

Level 4 Human in a Ruined World #Chapter 211 - Read

Level 4 Human in a Ruined World Chapter 211

Chapter 211

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 211: Up (3)

Thus it became certain.

The universal weapon brand 「Dogo」 led by Chairman Dogo, is evil incarnate.

‘Ah... I should have realized as soon as I saw that insane advertisement.’

In Yeongwoo’s mind, the image of Gepi, a Mon-o boy living on the planet Jarugal, flashed by.

Well, it’s not like a company that produces advertisement videos with such stories would be in a good state.

‘But why would they badmouth Lemu while they themselves are stacking up evil deeds?’

Although he didn’t have any thoughts of betraying the chairman and the company at this moment.

Because without them, it would have been difficult for him to survive until this moment.

However, it was a big problem that an unbearable level of evil deeds was unknowingly accumulating.

Unless this evil deed was merely a simple indicator for distinguishing tendencies.

‘They say if you delay paying your taxes for just one day, you’ll be thrown in a prison cell with a fatality rate of 84%. Would a world like that just leave those who have stacked up a lot of evil deeds alone?’

By becoming a model for Dogo’s advertisement, he acquired a whopping 51 million evil deeds.

In contrast, the evil deeds he managed to reduce by showering with golden ratio was only 2.9 million.

'It's like peeing on your own foot. And if I keep going with Dogo, my evil deeds will only increase.'

This is why large companies donate a lot and support public campaigns.

'The chairman should do some good deeds too, right? This brand image is a mess.....'

Thinking like this, Yeongwoo realized that the most recent product Dogo released was 'increase in damage to government officials.'

Now that he thought about it, Dogo had never hidden their true identity even for a moment.

So, of course.

'Our customers' evil deeds must be extraordinary too.'

Shock, despair, fear.

".....!"

Yeongwoo screamed silently.

To be born as a resident of a remote planet and accumulate tens of millions of evil deeds.

Even if this is a destiny, it's still too much.

'But this is too much. I never intended to become a universal villain.'

And there's even the achievement of discovering the "main character" on this side.

[Ending Maker]

|Find the main character after the reset.

'What's with this flow... Meeting the main character with so many evil deeds, I doubt anything good will happen.'

If he meets the chairman again someday, he should discuss this evil deed a bit.

"....."

With an expression of disbelief, Yeongwoo repeatedly checked his evil deed history.

Then Jeonggu cautiously approached and spoke.

“...Are you okay?”

“I’m not okay. It feels like I’ve met a sponsor who’s too much for me.”

* * *

6:03 PM.

When the battle with the Kim Three Generations was slowly being cleaned up, Taewon’s Lim Suna came to the scene with her employees.

Or rather, it should be seen as her coming to find Yeongwoo, who is also Gangnam’s Strongest Sword.

“Yeongwoo!”

Eventually, she spotted Yeongwoo, but couldn’t approach him towards the Strongest Sword.

The whole area was blocked with Benzes, making the road practically impassable.

So Yeongwoo himself got out of the Benz jungle and headed towards her.

“Is everything okay? On Taewon’s side.”

When Yeongwoo asked like this, Suna, with a bewildered expression, looked around at the Benz forest and belatedly replied.

“Ah, yes. You’re okay too, Yeongwoo...?”

At this moment, her gaze fell on what looked exactly like a gun, ‘Evil Meter,’ and Yeongwoo quickly handed it to Goblin.

“Yes. Today’s mutant incident has been all resolved, and starting tomorrow, we will collect defense expenses from each region.”

“Defense expenses...?”

Suna asked again with a face that seemed to ask what mischief he had done this time.

So Yeongwoo briefly conveyed the ‘discussion’ with the Seoul Federation that he had.

Starting tomorrow, golden ratios will be distributed from each region of Seoul, and a large-scale collection will take place.

“Are all the Strongest Swords going to distribute golden ratios from now on?”

Suna still had a skeptical expression as she looked alternately at Yeongwoo and the Strongest Swords gathered on the other side.

The sight of Seoul being showered with gold was hard to imagine.

“Then should we prepare for collection starting tomorrow?”

When Suna switched back to work mode and asked, Yeongwoo nodded.

“Yes. We should collect 5 million karma from the residents of Gangnam as defense expenses.”

Since Taewon had been managing Gangnam for a long time, collecting defense expenses shouldn't be too difficult.

However, in Gangnam's case, the beneficiaries of defense expenses were slightly different.

“However, that money should be divided equally between Kwon Taeyoung and Kim Jongsu.”

“...Excuse me?”

Suna's expression was as if she was asking if she had heard correctly.

“Are you saying that the defense fees collected in Gangnam will be divided between the two of them?”

“Yes. You understood correctly.”

After nodding his head, Yeongwoo looked vaguely eastward.

“If by any chance, I am absent from Gangnam for a long time, the two of them will take charge.”

This was a contingency plan for a possible visit to North America or other variables.

And also out of respect for the colleagues who had been with him since the beginning of the reset.

Moreover, leaving everything aside, shouldn't there be reliable allies in Seoul?

Right now, even though Taewon is serving as Yeongwoo's subordinate and he has a fairly friendly relationship with the Strongest Sword from Gwanak, it's hard to see those two groups as firm allies.

‘The only ones I can trust and rely on right now are Chief Kwon and Jongsu... and...’

Swiftly.

Yeongwoo’s gaze turned towards Kim Jeonggu, a company man with 1.07 million evil deeds.

“What, again?”

Feeling his son’s strange gaze, Jeonggu furrowed his eyebrows, and Yeongwoo scratched his chin.

“Oh, it’s nothing. I just wanted to remind you to bring back the money later. You haven’t paid the 5 million yet.”

* * *

At the current time, 6:33 PM.

As the sun began to set gradually, Yeongwoo was once again riding on Negwig and heading north.

Clack, clack!

He needed to acquire one more golden sphere to use in tonight’s dungeon.

‘No matter what, there should be at least one mutant left in the north.’

It’s a really bad thought, but aren’t there very few Strongest Swords left in North Korea now?

Just by the fact that Kim Jong-un came down to South Korea, and even if it’s not that event, it’s a well-known fact that North Korea suffered a great blow from the inter-Korean war in Paju.

In other words, if you look closely at the land of the north without Pyongyang’s Strongest Swords and Kim Jong-un, you can probably find at least one mutant that hasn’t died yet.

Clack!

Negwig, sprinting at full speed, was already passing through Goyang and heading towards Paju.

‘If we assume that most of North Korea’s Strongest Swords are dead... what will happen next?’

In any case, won't there continue to be mutants appearing in North Korea for a while?

'There will either be only a few Strongest Swords monopolizing those mutants, or North Korea will collapse as a whole.'

Whichever it is, it's clear that there will be significant repercussions for South Korea, so Yeongwoo needed to examine the situation in North Korea as well.

Clack!

As Yeongwoo and Negwig eventually reached the vicinity of Imjin River in northern Paju, they saw a stretch of greenery at Peace Nuri Park to the right.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

And along with it were the devastated military facilities.

"Hmm?"

Blam!

As Yeongwoo reflexively pulled the reins, Negwig stopped walking, and Goblin and Pofu, who were riding along behind, also felt something strange and turned their heads towards the park.

"What, was there a fight here too?"

At Yeongwoo's words, Negwig automatically turned his head towards the park and started walking.

Clack, clack.

Negwig began to slow down as he walked on the grassy field in the park.

Then, after a while, someone familiar to Yeongwoo appeared.

"Huh?"

It was none other than Sergeant Jo Seongsik from Yeoncheon.

"Sergeant Jo!"

Blam!

Surprised, Yeongwoo jumped off Negwig and ran towards him.

At the moment he arrived in front of him, Jo Seongsik was still blinking his eyes without responding, lying on the ground.

“Oh...!”

Yeongwoo realized very quickly that the opponent was already dead.

Because Sergeant Jo didn't even blink when he heard Yeongwoo's call.

‘Oh, Kim Jong-un passed through here.’

Yeongwoo sighed softly and looked around.

In this area, not only Sergeant Jo but also soldiers from the Yeoncheon Army Headquarters were lying down.

Moreover, all of them had their equipment smashed into pieces.

This was evidence that they had encountered opponents different from ordinary mutants.

‘This is serious. If Sergeant Jo isn't here, then practically the northern part of our country...’

If there's a Guardian of the North in North Korea named Sinuiju's Strongest Sword, then there's Sergeant Jo Seongsik in South Korea.

But now that both figures have disappeared, it's as if the border has collapsed.

‘For now, I need to check the situation around Yeoncheon and evacuate the residents to Seoul.’

Yeongwoo requested manpower from Jo Sangik using “Wave.”

He also told Taewon to send people to Paju.

After all, wouldn't he have to hold funerals for those who died in battle?

Thanks to the former Strongest Sword of Gangnam, Jeong Hyunsik, Taewon still had a funeral system.

‘I should find the families first and offer to hand over the bodies. And if they want, I'll offer to hold the funerals as well.’

This was the first time since the reset that Yeongwoo had thought about holding a funeral upon seeing the dead.

‘This means that the situation in North Korea is beyond critical.’

Clack!

Yeongwoo’s gaze shifted back north again.

And then, a reddish light, clearer than before, was seen shimmering in the sky, which had turned closer to indigo.

“Huh?”

As Yeongwoo blinked, the reddish light, which had come much closer in the meantime, took on a clearer form than before.

“What’s that?”

It was none other than a red light pillar indicating the location of a mutant.

A mutant from somewhere in the north was now descending towards Paju.

“Hmm.”

With a swift motion, Yeongwoo stood up and quickly headed towards the outskirts of the park.

Blam!

Then, on the other side, the Imjin River came into view, and beyond it, you could see a scene where a bear the size of a typical single-family home was charging.

[Soldier – Kim Daeryong]

Soldier, Kim Daeryong.

“Kim Daeryong? Never heard of him before.”

Well, if he’s a soldier from North Korea, it was natural for Yeongwoo not to know unless he was pretty famous.

Because of the opponent’s identity.

「I am guardian Kim Daeryong! Help me!」

It was none other than Kim Daeryong, the commander of the North Korean Army and the former Guardian of the Nation until just before the reset.

“What? Are you asking me for help? What the heck for?”

While Yeongwoo was muttering like this, Kim Daeryong hurriedly jumped into the river.

Splash!

He was trying to cross the river to get to where Yeongwoo was.

It was only now that Yeongwoo realized that the opponent was being chased by someone.

Blam, blam!

While Kim Daeryong was swimming, two very agile silhouettes appeared behind him.

And the titles each of the two figures had above their heads were:

『Dandong’s Three Swords』

“Dandong... Three Swords?”

Just as Yeongwoo was captivated by a foreboding feeling, Kim Daeryong, who had just crossed the river, opened his mouth with a grim expression.

「Do you plan to just stand there and watch? Help me first!」

The guy had been confidently asking for help from the beginning, so Yeongwoo wondered what the heck was going on, but then he realized.

“Oh.”

Wasn’t there the title ‘Strongest Sword of Joseon’ above his own head now?

So, Yeongwoo...

Swish!

『Strongest Sword of Gangnam』

After changing the title above his head, he swiftly swung his sword and beheaded Kim Daeryong in one stroke.

Splat!

Then, just as the Dandong Three Swords were about to cross the bridge, they hesitated in their steps.

They had only expected to fight 2 against 2 after Kim Daeryong's words, and they hadn't expected their opponent to kill a mutant.

Upon seeing this, Yeongwoo directed his voice towards the still hesitating Dandong Three Swords.

"If you turn back without crossing that bridge, I'll let you go. Go back now."

Yeongwoo's words were sincere.

He had already secured the sphere, and soon he would have to recover the bodies of the soldiers from the north, including Sergeant Jo Seongsik.

He didn't want to see any more bloodshed.

Especially since he had only recently confirmed the existence of the evil deeds, he didn't want to wield his sword again without knowing the opponent's identity properly.

And above all...

'If I kill them, it'll only add to the stigma of betrayal. It's better not to cause unnecessary trouble as the situation could become chaotic soon when the land is redistributed.'

However, the response from the Dandong Three Swords side was not very desirable.

"...?"

After a brief discussion among themselves, they looked back at Yeongwoo again.

They were probably trying to gauge whether they could win or not.

Upon seeing this, Yeongwoo looked up at the sky and shouted suddenly.

"Earth! 482! 184! 3041! 27!"

Of course, the Chinese who didn't understand the meaning of these numbers didn't run away.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 212

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 212: Up (4)

“Oops!”

It was only after Yeongwoo had made the coordinate call that he remembered.

The range of the laser beam shot from the returnee's room was quite wide.

‘Huh? At this rate, they’ll be killed right away...?’

Yeongwoo had initially called the coordinates behind the opponent with the intention of scaring them away.

But at this rate, those two Chinese men would disappear in the blink of an eye.

“General...!”

Yeongwoo, who was about to hastily request a ceasefire, then closed his mouth as he saw the two swordsmen attempting to cross the bridge.

‘Well, considering they came down here as soon as the border was breached...’

They probably wouldn’t change their minds just because they were scared.

