

Level 4 Human in a Ruined World #Chapter 241 - Read

Level 4 Human in a Ruined World Chapter 241

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 241: Powdered Bean (1)

Uncle.

From Song Taeho's perspective, if he looked at it in reverse, Yeongwoo was his nephew.

A nephew born from the misdeeds of his estranged younger sister.

And that nephew was coincidentally the Strongest Sword in Joseon, and had already killed a dragon once.

—I... I have a nephew?

And not just any nephew.

Jeong Yeongwoo was a powerful nephew who survived the reset world.

—.....

Song Taeho, shocked, couldn't find the words to speak.

Then,

Whish!

The red sky returned to its normal state, and the presence he felt beyond the clouds disappeared.

'He's gone?'

It was probably because he used the General mark earlier, and the allowed time had run out.

But soon, the mutant appearance time would come, and they would meet again quickly.

Boom, crack!

Yeongwoo quickly drove the Negwig into Gangnam.

Soon, Lim Suna, Kim Jeonggu, and the top swordsman of Yangju, Choi Jongseon, waiting in front of the Parnas Hotel, came into view.

As it approached 1 PM and Yeongwoo had not returned, they decided to come out, heavily armed.

“Oh, Suna!”

Yeongwoo waved to Suna, as he had some information to relay to Taewon.

Jeonggu and Jongseon, standing on either side of Suna, sheepishly put the weapons they had been holding back into their belts.

Seeing Yeongwoo, riding an iron horse from another world, made their attempts to fight in his place seem ridiculous.

Of course, Yeongwoo himself had no such thoughts.

“Nothing happened during that time, right?”

“No... Are you alright, Yeongwoo? Nothing happened to you?”

Suna looked Yeongwoo up and down, noticing he was only wearing pants and no shoes.

Yeongwoo glanced at the still-clear sky and spoke in a nonchalant tone.

“Something did happen to me.”

“Pardon...?”

“This afternoon, someone will come near Busan. He’s an acquaintance of mine... make sure he gets to the lodging without any interference.”

“Oh, understood. Can I ask his name?”

Suna hurriedly took out a notepad to write, and Yeongwoo realized something.

“...Oh.”

He should have asked for the name before parting, but he forgot due to the time constraints.

“...Chan?”

He still only remembered one syllable of his student's name.

Then,

"Oh, Yechan?"

Finally, he remembered the name of the first companion he met after the reset.

"I think it's Yechan."

Suna nodded and asked a question Yeongwoo didn't expect.

"Then what is his last name?"

"...?"

Knowing the first name should suffice, why ask the last name?

"Not sure. It's been a while since we met... if he gets stopped at a checkpoint, ask him for me. I'm curious too."

"Oh... okay."

Suna wrote down the name 'Yechan' with a reluctant expression.

"Next."

"Is there something else?"

"Yes. But this isn't something Suna can handle."

Swoosh.

Yeongwoo's gaze shifted to Jongseon and Jeonggu, whose faces darkened.

"What, what is it?"

Jeonggu reflexively responded bluntly.

Jongseon also looked uneasily at Yeongwoo.

Yeongwoo pointed west and spoke meaningfully.

"Someone needs to go to Incheon and collect money. Every day."

"Every day? From Incheon? Are you extorting nationwide now?"

Jeonggu, worried that Incheon was a rough place, didn't understand Yeongwoo's request.

It seemed unlikely that those in Incheon, who were not ordinary, would easily give up money.

However, Yeongwoo's next words were beyond Jeonggu's imagination.

"It's not Incheon's money."

"...What?"

"It's Chinese money. Shandong Province will send us 20 million Karma every day."

"What? This crazy guy."

"Wait a minute. So, the money to be collected...?"

Choi Jongseon's eyes blinked twice in astonishment.

"You mean to go to Incheon and collect Chinese money? So, do we meet Chinese people too?"

"Yes, that could happen. When they bring the bag of money from Shandong Province to Incheon, the people there will hold onto it. Then, our person will go and collect the money."

Yeongwoo added that if the Chinese stayed around to rest, they might even have tea together.

At this, Choi Jongseon took a step back.

"This... isn't smuggling, is it?"

"Why would this be smuggling? It's foreign currency importation."

Strictly speaking, Yeongwoo was correct.

Though the transaction seemed suspicious, in a world without customs, the concept of smuggling didn't exist.

"We've arranged to receive a kind of defense fee from Shandong Province. It's an informal deal, but it's still an international transaction and the amount is significant, so we need to send someone trustworthy."

Yeongwoo added an explanation.

“Of course, if either Shandong Province or Incheon has a change of heart, it could be a disaster, so we need someone capable of handling the worst-case scenario.”

This implied that the candidates for this ‘capable person’ were the two people standing there now.

“Hmm.”

“Hmm...”

At Yeongwoo’s flattering words, the two men unconsciously puffed out their chests.

“20 million in cash... That’s certainly a lot of money. Going into Incheon to collect it isn’t a job just anyone can do.”

As Jeonggu said this, Yeongwoo added more.

“Of the 20 million, 5 million has to be given to Incheon. It’s a kind of brokerage fee.”

“Really? So they’ll probably deduct 5 million right from the start.”

“Most likely.”

“What time should we collect the money?”

“Both we and they have to deal with the mutants first, so visiting in the afternoon is best. Around six o’clock should be suitable.”

In other words, whoever took on this collection job would have a busy day every day.

They’d have to bring the mutants from their jurisdiction to Gwangjin-gu for Yeongwoo at 1 PM, then head to Incheon to collect the money once that was done.

“So... no extra pay for our effort?”

Jeonggu finally started negotiating seriously.

“Extra pay?”

“It’s not just pay; it’s really for maintaining our dignity. We can’t look weak to the people in Incheon or the Chinese.”

Jeonggu’s point was simple.

Since they’d be dealing with top fighters from at least two regions, they needed to enhance the collector’s strength in advance to prepare for the worst-case scenario.

“If you try to save on this minor expense, you could end up losing the whole 15 million.”

“You’re not wrong.”

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Surprisingly, Yeongwoo nodded easily.

The reason for giving 5 million to Incheon was similar.

In this lawless world, having enough power meant you could do anything.

For example, Incheon agreed to hold such a large sum because they lacked the strength to refuse.

“How much do you want for extra pay?”

When Yeongwoo asked directly, Jeonggu scratched his chin and cautiously spoke.

“1.5 million...?”

He wanted 10% of the funds he was transporting.

Yeongwoo turned to Jongseon.

“What about you, mother?”

“...Just call me Jongseon.”

“Okay, Jongseon, then.”

“I think 1.5 million will be enough for me too.”

“Alright, that’s fine.”

Yeongwoo clapped his hands.

“How about this: I’ll give you 5 million. But you two have to go together and split it, 2.5 million each.”

“What?”

“Really?”

“Yes. But if the worst happens, you must never abandon each other.”

As he said this, Yeongwoo exuded a momentary air of menace, silently warning that he would personally deal with any betrayal.

“Are you sure this is okay? We like it, but... if you give 5 million to Incheon and 5 million to us, what’s left for you?”

“What’s left? 10 million.”

“...”

“One side is my father, and the other is mother, after all. Think of it as a family business.”

With Yeongwoo saying this, Jeonggu, and even Jongseon, who wasn’t actually part of the family, had nothing to say.

“The collection starts today. Refrain from killing civilians during the collection process, but it’s acceptable to kill those at the top level. Just report afterward.”

“Of course.”

“...Understood.”

The two nodded, finalizing the collection job agreement.

And right on cue.

Ding!

As the notification sound, which felt like he hadn’t heard in a long time, rang, Yeongwoo saw that a quest he had been holding onto for three days had been completed.

[Quest Complete – “Paternal Confirmation”]

[Reward Granted]

| 20,000,000 Karma

“Oh, it’s already been three days.”

