

# **Level 4 Human in a Ruined World #Chapter 221 - Read**

## **Level 4 Human in a Ruined World Chapter 221**

Chapter 221

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 221: Unexpectedness (6)

‘Wow, what is this? Does this mean bombardment is possible even inside the dungeon?’

Yeongwoo stared at the coordinates that appeared before him in disbelief.

‘Toma is no ordinary company, that’s for sure. Well, not just anyone can be in the defense industry.’

Anyway, he had learned at least two things from this.

First, Toma’s cosmic stature is on par with that of Dogo.

‘Of course, it’s still unclear which one is higher.’

This would require finding a situation where Dogo can intervene and Toma cannot exert its power.

‘And second, this is indeed an alien planet, and its name is...’

[||||]-Lupo-917-005-3102-89]

‘...Lupo.’

This was likely the location of the casino.

Somewhere in the universe, there was an alien planet.

‘This won’t be the first alien planet I’ve been to. Probably, each dungeon is located in a different place.’

Lupo.

What kind of planet was it, and where was it located?

Yeongwoo felt a Strongest curiosity, but he had more pressing issues to address for now.

That was to check the coordinates of the 2nd arena where the 'Weakest' contestant would be sent before they were transported to the arena.

'To rank first in the betting points, I not only have to predict the game results throughout all five stages correctly, but also secure an unrivaled first place without any ties.'

This was because Yeongwoo was aiming for the catalog, the overachievement reward, not just a simple first place.

Of course, he couldn't be sure this method would grant him the catalog.

However, he knew from experience that overwhelming play was necessary for an overachievement reward.

'There are 19 other betting participants besides me. It's a game that's hard to win with just ordinary predictions.'

So, to achieve an overwhelming first place in this game...

'...I have to rig the results.'

With 3 seconds left before the arena transfer, Yeongwoo hurriedly checked the two ends and the center points of the 2nd arena.

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At some point, most participants would undoubtedly bet on the 'weak' contestant's death, so Yeongwoo needed to keep the 'weak' Dragos alive as long as possible.

That's why he checked these three points in the 2nd arena to ensure that the European wouldn't get caught in the laser bombardment range.

"If you want to stay alive longer, don't fight in the center of the arena."

When Yeongwoo gave this last piece of advice to Dragos, the latter's eyes widened in surprise.

"What? What does that...?"

“Try to fight at the 6 o’clock direction. If I can’t determine Dragos’s position, I’ll bombard the 12 o’clock direction.”

Yeongwoo pointed to a decoration in the 2nd arena while saying this.

Fortunately, the decorations at 12 o’clock and 6 o’clock were different, so he gave a tip to use them for orientation.

Whether Dragos understood this clearly was uncertain.

Swoosh!

Before he could answer, both of them were transported to the arena.

‘...It’s starting.’

Yeongwoo’s vision turned pure white.

Simultaneously, he felt his body become extremely light for a moment before returning to normal.

When he opened his eyes,

Whoom!

He saw the enormous stone walls of the arena filling his vision.

‘Quite a few doors, huh?’

The first thing Yeongwoo noticed after confirming he had arrived in the arena was the large doors placed two per direction.

‘Eight doors in total... It doesn’t seem like there will be only ten mutants in the final stage.’

As Yeongwoo shuddered at the thought of a dreadful scenario, the dungeon system displayed a new message.

「The representatives have been transported to the arena.」

「All participants must complete their bets within 5 minutes from now.」

This meant the participants had only 5 minutes to gauge each other’s intentions and make their decisions.

‘Well, the first-stage betting will close quickly. The answer is almost certain.’

Flash!

[1] Strongest survives, Weakest survives.

[2] Strongest dies, Weakest survives.

[3] Strongest survives, Weakest dies.

[4] Strongest dies, Weakest dies.

The betting options appeared before Yeongwoo's eyes.

'It'll practically be a landslide for option 1.'

Of course, there would still be some gamblers who would choose option 3 to go against the odds.

'I do love a good twist, but... going with option 1 is the right move.'

Swipe.

Yeongwoo turned his head to look toward the 2nd arena.

Once inside, the arena walls were much higher than expected, making it impossible to directly see the situation on the other side.

Instead,

Flash!

With the betting initiated, two large screens appeared in the arena's air.

"Oh..."

The screens displayed the waiting room and the interior of Arena 2.

Representatives could now monitor the current situation comprehensively while proceeding with the game.

'I thought they wouldn't give us any information at all, but this is unexpected.'

However, it seemed that only visual information could be obtained through the screens, as no sound came from the other side.

'Anyway, I'll go with option 1 for now. I just have to hope Dragos can handle up to a 2v1.'

Then, he would need to observe the difficulty of the second stage.

As soon as he started bombarding the Weakest side, the waiting room would realize that some variable had occurred and continue betting on the survival of the weak.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

‘It would have been easier if it was something I could just force through. This is actually more difficult.’

After choosing option 1 for the first stage betting, Yeongwoo took a deep breath and waited.

[1] Strongest survives, Weakest survives.

On the screen in the air, he saw Dragos Corban from Braşov, Romania, sitting cross-legged, waiting.

‘What’s that? Is that his way of relaxing?’

Well, being a named figure who survived up to this point and made it to the dungeon, he couldn’t be an ordinary... no, he couldn’t be a normal person.

‘For the first stage, there are two mutants... let’s see how this guy fights.’

While Yeongwoo observed the situation in Arena 2 and planned his future betting strategy, the first stage betting closed early.

「First stage betting has been completed.」

[First Stage]

|Option 1 – 17 votes

|Option 3 – 3 votes

‘Three votes for option 3? Are they gambling right from the start?’

It was somewhat expected, but still surprising.

After all, three participants had placed ‘gambling’ votes.

[3] Strongest survives, Weakest dies.

Choosing option 3 meant they were betting that Dragos wouldn't be able to handle even two mutants.

And the result would soon be revealed.

「All bets are in. The first stage will now begin.」

As the system announced the start of the match, the two doors at the 12 o'clock direction in Arena 1, where Yeongwoo was, swung open with force.

Thud!

Pushing through the massive iron doors, each appearing at least 2 meters thick, emerged a giant fire golem and a heavily armored troll wielding a long spear.

‘These aren't first-day mutants, clearly.’

They seemed to be at least from the third day or later.

Still, it was better for those formidable creatures to come here than to be sent to the Weakest side.

Grabbing the handle of “Bastard,” attached to his belt, Yeongwoo looked up to check Arena 2's situation.

There, two mutants were also rushing out ferociously.

‘Huh? One of them looks like it's from the first or second day, doesn't it?’

Yeongwoo's eyes widened as he watched the screen of Arena 2.

One of the mutants charging at Dragos was an orc with bare fists.

The other was a beastman armed with a large shield and lance.

Its physique was similar to Yeongtae's, who had a gnoll's body, but this one had the head of a jaguar.

‘With much better equipment than Yeongtae, it's probably a third or fourth-day mutant.’

In any case, the difficulty level didn't seem too high.

“Surely he can handle this.”

Feeling relieved that they could pass the first stage safely, Yeongwoo exhaled deeply.

Then,

He planted his front foot firmly on the ground, preparing to draw his sword.

The two mutants had already approached within ten meters.

「Kyaaaah!」

「Grrrr...」

As expected, the arena mutants didn't seem to have the intelligence to communicate with their opponents, probably due to being replicas.

They also lacked name tags above their heads.

‘This makes it easier without any psychological warfare.’

Yeongwoo thought about causing bleeding to increase his firepower but decided against it as it seemed unnecessary.

Instead,

When he could clearly hear the breathing of the two mutants,

Swoosh!

He drew “Bastard” with force and made a horizontal slash forward.

Slash!

「Preemptive Strike」 – Mutant One-handed Sword

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

「Dullahan's Sword」 - Mutant One-Handed Sword

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

As “Bastard,” its blade extending up to 6 meters, drew a crimson arc, the bodies of the two mutants charging at Yeongwoo were sliced cleanly in half, as easily as cutting tofu.

Thud!

Even the armor and weapons of the troll were cut through.

「First stage: Strongest survives, Weakest in progress.」

As soon as the notification that the match in Arena 1 had ended appeared, the participants in the waiting room started murmuring, which was visible through the broadcast screen.

Naturally, no one had expected the fight to end with just a single sword slash.

On the other hand...

“What the...?”

Expecting that the match in Arena 2 would be wrapping up as well, Yeongwoo looked at the screen and gaped.

Dragos was struggling considerably against the bare-fisted orc and the heavily armored beastman.

“Is that even possible? He’s supposed to be a regional named character.”

Yeongwoo watched Dragos fight with a disbelieving expression for a different reason.

The combination he was facing was indeed tough.

While the beastman pressed with a large shield and lance, the orc was cleverly targeting his flanks.

They couldn’t communicate with participants, but they had enough tactics to break their opponents.

‘But no matter how tough they are, he can’t break through that? How did he even think of entering the dungeon with such skills?’

The only way to handle multiple opponents easily was to have overwhelming firepower.

And Yeongwoo believed that a master at the level of entering a five-day dungeon at night wouldn’t struggle against such low-risk mutants.

In other words...

‘Could he be pretending to be the Weakest one?’

Just as Yeongwoo was considering using bombardment in the first stage, he changed his mind and observed Dragos more closely on the screen.

Then, he finally noticed.



Perfect defense that seemed barely holding yet allowed no effective hits.

The high strength level shown when deflecting the lance with his blade.

“...This bastard.”

Goosebumps rose on his arms.

Yeongwoo realized that he wasn't the only one attempting to rig the match in this arena.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 222

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 222: Unexpectedness (7)

Match-fixing by pretending to be weak.

Yeongwoo clicked his tongue at Dragos' deception tactics and sat down to take a break.

It seemed that Dragos would continue his cunning act until enough public opinion was swayed to perceive him as the underdog.

'This makes things a bit complicated.'

How many levels of deception could Dragos sustain?

Judging by his performance so far, handling the second stage seemed to be no problem.

'The number of mutants appearing in stage 3 is the key. No matter how skilled he is at playing the weakling, it would be hard to deal with eight mutants alone.'

This was assuming that the number of mutants doubled with each stage: 2, 4, 8, 16, 32.

'But they could also increase sequentially by two each time. This would make predictions even more difficult.'

In the latter case, it would be 2, 4, 6, 8, 10.

Even if it reached stage 3, there would only be six mutants, making it hard for Yeongwoo, who knew about the act, to make a decisive move.

‘Six mutants? Too ambiguous. With some skill, one could barely manage to break through.’

Moreover, Dragos was aiming for first place, so he would definitely continue his act until he reached his limit.

In fact, it was a prime opportunity to push out competitors who were betting on the survival of the weak.

‘No matter what he does, I should consider that he’s not at his limit until he suffers a substantial injury.’

For instance, losing an arm or a severe thigh wound.

‘How long does he plan to keep up this act? Even just holding on like that must be quite exhausting.’

As Yeongwoo thought this while looking at the screen, Dragos finally attempted a counterattack.

Just as an orc charged at him with bare hands, Dragos grabbed and tackled it.

‘Looks like he’s planning to finish it soon.’

Even knowing it was an act, the battle was intense enough to make Yeongwoo’s heart race.

Just as Dragos plunged his sword into the orc lying on the ground, a beastman closed in from behind and thrust a lance.

Hwayaang!

Sensing it at the last moment, Dragos instinctively twisted his body to dodge the lance, an act of genuine desperation.

“.....”

At this point, even his misstep when entering the dungeon seemed calculated.

‘Maybe he’s not a beginner but a seasoned veteran.’

Why was someone like him only the second best swordsman in Brasov?

Realizing his naivety, Yeongwoo corrected his thought.

‘No, titles can be changed at will. He might have been the second best at some point in the past.’

Just as Yeongwoo had this epiphany, the European on the screen kicked the beastman’s shield, creating an opening to stab through.

Finally, his first-stage battle ended.

「Stage 1, Strong Survives. Weak Survives.」

「Stage 1 Complete.」

As the completion message appeared, the betting results were announced.

「17 participants gained 1 betting point.」

Then, Yeongwoo’s personal scoreboard appeared.

[Jeong Yeongwoo07]

|Betting Points: 1

|Current Rank: Tied 17th (17 people)

\*Rewards are given from 5th place.

\*If there are many ties, ranks do not rise.

‘So the rankings start from the bottom.’

Merely predicting the first stage correctly wasn’t enough to receive rewards.

This was likely due to the high number of ties.

‘To get rewards, there must be many who fail their bets.’