Even if they retreated now, there was a high chance they would come back properly prepared later.

So how could this problem be solved?

In fact, Yeongwoo already knew the answer.

‘...If you destroy the problem, there won’t be a problem anymore.’

That was the Chairman’s teaching.

So Yeongwoo, after receiving the evil business detector back from the goblin, aimed his gun at the opposite side of the bridge.

Bang!

“...!”

“Ah!”

As a result, the two people who had just set foot on the bridge quickly retreated, and the sky tore apart right on cue.

Fwaaaaaah!

Finally, General's laser bombardment arrived on Earth.

“What's that?”

“D-Danger...!”

Both of them sensed the danger as they saw the laser beam tearing through the air, but it was far too late to dodge.

Paaah!

The person who had been looking into the distance at the sky vanished without a trace, and the other person, who had managed to fly sideways just in time, lost everything except his head.

“...Huh.”

As Yeongwoo watched the Chinese man's head fall to the ground, he finally realized how terrifying the laser bombardment must look to others.

And one more thing.

“Wait a minute!”

As Yeongwoo stared blankly at the location where the bombardment had landed, he quickly ran across the bridge.

Because...

‘The equipment has completely vaporized?’

Not only the bodies of the two swordsmen but also the equipment they had were cleanly gone.

‘It seems like bombardment not only destroys the enemy but also their equipment.’

It was probably the firepower that killed Kim, who wielded mythical equipment, in a single blow.

It was natural that most equipment couldn't withstand the output of the laser cannon.

'If you want to take the loot, you have to be careful with bombardments.'

Of course, amidst all this, there was one item that remained intact.

Tap.

The crimson coin Yeongwoo picked up from the ground.

Just like last time, this currency survived a direct hit from the laser.

'I wonder if the Chairman will ever make guns? It would be nice to use this as ammunition for firearms.'

Yeongwoo first ordered the goblin to collect the scattered coins from all around.

-Kiit!

Then, 14,000 karma, the "change," poured into Yeongwoo's balance.

* Available karma: 41,348,500

With this, today's tax issue was perfectly resolved.

But another problem arose immediately.

Paaat!

「Since you have acquired the title of a region not belonging to your country, the stamp 'Territorialism' will be created.」

Yeongwoo received another stamp while taking away two titles from the swordsmen.

'So it's finally here.'

Yeongwoo calmly waited, like someone experienced in stealing titles.

Soon, a shiny blade mark appeared before his eyes, informing him that from now on, he would be pursued by countless Chinese people.

『Territorialism: China』

[To atone for this crime, all strongholds in China will be informed of your location.

“Strongholds in China” likely referred to the highest-ranked individuals. How many would that be, altogether?

Before the reset, China’s population was roughly 1.42 billion.

In contrast, South Korea had around 50 million people.

A simple comparison of populations showed about a 28-fold difference.

‘So, the number of leaders of strongholds would be at least 20 times higher.’

Then would the number of pursuers also be 20 times higher?

‘Wait a minute... is this okay?’

Just North Korea, with a population half that of South Korea, had about eleven members who didn’t participate in the Paju Battle during the inter-Korean war.

Then, for China...

‘It’s 40 times that of North Korea... so 440 people come every time there’s a full-scale war?’

It was a laughable number’

Of course, the probability of such an event actually happening was extremely low.

With the majority of communication equipment disabled, how could the scattered strongholds across China communicate and coordinate without means?

At most, there might exist alliances based on geographical proximity.

‘But even so, we can’t completely ignore it. Even if the regions are divided into quarters, each has a population five times that of ours.’

And that was a conservative estimate.

“...”

Yeongwoo imagined himself standing before a hundred Chinese strongholds gathered from various regions of China.

And soon, the scene of laser beams raining down on them.

‘A hundred against one? Even with a laser cannon, it wouldn’t be easy.’

And on top of that, if there were those in China who received sponsorship from space corporations?

It became more complicated.

Whoosh.

Yeongwoo reached out to the ground and grabbed the head of the unnamed Chinese man.

He checked if there was any hidden loot in the head of the deceased, but as expected, there was none, so Yeongwoo sighed with disappointment and laid the head on the ground.

‘But where’s Dandong? Is it one of the areas near the North Korean border?’

The only Chinese region Yeongwoo vaguely knew was Shandong Province, under the jurisdiction of Sandong’s Twin Evil Jang Jaham.

It was the aggressive middle-aged Chinese man they met in the dungeon last night.

‘He said he’d come find me tonight, but only the tough ones came crawling in.’

Whoosh.

Yeongwoo’s gaze shifted northward.

He wanted to go up to the Chinese border with North Korea, but it was already getting dark, so he had to return.

He couldn’t predict the route of tonight’s dungeon, so he needed to rest in advance.

And he also needed to meet the people from Gwanak and Taewon who were rushing to Paju.

‘Angry Chinese could approach Seoul through other regions. It’s best to return around here.’

Whoosh!

When Yeongwoo made up his mind and raised his hand to call for Negwig, a fierce extraterrestrial iron horse came galloping from the other side.

* * *

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

7:46 PM.

As Yeongwoo left Paju and headed back to Seoul, there were now over thirty swordsmen and four transport carts following him in line.

They were personnel from Seoul National University brought by Jo Sangik of Gwanak and monster hunters from Taewon who were urgently dispatched.

Responding to Yeongwoo's call to recover the bodies of the soldiers, people were sent from both Gwanak and Taewon.

Originally, the plan was to first find the families of the deceased and then proceed with the recovery of the bodies, but when Jo Sangik arrived at the scene, he had a different opinion.

If they couldn't find the families quickly, the bodies would be damaged by tonight's abnormal weather, so for now, they should move the bodies to Seoul and proceed with the rest of the work later.

Given that Yeongwoo hadn't even considered the possibility of the bodies being damaged, he had no choice but to accept Jo Sangik's opinion.

'As expected, adults are adults.'

As Yeongwoo looked at Jo Sangik, who was leading the way, he noticed him staring back through the window.

"Everything's been wrapped up nicely, so you can go ahead. You must be much busier than me."

Jo Sangik said with a kind expression.

With the recovery of the bodies completed and with Seoul National University swordsmen present, not to mention himself, the Strongest Sword of Gwanak, there was no reason for Yeongwoo to stay here.

But Yeongwoo's circumstances were somewhat different.

"...Haha, it's okay. You never know what might happen."

You never know what might happen.

It meant the possibility of a large-scale night attack by angry Chinese.

And sure enough.

“You never know what might happen? Are you talking as if you’ve just been through a big accident again, haha!”

Jo Sangik, who was quick-witted, seemed to sense something and glanced at Yeongwoo.

Then he continued.

“Did you cause an accident?”

“...Yes?”

“I mean, the accident. What happened this time?”

As Jo Sangik said this, he glanced back.

He was probably looking at both the north, where the accident occurred, and the Seoul National University and Taewon Group swordsmen who were present here.

“Whatever it is, even though I know Yeongwoo has the ability to handle it, shouldn’t I know? My people are here too.”

“...”

With Jo Sangik saying so, Yeongwoo could no longer remain silent.

And anyway, even if they didn’t realize it now, they would all figure it out by tomorrow at the latest.

“This time, it’s China.”

Finally, Yeongwoo confessed.

Then Jo Sangik’s expression changed from confusion to disbelief.

“What...?”

Then, soon after, his face stiffened.

“What, really? Are you crazy?”

At this point, it was the highest expression of anger for Jo Sangik.

“Really? China?”

Due to Jo Sangik’s incredulous exclamation, the swordsmen behind them began to murmur.

In response, Jo Sangik lowered his voice and shouted again.

“China? Do you know how many people live there? It’s almost twenty-eight times our population...!”

As expected of someone well-educated, Jo Sangik quickly calculated the population ratio.

Then, he looked back north with a shocked face.

“Now, there’s probably nothing left on the North Korean side. It’s practically an open border.”

“I suppose so.”

“The remaining people in North Korea will face various difficulties as well.”

Jo Sangik’s vision was clearly broad.

Before the reset, North Korea and China had friendly relations, but was it still the case after the reset?

‘Unlikely. If China’s leadership was all judged because of the reset, it’s unlikely there would be another place as hellish as China. It would be a lawless wasteland.’

Corrupt bureaucrats, immense wealth disparity.

China was the country where the results of the reset would be most vividly displayed.

In addition, with such a large population, the competitive landscape during the early stages of the reset would have been much fiercer compared to other countries.

“It’s a country I would never have considered an enemy.”

Jo Sangik sighed and looked at Yeongwoo again.

Although the future seemed bleak, there was nothing they could do.

He could only hope that the man who had now truly started his defense and even started to pay for it would succeed.

“So, what’s your plan now?”

When Jo Sangik asked, Yeongwoo scratched his chin.

“What else can we do? We have to acquire stronger firepower.”

That’s why he had gone all the way north to obtain another sphere.

The golden sphere.

The admission ticket to the night dungeon.

‘Tonight, if there’s a Chinese party member among our group, things might get complicated.’

He was confident he could handle whatever number of Chinese attacked, but if the dungeon’s unique rules were added to the mix, the situation might change.

‘I wonder how awful tonight’s dungeon will be.’

As Yeongwoo thought this, he looked at the Seoul skyline appearing on the other side. Right on cue, an alert sounded, signaling 8 PM.

「The night is approaching.」

「Therefore, to ensure your right to rest, the dormitory will be open in one hour.」

“Ah... the night is already starting.”

Jo Sangik muttered, looking at the increasingly darkening sky.

However, the system announcement for today was not over yet.

「The third stage of the reset, ‘Pangea,’ will soon begin.」

“What?”

“...!”

“Pangea?”

With the appearance of the new announcement, everyone in the area stopped in their tracks, and soon a giant timer appeared in the sky.

[11:59:48]

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 213

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 213: In the Name of Darkness (1)

Pangea.

A word referring to the supercontinent formed by the merging of all continents.

There was only one reason why this word was being used as the name for Reset Level 3.

“Pangea? Does that mean the ground will... tomorrow?”

As Jo Sangik muttered in disbelief, Yeongwoo continued his sentence on his behalf.

“Yes. The ground will merge tomorrow. Starting at 8 a.m. sharp.”

At least Yeongwoo had been mentally preparing early.

It was because “Pangea” had been on his list of achievements all along.

[Pangea]

[Witness the movement of continents at the point of a time shift.

‘At any rate, I should be able to achieve one accomplishment tomorrow.’

This meant that the importance of the nighttime dungeon they would enter tonight would inevitably rise even more.

With Pangea marking the beginning of significant changes where nations would begin their confrontations in earnest, it was evident that dungeons gathering the world’s strongest would also become chaotic.

‘Tonight might be the last chance to complete a dungeon unscathed.’

Despite the worries brought about by the imminent upheaval of Pangea, there was also anticipation.

What would happen next?

And what awaited humanity after all the anomalies returned to this world?

“...”

As Yeongwoo stared at the timer in the air with excited eyes, Jo Sangik spoke in a subdued voice.

“I’m a little afraid.”

“Yes? What are you afraid of?”

“History.”

“...?”

“I’m afraid history will repeat itself. That’s why.”

“Ah, I see.”

Though it was a brief conversation, Yeongwoo could immediately understand what Jo Sangik was apprehensive about.

To summarize the history of South Korea briefly, it could be described as a history of foreign invasions and plunder.

Being bordered by China to the north and Japan to the south, it had been constantly plagued by invasions, especially by Japan, which had colonized and plundered it for decades.

Then came liberation, only to be followed shortly by the outbreak of the Korean War in 1950.

“Can we call it peace? It’s only been seventy years since our country emerged from war.”

After saying this, Jo Sangik glanced down at the sword sheathed at his waist.

“But it seems like it’s starting again, the era of war.”

Due to the Reset, the logic of power had already been strongly established within each country.

Therefore, if all continents merged into one due to ‘Pangea’, Jo Sangik knew very well that large-scale wars for any reason would inevitably break out from then on.

Especially in the case of South Korea, would it not end up facing China and Japan?

"It's fortunate that there's no one like you, Yeongwoo, in North Korea."

"...That's true."

"But would it be the same for China or Japan? They have populations twenty times, two and a half times larger than ours."

"..."

"Yeongwoo possesses exceptional combat abilities, but they are limited to the Korean Peninsula."

Perhaps only Jo Sangik could speak such words to Joseon's Strongest Sword so openly.

So, Yeongwoo listened quietly.

"With the whole world coming together on one land, it means that the monsters from each country will face each other. Extraordinary beings chosen by the universe like you, Yeongwoo."

"...?"

For some reason, the nuance was peculiar.

At this, Yeongwoo was about to say something, but Jo Sangik interjected, spitting out passionate lines, blocking Yeongwoo's mouth.

"So never support them when you go out! I mean the monsters from foreign countries! Whatever anyone says, I'll support Mr. Yeongwoo."

"Uh... Th-thank you."

It was difficult to discern whether this was truly an encouraging word or if he was blatantly cursing, but Yeongwoo nodded his head anyway.

After all, it seemed like he wanted to say that it was better to have a native monster like Jeong Yeongwoo than to be dominated by foreign monsters.