Dogo’s will, wanting the biological father to stay alive for three days, had finally been realized through the quest.

Then.

Whaaaaaaaaam!

A black debit card shot down from the sky.

“W-what are you getting paid for again?”

Not realizing the money was related to him, Jeonggu blinked, while Yeongwoo picked up the card that held 20 million.

Tap.

With that, Yeongwoo’s wealth quickly surpassed the 30 million mark again.

* Available Karma: 36,938,500

‘I have more money for taxes now.’

Moreover, today’s expected income was at least 70 million Karma.

The two people in front of him would bring 10 million from China, and the total defense fee from various parts of Seoul would be 55 million.

‘If there are no major incidents, Yechan will bring in 8.6 million later... Today might be a bit of a financial celebration.’

Indeed, good things come from a well-stocked granary.

With a much softer expression than before, Yeongwoo looked at the two Strongest Swords.

“It’s time to head out. The mutants will appear soon.”

Jeonggu was the first to step forward at Yeongwoo’s words.

“Right. Do we bring them to Gwangjin-gu again today?”

“Yes. I’ll lend you the Negwig. Drop Jongseon off in Yangju first.”

Tap!

As Yeongwoo got off the Negwig and handed the reins to his father, Jeonggu swallowed heavily.

“Why? You’ve ridden it before.”

“It’s not that...”

“...?”

“Your mom isn’t coming today, is she?”

“Oh.”

Yeongwoo finally realized that his father might have overheard parts of his conversation with his uncle earlier.

While he wouldn’t have heard Yeongwoo’s words, he would have heard what the uncle said to him.

For example:

— Who the hell is this Kim Jeonggu?

“Mother? Well, if she was scheduled to appear today, she would have shown up to place a mark like Uncle did.”

Jeonggu flinched at Yeongwoo’s mention of his uncle.

Yeongwoo’s uncle, who would be Jeonggu’s brother-in-law, was someone he had to call ‘brother’ due to Confucian traditions.

“What did you tell your uncle... I mean, brother, about me?”

There was a hint of fear in Jeonggu’s voice.

Having a son who was the Strongest Sword in Joseon was terrifying, but even more terrifying was the brother-in-law who had returned as a dragon.

This fear was rooted in Confucian traditions.

“What did you say? You didn’t say anything weird, right?”

Jeonggu pressed his son for an answer.

Yeongwoo rolled his eyes upwards.

“Dad? What did I say?”

Then he recalled and recited the conversation.

“The man who had a one-night stand with President Song...?”

“What the hell!”

At the unbelievable reality, Jeonggu's jaw dropped.

Paaaah!

At that moment, countless beams of light began to descend from the sky.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 242: Powdered Bean (2)

“Hey, what are you doing? Hurry up and go!”

As soon as Yeongwoo saw the pillars of light descending, he slapped Negwig's rear.

Snap!

Immediately, the creature lifted its head and dashed forward.

-Squeeeal!

Holding the reins, Jeonggu was dragged along the ground.

“Oh, oh no!”

Meanwhile, Jongseon swiftly ran forward and jumped onto Negwig's back.

As expected of the Strongest Sword, she could execute improvised actions that ordinary people could only dream of.

“Aaargh!”

With Jeonggu dangling and Jongseon on its back, Negwig vanished northward, and Yeongwoo turned his gaze to Suna.

“You know I'm not collecting defense fees in Gangnam, right?”

“Yes, I'm well aware.”

“Does Representative Baek Dohwan know as well?”

Suna looked towards the COEX building, used as Taewon's headquarters.

"He should be aware. Everyone in Taewon knows the Strongest Sword of each region brings the defense fees to Gangnam."

"But whether I forgot to collect from Gangnam or intentionally didn't collect is still unclear, right?"

"...That's correct."

At Suna's response, Yeongwoo also looked towards COEX.

"Then let me make it clear now. Gangnam is my jurisdiction, and I want it to function as the last refuge in the worst-case scenario, which is why I don't take money from it."

"...Yes. Should I document this and deliver it to Representative Baek Dohwan?"

Suna used honorific language, clearly recognizing that Yeongwoo held a higher position than Baek Dohwan, the current leader of Taewon Group.

"Yes, that would be good. Also, from today, investigate and document how the 5 million defense fee I haven't collected is being used."

Yeongwoo added,

"The report must include confirmation signatures from both you and Representative Baek Dohwan and should be on my desk by 8 p.m. daily."

"I will make sure of that. Is there anything else you'd like to instruct?"

Suna checked the time, aware that the appearance of mutants and monsters was imminent.

The current time was 12:56 p.m.

Yeongwoo checked the time and gestured for Suna to hurry inside.

"No, that's all. You can go now."

Suna bowed to Yeongwoo and hurriedly moved towards the hotel.

'It's going to be chaotic for a while again.'

Soon, monsters and mutants would appear at the locations marked by the pillars of light.

Near Parnas Hotel, which Yeongwoo used as his residence, there were two monster markers, attracting Gangnam's monster hunters.

'So today's mutant is...'

As always, Yeongwoo moved towards Cheongdam Bridge, his sniping spot, looking for the red light pillar in Gangnam.

This time, he saw a mutant marker near Dosan Park in Apgujeong.

'It's quite far today. The arrows will barely reach.'

Sniping from the middle of Cheongdam Bridge wouldn't give him a clear line of sight.

So, he prepared to snipe from the park road right in front of the bridge.

Coincidentally, it was the spot where the Kim family had been struck by lasers, leaving a 大-shaped mark.

'It's still not cleaned up.'

The Benz, once Kim Jong-un's 'dream,' was still scattered everywhere, so Yeongwoo stepped on it and climbed up.

Creak.

The current time was 12:59 p.m.

Less than a minute remained until the mutant appeared.

Yeongwoo held the 'White Fire' bow in his hand, waiting for the top of the red pillar of light to open.

"....."

Then finally.

Crack!

A sound like the sky splitting was heard.

Boom!

An ominous presence erupted from the top of the light pillar.

'It's coming!'

The mutant for Gangnam's sixth day was descending.

Crunch!

Yeongwoo immediately drew his bow and activated 'Clairvoyance.'

With his enhanced sight, he scanned the area for the returning individual.

'Where is it? Still up there?'

Someone who was human until just six days ago.

A person banished from this world due to the hatred of many.

One of those individuals was returning.

Rumble!

Eventually, a dark figure appeared at the top of the red light pillar, and Yeongwoo, seeing it, released the taut bowstring.

Thwap!

From the front of the White Fire's bow, a massive amount of energy condensed, transforming into multiple arrows that shot out.

Phew!

This was the effect of the narrative archery skill 'Divine Summoning.'

Combined with the inherent attributes of White Fire, it was practically impossible for an ordinary mutant to dodge Yeongwoo's arrows.

「White Fire」 – Epic Bow

【Sensory perception applies to arrow power.】

【Power increases with arrow distance.】

◇ Special Attribute: Stealth Arrow

◇ Special Attribute: Supernatural Damage

'Can I kill it in one shot? This is the first time encountering a sixth-day mutant.'

Yeongwoo watched the arrows intertwine and fly like twisted ropes.

And soon.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

A series of violet supernatural explosions erupted midway up the red pillar of light.

“Argh!”

The arrows had hit their target.

Swoosh...!

The mutant, enveloped in violet smoke, began to plummet.

‘Got it.’

Confirming the mutant’s off-course fall, Yeongwoo immediately sprinted towards the expected landing site.

Like a hunter pursuing its prey.

Tap-tap!

‘Today’s monsters are Ratmen.’

On his way from the park road to Dosan Park, Yeongwoo spotted the Ratmen scattered throughout downtown Gangnam.

Standing at 2 meters tall, Ratmen were numerous compared to other monsters and extremely fast.

Even Taewon’s monster hunters, who had been protecting Gangnam since Day 1 of the reset, couldn’t immediately subdue them and were in a standoff.