Yeongwoo finally understood the strategy for this dungeon.

The dungeon was designed for players to rise through match-fixing.

‘And this control is essentially given to the two representatives.’

This clarified why the quest forced Dogo to stand out as a strong player.

However.

「Stage 2 will begin shortly.」

「Due to the presence of many ties, special rules will be applied from Stage 2.」

‘...Special rules?’

This dungeon was far more malicious than Yeongwoo had anticipated.

Because.

[Translator – Night]

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「From now on, all participants except the representatives can enter the arena.」

The dungeon system had rules in place to ensure that no one could easily claim rewards.

‘Allowing participants into the arena means... they can create the desired outcome directly if needed.’

For instance, if all 18 participants in the waiting room rushed into Arena 1, a previously impossible scenario like the ‘strong dying’ could happen.

However, since uniting the 18 participants of different nationalities and races was difficult, they would likely consider changing the outcome in favor of the weak first.

But the problem was.

‘For one’s rank to rise, there need to be fewer ties, so not everyone will bet on the weak dying or surviving. Some will inevitably bet on the opposite outcome.’

This meant that even among the participants who entered the arena for the weak, there could be conflicts.

Those betting on the weak surviving and those betting on the weak dying could each use force to achieve their desired outcome.

‘This is going to be a complete mess.’

Foreseeing the chaos, not only Yeongwoo but also other participants in the waiting room had complicated expressions.

Then, the dungeon system introduced another special rule to alleviate their concerns a little.

「Additionally, at the end of Stage 5, the participant with the lowest betting points will be killed.」

「If there are multiple participants with the lowest points, up to three will be randomly selected and killed.」

This meant that up to three participants with the lowest points just before the final tally would be randomly killed.

Thus, participants were encouraged to bet their best throughout the five stages and, if necessary, enter the arena to change the outcome directly.

‘Of course.’

It was the same as always in the dungeon.

Yeongwoo closed his eyes, as if he had expected this.

However, participants in the waiting room, who could end up in the lowest point group at any time, were shouting in horror.

Although Yeongwoo couldn’t hear them, it was a scene where you could almost hear the screams just by watching.

The situation in the waiting room, as seen on the broadcast screen, was just like that.

「In the upcoming Stage 2, the number of mutants each representative will face is four.」

‘So, it’s still four mutants up to Stage 2.’

But the number of mutants was no longer of great significance.

Now, the critical factor was the psychology of the remaining 18 participants.

Would they bet on the strong surviving and the weak surviving as in the previous stage?

Or would they bet on the weak dying to try and turn the tables?

What choice would the three participants who failed in the first stage, now at the bottom, make?

Would they rush into the arena to alter the outcome to their liking once the match began?

With the countless possibilities and the tension from the new rule allowing participants to enter the arena, the atmosphere in the waiting room was now more intense than in Arenas 1 and 2.

「All participants must complete their betting within 5 minutes.」

Finally, the betting for Stage 2 began, and as before, the four betting options appeared.

[1] Strong survives, weak survives.

[2] Strong dies, weak survives.

[3] Strong survives, weak dies.

[4] Strong dies, weak dies.

“.....”

The options were the same as in Stage 1, but they felt much weightier now.

Of course, Yeongwoo immediately bet on option 1 again.

‘Even with the lowest points death rule, would anyone risk their life to create variables this early? For now, everyone will have to act conservatively.’

Thus, those who were truly anxious were likely the three at the bottom who had taken a gamble in the first stage.

‘Even if the current lowest scorers succeed in their Stage 2 bets, they will still be in danger of being the lowest since most participants who scored in Stage 1 will likely succeed in Stage 2 as well.’

Therefore, the only way for the lowest scorers to survive was to make others fail in their bets.

‘Otherwise, they would need to succeed in all their bets from Stage 3 onwards while hoping that others fail in their predictions... which is no easy task.’

A dilemma.

In any case, if the three lowest scorers did nothing, they would likely die due to the rule targeting the lowest scorers.

‘But there’s still some hope. Dragos is acting really well.’

After placing his bet, Yeongwoo sat back down and waited for time to pass.

This time, the full five minutes were used without early completion of betting.

The 18 participants in the waiting room were likely contemplating their life-or-death decisions.

「All bets for Stage 2 are now complete.」

After five minutes, the betting results for the 20 participants were announced.

[Stage 2]

|Option 1 – 8 votes

|Option 3 – 12 votes

“Whoa...!”

A surprising result.

This time, significantly more people bet on option 3, indicating the weak would die.

‘It seems most of them still don’t know Dragos is acting.’

Regardless, this outcome was advantageous for Yeongwoo.

This would greatly reduce the number of tied ranks.

Now, Yeongwoo’s remaining task was to ensure that Dragos did not die during Stage 2.

‘Twelve people bet on the weak dying....’

What if they decided to interfere in the arena to prevent Dragos from passing Stage 2?

‘If I use a laser strike... my infamy would skyrocket, right?’

Yeongwoo imagined it.

A laser cannon firing from the Returnee’s Room, striking down on the heads of the 12 participants who entered Arena 2.

“Kwaaah...!”

Making the sound of the laser cannon with his mouth, Yeongwoo placed his hand on the artifact as he saw the iron gate clattering again.

「With all bets completed, Stage 2 will now begin.」

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 223

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 223: Match Fixing (1)

Second stage, four mutant clones.

This too was not a difficulty for Yeongwoo.

But what about Dragos?

‘No matter how cunning you are, your acting ends here.’

Dragos had already shown signs of struggle in the first stage.

If he managed to survive the second stage as well, everyone would undoubtedly notice, regardless of how hard he fought.

They would realize that Dragos had been pretending to be weak all along.

‘Four mutants mean it’s twice as difficult as the first stage. This isn’t something you can overcome just by fighting hard.’

Of course, Dragos might have achieved his goal just by the fact that twelve votes were cast predicting his death.

BOOM!

Soon, a door opened in each of the four directions of the arena where Yeongwoo stood, and mutants burst out.

「Graaaah!」

「Wooooooo...!」



‘Whoa, their momentum is incredible.’

Yeongwoo felt a chill as he watched the mutants charging at him from all directions.

Even though he no longer had a human heart, his mind still thought like a human.

He realized that this situation would be a nightmare for an ordinary person.

Especially since this was an arena on an alien planet.

Dying here meant he couldn’t even return to the soil of his homeland.

‘I’m not particularly attached to Earth, but if I have to die, I’d prefer to die on my planet.’

Of course, he had no intention of dying here.

Tap!

As Yeongwoo assumed his drawing stance again and firmly planted his foot, the participants in the waiting room all focused their attention.

They wanted to see if this ‘Strongest one’ could deal with the mutants in a single strike this time as well.

If he started to show signs of struggling, they might consider betting on his death in the fourth or fifth stage.

And Yeongwoo himself...

‘Oh, wait.’

He hesitated just as he was about to slash the mutants that had gotten close.

‘Shouldn’t I at least pretend a little? The more confused my competitors are, the more advantageous it is for me, right?’

So Yeongwoo decided to...

Swoosh!

Instead of slashing through all the mutants like he did in the first stage, he decided to barely miss the ones on his sides and rear.

He wanted to imply that in situations where enemies approached from all directions, he couldn’t help but have some openings.

‘But everyone knows I have strong firepower, so I should allow the first hit and then quickly deal with the rest.’

While Yeongwoo was thinking this through, his sword, already slashed through two of the second-stage mutants cleanly.

Then...

Thud!

A powerful impact hit Yeongwoo’s waist.

“...Ugh!”

While he was slashing forward, an ogre that had approached from behind swung its hammer.

「.....?」

Even as a mutant clone, the ogre seemed to show a ‘puzzled’ expression as it looked at its hammer.

It found it strange that its target didn’t flinch even after a direct hit.

And that was the last expression the ogre made.

Swoosh!

From bottom to top.

Yeongwoo vertically slashed with his sword, which extended to 6 meters, splitting the 4-meter-tall ogre in half.

Then...

「Kyaaa!」

A lizardman charged from the side, swinging its round shield at Yeongwoo’s left shoulder.

BOOM!

A powerful shockwave occurred, pushing one of Yeongwoo’s feet a few inches back.

“You’re quite strong too.”

This lizardman must be at least a fourth-day mutant.

Thump!

As Yeongwoo grabbed the bottom of the shield touching his shoulder with his left hand, the lizardman's eyes widened.

「.....!」

Because...

Crack!

From where Yeongwoo gripped the bottom of the shield, purple cracks spread like spider webs.

“.....?”

Yeongwoo's eyes widened too, as this was unexpected.

‘No way.’

Yeongwoo's brain quickly recalled the effects of his equipment.

Then he identified the likely cause.

「Heresy」 – Unique Gauntlet

【15% of attack power is converted to energy damage.】

‘Just 15% converted to energy damage can have this kind of effect...?’

As Yeongwoo finished this thought and slammed the shield in his hand onto the ground, the half with the cracks shattered into tiny pieces like candy.

Crash!

‘...This isn't good.’

Realizing things had gone wrong, Yeongwoo looked up at the screen in the air.

As expected, he saw the bewildered faces of the participants in the waiting room.

They had realized that the ‘Strongest one’ possessed far more overwhelming power than they had thought.

“.....”

Yeongwoo quickly slashed the shieldless lizardman and then turned his gaze to the broadcast screen of the second arena.

As expected, Dragos, who was pretending to be weak, came into view.

‘That’s some really convincing acting.’

It was hard to tell if he was genuinely fighting for his life or just putting on a show.

The clones in the second arena included a Ratman, a Black Goblin, a Steel Golem, and a beast-type Manticore.

This meant Dragos had to withstand a variety of attack types.

Especially the Manticore, which looked like a fifth-day mutant, with its front claws and scorpion tail attacks, seemed impossible for anyone in the waiting room to last more than three rounds against.

‘Yet he’s handling all of that.’

Someone who had struggled against just two lower-level mutants in the first stage was now fighting on equal footing with four mutants, including a Manticore...?

It was obvious to anyone that he had been hiding his strength.

But the issue was,

‘Is the skill he’s showing now really just an act? I can’t be sure.’

Yeongwoo watched Dragos, who was already covered in wounds.

Some of the injuries were deep enough to make one wonder if he really got them on purpose for the sake of acting.

‘If he inflicted those wounds on himself just to look weak... he’s not an ordinary person.’

But if these injuries were not an act and Dragos was reaching his limit...

‘Then I should use my bombardment now. Otherwise, he might die from a major attack or from excessive bleeding.’

Yeongwoo looked around the waiting room again.

He saw that, like him, the 18 other participants were also watching the second arena with confused expressions.

It meant that everyone was caught up in Dragos's deception and couldn't figure things out.

'Damn. It's a bit wasteful to use bombardment now.'

Once he started using bombardment, the game's control would immediately shift to Yeongwoo.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

However,

'It will become much harder to push out the betting competitors. Everyone will bet all-in on number one.'

There was also the option of using bombardment to kill the weakling around the fourth or fifth stage... but there were still 18 people in the waiting room.

'Some of them will see through my move and bet on number three at the last minute. Then today's extra reward is out of the question.'

This was entirely possible.

There had already been three people who took gambles in the first stage.

It was important not to forget that everyone in the waiting room was a strong person in their own country.

There was no one to underestimate in today's dungeon.

[Stage 2]

| Number 1 – 8 votes

| Number 3 – 12 votes

Currently, 8 people had bet on the survival of the Weakest, while 12 had bet on their death.

'...Let's wait a bit longer. Maybe the people who bet on the Weakest's survival will intervene in the arena.'

This was another gamble, but Yeongwoo's bet soon paid off.

Flash!

Suddenly, a bright light flashed in the waiting room, and two human-sized figures appeared in the second arena.

Unable to watch any longer, two people who bet on number one chose to enter the arena.

"Oh...!"

As Yeongwoo exclaimed, the two warriors who had moved into the arena drew their swords side by side.

『Swordmaster, Bristol』

『Nashville Protector』

'England and the United States.'

Seeing the strong reinforcements, Yeongwoo quickly turned to read Dragos's expression.

And then.

".....!"

For a moment, he saw a look of relief pass across Dragos's face.

'Was that guy... not acting this time?'

Of course, it could still be a highly calculated expression, but could he really perform such a delicate act while dealing with the attacks of four mutants?

In any case, the Swordmaster Bristol and the Nashville Protector, who had entered the arena to save their bets, were rushing towards the mutants.

And with that,

'What's that now.'