"Surely there are extraordinary beings in other countries as well. But..."

Yeongwoo cautiously held the Bastard strapped to his belt.

"I won't lose. Please don't worry too much."

Of course, it wasn't just a word based solely on belief in 'myth'.

The followers here were none other than the intergalactic arms manufacturer and the top villainous corporation, 「Dogo」.

Would there be a company more powerful than Dogo on this planet?

'A company more powerful than Dogo...'

Yeongwoo couldn't even imagine the scene of the Chairman of Dogo being beaten somewhere.

Above all, wasn't it an incredibly villainous corporation?

The fact that it had survived despite accumulating such villainy meant that it was a powerful corporation, right?

'Well, I should at least reduce my villainy a bit.'

* * *

「The rental service has begun.」

「All buildings classified as 'residences' are now under the influence of the rental system and are in an unbreakable state.」

9 p.m. on the dot.

As Yeongwoo had just entered the outskirts of Gangnam, a notice for the rental service appeared before his eyes.

'It's already nighttime.'

Yeongwoo's heart raced again.

The fact that the rental service had started meant that paying taxes and the nighttime dungeon event were now even closer.

'I've prepared plenty of money for taxes, you little rascals!'

Yeongwoo inwardly chuckled to himself.

And in the meantime, today's weather was revealed.

「By the way, today's nighttime weather is metallic dust.」

「Be cautious of excessive bleeding.」

“Metallic dust?”

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

It was a weather type they were seeing for the first time, and this time, their existing climate-related immunity equipment couldn't intercept it.

‘I thought today's climate would be related to cold.’

Yeongwoo had been waiting for the cold type because of the “Heated Stone” he obtained during the inter-Korean confrontation in Paju.

「Heated Stone」 – Heroic Necklace

【Ignores extreme cold.】

However, with today's climate determined to be metallic dust, the utility of the Hot Stone became uncertain once again.

‘So how will I endure today's climate?’

Frowning in distress, Yeongwoo scanned through his equipment guide and found one piece of equipment he had somewhat forgotten about.

「Rotten Flesh」 – Unique Bracelet

【Bleeding Immunity】

‘As expected, everything is here when you look for it.’

This was an equipment he had deactivated to see the increased damage effect when bleeding.

So if he reactivated it only when going out tonight, he could nullify the effects of metallic dust.

‘Maybe... it'll work? They did warn to be cautious of excessive bleeding.’

Instead, his father is not allowed to go out tonight.

‘So practically, I'll have to enter the dungeon alone...’

As Yeongwoo finally arrived in front of the Parnas Hotel, Lim Suna, who was waiting outside the lobby, rushed over upon seeing him.

“Yeongwoo!”

“Ah, Miss Suna.”

Yeongwoo greeted Suna and unconsciously looked around, searching for the Sandong’s Twin Evil.

“Did any Chinese visitors come to see you?”

“Chinese visitors...? No, there haven’t been any separate reports.”

“I see.”

In fact, wouldn’t Jang Jaham also have seen the alert of territorialism?

Even if he had actually planned to come to Korea crossing the continent, his mind could have changed after seeing the asset seizure notice.

‘So today, I’m truly alone.’

With about 50 minutes left until tax collection and 1 hour and 50 minutes until the dungeon appearance, Yeongwoo couldn’t know the length of today’s dungeon, so he wanted to hurry up and rest for a while.

“Is the room ready?”

As Yeongwoo looked up at the top of the hotel, he asked, and Suna nodded.

“Yes. Everyone is already gathered in their rooms.”

It probably meant the family of Kim Taejoon and Jeonggu.

“Okay. Thank you for your hard work.”

Yeongwoo immediately jumped off Negwig and headed towards the lobby.

Then he instructed the Golden Goblin, who was busy following him.

“Take out the heart in advance. We need to perform a transplant when we go up.”

* * *

Room 3233 of the Parnas Hotel.

Jeonggu, who opened the door upon hearing the bell, had a hunch that something was coming again.

“...Here we go again.”

He saw the goblin standing with Yeongwoo holding a green metallic heart.

“Please step aside quickly. I need to rest for a while before the surgery.”

“Is this lunatic now going to replace his heart?”

Jeonggu sighed deeply but stepped back behind the door, allowing his son to enter.

He knew well that there was no convincing the stubborn bastard.

“So, is it going to poke and prod your body again like when you changed your spine?”

“...I’m not sure. This is the first time for a heart surgery.”

“Of course it is.”

With a grunt, Jeonggu pointed to the backpacks lined up under the sofa.

“These are the protection fees from Dobong.”

“Oh...!”

Today’s final income, ten million karma.

As Yeongwoo rushed towards the money bag with a gleeful face, Jeonggu sank down onto the living room floor.

“It’s almost time to pay taxes. Is all the money ready?”

“Yes. In fact, there’s some left over.”

“...Misfortune within fortune.”

After nodding once, Jeonggu glanced at the clock on the wall of the room.

While Yeongwoo eagerly awaited the dungeon entry, Jeonggu was waiting for the tax collection—or more precisely, the verification of the authenticity of the direct descendant universal proof document that would be confirmed simultaneously with the tax collection.

Of course, given various circumstances, it was almost certain that Jeong Yeongwoo was his son, but confirming it with a universal official document was a different matter altogether.

‘In 40 minutes... that bastard’s true identity will be revealed.’

Jeonggu gazed blankly at Jeong Yeongwoo, who was happily celebrating, with his hands full of coins.

Essentially, there were 40 minutes left until the son chosen by the universe would appear.

‘How did my life end up like this...? Did I commit some grave sin in a past life?’

As Jeonggu deeply sighed, Yeongwoo, who had handed the coins to the goblin, turned back and looked down at his father.

“Thank you for today.”

“...?”

An unexpected warm word.

Startled, Jeonggu widened his eyes.

“Uh? Uh, yeah. Thanks.”

Was his personality temporarily softened by the last-minute influx of money?

Jeonggu wondered, but still, he felt good.

‘He knows how to say such things. I never knew that.’

But that feeling was short-lived.

Soon, Yeongwoo pointed to the boundary between the living room and the bedroom where the backpacks were, instructing Jeonggu.

“Now, go over there and keep an eye out.”

“What? Keep an eye out...?”

“We have to perform heart surgery now, don’t we? So, make sure the kids don’t come in.”

After saying this, Yeongwoo touched the green heart held by the goblin in both hands.

As he did so, just like when attaching the spine, a warning message appeared, but this time, the content was slightly different.

「Do you want to equip the legendary-grade heart ‘Toxic Dragon’s Heart’?」

[Warning: Major surgery with a medical accident risk will be performed. (Accident rate: 8%)]

[Recommendation: If desired, you can raise the medical fee and call a specialist.

※ Call number: 024 0909#

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 214

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 214: In the Name of Darkness (2)

“What, 8%? Why can’t these lunatics just kill people properly and be done with it?”

With an arrest rate of 84% and an accident rate of 8% if he opens his chest to replace his heart.

Yeongwoo shook his head as if exasperated.

“Ugh.”

With that, he marched straight towards the bedroom.

“Where are you going?”

“I need to summon the expert. Even if the accident rate is only 1%, they must have hesitated, but at 8%...”

It’s a probability that’s hard to ignore.

Especially in a situation where there’s quite a lot to lose.

Damn it!

As Yeongwoo entered the bedroom to use the phone, the Kim Taejoon family, who had been watching the returnee's room through the television, all turned their heads at once.

"Oh, don't mind me. Just have something to do..."

As Yeongwoo was about to say that they could continue watching the television, he turned his head towards the screen following the children's gaze, and his mouth fell open.

"Oh, no."

Because his own image was already appearing on the television in the returnee's room.

"Oh, right. Am I appearing on that screen over there?"

In other words, the upcoming scene of the heart surgery will also be broadcasted directly through that television without any filtering.

"I'll be performing heart surgery in the living room soon, so it would be better for the children to rest in another room for a while."

As Yeongwoo said this, Seok and even the 'friends' on the screen were taken aback.

"What, what are you talking about?"

—What kind of crazy thing is that all of a sudden?

—Surgery...?

However, Yeongwoo didn't have time to explain in detail.

Since he didn't know how long the surgery would take, he needed to open the chest as soon as possible if possible.

'I have to pay taxes and take an hour off as soon as it's 10 o'clock. There's no time to delay any longer.'

With this thought in mind, Yeongwoo was already picking up the phone next to the bed.

Beep.

Then he immediately entered the call number written in the surgery warning message.

※ Call number: 024 0909#

'Is this correct? Why do I have to pay for a new doctor when I'm the one who found and will be wearing the heart myself?'

Beep, beep, beep.

As Yeongwoo entered all the calling numbers, a kind of dial tone came from the phone soon after.

– Chiiiiing.

At first, it sounded like just electronic noise, but Yeongwoo remembered hearing a similar sound through the television in the room, so he waited patiently.

Then...

Click.

After a while, the sound of someone answering the phone came from the other end of the line, with a very husky voice.

– This is Heartful Dispatch. How may I assist you?

“...?”

After hearing the other person's comment, Yeongwoo experienced a momentary brain freeze.

For some reason, it felt similar to when he contacted Osaek Credit.

This place was definitely not a government agency or a certified government agency, a keen intuition.

“Do you... have a name?”

When Yeongwoo asked this, the voice on the other end of the receiver suddenly spoke in a much friendlier tone than before.

– Ah, you're looking for a name.

Then they threw an unexpected question.

– Who is the caller? If you know the planet name, full name, and identification number, please tell us, and we will send you a home doctor.

'You don't even know who called?'

Yeongwoo felt something was off.

From the fact that the company name is 'Heartfelt Dispatch'... in terms of tone, isn't it more like a human resources office on Earth?

"Excuse me, but is this a medical company? I'm looking for a doctor to perform a heart transplant surgery right now."

Then the other person answered briefly with a low chuckle.

– If you received this number as guidance, it should be that we are the right medical company for you.

"Ah."

It was a response with a lot implied in it.

Since Yeongwoo wasn't completely clueless, he vaguely realized what was going on.

First, Heartful Dispatch was not strictly speaking a medical company.

However, they did have doctors available for dispatch.

Second, if the Heartful Dispatch's calling number was received through the system, it meant that this was the only option.

But surely there must be proper medical companies in this universe, so why could a doctor only be hired through Heartful Dispatch?

"..."

It was chilling.

A shiver ran down his spine.

"...Is it because my evil score is too high?"

Yeongwoo finally asked the meaningful question, and the other person responded as if caught off guard.

– In a way, it's actually a good thing, isn't it? Generally, our doctors are more skilled. It's a similar situation, so they will be more dedicated to the surgery.

'A similar situation...'

This meant that the ‘name’ being sent over for the heart surgery was also someone with an immensely high evil score.

What kind of actions must a doctor take to accumulate such a high evil score?

‘I should have known. When the evil score is high, even the surrounding infrastructure changes.’

Even now, he has only glimpsed at the disparity in medical services.

It’s a wonder if it’s the same in other fields, although he may not know.

‘This is essentially the back alley of the universe.’

As Yeongwoo looked perplexed, the Heartful Dispatch reached out again.

– How about I send you some candidates? You can also see the list of candidates currently on standby if you wish.

“Candidates on standby? What kind of candidates are available?”

Yeongwoo absentmindedly touched his forehead.

Would he entrust his heart surgery to a doctor shrouded in the darkness of evil scores, or would he open his chest in front of the public doctor assigned by the surgical system?

For reference, the medical accident rate for the latter is 8%.

“Well, can I take a look at that list first? Are the prices also listed?”

– Of course, please provide the planet name, name, and identification number if available.

Now there was no turning back.

After Yeongwoo checked his karma balance once, he recited his personal information into the receiver.

“Earth, Jeong Yeongwoo 07.”

– What are the last digits of the calling number you used to contact us?

“0909#...? Is that it?”

– Yes, it’s been received. I’ll send it right away.

Before the other party finished speaking, a list of “candidates” appeared before Yeongwoo’s eyes.

– Please review them, and if you find a candidate you like, they will be dispatched immediately. Have a safe surgery!

With that, the connection with Heartful Dispatch was severed, leaving only the list sent by the other party.

[Heartful Dispatch Cooperation Candidates]

※ Pseudonyms are used to protect the identities of the candidates.

※ In case of a successful surgery, the requester’s evil score increases by 1% of the attending doctor’s evil score.

「The Massacre Master」 – Evil score: 80 million

| Medical accident rate of 4% or less, surgery fee negotiable.

- 4 million karma.

「The Circular Saw」 - Evil score: 140 million

| Medical accident rate of 3% or less, specialized in body modifications. Additional negotiation for cosmetic procedures.

- 6 million karma.

“...”

It’s suspicious from the top.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

‘Even the basic unit of evil score is in the tens of millions.’

But Yeongwoo was somewhat confident in Heartful Dispatch.

In fact, the medical accident rates of the “candidates” were overwhelmingly lower compared to the public medical staff he had seen before.

For example, even “The Massacre Master” with a medical accident rate of 4% or less had a accident rate twice as low as the public medical staff.