“What, you’re not losing, right?”

As Yeongwoo cut through the Ratmen with Golden Trail, the monster hunters, who had been pushed back, ran after him, offering excuses.

“We’re not losing strength-wise, but they move so fast...”

“Then don’t follow me. Go help the others. I’m heading to the mutant.”

With this order, Yeongwoo increased his speed.

Soon, he saw monster hunters from the Gangnam Police Station entangled with the Ratmen.

The balance of power here was also tight, neither side's numbers decreasing easily.

'The difficulty has definitely risen. If this keeps up, we won't be able to handle the monsters later on.'

Gangnam, especially after Jeong Hyunsik's death, had been showered with golden rain.

Thus, both the residents and monster hunters had higher average incomes compared to other regions.

If even Gangnam struggled against monsters....

'Tomorrow might be even harder. Should I invest more in monster hunters? Or should I handle the monsters myself and then move on?'

Thinking this, Yeongwoo shouted to the surrounding police.

"Everyone, get back! You'll get hurt!"

He sent the Golden Trail to sweep through the right side of the battlefield and extended Sa-sang-a to 6 meters, cutting broadly on the left.

Slash!

-Screech!

-Squeal!

The Ratmen caught in Yeongwoo's blade were mercilessly cut into pieces, but those out of his reach quickly scurried into nearby alleys, their behavior exactly like that of rats.

"There are only a few left here, so go chase them. Once you're done, move to another area."

"Yes, sir."

"Understood."

The officers, receiving their orders, scattered into the alleys.

At this point, the red pillar of light, which had been stationary for a while, began to move slowly.

The mutant, who had been struck by the arrows and was falling, was still alive.

‘Damn, this is annoying.’

The good news was that the mutant was moving north, not far from Gwangjin-gu.

It seemed to be planning to cross the bridge and leave Gangnam, likely startled by the unexpected arrows.

‘I need to hurry. By now, the Gwangjin-gu mutant might also be planning to move to another region.’

* * *

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

—Damn it... What is this? Right after arriving...

The sixth-day mutant of Gangnam-gu, Choi Seungwon, ran between the buildings of Gangnam, bleeding dark green blood.

His right hind leg hurt terribly, likely due to a bad landing, but that wasn’t the main issue.

An unusual, burning pain throughout his body was making his mind foggy.

Additionally, the Ratmen’s unique detection ability occasionally buzzed, warning him of a terrifying presence somewhere behind him.

And the identity of that presence was obvious.

—Bastard.

It must have been the guy who shot an arrow at him while he was descending.

—Ugh...

Despite being furious to the point that his long whiskers trembled, Choi Seungwon didn’t want to fight him.

He had a strong, instinctual urge to hide somewhere and recover.

This was likely the essence of a Ratman.

[Drug Offender – Choi Seungwon]

—I may be a pretty bad guy, but that bastard is worse. Damn, cowardly scum.

Choi Seungwon, a social menace with two prior drug convictions, kept muttering to himself as he raced towards the outskirts of Gangnam.

During the seemingly eternal waiting period, he had vowed millions of times to become Gangnam's nightmare.

But the world he returned to was far different from what he had anticipated.

He had expected everyone, not just in Gangnam but across the country, to look up at the giant monster he had become in terror.

However, the reality was...

—Ugh!

Blood gushed from his left side, where he had been hit by an arrow.

Seungwon, on the verge of tears, clutched his side with his wrinkled front paw.

Suddenly.

—...!

He spotted the Han River gleaming brilliantly in the sunlight and widened his beady eyes.

He had finally exited Gangnam.

Where should he go now?

Cross the bridge to Seongdong-gu?

With his height of 4 meters, hiding in the sewers was impossible, making this his only option.

Panting heavily, Seungwon looked around, seeing red mutant markers in Seongdong-gu and nearby Gwangjin-gu, giving him hope.

There was a good chance he could communicate with fellow mutants.

Besides, his whiskers had been tingling with a warning, urging him to leave this area quickly.

—I'll come back to get my revenge on this crazy place.

Just as Seungwon vowed, biting his lower lip with sharp front teeth, someone spoke from behind.

“Where are you planning to go? Let’s head to Gwangjin-gu while we’re at it.”

—What...?

Startled, Seungwon spun around to see a half-naked man pointing a gun at him.

—Wh-who are you...?

Despite asking, Seungwon already knew.

His whiskers, acting like radar, were now stinging with certainty.

The guy in front of him was the sniper.

And above his head floated the bizarre string of characters: ‘Joseon’s Strongest Sword.’

—What the hell has happened to the world?

The 4-meter-tall Ratman stared at Joseon’s Strongest Sword with a human-like expression of disbelief.

To him, the man wearing only pants and a metal cape looked stranger than his monstrous self.

But the real event was just beginning.

Whoosh...!

Suddenly, a strong wind began to blow, causing even the calm waters of the Han River to ripple and churn.

Rumble!

Thunder sounded from afar as the sky turned ashen.

—What...?

Feeling his whiskers trembling uncontrollably and even curling down, Seungwon took a step back.

This time, the warning from his “Rat Sense” was coming from above his head, from the other side of the sky.

—W-what, what's up there now?

As Seungwon asked, forgetting even the pain that was coursing through his body, Joseon's Strongest Sword, Jeong Yeongwoo, spread out his Bastard and said,

"Uncle's here."

—W-what?

"My uncle's here."

At that moment.

Sizzle!

Instantly, the sky flashed, and sharp steel fragments descended through the clouds.

Swoosh!

Yeongwoo had sensed it early enough to step back, but Seungwon, puzzled by why his whiskers suddenly stiffened, just stood there.

Then.

Crack!

His body was split by the falling steel fragment aimed at his forehead.

Cleanly, from left to right.

—Uncle...?

It was the first time he had seen one mutant killing another.

As Yeongwoo looked up at the sky, a golden goblin rushed in and retrieved Seungwon's remains.

And soon, Song Taeho's voice echoed from within the sky.

—What's with all these rat bastards in my city? The stench is nauseating.

My city.

Yeongwoo's brow furrowed.

"My city? What nonsense is that...?"

But Yeongwoo's words were cut short.

Song Taeho immediately demonstrated his power.

「A [Strange Climate] Steel Rain has been created in Gangnam-gu.」

Then, steel fragments began to rain down conspicuously on specific points.

Shooaah!

“Oh... could it be?”

Yeongwoo looked up at the sky with a gaze quite different from before.

If his guess was correct, the steel rain pouring down right now was the location of the Ratmen in Gangnam-gu.

But the moment of awe was short-lived.

Crack!

Soon, a crackling sound came from above Yeongwoo's head, and a single stream of steel rain descended.

Kwaaaah!

“Ah, so I was a rat bastard too.”

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 243: Powdered Bean (3)

Bang! Bang! Bang!

It was literally a rain of steel bullets shooting down.

However, the martial prowess of Joseon's Strongest Sword was not ordinary, and he swiftly dodged the steel fragments aiming for his head.

“Uh-oh? Uncle, this is a bit much.”

As Yeongwoo frowned at the steel fragment deeply embedded in the ground, a rough burst of noise echoed from the sky, almost as if responding to his reaction.

Crack!

And then.

Boom!

This time, a broader range of steel rain poured down towards Yeongwoo's head.

"No, you bastard."

As his nephew kept evading the attacks, the steel rain's range was increased to make it harder to dodge.

Of course, it was an absurd attack to snipe an unrivaled demon.

Leap!

Yeongwoo leisurely evaded the attack again and looked up at the sky.

He was annoyed that his uncle had launched a sudden attack, but it didn't seem like he was an entirely unreasonable opponent.

Because.

Boom!

As evident from the rain pouring down again, his uncle... Song Taeho, wasn't using his full strength.

'Making sure the rain hits me is actually simple.'

That would be to make it rain over the entire area where Yeongwoo was staying.