The atmosphere in the waiting room's broadcast screen changed ominously.

Some of the participants started discussing amongst themselves, then drew their swords and held them up into the air.

It was as if they were voting by majority.

Seeing this, Yeongwoo immediately realized.

‘...Crazy. They’re voting on whether to intervene.’

However, it wasn’t the people who bet on number one, but the people who bet on number three who were voting to intervene.

‘Well, there are a lot more people who bet on the weakling’s death.’

[Stage 2]

| Number 1 – 8 votes

| Number 3 – 12 votes

At a glance, the difference in the number of people who bet on one and three was four, but that wasn’t actually the case.

That count included the votes of the Strongest and weak representatives who were directly in the arena.

So, if you excluded the two fixed votes in the arena, the actual betting situation was:

| Number 1 – 6 votes

| Number 3 – 12 votes

‘Twice as many people voted for the weakling’s death.’

In other words, there were twice as many people wanting Dragos to die as there were people wanting to save him.

‘This... is bad.’

As Yeongwoo reached this conclusion, the waiting room broadcast screen brightened again.

The number three bettors who had voted to intervene really proceeded with the arena transfer.

The number of people who newly entered the second arena was:

Flash, flash, flash!

‘...Four.’

So, would it be a four-on-three battle soon?

Strictly speaking, no.

All the mutants in the second arena were still alive.

Though one mutant was on the brink of death thanks to Bristol and Nashville’s entry, there were still three mutants remaining.

So now, what the Weakest side had to deal with was:

‘Three mutants and four named humans. Seven to three.’

Swoosh.

Yeongwoo, who had been sitting and watching the screen, stood up without realizing it.

He felt like he had to use the bombardment.

‘If I shoot at the center, I can clear most of them.’

[IIII]-Lupo-917-005-3113-45]

Yeongwoo quickly recalled the coordinates for the bombardment point.

If he delayed the decision too long, it would be useless, so he needed to hurry.

If he fired after the fight began, both the new interveners and Dragos would die.

‘Things are already getting complicated.’

But it was unavoidable.

Yeongwoo closed his eyes tightly, then opened them and shouted loudly while looking at the second arena’s broadcast screen.

“General! Transmitting coordinates! Lupo! 917! 005! 31...!”

Then.

“...What?”

He stopped, seeing something on the screen.



“What, what is this?”

In the second arena.

Dragos, who had been bleeding profusely and watching the four new interveners, suddenly fell to his knees.

Then.

“What’s this guy doing?”

Everyone in the dungeon, including Yeongwoo, saw him clasp his hands and start praying to the sky.

Seeing this, the Swordmaster Bristol, who had come to help him, shouted with a red face.

Apparently, Bristol thought Dragos had lost his mind.

Meanwhile, Yeongwoo.

“To our Lord in the universe, please have mercy on me...”

Yeongwoo read Dragos’s lips through the screen and realized something.

‘Why can I read that?’

No matter how unified languages had become, reading lips was a different story altogether.

But Yeongwoo didn’t have time to delve into this mystery.

Ting!

A clear sound rang out from somewhere above the arena.

Swoosh!

A beam of white light shot down towards the second arena.

“.....!”

Yeongwoo quickly turned his gaze back to the broadcast screen.

Then he saw Dragos, arms spread wide, looking up at the sky.

— 「Mara」 .....!

This time, an otherworldly language clearly transcended the screen.

‘What has this guy summoned?’

Regardless, Yeongwoo had to admit it.

Dragos’s prayer had been answered.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 224

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 224: Match Fixing (2)

Transcendental language.

Higher beings of the universe use this language freely, but beings of humble origin, like Yeongwoo or Dragos, could not.

A mere planetary inhabitant who had just started learning the transcendental language could only manage a single word at best.

And the only information that word could contain was purely what the speaker knew.

Thus, the word “Mara” that Dragos had just pronounced was fragmented information.

Even so, the description was unsettling, causing Yeongwoo to be extremely tense.

—Master of the Void, one who walks in the shadow of universal laws, King of Ten Thousand Demons.

‘Wait a minute. Walks in the shadow of universal laws?’

As Yeongwoo was deciphering the meanings contained in “Mara,” he paused at the part about walking in the shadow of universal laws.

This wasn’t just a metaphorical expression; it literally meant that many universal laws bypassed “Mara.”

At least, according to the transcendental language spoken by Dragos.

So, this meant.

‘No way, does this guy Mara not pay taxes?’

Yeongwoo muttered to himself in frustration and covered his mouth softly.

The titles were Master of the Void and King of Ten Thousand Demons.

Also, considering Dragos was reciting a prayer towards the sky, the true identity of “Mara” was likely.

‘...Could it be a god? But are there gods in the universe?’

A god of the universe.

Yeongwoo found it hard to imagine.

Especially since he had glimpsed some of the reality of the universe.

‘If there really is a god in the universe, what level would their stature be?’

One must not forget what kind of beings filled the universe.

The Chairman who traveled on a giant tombstone beating up officials was part of the universe, as were Toma who made planetary bombardment weapons, and Lemu, a producer of interstellar pornography.

‘.....’

Thus, Yeongwoo tried to imagine the Chairman bowing before a god, but it was difficult.

If anything, the Chairman would likely aim his sword at the god and demand they kneel.

‘But if Mara really avoids taxes, he must be extraordinary. Even the Chairman wasn’t free from taxes.’

Yeongwoo knew well that the Chairman had paid the inheritance tax for his Bastard.

So, perhaps for the first time, he might see someone of higher rank than the Chairman today.

‘Oh...! Then there’s a high probability Mara is at least a second-class being.’

Yeongwoo instinctively tried to find a goblin to prepare the golden sphere, only to recall it hadn't followed him into the dungeon.

'If that Mara guy is a second-class being, this is a golden opportunity to achieve my goal.'

[Golden Storm]

| Summon the golden ratio in four ways. (2/4)

-When a second-class otherworldly being visits.

Of course, having confirmed Mara's existence, he could meet him again even if not here.

For instance, after the dungeon ends and the land is restored, he could visit Romania where Dragos lives.

'If Dragos dies today... no, if I inevitably have to kill him, Mara might come find me himself.'

Though it might be an enraged Mara.

In any case, the important thing was.

Flaaash!

A bright and massive beam of light struck down on Arena 2, visible even from Arena 1.

And soon.

Boooom!

With a loud roar, something appeared in Arena 2, where three mutants and seven humans had been mingling.

".....!"

Yeongwoo widened his eyes as he watched the broadcast of Arena 2.

Two knights in silver-white armor were standing on either side of Dragos.

'What is that? Are those Mara's guards?'

Yeongwoo swallowed heavily, scrutinizing the two mysterious knights.

Though their features were obscured by radiant light within their armor, he could tell they were five meters tall.

Each held a weapon so broad and massive it was hard to distinguish if it was a sword or a shield, and the sight of these weapons made the mutant replicas lose their will to fight and retreat.

Even beings created solely for the gambling match felt fear in the presence of these knights.

‘Is this for real? Is Mara truly the King of Ten Thousand Demons?’

If “Mara” meant demonic, then the den of vice, Dogo, couldn’t be overlooked.

But from the current situation, it seemed that even the Chairman of Dogo would have to bow his head to Mara.

‘Damn... there was a better connection in Europe all along.’

As Yeongwoo clenched his fists in frustration, Mara’s knights began to move, leaving white traces behind.

Swish!

Their movements were like floating jellyfish in the sea, but the speed and power were unbelievable.

Slash!

With each swing of their swords, the mutants fell apart like tofu.

“...My God.”

Before Yeongwoo could even exhale in surprise, all the monsters in Arena 2 were eliminated.

Naturally, this drew everyone’s attention to the four betting participants from Group 3 who had entered the arena to kill Dragos.

This included the remaining participants in the waiting room and the knights sent by Mara.

‘Those four are as good as dead. And the survival of the Weakest participant in the second round is confirmed.’

For Yeongwoo, this wasn’t bad news.

With fewer participants, there would be less competition in the betting.

Of course, there were still eight more participants from Group 3 who hadn't entered the arena, but they weren't likely to dive into this suicidal pit now.

'Even if all 12 of them entered, they wouldn't be able to defeat those two knights. I'm certain of it.'

Indeed, no more participants requested to move to Arena 2.

In the end, only the brave four who had rushed in first ended up meeting a futile death.

'Choices have consequences.'

As Yeongwoo bid farewell to the four doomed souls on the broadcast screen, Mara's knights moved simultaneously.

Sshhhaa...

Their unique, jellyfish-like gliding movements began again.

'Here we go.'

Yeongwoo saw this as an opportunity to observe the skills of these minions sent by a being of Mara's level.

However,

'...What?'

Contrary to his expectations, it was difficult to gather any meaningful information.

Though the four initial participants considered themselves top fighters from around the world, none of them lasted even a single round against the knights.

Clang, clang!

The distinct sounds of the knights' weapons reached Yeongwoo in Arena 1, and those struck were silently split in half on the broadcast screen.

It wasn't even a fair fight.

'...What is this? This is too overpowered.'

Having quickly massacred the four intruders, Mara's knights planted their massive weapons into the ground and stood still, as if their task was complete.

Then,

「Stage 2, Survival of the Strongest. Survival of the Weakest.」

「Stage 2 complete.」

The completion message for the second match appeared, followed by the betting results.

「Eight participants have each earned 1 betting point.」

Next, Yeongwoo's personal scorecard appeared before him.

[Jeong Yeongwoo07]

| Betting Points: 2

| Current Rank: Tied for 6th (6 people)

\*Rewards are given starting from 5th place.

\*If there are many participants with the same score, the rank will not increase.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

‘Tied for 6th? This isn’t easy. But I did reduce the number quite a bit.’

The fact that there were 8 successful bettors in the second stage and his current rank was 6th meant two participants had only one point.

In other words, two out of the three who took risks in the first stage but failed had bet on the survival of the Strongest and Weakest in the second stage.

‘Good. With four fewer competitors, I might aim for first place...’

While envisioning a rosy future and fidgeting with his hands, Yeongwoo glanced at the screen of Arena 2 again and widened his eyes.

“What? Why aren’t they leaving?”

The two knights Mara had sent to rescue Dragos were still in the arena.

“Hey! This isn’t fair, is it?”

Yeongwoo shouted into the air of the arena, but the only response was.

「Stage 3 will begin shortly.」

Just the usual notification for the next match.

‘No, if this goes on...’

Seeing that the knights were still present, everyone would continue betting on the survival of the Weakest.

This would mean ending the game tied for 6th place.

A disaster.

‘That’s unacceptable.’

Yeongwoo vowed as he looked at Mara’s knights.

Given their martial prowess, it seemed impossible to kill Dragos through ordinary means.

He even began to doubt if an artillery strike could kill him.

‘Those knights might even block an artillery strike.’

So how could he create a variable?

While Yeongwoo pondered deeply, the content for the third stage was finally revealed.

「In Stage 3, each representative must face ten mutants.」

‘Ten? It doesn’t double each time?’

The surprises continued.

Instead of doubling like 2, 4, 8, it was 2, 4, 10.

‘Then how many will come in Stage 4?’

At this point, trying to predict the difficulty of each stage seemed meaningless.

There appeared to be no pattern.

The only certainty was... in Stage 3, they would face ten mutants, and Dragos would survive again.



‘This damn dungeon.’

「All participants, please complete your bets within 5 minutes.」

[1] Strongest survives, Weakest survives.

[2] Strongest dies, Weakest survives.

[3] Strongest survives, Weakest dies.

[4] Strongest dies, Weakest dies.

As the betting time returned, all eyes in the waiting room were now on Arena 1.

The variable in this gamble was no longer on the side of the Weakest but rather the Strongest, represented by the East Asian Participant 07.

How far could this formidable warrior, who had demonstrated inhuman prowess, go?

‘From the looks of it, everyone seems to think I can handle at least ten of them somehow.’

Yeongwoo smiled bitterly.

It was his own doing.

Hadn’t he shown overwhelming power in the previous two matches?

「All bets for Stage 3 have been placed.」

As expected, the betting for Stage 3 concluded early, and the results were soon announced.

| Option 1 – 16 votes

“Damn.”

As expected, everyone had unanimously bet on Option 1.

This meant that even if he survived this round, his rank would remain tied for 6th place.

「With all bets placed, Stage 3 will now begin.」

Soon, the doors around the arena opened noisily, and a heavy presence began to pour out from within.

Ten mutants were rushing out.

In response, Yeongwoo planted his feet firmly on the ground, muttering to himself.