‘I shouldn’t just think of this as a 1% or 2% difference. Medical accidents are disasters the moment they happen, so it’s correct to think of them as multiples.’

The list of candidates continued downwards, becoming more absurd as it went.

「The Flesh Eater」 – Evil score: 210 million

| Medical accident rate of 3% or less, prescription of painkillers available.

- 7 million karma.

「The Mind Piercer」 – Evil score: 280 million

| Medical accident rate of 3% or less, psychiatrist. Healing of physical injuries, peace of mind.

- 10 million karma.

‘A medical accident rate in the 3% range seems like the boundary for high-quality candidates.’

Yeongwoo began to feel uneasy.

Of course, the current financial burden was not too heavy.

But is Dragon’s heart surgery really worth risking his life for?

‘Considering the fusion of the hearts, it seems like it’ll eventually transform into something amazing.’

But if luck turns bad during the surgery and he dies, what good would that be?

‘I might as well just use an amulet.’

Just as Yeongwoo was considering opting for the alternative, the profile of the last candidate caught his eye.

「The Unbeliever」 – Evil score: 450 million

| Medical accident rate of 3% or less, revival within 3 seconds of death during surgery. Additional fees apply from the second revival onwards.

- 14 million karma.

“What...? That’s absurd.”

Revival within 3 seconds of death during surgery.

Yeongwoo couldn't take his eyes off the statement that claimed the impossible.

Could this be real?

'Is it a scam? Do they pretend you're dead, then keep reviving you to charge more fees?'

With a Unbelieveral gaze, Yeongwoo scrutinized the profile of "The Unbeliever."

Furthermore, the surgical fee was not just the mentioned 14 million karma.

※ In case of a successful surgery, the requester's evil score increases by 1% of the attending doctor's evil score.

'If 1% of 450 million is... 4.5 million.'

From Yeongwoo's perspective, with a remaining evil score of about 46 million, this meant an increase of a whopping 10% in evil score.

Just trying to reduce the evil score a bit, and end up gaining more notoriety.

'This is insane, really.'

Amidst this, the time for taxation was steadily approaching.

"..."

So in the end, Yeongwoo decided.

'Let's... let's trust the Unbeliever.'

Snap.

Reaching out, he chose the miraculous doctor who could even reverse death, The Unbeliever.

Suddenly!

As Yeongwoo finalized his choice of his attending doctor from the list, all the profiles disappeared.

And all the lights inside the room went out, except for the television connected to the patient's room.

—What... what's going on there?

—What's happening?

—Should... Should we prepare for an attack?

With their television screens suddenly darkened, both the “friends” and Yeongwoo himself tensed up, with Yeongwoo cautiously drawing out a sword with his father.

“Let's... let's move to the living room slowly.”

Since the doctor would likely appear in the space where the requester is, Yeongwoo turned his head toward the living room, signaling to leave the bedroom.

Then...

「Did you call the doctor? Since the situation might get a bit messy, please come to a place without kids.」

In the dimly lit living room, a doctor who had been sharpening a sickle gestured.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 215

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 215: In the Name of Darkness (3)

It was huge.

The figure that appeared in the living room without a sound was enormous.

It seemed to reach a height of at least 4 meters, touching the ceiling of the living room.

‘A... a crow?’

At first glance, it looked like a giant crow, but upon closer inspection, it was holding a sickle with its gnarled hands under its wings.

So, the entity that the name referred to was a giant crow with arms attached to its torso.

It wasn't something wearing a crow costume; its posture, standing on the ground with bird legs, was unmistakable.

「Please, have a seat and wait a moment.」

Every time these words were spoken, the large beak opened wide, and the eyeballs moved.

Swoosh.

The “there” the entity referred to was none other than the sofa in the living room.

“Wait? For how long? I have to pay taxes in about 30 minutes.”

Even in this situation, Yeongwoo didn't forget that the time for tax payment was approaching.

Upon hearing this, the skeptical “unbeliever” raised its head from sharpening the sickle and looked at Yeongwoo.

「.....」

‘Ugh.’

A crow. A real crow.

But the crow's head was about the size of ten sacks of rice packed together, giving a creepy feeling just by making eye contact.

「You're only changing the heart, right?」

“Yes? Oh, yes. Just the heart.”

As Yeongwoo quickly regained his focus and responded, the entity lowered its head again and began sharpening the sickle.

「It won't take long. Please wait.」

“...Okay.”

Seemingly facing an impossible negotiator, Yeongwoo closed his mouth and obediently sat on the sofa.

Then, the scene of the entity sharpening the sickle became clear.

Screech, screech!

Its jet-black arms were incredibly muscular.

Although the silhouette resembled that of a human, the thick veins bulging from its forearms showed an impossible thickness for a human.

‘What species is this? A crow with muscular arms...’

And then.

Screech!

Is that sickle a surgical tool?

Screech!

“...?”

Yeongwoo looked at the massive sickle in disbelief.

The handle was about 3 meters long, and the curved blade seemed to be at least 2 meters long.

‘How can they perform heart surgery with that? Even if they slice open the chest, they might accidentally slit the throat and consider it normal.’

While Yeongwoo was troubled by the surgical tool, Jeonggu, who had come to the living room following his son, was shocked to see the doctor.

“Son of a bitch... what the fuck is this?”

“This is my heart surgery surgeon.”

“What? That crow-colored...”

Seeing the sickle in the crow’s hands belatedly, Jeonggu cautiously covered his mouth and stepped back.

“...Is that the doctor?”

Upon which the entity calmly spoke without turning its head.

「Please have a seat, guardian. The surgery will begin shortly.」

“Ah... Yes.”

Following the doctor’s instructions, Jeonggu sat beside his son.

Then, the entity gestured that everything was ready, shining the sickle blade into the sunless void.

「Please lie down now. Remove any items covering your upper body.」

Swoosh.

The entity pointed to its own chest with muscular fingers.

There was a stone surgical table waiting for the patient, placed there at some point.

“...”

Upon this, Yeongwoo briefly stared at the surgical table, then removed his cape from his shoulders and threw it on the floor.

Thunk!

The metallic cape made a heavy sound as it settled in the living room, revealing the advertisement tattooed on Yeongwoo's forearm.

「Dogo.....?」

Sure enough, the entity recognized Yeongwoo's tattoo.

“Do you know Dogo?”

As Yeongwoo climbed onto the surgical table and asked, the entity, still skeptical, blinked its large eyes.

「The chairman is quite famous.」

‘As expected of the chairman.’

To think even a shady doctor from the back alleys of the universe knew about him.

Yeongwoo intended to ask specifically why he was famous, but due to the ominous question posed by the doctor, he missed the timing.

「Do you bear pain well?」

“Yes?”

As Yeongwoo inadvertently widened his eyes, his body floated about 30 centimeters above the altar.

It was akin to when he underwent spinal surgery.

“Um, how much does it hurt?”

Now that Yeongwoo was starting to feel a little scared, he looked at his doctor, and the entity's large beak opened wide.

「If you're a powerful villain, you should be able to withstand a level of pain.」

“No, Doctor... Actually, I...”

As Yeongwoo's follow-up, denying that he was a villain, was about to continue, the doctor swung the sickle it was holding vigorously.

“Ahhhh!”

Confirming that the tip of the sickle was aimed directly at his chest, Yeongwoo screamed in terror.

And at that moment.

Swoosh!

Countless crimson spirits gushed out from around Yeongwoo's heart, pierced by the sickle.

– Krrrrr!

– Huuuuu...

– Aaaaah!

“What...?”

As Yeongwoo watched the spirits escaping from his chest into the air, he recognized a few familiar faces among them.

“Oh! Kim, President Kim!”

Among the spirits fleeing into the sky with resentment, there was one with the face of Kim Il-sung.

But soon.

Whack!

As the doctor swung the sickle again, catching the spirits, including the Kim family, the attempts of all the souls, including the Kim family, to escape were in vain.

– Ahhhhhh!

– Kyaaaa!

Spirits wailed, trapped on the edge of the sickle.

Watching this numbly, Yeongwoo asked the doctor, without realizing that his chest had opened about a handspan.

“Wh... Doctor, what’s happening?”

However, instead of explaining, the doctor asked, pointing to Yeongwoo’s chest with his left hand.

「It seems you are quite the villain, bearing the tattoo of Dogo. You don’t even seem to show signs of pain.」

“No, Doctor, that’s... ”

Yeongwoo’s reason for not feeling pain right now was purely because of his Talisman.

「Berserker」 – Mutation Amulet

【Ignore a certain level of pain.】

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

The surgery currently being performed was terribly painful, after all.

The Berserker talisman had activated automatically.

「Now, we will extract the original heart.」

The entity uttered the horrific line and extended its left hand.

It intended to tear out the heart from inside Yeongwoo’s partially opened chest.

“No, this is insane.”

At this moment, Jeonggu also stood up from his seat, and there was nothing he or Yeongwoo could do but watch as sinister fingers dug into his son’s chest.

What kind of barbaric heart extraction was this?

However.

Swoosh.

Contrary to everyone's expectations, Yeongwoo's heart was smoothly pulled out.

All major blood vessels connected to the body had been seamlessly sutured.

"This... this can't be."

Seeing his son's extracted heart still beating, Jeonggu instinctively covered his mouth, and Yeongwoo...

"What...?"

He looked at his own heart, taken by the giant crow.

Of course, the connection to the heart hadn't been completely severed.

The bluish threads that flowed from the heart were still connected to the inside of Yeongwoo's chest.

And Yeongwoo had a hunch that it was the same substance that composed the spirits he had seen earlier.

「Now, bring the new heart.」

Eventually, the family doctor clapped his hands, and the cautious golden goblin holding the metal heart of a venomous dragon approached from a corner of the living room.

– Kiiiiit...

Thump.

Finally, the metal heart of the venomous dragon was handed to the doctor's left hand, and it was soon transferred into Yeongwoo's chest.

「This will hurt a little more.」

The entity warned as it placed the new heart into Yeongwoo's chest.

Upon this, Yeongwoo nodded as if it were okay, then...

"Ughhh?"

He groaned suddenly as his chest grew cold inside.

It was as if the feeling of dread had stirred inside his body, like starting the descent from the peak of a roller coaster.

「This might be a bit hard for you to endure.」

As Yeongwoo trembled, the doctor was transferring the “threads” that had originally been attached to his heart to the new heart.

As a result, the pain was inflicted on his soul, not his body.

「It’s almost over. Hang in there.」

Then, the doctor swung the sickle toward the new heart in Yeongwoo’s chest.

Splat!

At the moment the end of the sickle collided with the surface of the heart.

– Kyaaaaa!

– Hiyaah!

The spirits entwined in the sickle’s blade were sucked back into Yeongwoo’s heart.

「Phew.」

Now, as if finally letting go, the doctor exhaled.

Without further ado, the doctor glanced at Yeongwoo’s chest, which was already starting to heal, then turned to Jeonggu and said a word.

「You have a sturdy son.」

“Yes? Uh, yes... He’s a bit like that.”

Jeonggu unconsciously nodded while still looking at the heart held by the doctor’s hand.

Thump, thump!

The human Jung Yeongwoo’s heart continued to beat vigorously.

Perhaps it was being transferred somewhere in the universe, just like when his spine was replaced?

「The heart transplant is done. The surgery fee is 14 million karma. We only accept full payment.」

With the procedure completed, the entity unilaterally demanded the surgery fee from Yeongwoo, who still hadn't fully healed.

Then, with his left hand, he touched Yeongwoo's forearm.

Tap!

And with that, the surgery fee was automatically deducted, and Yeongwoo's balance sharply decreased.

* Available Karma: 37,348,500

Current balance: 37 million Karma.

'Fortunately, there should be quite a bit left even after paying taxes. I should raise my abilities a bit more.'

Even amidst his distress, Yeongwoo immediately thought of the upcoming tax payment and nighttime dungeons.

After all, wasn't the heart surgery also an endeavor to continue surviving?

"Thank you, Doctor."

As Yeongwoo lightly bowed towards the crow-headed figure, the entity spread its large beak.

「It's a legendary heart with fusion capabilities. It should last a long time.」

Then, while holding Yeongwoo's original heart, which was still alive, the entity continued.

「I'll provide enchantment processing for this heart at no cost. Please convey my story to the chairman.」

"Yes? What story...?"

「Please retrieve the Execution order...」

"Ah."

Even without hearing the detailed explanation, Yeongwoo could roughly understand.

Though he didn't know the specifics, this entity had undoubtedly been severely dealt with by the chairman.

'That's why he keeps calling me a villain.'

Could it be that the chairman, who even kills government officials, would sympathise with a single doctor's circumstances?

'No, wait. Even with the Executioner order, surviving until now is quite remarkable.'

The miraculous entity that could reverse even a fatal accident during surgery.

Though he didn't know, it seemed like he had some ability to spare his own life.

"Yes, understood. Well then..."

Just as Yeongwoo was about to ask more questions, the entity glanced at the sky, let out a croak, and then melted into the dim void.

"Is he leaving work just like that?"