However, Song Taeho only poured down a shower with a diameter of about three meters, so Yeongwoo could avoid the rain without a scratch.

Leap!

'Why? Could it be that he really doesn't want to damage the city?'

Yeongwoo had some grounds for this speculation.

—Why are there so many rats in my city? The stench is overwhelming.

When his uncle started the steel rain, he had uttered such a line.

My city.

This indicated that Song Taeho still had some sense of this world despite becoming a mutant.

Crack!

A burst of noise echoed from the sky again.

It meant that Song Taeho was preparing for another shot.

“Wait.”

In response, Yeongwoo hurriedly looked up to the sky and shouted.

“Uncle! Wait! Just a moment!”

And the rain really stopped.

It was as if he was being told to finish his words.

So, after confirming that there was still a mutant mark in Gwangjin-gu, Yeongwoo addressed his uncle in the sky.

“You don’t want the buildings here to get damaged, do you? Neither do I.”

Yeongwoo spread his arms as if he had no intention of fighting now, and finally, Song Taeho spoke from beyond the clouds.

—So?

Song Taeho.

The eldest son of Jinhyeon Group, the second-ranked conglomerate in the country, and a high-risk mutant in Seoul on the sixth day of the reset.

A dragon manipulating steel and the eldest uncle of Joseon’s Strongest Sword, Jeong Yeongwoo.

He was definitely different from the mutants Yeongwoo had seen before.

Despite gaining the powerful status of a dragon, he wasn’t massacring people indiscriminately but was only trying to kill monsters and his weird nephew.

“You can’t kill me with the rain you’re sending now. So you’ll have to come down yourself... and I bet you’re enormous, right?”

—.....

Song Taeho didn’t give a clear answer to Yeongwoo’s words.

However, the withheld steel rain didn’t pour down again, so Yeongwoo continued.

“But if you come down to the middle of Gangnam, the buildings will get destroyed while we fight... and I don’t want that either.”

Finally, Song Taeho spoke again.

—So what’s your point? Get to the point.

Crack!

A burst of noise echoed from the sky again.

In response, Yeongwoo pointed to Gwangjin-gu across the river.

“If you don’t mind, let’s fight somewhere quiet.”

—What? Fight?

“Let’s settle this by fighting. The winner gets Gangnam. Though it is technically already my city.”

As Yeongwoo said this and scratched his chin with the tip of his Bastard, Song Taeho’s furious voice pierced through.

—You bastard with no name in the family registry, what did you say?

Nevertheless, he didn’t pour down steel rain on Yeongwoo.

Perhaps Song Taeho’s love for Gangnam was several levels above Yeongwoo’s.

“What family registry? Even if my name were in it, it would be on my father’s side. Anyway, come to Gwangjin-gu. Let’s settle this there.”

After finally submitting a duel request, Yeongwoo started running towards Gwangjin-gu.

And while doing so, he unconsciously mulled over what his uncle had just said.

‘Wait, come to think of it, that’s true. Since I’m an illegitimate child, my name wouldn’t be in the family registry on my father’s side either.’

An unrecorded child in the family, Jeong Yeongwoo.

In a way, Song Taeho had easily pointed out that he was a child without a real lineage.

‘As expected, a chaebol is different.’

With a sense of extreme rejection, Yeongwoo looked up at the sky.

Then.

Boom...!

He felt a colossal presence moving above the gray clouds.

Indeed, Song Taeho was moving towards Gwangjin-gu according to Yeongwoo’s suggestion.

‘You’re dead.’

As Yeongwoo moved towards Gwangjin-gu, he calculated his currently available power.

「Blue Blood」 – Mutant drug

【Increased strength by 30% for 10 minutes.】

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

He had two doses of the strength-enhancing drug, and he could summon friends three times with his whistle.

Of course, since there would be a nighttime dungeon today, it was best to save at least one friend summon.

‘This might be over with a laser bombardment anyway. Can Uncle withstand the laser that even Kim Il-sung couldn’t?’

Having fought with the Poison Dragon Im Kwangho earlier, Yeongwoo knew that dragons, at least to him, were not much different from other mutants.

They were creatures that could be sufficiently repelled.

The only difference from regular mutants was the flashy reception and a bit of extra trickery.

Leap!

Soon, the road park and Cheongdam Bridge reappeared in Yeongwoo's view.

The relic where Kim Jong-un died from a laser cannon in the middle of the Mercedes field remained intact.

And as he quickly passed the park and started running on Cheongdam Bridge, a large hole in the middle of the bridge appeared.

It was the place where Seoul City Councilor Kim Seokshin, who turned into a wyvern, died on the fourth day.

It was the spot where the White Fire arrow had pierced through his head.

'How can a city become historic in just a few days.'

Admiring the accumulating 'history,' Yeongwoo entered Gwangjin-gu.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Countless sharply cut steel fragments rained down over Yeongwoo's head.

"Uh-oh? Attacking sneakily right away?"

This time, steel rain was falling over the entire Gwangjin-gu, and there was no way to avoid the rain unless he retreated back to Cheongdam Bridge.

Unless he used a golden sphere here.

So, Yeongwoo instinctively tried to back away.

".....!"

He suddenly realized that the tattoo on his right upper arm was glowing with the Dogo pattern.

He had forgotten for a moment, but even now, he was being used for Dogo's brand advertisement.

'I can't back down shamefully.'

Thus, Yeongwoo finally stepped into Gwangjin-gu, where steel fragments were raining down.

The steel fragments, tinged with gray, swarmed in like angry bees, and the 'Golden Trail' flew over Yeongwoo's head, blocking the bullet-like rain.

Ting! Ting! Ting!

A tremendous noise emanated from the surface of the Golden Trail.

But it was only momentary.

-Whirring...!

Despite the powerful engine sound of the Golden Trail, its altitude began to drop slightly.

The torrential rain was so intense that the output of the Golden Trail began to be overwhelmed.

"Wow, Uncle really isn't ordinary."

While Yeongwoo was impressed by the absurdly powerful steel rain, he also realized he couldn't just keep avoiding the rain.

Using the Golden Trail as an umbrella was the second issue; the most important first issue was.

'This isn't our company's product.'

As soon as he thought this, Yeongwoo immediately pushed the Golden Trail away.

Bang!

In that brief moment when the large sword was pushed away, he took out the 'Scared Cat' from his pocket.

「Fearful Cat」 – Epic Compass

【Indicates a threatening target.】

【Strength increases by 25% when bleeding.】

-Meow!

The cat was already raising its head towards the northwest sky, letting out a sharp cry.

His uncle was flying over there.

‘He’s close.’

After confirming his uncle’s position, Yeongwoo immediately grabbed the White Fire with both hands.

Bang.

Then, as he gripped the bow tightly, red scratches appeared on his arm, and blood began to flow.

The steel rain that the Golden Trail had been blocking now started to hit Yeongwoo.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Even though Yeongwoo was wrapped in various defense equipment effects, including the ‘attack ability reduction’ of the Golden Oath, it was never easy to fully endure the pouring steel rain.

The speed at which his flesh was torn off by the steel rain was faster than his body’s recovery speed, turning Yeongwoo into a moving piece of meat in an instant.

If it weren’t for the berserker talisman blocking the pain, he would have gone mad long ago.

“Ugh, is this right?”

A display of human anatomy.

Yeongwoo, with his skin almost completely peeled off, aimed the bow at his uncle.

Though his muscles were beginning to be damaged, he still had enough strength to draw the bowstring fully.

Crack!

“Uncle! Your nephew formally greets you!”

Yeongwoo greeted his uncle, who was attacking him cowardly by only sending down rain, and then immediately released the bowstring.

Thwack!

A highly dense energy gathered in front of the bow, then shot out an arrow with enough power to down even a god.

Phew!

The special arrow from Dogo flew across the sky, concealed from detection.

Since there was no chance this arrow would miss, Yeongwoo sprinted towards his uncle's expected crash site.