“Let’s just survive. Just enough not to die... just enough not to die...”

He recalled the items that would pull him back from the brink of death.

Loss of Limbs, Revival, Slime Core, Unfair Trade.

【Power increases up to 80% based on the extent of limb loss.】

【All stats increase by 25% when near death.】

【Regeneration ability dramatically increases.】

【Healing rate increases when injuring an enemy.】

Yeongwoo thought of each item in turn, as he would now have to perform a desperate act as the weak.

「Kyaaaak!」

「Haaah!」

Mutants poured in from all four directions of the arena, and as they closed in, Yeongwoo drew and swung his sword.

“Here I go...!”

Swaaah!

A bright red arc from his mythical sword cut through the air in front of him.

Three mutants charging at him disappeared in an instant.

Then,

Thump! Thump! Thump!

The remaining seven mutants surged forward like a wave, engulfing Yeongwoo.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

## Chapter 225

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

### Chapter 225: Match Fixing (3)

It felt like being hit by a car.

“Uwaaaaaah!”

Caught by the seven mutants, Yeongwoo was shoved all the way to the west wall of the arena with an unsightly sound.

This was no mere performance; it was the real deal.

Among the seven opponents, one was particularly strong and had lifted Yeongwoo with its head, ramming him into the wall.

Because of this, those in the waiting room assumed Yeongwoo was dead and wore dreadful expressions.

But of course, the person in question, Yeongwoo...

「Kyaaaah!」

「Wuooooo!」

「Kwiiik!」

In the midst of the ear-splitting howls of the seven mutants, he was busy swinging his fists.

If he had used Bastard Sword, he would have slaughtered them in an instant, so he had pretended to drop his weapon on the ground.

“Damn it, what a pain in the ass.”

Normally, he inflicted wounds on himself to create a bleeding effect, so the moderate pain that the berserker talisman couldn’t block didn’t bother him much.

However...

Crunch!

The moment his bravely outstretched fist got caught in the jaws of a wolf mutant and was torn off, he felt genuinely afraid.

‘I... I should start fighting seriously now?’

Even a single blow from each of the surrounding mutants would mean seven hits at once.

Because of this, Yeongwoo’s body was quickly becoming tattered.

With so many opponents, even his flying sword, the Golden Trail, couldn’t exert its full power.

-Vrrrrrrrr!

Two fifth-day level mutants could pin Golden Trail to the ground, rendering it almost immobile.

Of course, this meant that Golden Trail alone could restrain two high-level mutants.

So, in reality, only five could genuinely threaten Yeongwoo.

‘...Should I stop here? If I hold out any longer, my eyeballs might get gouged out.’

When his left arm was completely torn off and his body was covered in cuts, oozing blood like sweat, Yeongwoo decided to use all his strength to charge forward.

Booom!

In a crisis, Yeongwoo’s physical abilities amplified tremendously, enough to push away the seven mutants... no, even more.

「Kyak...?」

「Geuak!」

Not only did he push them away, but he also flung them in all directions.

‘...Oops! I got too desperate!’

But at this point, if he looked around, it would seem even more suspicious.

“Ugh...!”

Yeongwoo limped toward the clear escape route and grabbed Bastard that had fallen to the ground.

Through the broadcast screen, he could see the people in the waiting room widening their eyes.

It was surprising enough that the “Strongest one” they thought was dead had come out alive, but what shocked them even more was Yeongwoo’s body, which looked like a corpse.

“Damn, that’s practically an auto-hunt over there.”

Despite bleeding profusely, Yeongwoo lifted his eyelids to survey Arena 2.

As expected, Mara’s knights were cleanly dealing with the mutants there.

If those guys stayed until the next stage, it wouldn’t matter how many mutants showed up in Stage 4.

‘In that case, everyone will vote for the survival of the Weakest... The variables are now either the Strongest surviving or dying in Stage 4.’

While Yeongwoo took a short rest, looking at the broadcast screen, the mutants, having regrouped, charged at him again with a furious aura.

「Kraaaa!」

「Kieeek!」

In response, Yeongwoo extended the blade of Bastard to six meters, deliberately cutting down only one mutant at a time.

‘I don’t know how effective this will be.’

This was purely a “show” for the other contestants in the waiting room.

With one arm missing and having lost a lot of blood, he subtly conveyed that it was difficult to deal with two or three mutants at a time as before.

Thus, it would be much harder to fight in Stage 4, where more mutants were sure to appear.

[2] Strongest dies, Weakest survives.

Therefore, increasing the number of bets on option 2 was the best Yeongwoo could do.

Crunch!

When Yeongwoo finally brought down the last mutant in the arena, a message appeared, signaling the end of the match.

「Stage 3, Strongest survive. Weakest survive.」

「Stage 3 complete.」

But this time, everyone had bet on option 1.

「Sixteen participants have earned 1 betting point.」

So, in terms of ranking, it was effectively a stalemate.

Despite finishing the Stage 3 match, Yeongwoo was still tied for sixth place.

[Jeong Yeongwoo 07]

|Betting Points: 3

|Current Rank: Tied for 6th (6 people)

‘Damn it.’

Only two matches remained.

None of the other contestants wanted to finish the dungeon tied for 6th place, so things were bound to change now.

‘The survival of the Weakest is a given... Now the bets will split on whether I survive or not.’

「Stage 4 will begin shortly.」

「In Stage 4, each representative will face twenty-six mutants.」

“...What?”

Stage 4, twenty-six mutants.

Yeongwoo had expected at most twenty mutants, so his mouth gaped open involuntarily.

The participants in the waiting room seemed equally shocked.

「All participants must complete their bets within the next 5 minutes.」

[1] Strongest survives, Weakest survives.

[2] Strongest dies, Weakest survives.

[3] Strongest survives, Weakest dies.

[4] Strongest dies, Weakest dies.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

While the dungeon system opened the next round of betting, Yeongwoo, with no other choice, bet on option 1.

‘Twenty-six mutants... This time, I can’t afford to hold back. I must do my best to survive.’

This time, he would likely need to use the laser strike.

And once everyone saw the laser bombardment...

‘Then everyone will be confused again. They’ll have to decide whether to bet on option 1 or 2 for Stage 5.’

But options 1 and 2 never existed for Yeongwoo in Stage 5.

Anything other than the top prize was practically “junk” to him.

‘I need to eliminate everyone else. There can’t be any ties.’

To achieve this, he needed to bet on an outcome no one else would choose and succeed.

And that outcome was...

[3] Strongest survives, Weakest dies.

The Weakest die.

In other words, Dragos must die.

Despite being guarded by Mara’s knights, he had to create a situation where Dragos would die.

But how?

‘The only card I can play right now is the laser bombardment. I can call my friends once, but I should save that for Stage 5.’

Trying to hit Mara’s knights with Toma’s laser cannon... he instinctively knew it was a crazy idea, but he couldn’t stop now.

‘By the way, what about the chairman? Or can’t the company help with this? There’s still a lot of ad money pending.’

As Yeongwoo looked up at the sky, the 5 minutes allotted for Stage 4 betting expired.

「Stage 4 betting is complete.」

And the results were:

|Option 1 – 4 votes

|Option 2 – 12 votes

‘Four votes for the Strongest surviving...? Are they out of their minds?’

Yeongwoo was stunned.

Even excluding his own vote, three others had predicted the Strongest would survive.

However, this also meant that the 12 who voted for option 2 would fall far behind in the rankings, which wasn’t entirely bad.

「With the betting complete, Stage 4 will begin.」

The doors of the arena, which had been tightly shut, began to open once more.

“Here we go again.”

Bang!

With a sound like gunfire, eight doors opened, and twenty-six mutants poured in like a wave.

「Graaaaaa!」

「Kyaaaah!」

Though his body was regenerating quickly thanks to the synergy of the Slime Core and Unfair Trade, his left arm hadn’t fully grown back yet.



For now, he had to face those twenty-six mutants with one arm.

‘Twenty-six mutants... It feels like way too many when you see them in person.’

Yeongwoo prepared to draw his sword, but then changed his mind and immediately requested an artillery strike.

He felt that if those creatures got close, his body would be torn apart before he could try any other tactic.

“Laser cannon! 917! 005! 3091! 10!”

As Yeongwoo urgently called for an artillery strike in Arena 1, the surroundings darkened by the mutants’ shadows suddenly lit up.

Piiiiing!

A laser cannon really fired from the returnees’ room.

‘Were they prepared in advance? Why is it firing so quickly?’

Seeing the laser beam piercing through the dungeon ceiling, Yeongwoo quickly retreated.

He feared that he might get caught in the blast radius.

Boooooom!

The military contractor Toma’s laser bombardment finally struck the center of the arena.

Any mutants that were grazed by this concentrated energy vanished without a trace, and Yeongwoo, who barely escaped the bombardment’s radius, felt immense pressure on his body.

‘If I do well, I might be able to kill those knights with this.’

It was his first time seeing the bombardment up close, and Yeongwoo seriously considered that this weapon might be able to take out Mara’s lackeys.

After all, those knights didn’t have the same divine stature.

Swoosh!

The bombardment that had brightly lit the surroundings ceased, and Yeongwoo started clearing the monsters that had luckily escaped the strike while watching the broadcast screen.

Swoosh.

On the screen, he saw the participants in the waiting room, all with expressions of disbelief, and Dragos's face in particular stood out.

Especially Dragos...

—...!

His reaction was more than just surprise; it was clear that he was terrified.

'He's scared. Did he realize that the bombardment could be used for sniping?'

Dragos, with his vast cosmic knowledge, must have figured that out too.

'But whether sniping him would succeed or not, we'll find out later.'

As Yeongwoo watched the broadcast screen of Arena 2 with a meaningful expression, Dragos made a horrified face, as if he could read Yeongwoo's thoughts.

「Stage 4, Strongest survive. Weakest survive.」

「Stage 4 complete.」

Finally, Stage 4 was over.

「Four participants have earned 1 betting point.」

This time, four participants, who had bet on the Strongest surviving despite Yeongwoo's struggles, gained points.

The results were:

Flash!

[Jeong Yeongwoo 07]

|Betting Points: 4

|Current Rank: Tied for 3rd (3 people)

'Finally, 3rd place.'

Although Yeongwoo hadn't expected to have three tied contestants before the final stage, he still had one last trick up his sleeve.

‘If I can kill Dragos, I can jump straight to 1st place.’

As Yeongwoo steeled his resolve and looked up at the ceiling, the announcement for the final match appeared.

「Stage 5 will begin shortly.」

「In Stage 5, each representative will face sixty-eight mutants.」

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 226

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 226: Match Fixing (4)

“68 of them? Are these bastards really insane?”

As Yeongwoo raged, blood gushed from all the wounds on his body.

Splash!

His skyrocketing blood pressure momentarily squeezed the blood out of him.

‘This dungeon was impossible to complete from the start. What kind of gamble is this?’

Yeongwoo was seething at the absurd difficulty, but ironically, the ‘gamble’ of this dungeon was properly established.

It was coincidentally represented by two chosen individuals: one was a promotional model for the universal weapon manufacturing company ‘Dogo,’ and the other served the so-called ‘Mara,’ king of the ten thousand demons.

Considering the prowess shown by Mara’s knights so far, the ‘underdog’ Dragos had a very high chance of surviving even the fifth stage.

On the other hand, Yeongwoo thought,

‘With 68 of them, there would hardly be any empty space in the arena. Can we handle this with bombardment?’

Moreover, the laser cannons currently installed in the returnees' room couldn't fire indefinitely.

The prisoners... no, Yeongwoo's friends had to pedal to recharge the energy.

'At this rate, not only will it be hard to target Dragos, but even surviving will be tough.'

68 mutants.

"....."

Yeongwoo swallowed hard as he looked around the vast arena.

'Damn, no wonder it was so spacious.'

No matter how you look at it, this difficulty level was absurd.

'I had a feeling there was something off when it was labeled as a rare grade in the dungeon information.'

[Batum's Casino]

| Dungeon Grade: Rare

| Difficulty: C

| Recommended Number: 20

This dungeon, 'Batum's Casino,' was the first rare grade he'd seen since the reset.

'A rare grade with a C difficulty... Even this level is practically impossible to clear without being an irregular.'

As Yeongwoo reflected on what might be a belated realization, the final betting began.

「All participants, please complete your bets within the next 5 minutes.」

[1] Strongest survives, Weakest survives.

[2] Strongest dies, Weakest survives.

[3] Strongest survives, Weakest dies.

[4] Strongest dies, Weakest dies.

The final choice.