Jeonggu muttered as he looked around the now-empty living room.

And soon, the reason was revealed through a system announcement.

—In a moment, taxes will be collected starting from 10 p.m.

—Unpaid taxes will be extinguished immediately upon collection.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 216

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 216: Unexpectedness (1)

'It's finally here.'

The most feared entity in the universe at this moment, taxes.

There was no room for negotiation as the consequence of unpaid taxes was nothing but death.

‘Forgery of official documents might land you in jail at first, but at least there’s a chance of survival.’

But when it comes to taxes, it’s instant obliteration.

‘I had to work hard to come up with the money for acquisition tax... How much and how are those on the Chairman’s level paying?’

Yeongwoo imagined the Chairman, who must be sweating bullets trying to come up with the money to pay taxes.

However, instead of a clear image forming in his mind, something fist-sized was seen falling to the ground where the Doctor had been standing just a moment ago.

It was none other than...

「Jeong Yeongwoo07’s Heart」 – Epic Charm

【Fate Manipulation】

【Stubbornness】

【Phased Material Ingredient】

It was Yeongwoo’s own heart that he had before.

As promised, Doctor had processed his heart into a charm and brought it to him.

“Huh? My heart!”

Yeongwoo was surprised as he picked up his own heart, and tooltips appeared in his field of vision.

【Fate Manipulation】

|When reaching a fate branching point, the activation probability of the lowest outcome is tripled.

【Stubbornness】

|Increases the difficulty of all problems. Increases all unexpectedness.

【Phased Material Ingredient】

|When processed into a phased material, the effect greatly increases.

“What is this?”

He was already feeling dizzy again.

It was shocking enough that his own heart had been turned into an item, but the tooltips were incredibly confusing.

‘Tripled activation probability of the lowest outcome at fate branching points... What nonsense is this?’

As a human who had come into contact with the universe due to the reset, he couldn’t help but feel uneasy.

This was because one of the major changes caused by the reset was the reset of fate.

‘But were there fate branching points? Wasn’t it like that since the reset?’

Of course, judging by the lowest outcome thing, it seemed that it wasn’t a structure where everything ran towards a predetermined conclusion before the reset.

But nevertheless, it meant that there was equipment that influenced fate.

And that meant...

Swoosh.

Yeongwoo unconsciously looked up at the sky.

And strangely enough...

Zap!

Two streaks of bright white light suddenly shot down from the sky, each piercing Yeongwoo and Jeonggu’s heads.

Thud!

“Huh?”

“Ah!”

While Yeongwoo reflexively jerked his body, Jeonggu was already hiding behind the couch.

“...”

Truly amazing survival skills.

But what just happened to the two of them wasn't some kind of attack.

“...Huh? Father, take a look.”

“What?”

As he raised his head in response to Yeongwoo's words, Jeonggu couldn't help but widen his eyes greatly.

“What's that on your head?”

Because there was a symbol shining brightly above Yeongwoo's head.

The circular symbols placed side by side in a partially overlapping shape not only adorned Yeongwoo's head but also Jeonggu's.

“It's also on Father's head.”

As Yeongwoo pointed to the top of Jeonggu's head, a system message appeared in their field of vision.

— 《General purpose certificate of lineal ascendancy》 authentication has been completed.

“Oh.”

“What?”

So, the symbol just now indicated that the two of them were related by blood.

“I told you, I'm your son.”

“Wait, does that make sense?”

Jeonggu unintentionally lost strength in his legs and sat down on the floor.

He had somewhat anticipated it, but now that it had been confirmed, the shock was great.

To think that there was a son he didn't even know existed.

And to make matters worse, he appeared as a creepy guy in his 30s.

"Ugh... damn it."

As Jeonggu made a face as if he was having a nightmare, his son's shadow was cast over him.

"Now you have to admit it. I'm your biological son and heir."

Strictly speaking, Kim Jeonggu's bad offspring.

"Well, then, my last name was 'Kim' originally. I have no idea about my name."

As Yeongwoo muttered like this, Jeonggu looked up at his son and said,

"Maybe your mother named you."

It was quite a plausible inference.

Since Jeonggu had no idea about the existence of his son in the first place, he couldn't have named him, but it wouldn't be surprising if the birth mother who directly carried Yeongwoo had a different idea.

'My original name...'

His mind seemed to drift away.

However, before Yeongwoo could immerse himself in his thoughts, the next event brought him back to consciousness.

-Taxes will be collected as of the current time.

It was already 10 PM, and the tax collection was starting.

'Ah, that explains it. I wondered why the paternity confirmation happened suddenly.'

Tap, tap!

Gradually, sounds of tax collection could be heard from the bedroom on the other side, and it eventually reached Yeongwoo's turn.

Swish.

The space in front of Yeongwoo opened up, revealing Kubu, his tax accountant and intermediary in transactions.

– It is an honor to see you again, the owner of the myth, the one who killed the dragon, Mr. Jeong Yeongwoo07!

“Ah, Mr. Kubu.”

As Yeongwoo greeted the tax accountant and showed his hand, Kubu blinked his large eyes and proceeded with the tax notification.

– The decided tax amount for today is 1.87 million, including acquisition tax, the total tax amount is 18.81 million karma.

Then he displayed detailed information in front of Yeongwoo.

| Calculated tax amount: 3.4 million

– Acquisition tax: 30.8 million

| Deduction items: Single-parent family, dependent family members

| Decided tax amount: 1.87 million

– Acquisition tax: 16.94 million

* Acquisition tax payment deadline: 23 hours 59 minutes

“Single-parent family deduction has been applied. Is the official document verified?”

– Yes. Verification of the Direct Bloodline Universal Certificate has been completed, applying a deduction rate of 30% due to confirmation of direct bloodline and an additional 15% deduction due to recognition of dependent family members, resulting in a total deduction rate of 45%.

45%.

Indeed, it was an immense deduction rate, but it also meant that the tax Yeongwoo had to pay was significant.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

If he had to pay the calculated tax amount in full, he would have had to cough up a whopping 34 million karma.

– Since the payment deadline for the “Bastard” acquisition tax is until tomorrow, no further actions will be taken if only the basic tax amount is paid today.

No further actions.

It meant the extinction of existence.

“Then, is it possible to pay in advance? Tomorrow, there will be another acquisition tax for the encyclopedia of arms, right?”

– That’s correct.

“Then it’s better to pay everything today just to be safe.”

– Understood. Shall I proceed with the full payment of 18.81 million karma, including the acquisition tax?

Kubu asked Yeongwoo again about his intention to pay in full.

To this, Yeongwoo nodded.

“Yes. Let’s pay it all this time.”

Immediately, Yeongwoo’s karma balance rapidly decreased.

Zap!

* Available karma: 18,538,500

A whopping 18.81 million was paid in a lump sum.

– Payment has been processed. Well then, I’ll...

Kubu blinked as if he were preparing to leave, so Yeongwoo hurriedly handed him his heart charm.

“Do you happen to know what this tooltip means? Since you have also been involved in transactions, you might know more than I do.”

Upon hearing this, Kubu stared intently at ‘Jeong Yeongwoo07’s Heart’.

And Yeongwoo received an unexpected reaction.

– What is this...?

“Yes...?”

– You’ve created a device that interferes with fate manipulation. This is the first time I’ve seen such a debt equipment directly.

Kubu’s eyelids trembled.

So Yeongwoo couldn’t help but ask.

“...What does ‘debt equipment’ mean?”

– It means unique equipment reflecting the value of existence. A prime example would be ‘Myth.’

“Ah.”

Myth.

A very good example.

Yeongwoo could understand it immediately.

‘So does my current existential value mean something like epic grade?’

Given that the heart-shaped talisman crafted from the heart was of epic quality, it wouldn’t be far off to think so.

Pop!

[Catalog]

[28]

Meanwhile, Yeongwoo’s catalog collection progress had increased.

Yeongwoo’s heart charm was also judged as jewelry and added to the catalog.

‘It’s a good sign in many ways. Anyway, I wonder if that charm effect will be helpful to me? Or maybe not...?’

Since the heart charm he pulled out was considered as equipment and included in the catalog of accessories, Yeongwoo couldn’t readily determine whether this tooltip was a good or bad thing due to its various interpretations.

【Fate Manipulation】

|When reaching a fate branching point, the activation probability of the lowest outcome is tripled.

【Stubbornness】

|Increases the difficulty of all problems. Increases all unexpectedness.

These two factors don't necessarily guarantee good outcomes, do they?

For instance,

'In a situation where the lowest outcome probability is tripled, it's likely that a medical accident will occur instead of the expected heart surgery.'

On the other hand, thinking positively, there could be events like surviving with an 84% mortality rate in prison, or unexpectedly meeting a significant sponsor.

'I should probably keep the charm effect on for a while.'

After Yeongwoo finished his own analysis, he bid farewell to Kubu, who was still waiting.

"Thank you for your hard work. Now, go home and rest."

In response, Kubu closed his large eyes and returned the farewell.

– Thank you. I hope to bring you good news next time!

With Kubu gone, Yeongwoo's heart surgery scars were also cleanly erased right on cue.

"Crossed a big mountain."

"What mountain did you cross? I don't recall you ever coming down from the mountain top."

Jeonggu grumbled with a wrinkled expression, then suddenly looked out the window as if he remembered something.

"Is the next thing the dungeon?"

But as the lights came back on after the departure of the Doctor, the window showed not the outside scenery but the reflection of the two wealthy men.

"Yes. But Father, you're not allowed to go out today."

"...What? Why?"

"I don't have the climate equipment to lend you this time."

Today's abnormal weather, metallic dust.

Yeongwoo intended to use the Bleeding immunity equipment, but he had nothing to give to Jeonggu.

"So are you going to the dungeon alone?"

"Tomorrow, the land will be attached. It's better to go at least once before the atmosphere between nations becomes more hostile."

As Yeongwoo said this, he gripped the hanging whistle around his neck.

It was to check the remaining summoning count left deliberately for this moment.

'Remaining summoning count is one.'

The current time was 10:11 PM.

He had about 49 minutes left before he had to go out into the night.

"So now, let's rest for about 40 minutes..."

Just as Yeongwoo was about to bury himself on the sofa,

"Mr. Yeongwoo?"

Seok's voice came from the bedroom area.

And as soon as Yeongwoo heard it, he had a premonition that something must have happened in the room where the returnee had been seen so far.

Because,

—Kwaaaagh!

Before Sook's call even ended, a noisy friction sound erupted from the television.

And soon after,

—Jeong Yeongwoo!

The excited voice of the general calling for Yeongwoo echoed.

In response, Yeongwoo quickly snapped to attention and got up.

"There's a new weapon!"

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 217

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 217: Unexpectedness (2)

For the first time, Yeongwoo had this thought: Where and by whom is the returnee's room managed?

Certainly, the military contractor, 'Toma,' supplies items like laser cannons, but isn't this more like sponsored goods?

'After paying taxes, it seems that new weapons are being stocked, so maybe they're managed directly by a cosmic government or something.'

Anyway, with a mixture of anticipation and worry, Yeongwoo rushed towards the bedroom with the television.

Tap!

Then, the blank expression on the faces of Kim Taejoon's family, who had been watching the screen, came into view first.

'I wonder what's going on?'

As Yeongwoo entered the bedroom with growing anxiety, Seok quickly pointed her finger at the television screen.

"Please take a look at that."

Following where she pointed, Yeongwoo's eyes widened, just like the rest of the room.

"What... what is that?"

This time, there was a pile of rocks in the returnee's room.

"Huh."

With an expression of disbelief, Yeongwoo approached the television, and what was seen on the large screen were the 'Three Friends,' gathered around a large screen.

There was also a large television set, probably funded by the substantial public points earned through laser bombardment.

— So, can you see it clearly? That thing.

Finally, General Kim Younghyeom looked at the pile of rocks in the distance with a rubbery expression.

“Yes, I see it clearly. But what is it? It doesn’t look like a weapon this time.”

When Yeongwoo expressed his disappointment, General Kim tilted his head.

Then he pointed the transparent camera towards the menu on the screen.

— Can you see it? It says ‘Figurehead.’

As Yeongwoo peered at the menu on the screen, indeed, under the category of laser bombardment, there was an item called ‘Figurehead’ written.

And above that, as before, there was a blank space, indicating that it was locked.

However, even after confirming this much, Yeongwoo still looked puzzled.

“Yes... Figurehead. It’s definitely an unusual item, but why is this?”

Figurehead.

Usually, it refers to an ornament attached to the bow of a ship.

However, in the returnee’s room, there was not even a small pond to float a ship, and more importantly...

‘It’s called a figurehead, but in reality, it could just be a decoration like a statue erected in a park. Given how empty the returnee’s room is.’

Of course, as the next generation product of the laser cannon, it was assumed that it would have some functionality.

But General Kim Younghyeom’s thoughts were completely different.

— Take a closer look at this.

As General Kim rushed towards the pile of rocks on the other side where the television had fallen, the size of the rock pile, which had been roughly the size of a small hill just a moment ago, began to grow much larger than expected.

“Huh...?”

Not only were there more parts for the ‘Figurehead’ called up by the general through the menu than expected.