Splat, splat!

Blood oozed from the peeled skin of his feet, making his footsteps sound sticky.

Meanwhile.

Boom!

A powerful explosion echoed from beyond the clouds, and a large shadow flickered.

The arrow had hit Song Taeho.

"Uncle!"

Although his uncle didn't groan, Yeongwoo, boasting a 100% mutant kill rate, was certain.

He was sure he would soon see his uncle's grand physique.

And indeed.

Whoosh!

A colossal presence emerged, sending shivers down his spine as Song Taeho appeared, occupying a whole section of the sky.

Whoosh!

"Wow...!"

At the sight of Song Taeho breaking through the clouds, Yeongwoo couldn't help but gape in awe.

It looked less like a dragon and more like an aircraft carrier falling from the sky.

Song Taeho was much bigger than the Poison Dragon Im Kwangho who had appeared yesterday.

Song Taeho, whose entire body was made of steel, measured roughly 40 meters in length.

This meant that if such a monster had fallen in Gangnam, much of the precious residential area would have been lost.

In a way, Song Taeho, cherishing the city while claiming to be its ruler, had preserved Seoul's assets.

'I want him...!'

How wonderful it would be to summon this giant from an alien planet and let him rampage freely.

Yeongwoo's eyes sparkled as he looked at his uncle's body, too massive to be contained in Gangnam-gu.

And then.

Boom!

Song Taeho crashed in the middle of Gwangjin-gu.

—Ugh!

His first groan finally came out.

The impact of the crash was significant, causing the steel rain to momentarily stop, and the sky cleared up.

Yeongwoo, with his blood-red feet, ran towards his uncle, shouting.

"Uncle, uncle! Are you okay? You're still alive, right?"

Song Taeho slowly lifted his head from where it was buried in the ground.

—You crazy bastard, what are you suddenly saying now?

However, Yeongwoo's concern wasn't precisely about Song Taeho's survival.

"Oh! It's not that, this is a major battle!"

—...What?

Feeling an inexplicable sense of fear from his nephew's out-of-place remark, Song Taeho was stunned.

Soon, from the other side, Yeongwoo, leaving red footprints, spoke even more terrifying words.

“This battle is brought to you with the support...!”

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 244: Powdered Bean (4)

Fear.

There are countless fears in the world, but perhaps the greatest is the fear of the unknown.

It's something that cannot be predicted because it has never been seen before, yet it can be instinctively recognized as threatening.

In fact, the “reset” itself falls within the broad category of the fear of the unknown, and its byproduct, the mutants, should have been a massive fear for humanity.

Goblins, orcs, trolls, dragons... These are all beings humans have imagined for a long time, but they've never actually existed in the world.

And now, Song Taeho, who appeared in Seoul today, is a 40-meter-long steel dragon.

The largest mammal known to exist on Earth, the blue whale, can reach up to 33 meters in length.

So it was natural for Song Taeho, with his 40-meter body that could fly and rain steel, to be a subject of fear.

Song Taeho himself thought so too.

At least, until he met a man claiming to be his nephew, Joseon's Strongest Sword.

Chop, chop, chop!

“This battle is brought to you with the support of the intergalactic weapon brand, Dogo!”

A self-proclaimed bastard of the Jinhyeon family, drenched in blood, spouted strange lines.

Of course, he was only a human being, just 2 meters tall, a mere bug compared to Taeho, who had a height of 20 meters.

But...

—What the hell is he saying?

Imagine that bug doesn't die even when stepped on and quickly crawls up, leaving ominous bloodstains on the ground.

You wouldn't want it to come any closer.

You wouldn't want to get bitten by it.

Taeho felt a clear fear of this small creature that was only a tenth of his size.

—Get away!

Just as the steel dragon Song Taeho was about to open his mouth and breathe fire.

“「Dogooooooooo」!”

An otherworldly language shot out from the mouth of Joseon's Strongest Sword, Jeong Yeongwoo, trailing a long tail.

Only a being that has sparkled for even a moment among the countless creatures in this vast universe can possess the power of an otherworldly language.

—Gah!

Learning the concept of an “intergalactic weapon company” through the word “Dogo” spoken by his opponent, Song Taeho was so shocked that he breathed fire into the air.

Puaaah!

It was like a martial artist spitting blood after suffering from inner demons.

Crash!

Song Taeho's breath, composed of fine steel fragments, turned into rice-sized steel rain that fell to the ground.

“Seriously, how troublesome.”

Grumbling, Yeongwoo evaded to the side while thinking he wanted to lock his uncle in the returnee's room.

With a monster of this caliber, the power when summoned as a "friend" would be tremendous.

Also, there wouldn't be a shortage of hands in the returnee's room.

They wouldn't manage with just three people assembling the player's statue and stepping on the pedal for laser bombardment.

"Uncle! Are you going to keep fighting? Why don't you make peace with me?"

Yeongwoo shouted, looking at Song Taeho's head hanging 20 meters high in the air, and another accurately aimed breath came flying.

Kuahhh!

It was probably a sign of rejection.

—Why should I be an uncle to a monster like you? Isn't it just your claim?

Song Taeho, who had regained his composure, raised a valid question.

To be honest, the only connection between Yeongwoo and Song Taeho was Yeongwoo's one-sided claim that he was the illegitimate child of Jinhyeon family.

So, aside from that claim, Yeongwoo was just a monster wielding excessive power with the sponsorship of an intergalactic company.

And above all...

—It's really surprising that Gangnam was in the hands of aliens. But that's only until today.

"What...?"

Yeongwoo realized that his uncle's constant reference to Gangnam as "my city" was heartfelt.

—I will liberate Gangnam, no, Seoul!

Song Taeho shouted solemnly, as if he were a freedom fighter.

"Why are you saying it like that?"

Yeongwoo tried to correct his uncle's misunderstanding, but it was no use.

Thud!

Suddenly, a disturbing presence was felt from beneath the ground.

Thud, thud, thud!

Huge steel spikes the size of houses shot up.

"What the hell!"

It turned out Song Taeho could not only rain steel but also tear up the earth.

"Are you really going to do this?"

As Yeongwoo leaped high into the air to avoid the spikes, he met Song Taeho's eyes for the first time.

Song Taeho, displeased, opened his mouth wide.

—Die! You alien lackey!

"What...?"

—Seoul belongs to humans...!

An enormous explosive sound erupted from inside Song Taeho's mouth.

It was the breath of judgment.

Kuaaaaa!

This time, the breath struck directly from the air, leaving Yeongwoo with no way to avoid it.

'What does he know about calling someone a lackey?'

The black steel breath engulfed Yeongwoo, who swung his Bastard to deflect part of the breath but ended up crashing into the ground.

Thud!

The first crash of Joseon's Strongest Sword, Jeong Yeongwoo.

Seeing this, Song Taeho straightened his long neck, feeling triumphant.

—You claim to be the bastard of our family? It's possible, maybe.

Thud!

Song Taeho took a massive step toward the embedded Yeongwoo.

—But do you know what they call a bastard?

Crunch.

As Song Taeho raised his massive upper body, a long, dark shadow extended endlessly.

—It's called a 'mistake.'

The mistake of the Jinhyeon family.

Defining Yeongwoo this way, the pureblood supremacist Song Taeho gathered his strength to erase this family mistake.

Gooooo!

He was about to deliver the final blow to the bastard of Jinhyeon, who was still embedded in the ground, seemingly lifeless.

Then.

“...Safari.”

Yeongwoo, buried in the ground as if dead, muttered something.

This caused Song Taeho, who was gathering his steel breath, to pause and tilt his head.

—What?

“I said safari.”

—What nonsense is this? What safari?

“Number 48183...!”

—Huh...?

Realizing this was a kind of serial number, Song Taeho quickly opened his mouth again, sensing something ominous.

Tchuck!

He thought he must kill the enemy before he finished reciting that number.