‘Most would probably choose option 2. Some gamblers might bet on 1 or 4.’

But Yeongwoo boldly predicted that no one would choose option 3.

With only one betting chance per person, no one would gamble on the option that seemed the least likely.

‘Even if I were a high-stakes gambler, I’d bet on 4 rather than pick 3.’

However, since Yeongwoo himself was the ‘Strongest’ one mentioned in the betting options, choosing 4 was not possible.

‘Damn it, let’s fight this out.’

This would probably be his boldest decision since choosing the golden ratio for the first time.

Yeongwoo decided to kill Mara’s servant.

‘Option 3. Bet on 3.....!’

[3] Strongest survives, Weakest dies.

A scenario where he lives, and the other dies.

Yeongwoo completed his bet on option 3, but the results didn’t come out immediately as the other participants were still deliberating.

So, he looked at Dragos in Arena 2 through the broadcast screen.

‘That guy has probably never fought against 68 mutants either.’

As Yeongwoo watched the screen, Dragos also lifted his head.

He, too, was looking at Arena 1 through the broadcast screen.

“.....”

—.....

The two locked eyes indirectly through the broadcast screens.

Then, two of Mara’s knights escorting Dragos also looked at Yeongwoo through the screen.

One of them raised his left hand, extended his thumb, and made a gesture as if cutting his throat.

It was a threatening gesture, learned from Earth somehow.

“That bastard, really?”

Yeongwoo got angry again, but since most of his wounds had healed, no blood gushed out this time.

Those knights were, after all, minions sent by the king of ten thousand demons.

They couldn't be expected to be courteous.

‘Well, I'm in no position to talk, having bet on 3 myself.’

If they were the followers of a great demon, Yeongwoo was the incarnation of malicious deeds committed with indirect intention.

「All bets for the 5th stage have been completed.」

While Yeongwoo was having a stare-down with the knights through the screen, the 5 minutes given for betting passed, and the results were announced.

| Option 1 – 3 votes

| Option 2 – 10 votes

| Option 3 – 1 vote

| Option 4 – 2 votes

“Ah.....!”

Five gamblers had bet on options 1 and 4.

And the single person who bet on 3 was, as anyone could guess, the ‘Strongest’ one himself.

‘Those who bet on option 2 are probably trying to at least secure the basic rewards.’

In any case, it was a favorable situation for Yeongwoo.

If he managed to make option 3 a reality, there wouldn't be a tie this time.

「With all bets completed, we will now begin the 5th stage match.」

Finally, as the system displayed the message signaling the start of the 5th stage, the doors on all sides of the arena swung open wide.

Thud, thud, thud!

Soon, mutants began pouring out from inside the doors.

「Kraaaah!」

「Grrrooo!」

‘My god.’

A scene straight out of hell.

The sight of 68 mutants rushing in all at once was truly a depiction of hell.

Among them, there was even:

Whooosh!

a copy of the venomous dragon Im Kwangho, whom Yeongwoo had encountered in Seoul.

‘Im Kwangho.....!’

True to its dragon nature, it soared in from beyond the dark outer space, not through a door, gliding in like a massive airplane.

‘This is dangerous.’

68 mutants, including a dragon.

In haste, Yeongwoo drew his sword and slashed wide in front of him, cutting three mutants in half.

Slash!

Then, dozens of mutants on the left, right, and from behind lunged ravenously at him, so Yeongwoo quickly leapt into the air before getting buried under them.

Leap!

「Climber」 – Mutant Pants

【Jump distance increases by three times.】

In an instant, Yeongwoo reached tens of meters above ground, and from below, he saw Golden Trail fighting a lonely battle.

Then,

Bang!

Unable to withstand the sheer numbers, the Golden Trail was finally sucked under the mutants.

Yeongwoo immediately called for an artillery strike.

“Lupo! 917, 005, 3090, 08!”

Instantly,

Whoosh!

Instead of the bright light of the laser cannon, a heavy shadow covered Yeongwoo in midair.

“Ugh!”

The venomous dragon, circling the arena’s sky, had rammed into him.

“You bastard!”

As he plummeted towards the ground, head-butted by the dragon, Yeongwoo felt his heart pounding unusually hard in the extreme danger.

‘W-why is my heart racing like this?’

His heart was pounding strangely enough that he clutched his chest and realized,

“Ah.”

he saw a green hurricane-shaped icon flashing in the corner of his vision.

‘Right. My heart now is.’

「Dragon’s Heart」 – Legendary Heart

He shared the same heart as this venomous dragon that was about to slam him into the ground.

And the effect of not processing this heart into an amulet was...



Crash!

“Ugh!”

Falling to the ground with the furious dragon, Yeongwoo barely managed to regain his grip on Bastard and started stabbing the dragon’s forehead repeatedly.

Stab, stab!

Then he saw the green scales of the dragon writhing in pain suddenly turn white.

Finally, the laser beam shot from the returnees’ room had arrived.

Boom!

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Brightly illuminating the surroundings, the laser struck the center of the arena, wiping out about 20 mutants in the area, including part of the dragon’s long tail lying on the ground.

“.....!”

Seeing this, Yeongwoo stabbed the seemingly dead dragon’s head once more and then raised his hand into the air.

Swoosh.

Then,

“Ritual.....?”

He called forth the green hurricane icon still flashing in the corner of his vision.

It was the special ritual of the dragon, the Venomous Hurricane.

Then,

Woooooosh!

The air flow around the arena started changing peculiarly, and the surroundings slowly began to turn green.

‘It, it really works?’

Not only was it a visual effect, but it also appeared to be actual venom, as the expressions of the mutants filling the arena began to twist in pain.

And just as pained as the mutants,

—.....

was Dragos, who was being shown on the broadcast screen of Arena 2.

At this point, the only threat to him, Jeong Yeongwoo, kept pulling out strange techniques, making Dragos increasingly anxious.

While Mara's knights were dealing with the mutants, Dragos watched the screen showing Arena 1, where the 'Strongest' was.

Suddenly, he saw the Asian man, No. 07, pointing and saying something towards him.

"What's he saying?"

Of course, the broadcast screen didn't transmit sound.

So, Dragos could only guess it was some sort of threat, and his guess was soon confirmed.

Wooooooooosh!

The sky above Arena 2 turned white.

"Kn... Knights?"

Realizing that the terrifying laser, which had only been striking Arena 1, was now coming to this side, Dragos hastily called for his guards.

The knights, who were slaughtering mutants, stopped and looked up.

「.....」

They were usually silent, but this time the situation seemed different.

"We'll be fine, right? This time too?"

Seeing the laser cannon descending from above, Dragos asked again, and the knights raised their weapons high.

Swoosh.

Then,

Flash!

A huge golden dome formed around the tips of their raised weapons.

“...Oh.”

In other words, they created a sort of shield.

And almost at the same moment,

Boom!

The planetary bombardment laser from the intergalactic arms company Toma struck down on Dragos and the two knights.

\* \* \*

It's over.

It's the end.

The laser bombardment from Toma couldn't penetrate the shield of the knights sent by Mara or whoever.

“Toma, you pathetic Weakest lings.....!”

Yeongwoo raged as he saw Dragos and his party still alive and well on the broadcast screen.

“You idiots!”

Though he cursed Toma, he knew better.

Mara was supposed to be a god-like entity.

The Master of the Void, the one who walks in the shadow of universal law, the King of Ten Thousand Demons...

There was no way a mere arms company could do anything against such a being.

In other words, he had been demanding the impossible from the start.

‘So, after all this hard work, I won't even get the first-place reward?’

Grinding his teeth in frustration, Yeongwoo swung his Bastard Sword.

Swish!

Two mutants clinging to him were cut in half, and more mutants swarmed in.

The number of mutants left in Arena 1 was about 30.

Thanks to the poison of the Venomous Hurricane, the Weakest er mutants were already half-melted.

Additionally, Yeongwoo's venomous blood corroded the attackers' skin, so unless they were mutants from the fourth or fifth day, they weren't a significant threat to him.

But that wasn't the issue.

'At this rate, the three who bet on option 1 will take the points.'

Yeongwoo had bet on option 3, the Strongest survives—the Weakest dies.

Therefore, before all the mutants in this arena were annihilated, he had to find a way to kill Dragos somehow.

'Is there no way? What cards have I not played yet?'

A critical emergency.

Yeongwoo's mind raced.

'I haven't called my friends yet. But how can my friends handle those knights who even block bombardments...?'

If there's no need for further bombardment, he could call them in to rack up some contribution points.

For now, it was a card that wouldn't be much help.

'Then what do I have left?'

Yeongwoo's eyes naturally drifted to the sky.

The company, Dogo, which pushed him into the role of the 'Strongest' by giving him quests, had been silent for a while now.

"Chairman?"

Yeongwoo called out to the chairman towards the sky.

There was no response, so he looked at the advertisement tattoo on his right upper arm.

“You’re watching, right? Please sponsor me with a weapon or something that can kill that guy. There’s still a lot of advertising fee left, isn’t there?”

The chairman must be watching.

After all, wasn’t this the moment when the weapon from the rival company, Toma, had just been humiliated in front of the entire universe?

A chairman with a Strong competitive spirit wouldn’t miss such a rare scene.

But no matter how much he looked up at the sky, there was no sponsorship of weapons or even the quests that the company used to provide at its convenience.

They insisted he play the role of the Strongest, but when the opponent turned out to be Mara, they clammed up.

“Seriously, do you only act tough based on who you’re up against?”

Fuming with sudden anger, Yeongwoo shouted,

“Chairman, are you scared? Is Dogo just a pathetic company after all...?”

The moment he simultaneously criticized the chairman and the company,

Crack!

The sky over the alien planet Lupo opened, caused by 「Dogo」 .

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 227

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 227: Match Fixing (5)

“Oh...?”

A noise as if the sky were splitting.

Yeongwoo quickly looked up at the dungeon ceiling and realized his mistake.

‘Did I go too far with my words?’

He hadn’t expected Dogo to react so immediately.

But on second thought, wasn’t it thanks to his bold provocation that they got timely help?

‘Anyway, it’s true that you were hesitating in such a situation.’

Of course, now he had to grumble to himself.

CRACK!

The ominous sound that had been coming from far away finally started resonating right above the dungeon.

‘What’s making such a racket? Are they drilling through the ceiling or something?’

Yeongwoo couldn’t help but tilt his head in confusion.

He didn’t know exactly what was being sponsored, but wasn’t it supposed to be teleported into the arena?

Like when they had provided the subspace bomb before.

Even the knights of Mara had entered through beams of light, and Tomar’s laser bombardment had penetrated the dungeon ceiling neatly, only exerting physical force inside the arena.

In other words, every company present today had the technology to enter the arena without damaging the dungeon.

But only Dogo.

RUMBLE!

The noise grew so loud it was ear-splitting as it approached.

‘No way, are they really...?’

The air around the arena started to vibrate.

Something was physically affecting the dungeon from the outside.

“Chairman, could this be...?”

Just as Yeongwoo had a horrifying realization.

CRASH!

A different kind of shattering sound erupted as the dungeon ceiling above the arena and waiting room broke apart.

“...!”

Yeongwoo, along with the other 14 participants in the waiting room and even Dragos across the arena, looked up.

Because.

WHOOOOOSH!

A rough transport machine, like a mining elevator, dropped down from the hole in the ceiling.

FWOOOOOSH!

It fell freely, and Yeongwoo could see clearly in that brief moment.

“Huh?”

A face he recognized from somewhere was inside the elevator.

Dry-looking reddish-brown skin.

Small but very solid-looking black eyes.

An alien in thick armor with a determined expression.

“G-Guppy?”

It was none other than the Mon-O tribe boy from Jargal planet, Guppy.

[TL/N: Going with guppy and Mon-O tribe, sounds better.]

The star of the ad for Dogo, who had become a space pirate, was here.

CRASH!

The elevator crashed into the center of Arena 2, and heavily armed Mon-O tribe members with large clubs jumped out.

‘Why are they so much bigger?’

Watching the situation in Arena 2 on the broadcast screen, Yeongwoo noticed that Guppy and the Mon-O tribe members were much taller than in the ad.

Considering the knights sent by Mara were 5 meters tall, the Mon-O tribe members seemed about.

‘...3 meters? Around that. But how did six of them fit into that small elevator?’

A truly harsh working environment.

However, the Mon-O tribe’s combat abilities were formidable.

As soon as they exited the elevator, they swiftly smashed the surrounding mutants and lined up in the center of the arena.