— Can you see clearly now? Why do you think this space exists?

The location where the Figurehead parts were pouring down was far away from the generator, about 200 meters away to the naked eye.

“Well... something seems odd.”

Yeongwoo could finally admit it.

The location of the Figurehead was indeed mysterious.

It seemed as if the space from the generator to the Figurehead had been secured in advance.

Moreover,

— Do you see the laser cannon position we first completed?

General Kim pointed outside the screen with his finger.

“Well... I can’t see it on my screen right now, but I have a rough idea of where it is.”

As Yeongwoo said this, General Kim walked back towards the direction of the laser cannon.

Then, the image of the laser cannon’s firing base, located tens of meters away from the generator, began to appear on Yeongwoo’s screen.

— Do you know what that is?

General Kim spoke with even more excitement than before.

Upon hearing this, Yeongwoo felt like he might know vaguely, but he wasn’t completely sure, so he asked back,

“What do you think it is, General?”

To this, General Kim, standing upright in the spacious area between the Figurehead and the laser firing base, replied,

— I think that's where the aft gun of a battleship will go. Whether it's a main gun or a secondary gun, I can't say for sure yet.

"Are you serious? Are we really building a battleship?"

Yeongwoo wasn't the only one surprised by General Kim's radical claim.

"A battleship...?"

"Are you saying that's where a battleship will go?"

Even Seok and Jeonggu couldn't close their mouths in surprise, especially Seok, who was currently trapped in the surreal situation of her husband being a returnee.

"Uh, if we're really building a battleship, could we even sail it out?"

At this somewhat risky statement, General Kim quickly corrected himself.

— Madam, I sincerely believe that it's the place for the battleship's stern gun. But whether we can sail out of this space on that ship is uncertain.

General Kim's inference was purely based on the possibility that it might be a simple battleship for artillery support.

Of course, his gaze told a completely different story.

And even so, would you want to be trapped in this space forever?

The reason he thought of a battleship as soon as he saw the space between the figurehead and the laser gun might have stemmed from a desperate desire to leave someday.

So Yeongwoo nodded as well.

"I also hope that it's the place for a battleship. It would be great if you could gain freedom by making it move."

Then he added,

"But to really find out if it's a battleship position, there's only one way."

Yeongwoo pointed at the figurehead parts on the screen.

"If we quickly assemble those, won't we be able to see the next item?"

In other words, it was a message to stop fooling around and get to work quickly.

At this, Seok asked General Kim,

“Is there no product manual this time?”

— There’s a design document... but there’s no product manual like last time.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Huff.

As General Kim unfolded a holographic book, a series of part numbers that made up the figurehead were displayed.

— Probably, assembling them in this order will complete it. If it’s really a figurehead, there won’t be separate modules for functions.

In other words, it was going to be a job of assembling a giant statue from scratch.

“It might take some time this time.”

As Yeongwoo looked at the pile of figurehead parts, General Kim shrugged.

— We’ll see. Since it’s just assembly without mechanical parts, once the sorting is done, the work speed should be quite fast.

“But can you still do artillery support? I’ll be going into the dungeon shortly.”

Yeongwoo checked the time as he said this.

Current time: 10:21 PM.

It’s almost time to enter the dungeon when you momentarily close your eyes.

Then General Kim Younghyeom raised a question.

— Artillery support? Always welcome. But can we even shoot laser cannons into that dungeon? It’s a completely different area from Earth, isn’t it?

General Kim Younghyeom was now an experienced ‘space traveler’ as well.

Didn’t he fight a fierce battle with the resurrected Gameta in the dungeon last night?

As such, he had a considerable understanding of the world after the reset, allowing him to have such doubts.

— I'm not sure if the cannon has the authority for that.

Authority.

It meant the authority to bombard not only Earth but also other areas.

Especially, the dungeon was more like a testing ground that appeared along with the reset system than a different planet, wasn't it?

"Well, there's no precedent yet, so we have no choice but to try. But Dogo was able to interfere."

In the first dungeon where they had to pull the ship, Yeongwoo had received equipment sponsorship from Dogo.

So likewise, Toma, a military contractor.

'It seems possible. Of course, there might be some restrictions on artillery support, which is a much more aggressive act.'

Maybe tonight, we'll see which company, Dogo or Toma, has stronger authority.

"Anyway, let's look into it later."

After saying this, Yeongwoo told his father and Seok,

"I'm going to take a short nap in the other room now. If I can't wake up even after 11 o'clock, please wake me up."

Then Jeonggu hesitated and asked,

"If you can't wake up, you want us to wake you up by force?"

"Yes."

Yeongwoo himself might have thought waking up from sleep was trivial, but at least Jeonggu didn't share the same sentiment.

To him, his crazy son, Jeong Yeongwoo, was a giant who could engage in physical fights even against dragons.

Imagine, someone waking up from unconsciousness due to interference from someone else.

“If you swing your arm in your sleep, the person standing in front of you might get a broken waist, even if it's the Strongest Sword. So, it's better if you wake up on your own if possible.”

As Jeonggu spoke seriously, Yeongwoo initially thought his father was joking and tried to laugh, but soon his expression stiffened.

“Ah, that's not entirely wrong.”

With that, he entrusted his weapons to the goblin and started walking towards the star room.

“Then wake me up from afar.”

“Huh?”

“Tell him to blow a horn or throw a sword or something.”

“Y-you crazy.”

But Jeonggu found himself unconsciously fiddling with the sword at his waist.

And so did Yeongwoo.

“As long as you doesn't throw with full force, I won't die. I'll wake up and stop it.”

“Really?”

“Yes.”

It wasn't an unfounded statement.

Besides the two slaves, Yeongwoo had another backup.

「One-eyed Sentry」 – Mutant Cornea

【Stands guard when you fall asleep.】

The One-eyed Sentry gathered messages that the wearer missed while sleeping and woke them up if there were any signs of danger nearby.

So if his crazy father really threw a sword, the One-eyed Sentry would detect it and wake Yeongwoo up.

“But if you aim for the neck and end up killing me, Dad will have to wield the title of Strongest Sword, you know?”

“...”

Yeongwoo buried himself in the bed in the other room, leaving behind his father's horrified expression.

“Ugh.”

Such warmth that made him groan involuntarily.

Yeongwoo drifted off to sleep just like that.

And upon seeing his son like this, Jeonggu...

“...!”

As soon as he confirmed Yeongwoo's breathing had calmed down, he took out a dagger from his embrace and threw it.

Hwaaah!

Toward Yeongwoo's forearm, who was already asleep.

And then...

Swoosh!

Just before the blade touched his skin, Yeongwoo's body twitched for a moment, and in the blink of an eye, he deflected the dagger.

Thud!

“Good Lord, are you really insane?”

“Uh, aren't you sleeping yet?”

“I was awake because of your nonsense.”

However, Yeongwoo's words were a lie.

On his left eye, there was a red eyeball mark, the activation sign of the One-eyed Sentry.

“Don't annoy me. Wake me up at 11.”

Yeongwoo squeezed his temples and lay back on the bed.

And this time, he truly fell into a deep sleep.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 218

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 218: Unexpectedness (3)

Typesetting.

Something that records everything happening in the universe in real-time.

Whether it's literally a gigantic typesetting plate or a completely different form, there was no way to know.

The important thing was,

'There is equipment interfering with typesetting.'

Even as a resident of a remote planet, didn't he create equipment that could alter the course of destiny?

Then what about the valuable beings somewhere in this universe?

'Could there be beings who directly weave their own destiny?'

In his dream, Yeongwoo had vague questions.

And soon.

– Bam!

With Pofu Tenta's vigorous trumpet playing as a cue, he was pulled out of his dream.

"Huh?"

When Yeongwoo opened his eyes, a mark in the shape of a red eyeball appeared immediately.

Then he saw his father, who was hesitating whether to throw a dagger in his hand.

“I’m awake.”

“...Really?”

Swoosh.

Yeongwoo sat up.

Then the system message that had appeared while he was sleeping appeared again in his sight.

「As of now, [Abnormal Weather] Metal Dust is generated.」

Current time, 11:01 PM.

‘I woke up on time.’

Yeongwoo checked the clock, got out of bed, and put on his “Cosmic Etiquette”, receiving the “Bastard” from the goblin.

At this, the Golden Trail that had been standing quietly in the corner of the star room moved with a humming sound, following Yeongwoo.

Now everything was ready for deployment.

“Are you okay? You should have slept a little more.”

Jeonggu, who followed Yeongwoo out to the living room, expressed his concern.

Although he looked like a villain to anyone, in the face of chronic sleep deprivation, there was no room for business.

“I can only hope the dungeon ends early.”

If you were the Strongest Sword, who entered the night dungeon every day, you would inevitably suffer from chronic sleep deprivation.

“Last night’s dungeon was short, so today might not be that long.’

Yeongwoo tried to predict today’s dungeon composition, but it wasn’t easy.

If there was any commonality among them, it was that.

‘At least the last two were cooperative assignments.’

“Iria’s Pain” required one of the three to take on the role of an oarsman, while the other two acted as killers to complement each other for survival.

And the second dungeon, “Sanctuary of Valor,” divided up to six participants into teams of two to light the fires in the furnace.

Then what about the third one?

Yeongwoo opened the door to the guest room with a subtly tense heart.

Clack.

Then Jeonggu’s voice from behind was heard as he waved his hand to see Yeongwoo off.

“Come back alive! I can’t afford to pay for your funeral!”

* * *

11:04 PM.

Yeongwoo, who descended to the hotel lobby by elevator, saw Negwig waiting in front of the main gate.

Squeak

Already transformed into the shape of a horse and waiting for his master, Negwig wagged his head as soon as he saw Yeongwoo.

As if urging him to hurry.

「Negwig」 – Unknown Grade

【Adapts to any planet.】

An alien iron horse that adapts to any planet.

He was also enduring the metal dust, today’s abnormal weather, quite well.

On the other hand, Yeongwoo...

“Cough!”

As soon as he exposed himself to the outside world, his lungs felt like they were burning, twisting his expression.

Today, instead of ignoring the abnormal weather, he only activated the bleeding immunity equipment, so he received all the pain from the “metal dust”.

“No, am I really crazy? Keuk!”

Hastily, Yeongwoo climbed onto Negwig and headed to Gwangjin-gu, the place to summon the dungeon.

“Hurry up. I might die from coughing.”

Not only Yeongwoo but also the golden goblin and Pofu Tenta riding behind him were covering their mouths and noses with their small hands.

Squeak!

Finally, following Yeongwoo’s command, Negwig began to run north at high speed, leaving behind the ash-covered landscape of Gangnam-gu due to the abnormal weather.

Shoo!

In an instant, Negwig, who had passed through Samsung-dong, crossed Cheongdam Bridge and entered Gwangjin-gu.

Gooooo.....!

Most of the buildings in Gwangjin-gu were destroyed, making it a literal gray ruin, and there was even a huge whirlwind of metal dust swirling in the distance, as there were no tall buildings.

‘This is a truly destroyed world.’

Yeongwoo, after placing Negwig far enough from Cheongdam Bridge, stepped down onto the ground, coughing harshly.

“Cough!”

Then he instructed the goblin to put the sphere on the ground.

– Kit!

As the goblin held its breath and reached into its pocket, the golden sphere, previously radiating with light, gradually turned black and was pulled out of the pocket.

Upon this, Yeongwoo wordlessly reached out his hand to the sphere and summoned the night dungeon.

“Hurry up! Cough!”

As Yeongwoo lifted his hand off the sphere, a gray wave burst out, coloring the surroundings in ash.

Pah-aah!

Of course, the area had already been entirely ash-colored due to the dust, but there was definitely something different this time.

“Ha.”

Finally, the horrible lung pain subsided.

This meant that Yeongwoo had crossed over to the space where the dungeon would be summoned.

「The dungeon does not allow mounts and slaves to accompany.」

Then a restriction notification appeared, and a large tombstone rose up about twenty meters ahead.

Quad-deuk!

“What’s this?”

The shape reminiscent of Chairman’s flagship made Yeongwoo involuntarily flinch.

“Could that be the entrance?”

This time, there were no giant pyramids or tall towers.

After touching the sphere, only the large tombstone appeared on the other side.

So Yeongwoo started walking towards the tombstone.

Clunk, clunk.

Silence.

The clanking sound from the soles of his feet was the only sound in the air, enveloped by Illusion.

Click!

Suddenly, an interface appeared in front of Yeongwoo as he approached the tombstone.

Pow!

It was the information window of this dungeon.

[Batum's Casino]

| Dungeon Grade: Rare

| Difficulty: C

| Recommended Participants: 20

"Batum's... Casino?"

[PR/N: Feels like the universe is mocking me atp for gambling.]

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Generally, the name of the dungeon had a significant correlation with the actual gameplay.

So, the fact that this dungeon was named 'Casino' meant that the task would involve some form of gambling element.

'A tombstone and a casino... What are they planning to make us do?'

Even the recommended number of participants was a whopping twenty.

It seemed like it would be the largest dungeon since the reset.