However.

“4437-02!”

The serial number was not long, and it had already been fully pronounced by Yeongwoo.

And this number was none other than:

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

[Earth-482-183-4437-02]

The coordinates of a point in Gwangjin-gu, Seoul.

Of course, Song Taeho couldn't even imagine it might be bombardment coordinates.

Gooooo!

Only when he heard a sound breaking through the sky above his head did he realize something was wrong.

—What have you done?

Looking up in panic at the sky, Song Taeho asked, and Yeongwoo, who had raised his upper body from the ground, replied.

“Double advertising.”

And immediately.

Paaaaat!

A laser cannon provided by another intergalactic military contractor, ‘Toma,’ pierced through Earth's atmosphere and struck Gwangjin-gu.

—These damn bastards!

Terrified by the unimaginable scale of the sniper attack, Song Taeho hurriedly turned around, only to see the mad bastard had already dashed away to safety.

—Hey, you dog bastard!

“Yes? My mother is not a dog, but a dragon.”

Yeongwoo, who had reached a safe zone, calmly looked back.

He then saw his uncle running on all fours.

And soon, a white laser beam shot down upon him.

Kuaaaaaa!

—Aaaaah!

As could be easily inferred from Song Taeho’s pitiful scream, the bombardment hit... well, partially hit.

While his head wasn’t obliterated by the laser cannon, about a third of his right wing was blown off.

‘At least now he won’t be able to escape to the sky.’

Yeongwoo, standing far from the bombardment site, saw his uncle staggering with his damaged wing and took a step forward again.

Tchuck!

In the meantime, about 40% of his skin had regenerated, so blood was no longer flowing from his feet, and his face was gradually returning to its original form.

Of course, with parts of his skin still missing, his overall appearance was even more grotesque than when his outer skin was completely gone.

For instance, since the skin on his left jaw hadn’t regenerated yet, the muscles holding his mandible and the teeth attached to it were fully exposed.

He was truly the embodiment of the undead.

“Stop right there. You didn’t think there was only one shell, did you?”

As Yeongwoo, holding the ‘Bastard’ in his right hand, stepped towards his uncle, Song Taeho trembled the tip of his wing and glared at his nephew.

—Are you really... the son of Song Jiseon?

Finally beginning to genuinely believe Yeongwoo's lineage, Song Taeho realized that sufficient power was indeed the key to everything.

"If you want, I can even get you a family relationship certificate. Intergalactically."

Of course, whether such a certificate existed with his uncle was uncertain.

But the important thing was that due to the 「Dogo」 Yeongwoo had shouted earlier, Song Taeho now had some understanding of the universe.

So he could instinctively sense that Yeongwoo's "intergalactically" wasn't just empty words.

—Then where is your mother now? I mean Song Jiseon.

"Uh, that..."

Yeongwoo naturally looked up at the sky.

"She doesn't seem to have arrived yet. I heard you have a very close relationship with her. You really want to see her, right?"

Song Taeho.

The eldest son of the Jinhyeon family, who lost a management rights dispute with his youngest sister, Song Jiseon.

Yeongwoo knew well that such a man would still harbor resentment towards his mother, Song Jiseon.

So he suggested making peace and waiting for his mother together.

—Jiseon? Yes, I must see her. I must.

Song Taeho also lifted his head to the sky, following Yeongwoo.

Swoosh.

However, it was unclear whether he was looking at his youngest sister somewhere out in space or at the laser cannon that had given him a hot taste earlier.

—If I reconcile with you, then what happens? Do I stay here?

Song Taeho looked around the desolate Gwangjin-gu.

Yeongwoo shook his head.

“No. There’s a place where those who have made peace with me live. You’ll be moving there.”

—A place?

“Yes. It’s an alternate space somewhat distant from Earth... You’ll find it livable. There are many famous people there, and there’s plenty to enjoy.”

There wasn’t a single lie in his statement.

And perhaps because of that, Song Taeho saw the truth.

—Am I mistaken? Why does it sound like prison?

“I can summon you to this world three times a day. Then you can meet my mother.”

—The way you say it, it definitely sounds like prison. Is that it? The ‘peace’ you talked about is a form of imprisonment.

At some point, Song Taeho’s tone had changed significantly.

It was natural; he realized that his nephew wouldn’t just leave someone who declared Gangnam as “my city” alone.

There can’t be two suns in the sky.

In fact, the reason Taeho tried to create a reconciliatory mood was to temporarily halt the battle and plan for the future.

—This isn’t right. What kind of nephew puts his uncle in prison?

“Isn’t that the life of the rich?”

—What?

“Whatever it is, I can’t leave you in a transformed state. The moment I turn my back, it feels like you’ll try to devour the city.”

—.....

Song Taeho didn’t bother to refute this.

So Yeongwoo extended his right hand towards his uncle and said,

“Shake hands with me. If you don’t accept this handshake now, the next bombardment will fall on your head.”

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

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[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 245: Powdered Bean (5)

A handshake.

It is said that it originated from the practice of showing one's right hand to prove that they had no weapons.

This gesture, which actively expresses that one has no intention of fighting, has come to signify cooperation, requests, greetings, and other amicable relationships in modern times.

And it was clear that this was still the case even in the world after the reset.

Otherwise, there would be no reason for a mutant to stop his mission as an avenger by shaking hands with a human.

—.....

Song Taeho looked down at the hand his nephew extended.

—If I shake this hand, I'll end up in prison...?

Yeongwoo slightly furrowed his brow as he answered.

“No, you'll become my friend. However, since you can't stay in this world in your mutant form, you'll be sent to another space.”

When Yeongwoo added that in the 'other space,' one could live in human form, Song Taeho twitched his steel upper lip.

—I prefer my current state. In a world like this, living as a human seems more disadvantageous. Humans are weak.

He was a case in stark contrast to someone like CEO Kim Taejoon, who eagerly wished to regain his human form as soon as possible.

CEO Kim Taejoon's sole purpose for returning was 'family,' but Song Taeho's purpose was to live again as a privileged person.

Even if that meant ruling through fear with the body of a dragon.

“...It’s still better than dying. You probably learned about the return function before coming here.”

Yeongwoo said this to teach him the way to shake hands, but Song Taeho said something entirely different.

—You don’t understand at all.

“...What?”

Yeongwoo responded, sensing that the negotiation with his uncle had broken down.

After negotiating with countless mutants, he could now guess their intentions just by their tone.

—Simply staying alive means nothing to someone like me.

“Then what does have meaning?”

—Being the protagonist.

“.....?”

—I have lived my whole life as the protagonist of this world, leading everything. Everyone bowed to me, and I had everything under my control. Do you think I can exist as a ‘friend’ under you?

“Oh.”

Yeongwoo seemed to understand what his uncle was saying, but precisely because of that, he found it difficult to agree.

“But you weren’t always the protagonist in the previous world, were you?”

—What?

“If living as the so-called well-off protagonist is what you desire, you weren’t living that life even in the previous world.”

Yeongwoo looked up at the sky again.

He felt he might need to request bombardment soon, but he also vaguely looked up, thinking about his mother somewhere.

“My image of you, uncle, is that of an unfortunate eldest son of a conglomerate family who lost his management rights to the youngest. Of course, you weren’t lacking materially as a second-generation chaebol, but... you didn’t seem satisfied with that.”

When Yeongwoo said this, Song Taeho widened his eyes and raged.

—You bastard...!

“See, it hit the mark, didn’t it? What did you say as soon as you saw me earlier? Didn’t you ask where Song Jiseon was?”

The world had turned upside down, Song Taeho had lost his human body and become a dragon.

Even in such a state, the fact that he had deep feelings for his youngest sibling indicated that he was still suffering from a sense of defeat.

“Seeing you appear today means my mother will show up soon. So if you really want to see your sibling, shake hands with me. You need to be alive to either fight or reconcile with your enemy.”