Even the less intelligent mutant replicas dared not approach and began to retreat to the edges of the arena.

‘What is this? Are they Dogo’s demolition crew?’

There was no other way to think about it.

Each of the six Mon-O tribe members, including Guppy, held their clubs threateningly, glaring at Mara’s knights.

Guppy stepped forward and said something to the knights.

‘Probably something like, “Get lost or face the consequences.”’

Guppy.

Or rather, the final warning from Dogo, the intergalactic weapon brand.

But the silver-armored knights, backed by the master of the void “Mara,” did not yield to the threat.

Just as they had done to Yeongwoo earlier, they raised a thumb with one hand and drew it across their throat.

Sssss...



‘So negotiations have broken down.’

Watching the knight’s thumb move horizontally, Yeongwoo closed his eyes.

This might be the start of a grudge between Dogo and Mara.

How dare a mere weapons dealer threaten a servant of a god?

‘Even though I provoked them to come... is this really okay?’

When Yeongwoo opened his eyes again.

“...!”

The six Mon-O tribe members were charging at Mara’s knights.

It was a 6-on-2 fight.

The knights were much larger, making it look like a fight between adults and children, but the actual battle unfolded very differently.

Once they clashed, it became clear that Dogo’s firepower was overwhelming.

Beating with clubs.

That expression fit perfectly.

The Mon-O tribe members surrounded the two knights and mercilessly swung their clubs, with Dogo’s wedge emblem repeatedly flaring up and fading at the impact points.

So, those clubs were also...

‘...company products.’

It was part of an advertisement, in a way.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Even though no sound could be transmitted through the broadcast, Yeongwoo felt as if he could hear the thudding sounds, so severe was the beating Dogo’s enforcers were giving the knights.

Of course, the knights tried to retaliate with their weapons, but every attempt failed.

Each knight had three Mon-O tribe members on them, and one of them would just hold the club still, only to strike the knight's wrist whenever they tried to fight back.

'They have their roles thoroughly divided. This isn't their first time doing this...?'

Watching the knights being driven into a corner without being able to launch a proper counterattack, Yeongwoo realized Dogo was a more formidable company than he had anticipated.

'Won't there be repercussions if they go around beating everyone like this? Especially since Mara is said to be the king of ten thousand demons... they won't just take this lying down.'

While Yeongwoo was thinking this, the six Mon-O tribe members continued beating the knights, and eventually,

Thud!

One of the knights dropped their weapon.

Seeing this, the other knight hastily looked up at the sky and stretched out their hand.

'Are they retreating? Or calling for reinforcements?'

If it was a call for reinforcements, an uncontrollable escalation might begin.

"..."

As Yeongwoo watched the broadcast with a tense expression, Arena 2 lit up.

Just like when they had sent the knights, Mara's side sent down a beam of light.

Then,

Swish!

The knights, who had been holding their clubs with both hands, vanished amidst the Mon-O tribe thugs.

Mara had decided to withdraw the guards.

However, the operation didn't seem to include their followers, as Dragos was still left in Arena 2.

—.....

Dragos's face was pale as expected.

But Guppy and the Mon-O tribe enforcers didn't even glance at this pitiful European.

After confirming there were no more knights around, they got back into the elevator.

"What? They're just going to leave like that?"

Yeongwoo realized at this point.

The order given to the Mon-O space pirate Guppy by Dogo was not to kill Dragos but to deal with Mara's knights.

'After all, Dragos is also part of this dungeon... they were keeping to some kind of boundary?'

The laws of the universe were truly elusive.

Trrrring!

Chains descended from the hole in the dungeon ceiling, connecting with the elevator that the enforcers were in.

Guppy extended his hand to the top of the elevator frame and tapped the chain twice.

It was probably a signal to return.

Then,

"Oh...!"

Guppy looked at Yeongwoo through the broadcast screen.

It was unmistakable.

Because he gave a thumbs-up to the screen.

"Was he greeting me...?"

While Yeongwoo was staring in a daze, the elevator carrying Guppy and the Mon-O tribe enforcers shot up rapidly.

SHWOOSH!

It disappeared so quickly that everyone wondered if they had dreamed it, but the conspicuously broken ceiling hole immediately reminded them that it was all real.

The knights, who were supposed to save the “Weakest” in the stage 5 match, were beaten up and driven out by thugs who suddenly broke through the ceiling.

So now Dragos was...

‘Practically a dead man. There are still plenty of mutants left in the arena.’

Sure enough, the participants in the waiting room started shouting and screaming at the broadcast screen.

At this rate, option 3, where the Strongest survive and the Weakest die, which only had one bet, was going to come true.

—%^%&#@##

—...!

Moreover, most of the audience had voted for option 2, where the Strongest die, so they didn’t dare to enter the arena and create a variable.

‘So this ends in my victory. No matter how desperate they are for points, they won’t walk into this themselves.’

The deadly toxic storm was still raging in Arena 1, where Yeongwoo was, and about ten mutants remained.

As long as they were human, entering meant certain death.

Meanwhile, in Arena 2, the “Weakest” side.

—....

There were Dragos, who seemed to have lost his will to fight, and over 20 mutants.

Although Dragos was indeed a skilled fighter, he wasn’t capable of taking down 20 mutants alone.

“Mara” was a formidable backer, but they hadn’t enhanced Dragos’s abilities.

‘That’s why self-learning is the best education.’

As Yeongwoo cut down a mutant that had braved the toxic storm, he summoned the final guest to decorate the end of this dungeon.

Shh.

It was none other than.

BEEP BEEP BEEP!

「Pumpkin-Colored Whistle」 – Legendary Necklace

【Summons a friend.】

| Yeongtae, Taejoon, Younghyeom

These were his three friends, probably pedaling to charge the laser cannon at this very moment.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 228

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 228: Match Fixing (6)

Great Powers.

What does it mean to be a great power in the post-Reset world?

In truth, no one had seriously pondered this concept until now.

This was because the entire human race had been thrown into a fierce survival test during the initial stages of the ‘Reset.’

On the first day of the Reset, the vast majority of people moved solely for their own survival or at most for their families, and this was not much different on the second day.

Then came the third day of the Reset.

Although there were slight differences from country to country, a sense of regional consciousness began to emerge.

Just as people in Korea rallied around the Strongest Sword and obeyed him, similar things were happening worldwide.

Then on the fourth day.

From this point, strong individuals representing each region started to form alliances.

The reason was simple: there was too much to lose by fighting recklessly.

The fact that someone had survived until the fourth day suggested a lot about their capabilities, so even those confident in their skills hesitated to pick fights.

Especially in regions like Europe, surrounded by other countries, such alliances were formed as early as the second or third day.

With “outsiders” so close by, regional and national consciousness arose almost simultaneously.

The definition of “allies” expanded from family and local residents to include fellow countrymen.

However, even then, the concept of a “great power” could not exist.

No strong individual truly knew the situation in countries on the other side of the world.

Until the fourth day, only a handful of people ventured into the night dungeons, and even those who did rarely encountered foreigners.

Then finally, on the fifth day.

Twenty of the world’s top warriors, who had maintained their “named” status and gained dungeon experience, gathered.

This was in the Batum’s Casino, the night dungeon of the fifth day.

‘...20 entrants. By some coincidence, people of all races are gathered here. This place is practically a world expo.’

In that sense.

‘Damn.’

Tuende Mussa<sup>01</sup>, the nightmare of Limpopo, kept rubbing his throbbing jaw after being hit by the Oriental<sup>07</sup> earlier.

Perhaps this was the first time he had encountered the firepower of a great power since the Reset.

And if that were truly the case.

‘It’s humiliating, but at least I got a taste of it at a cheap price.’

Tuende felt a reluctant sense of relief.

In the post-Reset world, mistakes usually led to death.

Normally, Tuende should already be dead.

After all, he had challenged that monster who was clearing the fifth stage match.

“...Unbelievable.”

“.....”

“Is that...all real?”

Everyone in the waiting room was mesmerized by the bizarre scene unfolding in Arena 1.

A guy named Jeong Yeongwoo07 from South Korea was now summoning mutants and destroying copies of the arena.

“Is summoning reinforcements a top-tier trend?”

“Shit... How many more of these guys are there?”

“Among the twenty gathered here, at least two... so, no less than 10%.”

“That’s insane. Are there really that many?”

They were all discussing ‘how many more of these guys there might be’ as they watched the arena.

The shock came firstly from realizing that despite each of them thinking they were top-ranked, they were actually far from it.

And secondly.

“We’ll be on the ground with these guys tomorrow... Mixing with them... really?”

“At least we’re learning not to fight against Korea and Romania.”

There was an instinctive sense of threat from realizing that countries with ‘these kinds of people’ would become great powers.

Previously, the ‘world’ for most was merely the tense relationships with a few neighboring countries, but today, they were experiencing the world level for the first time.

The one saving grace.

“Romania? Well. I don’t think Dragos will survive in there today.”

As someone pointed out, it was likely that Dragos from Romania wouldn’t come out of Arena 2 alive.

He was struggling against the remaining copies in the arena.

“Isn’t he the one who bet on the weak to die?”

“Come to think of it, yeah. He seems like he’ll try to kill him no matter what.”

Everyone knew that the Asian who had caught their attention was the only one who had bet on the weak to die.

Wouldn’t the guy who even beat up Mara’s knights to chase them out be able to kill a lone human left in the arena?

While everyone was betting on Dragos’s death, the last mutant in Arena 1 finally fell to the ground.

\* \* \*

Boom!

As the giant bull running around the arena collapsed, Yeongtae punched its head and shouted.

「It’s over! This one’s the last!」

General Kim Younghyeom, who was on guard for any more incoming mutants, grimaced.

「Really? That’s good to hear.」

With that, he let out a rough cough and bristled all over.

Due to the effects of the poisonous storm Yeongwoo had unleashed, Kim Younghyeom and the other three friends were having their skin and even their bronchial tubes worn away.

“I apologize. I didn’t realize it would affect allies as well...”

Yeongwoo bowed his head in apology.



He had deactivated the poisonous storm as soon as his friends screamed upon entering the arena, but it was a belated move.

「At least we scored a lot of points with this.」

Kim Taejoon, always the optimist, managed to say this while leaning against the arena wall, panting heavily.

「This is all good, but there's no early exit button.」

General Kim looked up at the sky and grumbled.

Then, noticing the broadcast of the ongoing battle in Arena 2, he asked Yeongwoo.

「What are you going to do about that guy?」

“Ah.”

Yeongwoo looked up at the broadcast.

There was Dragos, looking like he had crossed the line between life and death several times.

While his prowess shown in the first and second stages was impressive, it was not enough to handle twenty mutants.

‘At this rate, he’ll die on his own.’

Yeongwoo pondered for a moment.

The first-place monopoly for this dungeon was already secured.

The remaining issue was whether to kill Dragos with a laser or let the dungeon kill him.

If he chose the former, he would gain a lot of evil karma points and a few Romanian titles.

However, he would also acquire the stigma of territorialism, spreading the infamous name of Jeong Yeongwoo07 in Romania.

On the other hand, if he chose the latter, there would be no special gains but no complications either.

A clean finish.

But the choice was not really his to make.

“Huh?”

「Oh?」

「Hey, Yeongwoo! That guy's dying!」

Before Yeongwoo could make a decision, and before his friends could return to fire the laser, Dragos had died.

“Damn, he died in the meantime.”

Yeongwoo watched Dragos's body being swept away by the mutants, a complex expression on his face.

‘Well, maybe he wasn't destined to die by my hand anyway.’

In a way, this was a relief.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

With the continents set to clash today, it wasn't beneficial to add another stigma.

Moreover, if a major world war broke out after the Pangaea incident, he would acquire foreign titles abundantly anyway.

「Stage 5, survival of the strong. Death of the weak.」

「Stage 5 complete.」

As the final match in the casino was declared complete, the ground beneath Yeongwoo's feet began to glow brightly.

“Oh? Are we finally returning?”

And with this.

「Huh?」

「Huh, Yeongwoo?」

「Hey, is this for real?」

The ground under the feet of his three friends also turned bright white.

Since the arena was expelling all outsiders, the three who had come from the returnee's room were also being teleported.

「Is this okay?」

General Kim asked, seeing the now blindingly white ground beneath his feet.

And then.

Flash!

The four from Arena 1 were all transported to the waiting room.

Pop, pop, pop!

They appeared with the massive silhouettes of the mutants they had just fought.

「One participant has gained one betting point.」

Though the results of the fifth-stage betting were announced, no one in the waiting room paid any attention.