'Anyway, since I've already used the sphere, I can't just back out. But where's the entrance?'

As Yeongwoo fiddled with the dungeon information window, a whirlpool appeared in front of the tombstone, and a portal opened.

[17/20]

The number of participants displayed inside the portal was a whopping 17 out of 20.

Already, 17 people had entered the dungeon.

And then, after a moment.

Pop!

[18/20]

The number of participants inside the dungeon changed to 18.

'If I hesitate any longer, the slots might all be filled, and I won't be able to enter.'

There was no time to waste.

Yeongwoo promptly stepped into the portal.

Whoosh.

In an instant, the surrounding air changed, and a spacious lobby with marble flooring spread out before him.

"Huh? What's this?"

Just as Yeongwoo was surprised by the much cleaner interior than expected, a number plate was attached above his head.

Pow!

《19》

Number 19.

They were assigning numbers according to the order of entry.

Then, as Yeongwoo stepped into the lobby, 18 experts from various parts of the world who had arrived earlier turned their attention to him.

"You seem experienced?"

"What's with that cloak?"

"An Asian with quite a presence."

Everyone was busy scrutinizing the appearance of the new participant.

Upon this, Yeongwoo wrinkled his brow for a moment and then realized what was going on when he saw the guidance message floating in the air.

「When the number of participants reaches 20 or time limit expires, the voting will begin.」

「One person expected to be the strongest among the participants, and one expected to be the weakest, will be selected.」

「This will directly affect future ‘bets’, so please choose carefully.」

‘They’re up to their despicable tricks again.’

Because of such rules, everyone had been busy trying to gauge who was the strongest and weakest among them.

Of course, Yeongwoo himself had to participate in the vote.

‘So, I need to keep an eye out in advance. Who seems the strongest and weakest.’

Clunk, clunk.

As Yeongwoo made his way slowly to the center of the lobby, the other participants around him looked at him carefully and cautiously cleared the way.

Because his equipment looked so bizarre, he didn’t give off a particularly friendly vibe.

However, that didn’t mean they looked very powerful either.

“What’s with not wearing armor?”

“Maybe they couldn’t put it on.”

“And not even wearing a helmet...?”

Since it was the fifth day since the reset, most of the people here were in an excellent state of equipment farming.

Furthermore, their courage far exceeded the average, making them true strong individuals.

So it was only natural that there was a bewildered reaction to Yeongwoo’s less-equipped appearance.

Of course, Yeongwoo himself realized,

‘Ah, I forgot to wear my helmet.’

While deliberately taking off the top was intentional, not wearing the helmet was purely a mistake.

It was because wearing it was too obstructive for sleeping, and it didn't help with visibility either, so he had left it in the catalog.

“ ”

Yeongwoo stood in the center of the lobby, slowly surveying his surroundings.

About 30% of the participants were Caucasian, while another 30% were Black or Hispanic.

The remaining 40% consisted of Asians and Middle Easterners. If it wasn't an illusion, even the space in the lobby seemed to be subtly divided by race.

'I have no idea how this is going to play out.'

As Yeongwoo shook his head with a smirk and glanced back, a portal opened from the other side, and the next participant entered.

《20》

The last participant, holding the number 20, was a middle-aged European man with half his head shaved.

“Huh?”

His appearance reminded Yeongwoo of Ottavio from Sicily whom he met in the first dungeon, so he unconsciously smiled at the familiar face before widening his eyes.

“Huh, huh!”

As the 20th participant emerged from the portal, he stumbled forward, apparently surprised by the sudden change of space beyond the portal.

Though he didn't fall over dramatically, the 19 other experts in the room realized in that moment.

'That person is a beginner in dungeons.'

And soon after,

「The number of participants has reached 20.」

「Now, we will select the two people who will be the targets of your bets.」

With that, the dungeon system officially announced the start of the game.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 219

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 219: Unexpectedness (4)

Beep!

With a long beep, a series of simple personal profiles and face photos numbered 1 to 20 appeared on the ceiling of the waiting room.

It signaled the beginning of the voting process.

‘When was that photo taken?’

Yeongwoo tilted his head as he saw his own face in the frontal photo attached under number 19.

The same went for the number 20 participant, who still seemed bewildered.

“What, what is that?”

Looking up at the ceiling, he asked this question.

Yeongwoo, who had been staring intently at his photo, realized belatedly that the ‘number 20’ was addressing him.

“...Were you asking me?”

When Yeongwoo asked to confirm, number 20 stepped back half a step with a terrified expression.

“If I offended you, I apologize.”

“No, it’s not that it’s offensive...”

It was more bewildering than anything else.

Out of all these participants, why did he specifically ask number 19?

"I don't know either. I was the one who entered right before you."

Yeongwoo kindly pointed to his face next to the number 20 participant with his finger, making number 20 scratch his empty scalp and laugh awkwardly.

"Ah... Now that you mention it, you're right. I just asked because our numbers are close..."

Number 20 explained that he felt a sense of internal familiarity purely because their numbers were adjacent.

'Not much of a thinker, is he?'

Yeongwoo wondered how he had survived in this harsh world with such judgment.

Ironically, the person number 20 had chosen for his first conversation was Jeong Yeongwoo, a strong candidate for the title of East Asia's strongest.

"You're supposed to pick the person you think is the strongest and the person you think is the weakest among those here."

While Yeongwoo explained this, an interface for voting appeared in everyone's view, including his own.

「Please enter the numbers in the blanks below.」

|Strongest:

|Weakest:

Then a warning message appeared.

「Abstentions and invalid votes are not allowed. Both blanks must be filled in, and the time limit is 10 minutes.」

'Oh, 10 minutes? That's more time than I expected.'

Compared to the first dungeon, Pain of Iria, where only 10 seconds were given to choose a boatman, this was quite a courteous game.

"What happens after we pick the strongest and the weakest?"

The problematic number 20 asked another question.

Yeongwoo sighed inwardly and replied as kindly as possible.

“I’m not exactly sure. It seems like some sort of betting.”

Then he checked number 20’s name through the photo on the ceiling.

「Dragos Korban24」

|Romania, Transylvania, Braşov.

|49 years old.

‘Dragos Korban? Sounds like a game character’s name.’

Although Yeongwoo had seen quite a few foreign ‘notable names’, this was his first time encountering a Romanian.

『Braşov’s Second Sword』

‘So, in Romania, they go by titles like First Sword, Second Sword.’

After confirming the other’s title, Yeongwoo slowly looked around.

He, too, had to choose the strongest and weakest.

Following Yeongwoo’s lead, Dragos also looked around the waiting room, then said uncertainly,

“How do you judge who’s strong or weak?”

“Well, that’s...”

You have to judge by looking at the state of their equipment or their aura.

Just as Yeongwoo was about to say this, a sharp beep sounded, and a system message appeared in the air.

Beep!

「A vote for the weakest has been cast.」

Then, a large number ‘1’ was marked on the photo of participant number 20, Dragos, displayed on the ceiling.

Someone had voted for him as the weakest.

“Huh?”

Dragos Korban could not hide his dismay.

This reaction made him appear even weaker, and three more votes for the weakest quickly accumulated.

Beep, beep, beep!

「A vote for the weakest has been cast.」

「A vote for the weakest has been cast.」

「A vote for the weakest has been cast.」

‘The tide has already turned. It’s like stocks.’

Yeongwoo stared blankly at Dragos’ photo, which had quickly garnered four votes.

Unless there was a significant shift, Dragos would likely end up as the ‘weakest’.

It wasn’t entirely an unfounded vote.

The Romanian was very likely a dungeon novice, and judging by his height in the late 170s, he probably hadn’t earned enough money to invest in physical modifications.

‘Still, he isn’t that short, so if he hadn’t stood near me, he might have gone unnoticed.’

In this room, Yeongwoo could see at least three people who seemed weaker than Dragos.

They were shorter than Dragos and didn’t have any particularly noticeable equipment.

Perhaps they were the ones who immediately cast their votes for Dragos as the weakest.

‘Well, psychological warfare is also a skill in these kinds of rules.’

Beep!

「A vote for the weakest has been cast.」

As another vote for the weakest was thrown, the number 5 appeared above Dragos’s picture.

Now, with just six more votes, he would have a majority.

It was almost certain.

“Are you sure this person is the weakest? Once more votes pile up, we can’t change it.”

As Yeongwoo said this, glancing around, martial artists from around the world muttered in response.

“He might not be the absolute weakest, but he seems relatively weak.”

“His ID number is 24. He’s bound to be weak.”

“So who are you going to vote for? Are we going to fight each other in the next eight minutes?”

They didn’t seem very serious about selecting the weakest.

After all, it was still unclear what exactly they would be betting on.

Most of the people here had been proving their strength from the early stages of the reset.

Hence, they didn’t care much who was designated the weakest as long as it wasn’t themselves.

So eventually,

Beep, beep, beep!

「A vote for the weakest has been cast.」

「A vote for the weakest has been cast.」

「A vote for the weakest has been cast.」

Following Yeongwoo’s remark, more votes poured in for Dragos, who had attracted further attention.

“Oh... no!”

Seeing the numbers continue to rise next to his picture, Dragos was clearly not an exceptional figure.

Even he thought he wouldn’t rank among the top in this waiting room of 20 people.

Beep!

「A vote for the weakest has been cast.」

Ultimately, Dragos was elected as the weakest with a total of 12 votes.

Now the remaining issue for the 20 people in the room was.

“No one has voted for the strongest yet.”

“Right. Who’s the strongest here?”

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

“Isn’t it more likely that taller people are stronger?”

Due to someone’s comment, those with their natural height stepped back a few paces.

Then, those who had modified their height to 2 meters drew attention.

Out of the 20 people in the waiting room, there were about 9 who were 2 meters tall.

“There are more than I thought...”

“Just because they’re tall doesn’t mean they’re strong. We need to consider other factors.”

Overall build, muscle mass, and the equipment they were wearing were also taken into account.

Unlike the selection of the weakest, no vote for the strongest was cast lightly.

As these individuals prided themselves on their strength, they took the task of predicting the strongest very seriously.

Inevitably, the one who stood out the most among the 9 candidates was.

“...Isn’t that Asian guy suspicious?”

“Why isn’t he wearing armor?”

“His ID number is 07, which isn’t bad. He seems quite strong.”

Unsurprisingly, Yeongwoo07 was the most mentioned.

Despite arriving late, he had fearlessly spoken to everyone, and above all.

-Whirrr...

Even though it was currently just floating in the air, the 2-meter-long golden greatsword, which looked like a crazy killing machine, captured everyone's attention.

Then someone leaning against the corner of the waiting room sealed the deal with one line.

"That guy is definitely strong. He's wanted all over China."

".....!"

Looking at his opponent after this unexpected 'sniper' comment, Yeongwoo immediately understood.

『The Double Immortal of China』

'Ah, he's Chinese.'

The Chinese master, who would have been in an uproar over Yeongwoo stealing his title, was present in this place.

And from this point.

Beep!

「A vote for the strongest has been cast.」

A long-unused vote for the strongest was cast for Yeongwoo.

"Are we going to pick number 19 and 20 together?"

"Isn't that too much of a coincidence? Could it be a trap?"

Even as some remained uncertain, votes for the strongest continued to be cast for the Asian07.

Beep, beep!

「A vote for the strongest has been cast.」

「A vote for the strongest has been cast.」

「A vote for the strongest has been cast.」

Despite his suspicious appearance, people's gambling instincts led them to believe he was strong.

In a way, the theme of 'gambling' in this dungeon had already begun.

"Mr. Yeongwoo, at this rate..."

Already confirmed as the weakest, Dragos watched in awe as Yeongwoo's votes for the strongest increased.

If the main game of this dungeon involved a battle between the strongest and the weakest, he did not want to fight this gigantic Asian.

However, the votes for Yeongwoo continued, and as he approached a majority with 8 votes.

Beep! Clang!

Suddenly, a sword shot up towards the ceiling of the waiting room and pierced Yeongwoo's picture, which displayed 8 votes.

"What?"

"Who did that?"

"...!"

The unexpected show of force caused a temporary halt in the voting, and soon after, a large black man shoved aside the other martial artists around him and walked up to Yeongwoo.

Thunk!

"Why are all the votes going to him? Do you really think this guy should represent us?"

『Nightmare of Limpopo』

The one who stepped forward to challenge the Asian07 was none other than Tuende Musa01, the martial artist from Limpopo in northern South Africa, known as 'Nightmare of Limpopo.'

'Damn, I've really made a name for myself, getting challenged by some black guy now.'

Moreover, Tuende's identification number was 01.

However, Tuende's and Yeongwoo's eye level were almost the same.

This was a prime example of transcending innate ranks, something explained on the first day of the reset.

“I can’t accept that you’re the strongest among us. You don’t seem like the top fighter at all. Right?”

As Tuende pointed at Yeongwoo and looked around, the other participants began nodding one by one.

“Well, that’s true.”

“We haven’t fought each other, so we can’t really tell who’s the strongest.”

“The person we elect might represent us in something. It makes sense to choose the ‘actually’ strong person.”

The atmosphere in the room was significantly more focused compared to when they were selecting the weakest.