To function properly as Yeongwoo’s ‘friend,’ one had to have a favorable sentiment towards the owner of the whistle, Jeong Yeongwoo.

A prime example was CEO Kim Taejoon.

To him, Jeong Yeongwoo was more than just a bridge to meet his family; he had a deep bond with him.

Now, Kim Taejoon needed Jeong Yeongwoo to stay alive to continue seeing his family.

‘But I’m not sure about this man. With such a strong sense of privilege... will he work properly in the returnee’s room?’

Yeongwoo continued to look at his right hand extended towards his uncle.

“.....”

Perhaps such traits were common among dragons, or rather, among those who could transform into dragons.

People with inflated egos, arrogance, and a life steeped in privilege.

Would his mother and second uncle be the same?

‘Well... and even if we don’t become friends, we can still be together.’

This time, Yeongwoo's gaze shifted to his left chest.

Killing a dragon directly grants one a unique heart as a reward.

So perhaps killing his uncle and burying him in his heart was the true way to do right by him.

'Looks like I'll have to wait until next time to make a dragon friend.'

Thinking this, Yeongwoo looked up at his uncle, who had begun to emit a threatening aura.

"Have you made your decision?"

—Hah, crawling under you was never an option.

"Then you'll disappear without seeing my mother."

—Shut up!

With Song Taeho's command, a steel breath spewed from his mouth, and Yeongwoo hurriedly dodged it while calling out the coordinates.

"482! 183! 4405! 36!"

These were the coordinates aimed directly at Song Taeho's head.

He truly intended to kill him with a single strike.

However...

Swoosh!

Just as Yeongwoo recited the coordinates, the entire body of the dragon, Song Taeho, turned a dazzling white, emitting a blinding light.

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

Momentarily panicked, Yeongwoo stepped back and drew his sword.

And soon...

Whoosh!

The laser cannon, fired on Yeongwoo's command, pierced through the clouds and descended.

To the exact spot where his uncle, who had been emitting an immense amount of light, had been just moments before.

Boom!

The orbital bombardment from Tomah struck the center of Gwangjin-gu.

However, Yeongwoo knew that Song Taeho was no longer there.

“Uncle? Where did you go?”

Yeongwoo shouted, ready to stab his uncle with his sword, when a purple hologram appeared before him.

“...!”

A flash from the left side.

“What the...!”

Yeongwoo reflexively raised his sword to block the attack, then turned his head towards the direction of the strike.

There, he saw a knight clad in armor shaped like a dragon.

“Oh?”

The texture of the armor was identical to Song Taeho’s dragon hide...

“Uncle...? You can polymorph too?”

Polymorph.

Also known as transformation magic.

Typically used by wizards to transform an enemy into a weaker creature or to enhance a summoned creature.

However, there are cases where this transformation magic is used on oneself, with the most notable example being the polymorphing of dragons.

Dragons often choose to transform into humans when they want to intervene in human society or explore the world out of curiosity.

This is why, from ancient times to the present, dragons transformed into humans frequently appear in literature across various cultures.

‘Of course, all of this was only found in fantasy novels. But to see it firsthand...’

By now, it seemed that every creature humans had imagined might actually exist somewhere in this universe.

Anyway, the immediate concern was...

—Perhaps you are the trial set for me. The test I must pass to return to my rightful place!

His uncle, transformed into a three-meter-tall black knight, was still deluded.

Squeak!

Judging by the strength transmitted through the blade of the sword, his uncle’s delusion was somewhat understandable.

‘As expected of a dragon, his strength is insanely high.’

However, this was the world after the reset.

As had been declared early on, one’s previous status and fate held no significance here.

Even for someone who had returned with the high status of a dragon in this reset world.

“Sorry, but if you were truly the protagonist of this world, I would have known it first!”

—What? What does that mean?

While Song Taeho questioned this, he continued to press down with his blade, trying to pin Yeongwoo to the ground.

And indeed.

Crack!

Yeongwoo’s ankles were gradually being pushed into the earth.

Despite this...

[Ending Maker]

| Discover the main character of the world after the reset.

The achievement “Ending Maker” that Yeongwoo was looking at showed no sign of being achieved.

Contrary to Song Taeho’s desires, he was far from being the protagonist of this world.

“I will not forget you, uncle! Live forever in my heart...!”

—...?

“Die!”

With murderous intent, Yeongwoo, who had been merely defending, finally drew upon the demonic energy of the legendary sword.

Whoosh!

As he gripped the handle tightly and swung, the blade of his sword penetrated through Song Taeho’s sword and pushed inward.

Crack!

Into the armor made of Song Taeho’s dragon hide.

The unique effect of the mythic sword, ‘Contempt for the weak’, had been activated.

—What? Oh no...

Seeing the unbelievable sight, Song Taeho made a vague sound, neither a scream nor a shout, from within his pitch-black helmet.

It wasn’t just surprising that his nephew’s sword had disregarded his own and pierced through; it was also because, thanks to this, his own sword had deeply cut through the other’s torso.

It was truly a mutual destruction.

—You fool! What’s the point if we both die?

Song Taeho spat out in disbelief, as white steam began to pour from within his armor, likely signalling the approaching time of his demise.

Yeongwoo seemed to be in the same near-death state.

With his chest slashed diagonally by the massive sword, his upper body was severed and slid down, slumping onto the ground.

Thud!

—You idiot.

Seeing his nephew's body split in two, Song Taeho staggered backward, constantly spewing steam.

Then he collapsed.

Hiss!

He could see his life force dispersing into the air in real-time.

—...

As he awaited death, he heard his nephew's voice from the ground.

“Uncle.”

—...

“Before you leave this world, give your nephew one last tip. What is the personality of my second uncle?”

—What?

Though Song Taeho hadn't been living in this reset world for long, he was quite perceptive.

He immediately realized that, unlike his own near-death state, his insane nephew wasn't about to die.

—What... are you?

When Song Taeho asked this, he saw his nephew, who had lost everything below the solar plexus, using his arms to prop himself up.

“You can't even imagine what I've been through, uncle. Simply being reborn as a dragon doesn't compare to my life story.”

Step, step.

Song Taeho watched in a daze as Jeong Yeongwoo, the son of Song Jiseon, walked with his arms.

He then saw the scene where Yeongwoo reattached his lower half that had been lying on the ground.

Schlock!

When the flesh below his solar plexus and around his navel made contact, it made a sound like a freshly cooked sticky rice cake being slapped.

“Would you like to shake hands now?”

Yeongwoo lay on the ground and lifted his right hand slightly.

At this, Song Taeho flinched involuntarily and then let out a hollow laugh.

—Screw you. You really are an insolent brat.

“...Then you'll have to die. Either way, it's no loss for me.”

The paradoxically genuine tone in Yeongwoo's indifferent words made Song Taeho feel a sudden black fear.

It was a deep emptiness from realizing he had not inflicted any harm on his opponent despite dying.

A meaningless death.

Even in this situation, Song Taeho did not attempt to shake hands with Yeongwoo.

Instead, he put all his remaining strength into a final outburst.

—You won't be able to handle that guy. My brother, he's a real lunatic.

He was referring to Jeong Yeongwoo's second uncle, the second son of the Jinhyeon family.

“Really?”

—But scarier than him...

“...Scarier?”

—Is your mother.

“What? You're cursing my mother even now?”

Yeongwoo strained to lift his upper body in anger, reopening the cut, but it was in vain.

Hiss...

For his uncle had already passed away.

「Dragon Song Taeho has been defeated by ‘Jeong Yeongwoo07’, the Strongest Sword in Joseon!」

An announcement appeared, notifying that Yeongwoo had defeated the dragon, and shortly after...

Rumble...!

A vibration was transmitted to Yeongwoo’s back.

It must have been the footsteps of another mutant from a different area.

“Can’t even get a moment’s rest.”

Feeling the tremors, Yeongwoo slightly lifted his head and looked around.