“Huh... what?”

“What the heck is this?”

Everyone was busy retreating in shock at the sudden appearance of three mutants in the waiting room.

Especially since they all knew these mutants were the reinforcements of Jeong Yeongwoo07, who survived the fifth stage, no one dared to draw their swords.

This was, in essence, a show of force.

Although it was not Yeongwoo's intention.

“Haha, one swipe of my paw, and half of you will be dead, so stay calm.”

Yeongtae, thrilled to be the center of attention for once, flashed an evil grin.

“.....”

In any case, the fourteen strong individuals present had gained valuable experience.

They had seen firsthand what they would be up against if they ever faced Jeong Yeongwoo07.

「Grr...」

General Kim also made an even scarier face, thinking that some of these people might pose a threat to national defense in the future.

And finally...

Swoosh...

The bodies of Yeongwoo's three summoned friends began to fade as their summoning time expired, dissolving into the air.

It was time for them to leave.

"Thank you for your hard work. See you again."

Yeongwoo waved them off, and General Kim Younghyeom twitched his silver mustache as he looked at Yeongwoo.

「See you again. I look forward to seeing what kind of bizarre sight I witness next time.」

And then.

Pop!

He disappeared without a trace.

"Are... they gone?"

"How on earth do you summon mutants like that?"

With the uninvited guests gone, the participants finally started to speak.

Instead of answering the questions disguised as self-talk, Yeongwoo looked at the system message that appeared in his view.

[Jeong Yeongwoo07]

|Betting Points: 5

|Current Rank: 1st

‘Finally.’

He had achieved the long-desired first place.

‘Now all that’s left is the settlement. The key is whether there will be any bonus rewards.’

As Yeongwoo stared into the air with expectant eyes, the completion message, along with the dungeon information, appeared as usual.

Ping!

[Batum’s Casino]

|Dungeon Grade: Rare

|Difficulty: C

|Recommended Participants: 20

「The dungeon has been completed.」

「Survivors: 15.」

‘Out of 20, only 15 made it out.’

A total of five deaths.

This would correspond to the entire participant count for an average dungeon.

The other participants in the waiting room, aware of this, let out long breaths and patted their chests in relief.

「Calculating individual scores for rewards.」

“Now it’s really over.”

“The worst dungeon ever.”

“From now on, I should avoid dungeons with a high recommended participant count.”

As the tension began to ease, the participants started to talk more.

Those who managed to rank within the top five would soon receive their rewards, and even those who didn’t make the top ranks had at least survived this crazy dungeon, which was a reward in itself.

Of course, everyone was curious about one thing in particular.

“The first place is probably... that guy.”

“Weren’t all his bets valid?”

“How many points does he have?”

The total score of the likely first-place finisher, Jeong Yeongwoo07.

Most of the people here had never seen anyone reach the maximum score of 100 points.

However, the score revealed for Yeongwoo gave everyone present another new experience.

[1st Place] Yeongwoo – Total Score: 147/100

-Group Assault

-Gambling Fraud

-Property Damage

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 229

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 229: The Imjin War (1)

‘Overcompensation...!’

Yeongwoo’s eyes widened.

Following this, the scores from 2nd to 5th place were announced below the 1st place scorecard, but none of the names stood out.

Most of the scores were below 50 points.

[2nd Place] Louis – Total Score 47/100

– Game Analyst.

– Safety First.

- Keen Observation.

[3rd Place] Tuende – Total Score 38/100

- Bold.

- Challenger.

- High Accuracy.

[4th Place] Wooheon – Total Score 33/100

- Fast Betting.

- Intuition.

- Homogeneity Preference.

[5th Place] Stefan – Total Score 29/100

- Lucky.

- Lacks Confidence.

- Coin Flip.

“What, what’s this... 2nd place has 47 points?”

“What’s the score for 1st place? Isn’t it over 100?”

“5th place only has 29 points.”

Most in the waiting room were surprised at the low scores of the ranked participants, but Yeongwoo wasn’t that surprised.

‘You can’t get a high score just by sitting and betting in the dungeon.’

In Yeongwoo’s mind, there were only two ways to get a high score here.

One, participate directly as a representative.

Two, intervene in the arena and adjust the match outcomes.

Thus, Yeongwoo, the only survivor who had actually entered the arena, ended up with a high score.

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

Soon, the highlight of this dungeon, the rewards for each rank, was revealed.

Flash!

[1st Place] Yeongwoo – Physical Catalog

[2nd Place] Louis – Random Epic Equipment

[3rd Place] Twende – Random Epic Equipment

[4th Place] Wooheon – Random Unique Equipment

[5th Place] Stefan – Random Unique Equipment

“...Huh?”

“Physical Catalog?”

“What’s a Catalog?”

Everyone’s eyes widened at the 1st place reward, which none had seen before.

Besides Yeongwoo, there were 14 other survivors, but none had ever even glimpsed a Catalog reward.

‘Well, it’s not common to exceed the score limit.’

Yeongwoo received his reward for this dungeon with a calm expression.

Swipe.

Along with this, a silver or orange box appeared in the arms of those ranked from 2nd to 5th. Of course, for Yeongwoo:

「The ‘Physical Catalog’ has been added to your data, Jeong Yeongwoo07.」

Instead of a box, a single system message appeared.

Realizing that the 1st place reward wasn’t a tangible item, the other participants began to gather around him.

“Hey, you.”

“What’s this Catalog? Can we take a look?”



“What is a Physical Catalog, anyway?”

“Come on, we’re from the same dungeon. Share some information.”

Some even used the ridiculous excuse of being from the ‘same dungeon’ to justify their request.

“.....”

Yeongwoo felt that this dungeon was indeed nearing its end.

Soon, a portal would open, and the dungeon would be completely closed.

That’s why everyone had the courage to approach the 1st place winner and ask questions.

However, the dungeon system hadn’t forgotten the final rule of this gamble.

「The participant with the lowest betting score will now be identified.」

“What?”

“...Huh?”

“W-What does that mean?”

The noisy waiting room fell silent all at once.

Then someone cautiously reminded them of the rule.

“Didn’t it say during stage 2? If you record the lowest score... you die.”

This was true, and those close to the lowest score remembered the rule clearly.

—Additionally, at the end of the 5th stage, the participant with the lowest betting score will die.

—If there are multiple participants with the lowest score, up to three will be randomly selected to die.

The participant with the lowest score must die.

If there are many, up to three will be selected randomly.

“No, that’s impossible.”

“People have already died in the arena. Are they really going to select more to die?”

Only two people in the room uttered such despair-filled lines.

And just then, a separate system message appeared in Yeongwoo's vision.

[The dungeon system has accessed some of your data.]

‘Huh? Is it because they are in the process of identifying the lowest scores?’

Although it was a preliminary measure followed by a report, it was still the first time something like this had happened.

It meant Yeongwoo was being separately informed about the internal activities of the dungeon system.

After a brief moment:

「Identification complete.」

「Two lowest scorers will take the penalty.」

“Pe-penalty?”

“You bastards! They call it a penalty, but it’s practically....”

While people murmured, the ceiling of the waiting room flashed momentarily, and an X mark appeared above the heads of two out of the fifteen people present.

“What?”

“No, no!”

As expected, it was the very two people who had sighed in despair right after the message about identifying the lowest scorers.

“Please, save me!”

One of the two people, effectively marked for death, ran towards Yeongwoo and pleaded.

Instinctively, he clung to the strongest person in the room, the one who the dungeon system had highly rated.

Cling!

As the man approached and grabbed Yeongwoo's leg, Yeongwoo, unable to shake him off, looked flustered.

"I-I can't persuade the dungeon. I'm sorry."

Though the apology was partly insincere, the fact that he couldn't change the dungeon's rules was 100% true.

There likely weren't many beings in this universe who could alter or ignore the dungeon's rules.

"...Ah!"

The man clinging to Yeongwoo's leg seemed to have seen something, his face contorting in terror.

And then:

Shwish!

He disappeared like steam from beneath Yeongwoo's feet.

"What?"

"No!"

"How, how did that happen?"

No lasers were fired; the man, marked with an X, suddenly vanished into smoke.

Everyone was stunned, realizing they had implicitly agreed to the possibility of such a unilateral death by simply entering the dungeon.

"I want to get out. When does this end?"

"Right, isn't it over now? Let us out already!"

Shock quickly turned to fear, and everyone in the waiting room clung to the walls, shouting to be let out. Soon after:

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

「The dungeon will close in 10 seconds.」

「Each participant, please exit through the portal.」

The notification of the dungeon closing, which everyone had been waiting for, appeared.

“Hurry...!”

Usually, the end of a dungeon involved survivors making peace or forming alliances for the future, but this time, there was only shock and fear.

Everyone was panicked, rushing to their assigned portals to escape.

Pop, pop!

Meanwhile, Yeongwoo thought:

‘I made it through safely again today.’

He was grateful he didn’t have to explain the Catalog, scratching his chin.

‘In the end, only 13 out of 20 survived.’

A mortality rate of 35%. Truly a fearsome dungeon.

「6」

「5」

As the countdown to the dungeon’s closure continued, Yeongwoo quickly stepped towards his portal.

\* \* \*

3:42 AM.

Having escaped the crazy gambling den, Yeongwoo headed straight for Gangnam on his Negwig.

The reason was simple: sleep.

‘I need to hurry. If I’m lucky, I can get about three hours of sleep.’

Having barely slept in the past two days, Yeongwoo’s top priority was now, ironically, securing sleep time.

But with Pangaea starting at 8 AM, he could only afford about three hours of rest.

‘Chased by sleep, chased by taxes... what kind of life is this?’

Would people know?

That Jeong Yeongwoo<sup>07</sup>, not only the strongest in South Korea but a potential top contender in East Asia, lived his life carving out sleep time like this?

Thud, thud!

Listening to the sound of Negwig’s footsteps, Yeongwoo opened the Physical Catalog he had acquired from today’s dungeon.

Flash!

「The Physical Catalog can store all types of physiques, and once registered, you can utilize their functions without directly wearing them.」

[TL/N: This is kind of a body catalogue, like yeongwoo can buy diff bodies/physiques from the store.]

‘Crazy... a Physical Catalog. It still feels surreal no matter how many times I read it.’

Previously, reading the tooltip for a Catalog didn’t feel horrifying at all, but seeing it as a ‘physical’ version struck differently.

‘So, in the future, I could get multiple arms, attach two to my body, and register the other two in the Catalog?’

With this bizarre thought, Yeongwoo moved his gaze to the next tooltip.

「Each Catalog has unique collection effects, and once the Catalog completeness exceeds a certain threshold, you can acquire blessings or skills with amazing performance.」

‘Hmm.’

He wondered what the collection effects of the Physical Catalog would be.

Being a ‘physical’ collection, it was hard to imagine.

Nonetheless, there was a positive aspect.

\*‘1 point’ remains until the 1st level collection effect unlocks.

‘Huh?’

The collection unit for the Physical Catalog was five.

Unlike other Cataloges, where collection effects were unlocked every 10 items, the Physical Catalog provided special effects at 5, 10, and 15 items.

And currently, Yeongwoo's physical collection status was:

[Physical Catalog]

[4]

'Four. Only one more to go.'

Of course, the system didn't reduce the collection unit for the Physical Catalog just for the user's convenience.

'This means physical equipment is that rare.'

Indeed, judging by the ratio of equipment he had acquired so far, physical-type equipment was much rarer.

'So, the Mythical Catalog might not follow the 10-item rule either?'

Yeongwoo's mind raced again.

'But it won't be a 2-item rule either. If that were the case, there would have been a preliminary notification like with the Physical Catalog.'

He doubted it would be 5 items either.

No matter how rare physical equipment was, it couldn't compare to mythical items.

So, the most likely unit was:

'...Three?'

That seemed like a reasonable number.

'The Mythical Catalog includes not just mythical equipment but also mythical beings....'

For example, like the Chairman.

It was a dangerous thought, but killing the Chairman could fill one slot in the Mythical Catalog.

‘Anyway, I’ll know for sure once I take down one more mythical being, and see at what intervals the collection effects unlock.’

While Yeongwoo was contemplating the Catalog, the golden goblin in the back seat pointed forward with its tiny finger.

-Squeak!

Finally, the silhouette of the Parnas Hotel came into view for Yeongwoo and his alien companions.

“Ah, I can finally get some proper sleep.”

Sweet home.

Yeongwoo pushed Negwig to go even faster towards a long-awaited good night’s sleep.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 230

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 230: The Imjin War (2)

Sleep.