Finally,

“So how about you two fight each other? We’ll judge.”

The Chinese participant who had nominated Yeongwoo as a strong candidate eagerly proposed a duel.

Then,

“Oh? That’s a good idea.”

“Yeah. A duel! Let’s decide with a fight.”

“That’s the most reliable method.”

The waiting room quickly heated up with everyone chanting for a duel.

“Duel! Duel!”

“Fight! There are only 4 minutes left!”

They even stepped back to create space for the two to fight.

In response, Yeongwoo looked at the voting interface on the ceiling, seeming troubled.

“Is it wise to fight in the waiting room when we don’t even know the main game rules yet?”

At Yeongwoo's words, Tuende twisted his dark face into a wicked grin.

"Getting scared when it comes to an actual fight?"

"No, that's not it..."

"Cowards always have long tongues!"

Swish!

Tuende Musa01 tried to draw another sword from his waist.

However, to Yeongwoo, the movement seemed incredibly slow.

'What's this? Why is he so slow?'

It wasn't just because of the effects of the three types of catalogs and all the equipment he was decked out in.

Having just faced a dragon and Kim Il-Sung returned from hell, the movements of a mere human seemed slow in comparison.

So, Yeongwoo,

Grab!

He seized Tuende's arm before the sword could be drawn.

Then, with a rather serious expression, he said,

"Let's stop here. I don't want to become Africa's enemy."

Considering that all the continents were supposed to be connected tomorrow...

'It's bad enough I'm going to be fighting against China and Japan. I don't want to provoke the whole African legion.'

As Yeongwoo was thinking this, something unexpected happened.

It was...

Beeep!

"Oh...!"

At the ominous sound, Yeongwoo's eyes widened.

It was the sound that occurred whenever the source of countless evils, Dogo, issued a quest.

And sure enough,

Flash!

One side of Yeongwoo's vision lit up as a new quest from the Dogor appeared.

[Dogo] "Hierarchy Establishment"

[Mission] Win the duel against Tuende Musa01.

[Reward] 5 million Karma.

[Special Condition] Obtain more than 11 votes as the strongest.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 220

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 220: Unexpectedness (5)

'Settle the hierarchy?'

Yeongwoo reflexively looked up at the ceiling as he confirmed the quest details, imagining the Chairman or the shareholders of Dogo who probably approved this quest.

'Win the duel and obtain over 11 votes as the strongest... It means to win overwhelmingly.'

To achieve this, he could make his opponent draw their sword again and then cut both the person and the sword in half with a single blow.

However...

"I-I'm sorry. I didn't recognize a true master."

Tuende Musa realized many things in a short moment.

He acknowledged that the Asian man before him possessed something beyond the ordinary, a monster with unparalleled strength and reflexes.

"I apologize for my great disrespect. Africa does not want to become your enemy."

Tuende cautiously stepped back, echoing the words the Asian man had uttered when he blocked his sword earlier.

-Let's stop here. I don't want to become Africa's enemy.

So, he decided to heed the warning.

But Yeongwoo's stance had changed completely in that short time.

"...Sorry, but draw your sword, Tuende Musa."

"What...?"

"If you don't want to die, draw your sword...!"

With a fierce warning, Yeongwoo's massive body tensed.

He was aiming to land a left body blow to his opponent's abdomen.

'Is this guy completely insane?'

Tuende Musa widened his eyes and hastily drew the sword from his belt, realizing that his opponent was truly throwing a punch with murderous intent.

'No matter how strong he is, his skin can't be harder than a blade.'

Tuende intended to cut off his opponent's arm, swinging his sword diagonally.

Swish!

"Oh!"

"Aah...!"

The spectators, having witnessed the trajectory of Tuende's sword, let out a sound that was a mix of groans and cheers.

Twenty experts from the East and West, who were unfamiliar with each other, were gathered here.

What would happen if the arm of the Eastern expert flew off in such a situation?

‘This... this is dangerous.’

‘Is there any need to provoke the Easterners?’

‘If this goes wrong...’

Most of the audience watched the clash between the two experts with bated breath.

Tuende’s sword indeed slashed Yeongwoo’s forearm.

Slash!

The skill, befitting someone with the identification number ‘01’.

“Ugh!”

“Oh my God.”

“These maniacs!”

The spectators reacted differently as they saw the Asian man’s right arm spin twice in the air.

Fellow Easterners instinctively put their hands on their sword hilts in tension, while the Africans looked around triumphantly.

The Westerners had ambiguous reactions, as a hostile atmosphere at this early stage would not benefit anyone.

But the truly gruesome event followed.

“Musa!”

With a roar, the Asian man with a severed right arm attempted a left hook.

His movement was so fast that no one in the hall could tell whether it was a hook or a straight punch.

Instead...

Thud!

The punch landed squarely.

“Ugh...?”

Tuende Musa, who had been standing confidently, suddenly crumpled to the ground.

The noisy hall fell silent in an instant as the tide of the battle shifted.

“...?”

“What just happened?”

“...Huh?”

Then someone pointed at the stump of Yeongwoo’s severed right arm.

“Do you see that? It’s not just me, right?”

Everyone looked at the spot where Yeongwoo’s arm used to be.

Blood was dripping from the exposed red flesh of his right shoulder, but the problem was...

Sizzle...!

Smoke was rising from where his blood hit the floor, corroding the marble.

【Corrosive Blood】

| His blood had transformed to become corrosive.

This was one of the effects of the ‘Heart of the Poison Dragon’ that Yeongwoo had recently equipped.

Unaware of this fact, the onlookers could only feel an instinctive fear.

“What... what is with this guy?”

“It looks like his blood is dissolving the floor...?”

Meanwhile, Yeongwoo, dripping corrosive blood onto the floor, picked up his severed forearm.

Shh.

Then he reattached it to his right shoulder.

Thud!

Thanks to the regeneration from the core of the slime,

「Unfair Trade」 – The only one-handed sword

【Injuring an enemy increases the wearer's recovery.】

The effect of Unfair Trade quickly healed the severed arm.

Shhhh!

“Huh.”

“...Huh?”

Dozens of mouths in the hall gaped open simultaneously.

None of them had ever encountered an expert of this type before.

Then,

Beep!

A signal sounded, and a notification from the dungeon system appeared.

「Time left until the end of voting: 1 minute.」

With his right hand, which had just been on the ground, Yeongwoo pointed to the ceiling and spoke.

“What are you doing? Quickly vote for your Strongest.”

* * *

Votes: 17.

After waking the unconscious Tuende and encouraging him to vote, Yeongwoo succeeded in securing the majority of votes in the hall.

“Why... why did you hit me? I surrendered at the beginning.”

Tuende lodged a legitimate complaint, but Yeongwoo couldn't explain it to him.

How could he make him understand that it was a task given by the high officials above in the universe?

So Yeongwoo chose to act insane.

“...I'm sorry. I couldn't control my anger in the moment.”

“.....”

Anyway, everything went smoothly for Yeongwoo.

Ping!

[Quest Completed – “Hierarchy Establishment”]

[Reward Granted]

|5 million Karma

Not only did he earn 5 million Karma with a single punch, but he also didn’t earn much resentment from the Black Corps as he had feared.

Swoosh!

Soon, a card containing 5 million Karma descended from the ceiling of the waiting room, but just in time, the dungeon moved to the next stage, preventing anyone from demanding an explanation from Yeongwoo.

「Voting is complete.」

|Strongest: [19] Jeong Yeongwoo07

|Weakest: [20] Dragos Korban24

Numbers 19 and 20 were elected.

It was a remarkably coincidental result.

But because the process was so shocking, everyone focused on what would happen next instead of feeling strange.

“Is it betting time now?”

“By the way, how is the ranking determined?”

Ranking.

This was also important to Yeongwoo.

He didn’t come here just to get equipment.

‘To get the catalog, I need a score exceeding the maximum contribution of 100 points.’

But wasn't this dungeon a progression where you clear stages together?

'They said we would be betting... Does this mean the person who continues betting and doesn't get eliminated until the end is judged to be in first place?'

It was unclear.

This was something he could only guess once the rules were revealed.

And before long,

「Since voting is complete, gambling will now begin.」

With the phrase announcing the start of the dungeon in earnest, one wall of the waiting room slid aside, revealing a massive glass window.

"Huh?"

"Whoa, what's that?"

"An arena?"

"What? An arena?"

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

At the word "arena," everyone rushed to the glass wall.

Indeed, below, there were two circular arenas set up.

From the waiting room, they could look down at the arenas.

"Why... why are there two arenas?"

"It looks like one strong and one weak person will enter."

"Huh? Then who are they facing?"

Everyone had assumed they would be betting on the strong and weak fighting each other, so they couldn't hide their confusion.

Having two arenas meant the strong and the weak would each face different opponents.

"Are monsters coming out?"

“Seems like it. Maybe the stages are divided, and increasingly stronger monsters appear.”

Since the ratio of dungeon experience was quite high, everyone made plausible guesses.

「Now, we will explain how the gambling will proceed.」

Bang!

The arena that everyone was looking at now had the numbers 1 and 2 assigned to it.

The left arena was number 1, and the right arena was number 2.

「In a moment, the ‘Strongest’ will move to Arena 1, and ‘Weakest’ will move to Arena 2.」

“They really are being separated.”

“So, do we bet on the Strongest and the underdog separately?”

So far, everything was as expected.

「Once the arena transfer is complete, betting on the following items will proceed for 5 minutes.」

“.....!”

The betting details were finally revealed.

Everyone widened their eyes and focused on the glass wall.

Soon, a large holographic text appeared beyond the glass.

[1] Strongest survives, underdog survives.

[2] Strongest dies, underdog survives.

[3] Strongest survives, underdog dies.

[4] Strongest dies, underdog dies.

“Just as I thought.”

“Is survival or death the only option?”

As the betting items were revealed, all eyes turned to Yeongwoo and Dragos, who had been elected through the vote.

This was because it was highly likely that one of them would die today.

「This gambling will proceed through five stages, and based on the end of the last stage, the betting points of each participant will be tallied to determine the rankings.」

Here it was, the problem of ranking.

As explained, the person who successfully bets the most in the five consecutive gambling rounds would receive the first-place reward.

In other words, you had to keep making correct predictions to win.

“So, what do we base our predictions on?”

“Right. We need to know what the Strongest and the underdog will be fighting.”

As the participants, who had somewhat grasped the rules, asked for further explanation, new text appeared above the arenas.

「In each stage, the two representatives will fight against replicants of mutants.」

“Replicants of mutants?”

“What is that...?”

「Replicants of the mutants that participants have previously defeated will be placed in the arena. The number of replicants will increase significantly with each stage.」

“What?”

“This is crazy.”

“So, we have to fight several mutants?”

The hall quickly became noisy.

Moreover, the mutants would be randomly selected from those the 20 participants had defeated.

Since a mutant they had personally killed could appear in the arena, everyone quickly became engrossed in the betting.

“This won’t be easy...”

“If you’re unlucky, you could die in the first stage.”

They were all recalling the mutants that had given them the most trouble.

And in Yeongwoo’s case,

‘Could Kim Il-sung appear again...?’

As he thought of the “legendary evil,” the dungeon system revealed the difficulty of the first stage.

「The first stage will begin shortly. Each representative will face two mutants, and there are no special rules.」

A 2-on-1 battle with random mutants.

For Yeongwoo, it was a piece of cake, but for Dragos, who was scheduled to enter Arena 2, it seemed to be different.

“Damn it...”

He was already sweating profusely, his fingers trembling slightly.

Yeongwoo approached him and asked in a low voice.

“How many mutants have you fought at most?”

Dragos, with a pale face, looked up at Yeongwoo.

“I’ve fought up to two.”

“...I see.”

Dragos’s estimated capability was crucial to Yeongwoo.

He had to place bets as well.

‘He should be able to pass the first stage. I’ll bet on both surviving for now.’

But the real problem would start from the second stage.

—The number of replicants will increase significantly with each stage.

Considering the nuance of the earlier explanation, this “significant increase” likely meant,

‘Doubling.’

Logically, the sequence would be 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, but in Yeongwoo’s experience, the logic of the universe differed greatly from that of Earth.

‘Could it be 2, 4, 8, 16, 32...? No, they wouldn’t want the representatives to die for sure, would they?’

If it were the latter, not only Dragos but even Yeongwoo’s survival couldn’t be guaranteed.

‘This is a freaking crazy dungeon. Only the regular participants must be excited.’

Yeongwoo looked at the Arena 1 he would soon enter.

Then,

“.....!”

An idea flashed through his mind.

He took out his coordinate tracker from his pocket.

Shh.

「Coordinate Locator」 – Artifact tool

【It shows the coordinates of visible points.】

Would this coordinate tracker work outside Earth?

「In 10 seconds, the representatives will move to the arenas.」

As the notification for moving to the arenas appeared, Yeongwoo immediately gripped the tracker tightly and looked at a point in Arena 1.

Then,

“Ah...!”

With a crosshair, the coordinates indeed appeared.

[IIIII]-Lupo-917-005-3102-89]

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]