did you do before meeting me? You might be a bastard, but you’re not a freaking son of a bitch, are you?”

“...”

When Jeonggu sent him a troubled look and asked, Yeongwoo squeezed his lips and extended his hand.

“Ah, just stay still for a moment.”

Then he shifted his gaze to the changes in the evilness level.

By examining the history, one could understand why such an outrageous figure had appeared.

[Recent increase in evilness level]

| Increase of 4,264 due to the murder of Cho Seonghu01.

[Recent decrease in evilness level]

| Assassination of dictator Kim Jong-un: -2,746,511.

First of all, there was nothing special in the recent history.

‘A decrease of 2.7 million in evilness level due to the disposal of Kim Jong-un. Is it because I’m the main instigator? It’s about 20 times lower than my father’s decrease?’

And in the recent increase in evilness level history, the name Cho Seonghu⁰¹ was written.

The evilness gained by killing him was over 4,000.

‘Cho Seonghu... He’s that Strongest Sword, right?’

During the North-South confrontation in Paju, he was the one who asked for the disposal of Kim Jong-un until the last moment.

He was considered quite impressive at the time, but he turned out to be a person who accumulated evilness when killed.

‘Didn’t my father kill someone named Im Gyeonghan and get 13 evilness? The difference in evilness gained from the same murder is enormous.’

Yeongwoo then asked Jeonggu.

“Father.”

“... Huh?”

“Who is Im Gyeonghan?”

“....?”

Jeonggu, who showed a momentary surprise at the unexpected name, soon answered.

“He’s a friend I knew and hung out with in Dobong.”

“A friend? But it says that he was killed by my father?”

“Uh... does it show that too?”

Jeonggu scratched his neck awkwardly.

Then he nonchalantly reminisced about the memory of murder.

“We decided to take turns taking naps, and when I seemed to be asleep, he swung his sword. He probably wanted to take my title.”

“Ah.”

This was the story corresponding to the 13 evilness.

In other words, even though he killed a despicable person, instead of his evilness level decreasing, it increased by 13.

This meant that the intergalactic business system considered “murder” as a significant crime.

‘Then, how great a person was Cho Seonghu...?’

Yeongwoo looked down at his own hand.

But something like the murder of Cho Seonghu was almost negligible compared to his total evilness level.

‘46 million... Even if I killed Cho Seonghu ten times, it wouldn’t be enough to fill my evilness level.’

Was he really such a villain?

Yeongwoo unintentionally looked back on his past.

Then.

‘Wait a minute. The most recent increase in evilness level is due to the murder of Cho Seonghu?’

Yeongwoo’s eyes gleamed with madness again.

‘Then, receiving protection fees or defense fees wasn’t considered evilness?’

A business allowed by the universe.

Anyway, in this universe, even if you accumulate a lot of evilness, as long as you have enough power, you can live on.

Chairman Dogo was a good example of this.

‘Yeah, maybe evilness level is just an indicator to distinguish tendencies. Having a high evilness level doesn’t suddenly make you die or anything like that. Maybe...?’

An evilness level of 46 million was a number that couldn’t be accepted without thinking like this.

‘Where did all this evilness level come from in the first place? Was it originally a cursed fate?’

Yeongwoo's gaze finally turned to the last item, the maximum increase and decrease in evilness level.

And he soon saw it.

Where did this ridiculous amount of evilness level come from.

[Maximum increase and decrease in evilness level]

| Advertisement activities as the model for Dogo: +51,449,319.

| Cumulative summoning of Golden Ratio: -2,935,106.

“Ah... fuck you, Chairman...!”

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]