Even Yeongwoo, with all his superhuman abilities, couldn’t stay awake indefinitely.

Whether it was a remnant habit from his “pure human” days or a necessity for recovery despite his high capabilities, he couldn’t say.

After all, Yeongwoo was already free from the need for nutrition thanks to his alien stomach.

So it wouldn’t have been surprising if he were immune to the need for sleep as well.

‘Surely, there aren’t any devices related to sleep, are there?’

Even if such a device existed, he didn’t want to be free from sleep.

In this insane world, sleep was the only way to escape, even briefly.

“Ugh.”

As soon as Yeongwoo arrived at his quarters, he was overwhelmed by sleepiness and headed straight for his private room.

He was so sleepy that he forgot to acknowledge his father who had opened the door for him. Consequently, Jeonggu followed his son, who had just returned from the dungeon, without saying a word.

“You survived again, I see.”

“Yes. Today’s dungeon was quite dangerous.”

“...What?”

Jeonggu flinched at Yeongwoo’s unexpected response.

“What was it like?”

“It was no joke.”

“No, I mean.....”

While Jeonggu was asking for more details, Yeongwoo was already scattering his equipment on the floor of his private room.

“I don’t have the energy to explain right now. I really need to sleep.”

Thump!

Yeongwoo collapsed onto the bed as if he was sucked in.

Jeonggu wanted to say more, but instead, he said something else.

“You know it’s Pangaea today, right?”

According to the system announcement, the third phase of the reset procedure, “Pangaea,” would start at exactly 8 AM today.

It meant that all continents and islands would merge into one.

Jeonggu thought Yeongwoo might have a plan for this situation and wanted to check before he fell asleep.

Then, just as Yeongwoo was about to fall into a deep sleep, he bolted upright.



“Oh, right! Pangaea!”

“You absent-minded fool. You must be really tired.”

“If it weren’t for you, I might have missed an achievement. You really saved the day this time.”

For the first time, Yeongwoo sincerely praised his father.

If he had fallen asleep just now, he would have slept through the morning call announcing the end of the event.

Naturally, he wouldn’t have witnessed the moment when the lands merged at 8 o’clock.

‘The Pangaea achievement would have been useless.’

[Pangaea]

|Witness the movement of continents at the time of tectonic shifts.

Yeongwoo shuddered at the thought.

Then he spoke to his father, who was leaning against the door of the private room.

“Wake me up at 7:30.”

“Huh?”

“Give me a morning call.”

“7:30? That’s roughly three hours from now. When am I supposed to sleep?”

“You’re sacrificing a day for your son. Isn’t my little bit of sleep more valuable than your rest?”

“...?”

Jeonggu looked exasperated, but Yeongwoo had already fallen asleep.

He needed to get as much sleep as he could in the limited time, but more importantly, he was genuinely exhausted.

“...”

Yeongwoo fell asleep immediately, with his father watching over him for three straight hours.

And Jeonggu,

“Damn brat.”

muttered curses under his breath, staying awake with his eyes wide open.

After all, the value of his three hours of sleep was different from that of Korea’s greatest Strongest Sword’s three hours, so the request for a morning call was somewhat understandable.

Moreover, he didn’t want to disappoint Yeongwoo.

Even though he was a crazy son, he was still his son, a relationship bestowed by the universe.

‘Parent-child relationships are heavenly bonds. If that’s true, the heavens are truly harsh. Such a brat... my son.’

Jeonggu’s gaze fell on Yeongwoo’s sleeping face.

From the first time he met him, Yeongwoo was so strong it seemed like the entire universe was helping him.

Even an ambush while he slept was impossible.

So it was somewhat reassuring.

No matter what heinous acts he committed, he wouldn’t violate the natural order of parents dying before their children.

“...”

Jeonggu checked the clock on the wall of the private room and pulled a crimson coin from his pocket, throwing it towards Yeongwoo’s chest.

Swish!

“Hey, it’s time.”

Creepily enough,

Tap!

Yeongwoo, still with his eyes closed, reached out and caught the coin, then slowly opened his eyes.

“Is it 7:30 already?”

“Feels like a dream, doesn’t it?”

“.....”

This time, Yeongwoo didn’t respond and started putting on his equipment.

Scratching his chin, Jeonggu looked out the window and asked.

“So, what’s the plan? What happens when the land merges?”

“Well, first I need to complete the achievement, so I guess I should head to the nearest coast.”

“Where would that be?”

“I think it’s Incheon.”

Incheon.

A port city with a high probability of connecting with a part of the Chinese mainland across the way.

And it was the closest coast to Seoul in a straight line.

“Incheon... Are you sure about that?”

“Why?”

“They say it’s pretty rough over there.”

“Really? Then that’s even better.”

“What?”

“Incheon is now the western border. And with China right across, only the toughest people can hold their ground.”

“Really? That makes sense, now that you mention it.”

True, Yeongwoo wouldn’t have to worry about getting beaten by Incheon’s best fighters. Considering the power struggle with China, it might be better if there were strong people in Incheon.

“So, are you planning to say hello to Incheon’s Strongest Sword?”

“Yes, if possible. The Chinese might try to get to me through Incheon.”

One must not forget the territorial mark that came with China.

Even now, Chinese martial artists were probably receiving real-time updates on Yeongwoo’s location.

Clack.

Having finished putting on his equipment, Yeongwoo exited the private room and walked across the living room.

Jeonggu, with a slightly worried tone, asked his son’s back.

“So, should we stay in Gangnam for now?”

“Yes. I’ll be back before any mutants appear. I’m only going to Incheon for the achievement.”

Of course, China wasn’t the only country that would border Korea after Pangaea.

Japan, with which Korea had the worst relations, was also a concern.

However, letting mutants run rampant in Seoul was not an option, so it was best to just check out Incheon’s situation for now.

‘If it’s Japan... Busan will be the first to face them. I hope it’ll be okay.’

Busan.

The largest city in the southern part of the Korean Peninsula.

At this point, Yeongwoo could only hope that there would be someone as strong as him there.

Having a strong competitor within the country could be problematic, but it was still better than being overwhelmed by Japan.

“Well, I’m off. See you around lunchtime.”

As Yeongwoo waved his hand and left the room, Jeonggu gave half-joking advice.

“Don’t kill too many people, you’ll get divine punishment...!”

\* \* \*

7:52 AM.

Eight minutes left until the end of the abnormal weather and the official start of day 6.

Yeongwoo had already arrived near Incheon after running west from the hotel without stopping.

Thanks to the abnormal weather, there were no people outside, allowing him to run freely.

‘Well... It doesn’t look any different. The city is clean.’

Looking around the metal-dust-covered, desolate landscape of Incheon, Yeongwoo headed towards the port.

The deserted city of Incheon looked no different from Seoul, making Yeongwoo think his father’s words were unfounded.

Most of the buildings in sight were intact, without any signs of destruction.

This meant that not only had no monsters rampaged here, but there also hadn’t been many mutants.

‘So... in some ways, it is rough?’

Yeongwoo thought that Incheon might be a harsh city for monsters and mutants to survive in.

Anyway, Yeongwoo, visiting Incheon for the first time, found it a strange city where, despite the reset, the buildings remained completely intact.

‘What’s this place? Is it really okay...?’

Just as he began recalling his father’s worries, he finally saw the towering silhouettes of cranes beyond the gray landscape.

They were the cranes scattered throughout Incheon Port.

He had finally arrived at the port.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Thud, thud!

Current time: 7:57 AM.

Despite the loud clattering of Negwig's hooves, there was no sign of life nearby, and Yeongwoo entered Incheon Port.

Soon, he saw a large cargo ship docked at the end of the pier.

'To witness the movement of the continents... I guess I should stay near the pier.'

Yeongwoo steered Negwig in the opposite direction of the cargo ship, towards another empty pier stretching out towards the sea.

'So I just wait here? This feels weird.'

But there was no other option.

Besides, "Pangaea" was unprecedented in human history, so it was natural not to feel it even when standing at the pier.

Would the lands really merge?

If the continents were to connect as predicted, wouldn't there be massive tsunamis and earthquakes accompanying the event?

"....."

Although Yeongwoo had signed an interstellar document, he still found himself thinking like an Earthling at moments like this.

After all, he was still more of an Earthling than an interstellar being.

And then, finally.

Beep-beep.

His wristwatch beeped, signaling that it was 8 AM.

"Oh."

As soon as Yeongwoo looked at the watch, the metallic dust that had been surrounding the area disappeared without a trace, and soon after:

「Your strength has permanently increased by 100 due to the Furious Goblin.」

「The usage count of the Amber Whistle has been replenished.」

The notifications for the refreshable items appeared.

The sixth day of the reset had officially begun.

‘So, are the lands really going to merge now?’

Yeongwoo saw a large dotted line drawn along the outer edge of the pier.

And then immediately.

「Hello, this is a notification from the Council.」

The Council’s announcement, which he had seen the previous morning, reappeared.

But this time, with a slightly different message.

「As of 8 AM on June 16, 2025, Phase 3 of the reset begins.」

Then, the ground started to shake.

Rumble, rumble...!

“These crazy bastards, they’re really going to merge the lands.”

And just as Yeongwoo finished his statement:

Swoosh!

The waters around the pier surged violently, and an incredible event began to unfold.

Yeongjongdo Island, visible across the sea from the pier, started to move closer.

“...What?”

Then, the Yeongjong Bridge, which connected Incheon’s western district to Yeongjongdo, snapped entirely, making a deafening noise.

Crash!

“No way.”

Not expecting such a brute-force method of land merging, Yeongwoo took a few steps back from the pier.

In the meantime, Yeongjongdo had come much closer than before.

‘It feels like a ship is charging at me, not land.’

There was no tsunami as Yeongwoo had anticipated, but instead:

“Slow... slow down! Yeongjongdo...!”

Yeongjongdo showed no signs of slowing down as it rushed towards Incheon Port.

The distance between the two was now only 200 meters.

‘At this rate, there’ll be a disaster.’

Even though “Pangaea” was defying most of Earth’s physical laws, there was no way the pier could withstand the impact of such a landmass charging at it at that speed.

“Retreat. Retreat, Negwig!”

Seeing Yeongjongdo pass the 100-meter mark from the pier in an instant, Yeongwoo mounted Negwig and ordered a quick retreat from the pier.

The goblin and Pofu, who had been watching Yeongjongdo with covered mouths, quickly clung to Yeongwoo’s legs and climbed onto Negwig.

And at that moment.

Crash!

The eastern edge of Yeongjongdo collided with the pier Yeongwoo had just been standing on.

Crash!

“Holy shit, don’t they understand the concept of tectonic plates?”

Yeongwoo watched as an entire pier behind him got sucked under Yeongjongdo into the seawater.

It was such an unbelievable sight that he couldn’t tell if it was a dream or reality.

Then, the part of the harbor that had been crushed beneath the sea suddenly surfaced, stopping Yeongjongdo’s inland advance.

Boom!

“Huff, huff.”



Yeongwoo, who had been fleeing on Negwig to avoid the crazy Yeongjongdo, felt the vibrations behind him cease and came to a halt.

He saw Yeongjongdo, looking as if it had been in a car accident, and the half-crushed Incheon pier.

“Is this... connected?”

It felt more like they had crashed into each other rather than merged, but it seemed that the charging Yeongjongdo had finally stopped.

However,

‘The achievement isn’t complete yet?’

[Pangaea]

|Witness the movement of the continents at the moment of tectonic shifts.

The Pangaea achievement still appeared in his achievement list.

Apparently, he had witnessed the movement of an island, not a continent, so it didn’t count.

‘Wait, hold on. If that’s the case...’

As Yeongwoo, with a troubled expression, looked towards Yeongjongdo, the ground shook violently again.

Boom!

“.....!”

Then,

Rumble, rumble!

This time, the ground beneath Yeongwoo in Incheon began to move.

It was moving together with Yeongjongdo, which was now right in front of it.

“What the... where are we going?”

Sensing that something even stranger was happening, Yeongwoo quickly turned Negwig’s head and crossed the boundary where Incheon Harbor’s pier had transformed into a low mountain range along with the eastern part of Yeongjongdo.

He saw the current along Yeongjongdo's coast moving towards Incheon.

In other words, Incheon—no, possibly the entire Korean Peninsula—was moving.

‘Are we... heading towards China?’

That seemed to be the case.

Instead of China coming to connect with this place, the Korean Peninsula was moving towards the adjacent Chinese continent.

Just like how Yeongjongdo had crashed into Incheon Harbor.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]