From the north, he saw a dark trail being drawn. It was none other than Negwig, with Kim Jeonggu riding on it.

He had brought a mutant from Dobong.

“Oh my, Yeongwoo!”

Seeing his son lying on the ground with his body split in half, Jeonggu forced himself to feign concern.

Then.

“Huh?”

He widened his eyes when he saw the giant black knight fallen not far from Yeongwoo.

Then he genuinely exclaimed in surprise.

“Oh my! Brother! What on earth happened here...!”

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 246: The Great Migration (1)

The Butterfly Effect

The term “butterfly effect” describes a phenomenon where a small incident, like a butterfly’s flutter, can eventually lead to an enormous result, akin to a typhoon.

This is akin to how Jeonggu’s “one-night stand” resulted in “Jeong Yeongwoo 07.”

Of course, it was predictable that an unprotected one-night stand could result in an unplanned child.

But who could have foreseen it?

Could anyone have predicted that a child, born from such a negligent act, would survive until the worst event in human history, the “Reset,” and would eventually become the Strongest in Joseon?

Perhaps if there were a god in this universe, he might have known, but Jeonggu certainly didn’t.

He was unaware of his son’s existence until the Reset, and he certainly didn’t know that his son would soon grow up to become Joseon’s Strongest Sword and come after him with a sword.

So.

‘It’s unfair. So unfair!’

Jeonggu felt it was unjust.

He was confident that he hadn’t lived a life bad enough to deserve such a severe punishment.

Thus, the Reset that wiped out everyone’s fate didn’t apply to him.

He was living a life where the karma he unknowingly accumulated was returning as a terrifying retribution every day.

His life after the Reset was the butterfly effect itself.

And now, in front of his eyes, one of the consequences of his past karma lay clad in black armor.

“Brother! Are you okay?”

As Jeonggu ran towards the huge black knight, internally chanting, “Please be dead!” his son, who looked more like a corpse than a living person, greeted him.

“That guy is already dead. Didn’t you see the notification earlier?”

“Oh, really?”

Jeonggu awkwardly lifted his knees off the ground and looked down at his biggest problem—his biological son.

『Joseon’s Strongest Sword』

The title burning brightly above his son’s head explained a lot.

Why the dragon died again, but his son survived, and why he ended up back near this kid once more.

Jeonggu thought of his son as a black hole.

「Kyaaah!」

And soon enough, the sixth-day mutant of Dobong-gu, who had been fiercely chasing Jeonggu and Negwig, was breathing heavily in their ears.

The mutant had gotten very close.

“What is that?”

As Yeongwoo, lying on the ground, lifted his head to look up, he saw a huge jackal charging at them aggressively.

[Businessman – Lee Jinyoung]

The sixth-day mutant of Dobong-gu, businessman Lee Jinyoung.

Yeongwoo had never seen this name before, which meant that he probably caused an incident in the area or was a criminal who briefly made headlines when Yeongwoo wasn’t paying attention.

“Do you know this person? This Lee Jinyoung?”

“What? Oh, of course not.”

As Jeonggu nodded in response to Yeongwoo's question, Golden Trail sliced through the air.

Whoosh!

It was to counter the mutant who had lowered its stance to snatch Yeongwoo from the ground, like a bat hitting an incoming baseball.

However, the opponent was a sixth-day mutant.

Although it looked like just a large beast, its strength and agility were beyond imagination.

「A strange trick.」

Lee Jinyoung, swiftly rolling to the side to dodge the attack, successfully grabbed Yeongwoo from the ground with its jaws.

「Ha!」

It was like a wild dog snatching meat from the street.

Lee Jinyoung, with Yeongwoo in its mouth, mocked Jeonggu, who was just standing there staring.

「What? Is this all you've got after running so far?」

Then suddenly,

「What the...?」

Lee Jinyoung wrinkled its nose and opened its mouth wide.

Naturally, Yeongwoo, who was in its mouth, rolled to the ground, and soon smoke began to rise.

Sizzle!

The inside of Lee Jinyoung's mouth started corroding.

Lee Jinyoung, panicking with its eyes wide open, was startled.

“He's like a pufferfish. You'd better not even sniff him.”

Meanwhile, Lee Jinyoung, with a large hole in its jaw, was writhing on the ground, almost crawling.

「Please, spare me!」

【Corrosive Blood】

| The blood has mutated to have corrosive properties.

This was due to the corrosive blood effect, one of the effects of the dragon's heart, and the pain-inducing effect of the Golden Punishment.

From now on, unless it was an exceptionally strong mutant, any attempt to injure Yeongwoo would be akin to a suicide attempt.

“I have a lot to do today. Dealing with both Chinese and Japanese,”

Yeongwoo muttered as he struggled to get up, but Lee Jinyoung, who was rolling on the ground, couldn't hear him properly.

「Ugh...」

“Oh, my bad. It hurts a lot, doesn't it?”

Leaving someone like this, whether intentional or not, is a form of torture.

Feeling like he was accumulating bad karma in real-time, Yeongwoo quickly reached for the hilt of his sword.

Thunk.

Then,

Slash!

In one swift motion, he drew his sword and beheaded Lee Jinyoung.

Snick!

A very clean decapitation.

「Grrk...」

Lee Jinyoung, whose head was severed by the sword, let out a short groan and collapsed, his head and body soon separating, and blood pouring out.

“There aren't any mutants from other regions coming over today. Are they all being handled well on their own?”

Yeongwoo said, looking around the now empty area, to which Jeonggu responded.

“There can be days like that. After two consecutive days of dragon appearances, maybe only weak ones are appearing in other regions.”

“Well... if that’s the case, it’s a relief.”

Yeongwoo hoped for nothing more than that the mutants allocated to each region were being dealt with right there.

Because of the ever-expanding borders due to Pangaea, there wasn’t much time left to handle the issues within Seoul.

‘If there’s any additional trouble from Japan, Yechan will take care of it. So today, I’ll head back to China.’

Today, he would likely meet the so-called collection group from Beijing.

Squish!

As Yeongwoo stepped on Lee Jinyoung’s head on the ground, his body melted into the air, leaving a golden orb.

And seeing this, Yeongwoo finally realized.

“Oh?”

“What? Why?”

“It’s from Gwangjin-gu! A mutant from Gwangjin-gu.”

“...What?”

“Where did this guy go?”

* * *

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

At the same time that the Joseon’s Strongest Sword realized the existence of a fugitive, the mutant from Gwangjin-gu in question was flying hurriedly west along the Han River.

「This is insane, impossible.」

Heo Geumhwa, 41 years old, a Korean-Chinese woman.

She was still flapping her wings cautiously, with a bewildered look on her face.

Flash!

She had been staring blankly at the ruins of Gwangjin-gu when she suddenly fled from a fight between someone called the Joseon's Strongest Sword and a dragon made entirely of steel.

[Internet Broadcaster – Heo Geumhwa (Friendly Geumhwa)]

Also known as “Friendly Geumhwa,” she was a Korean-Chinese YouTuber with a staggering 2 million subscribers.

Her main content included daily vlogs and interviews with Korean-Chinese people living in Korea.

But earlier this year, a problem arose.

One of the many Korean-Chinese she had interviewed was arrested as a suspect in a stabbing incident in a certain region of the country.

Due to this incident, Geumhwa's YouTube channel instantly became a target, and the slogan she had always advocated, “Integration into Korean society,” shattered.

Then, on June 10th, during the Reset, she received enough votes to be placed on the annihilation list.

「.....」

During the real-time destruction of her channel, Geumhwa was extremely angry.

She was frustrated with this absurd situation and couldn't understand why the arrows of criticism were directed more at her than at the actual suspect.

Of course, it was inevitable that the attention would be focused on her, whose face and name were well-known, and who made a huge profit from her 2 million subscribers, rather than on the suspect whose face and name were not even properly known.

But Geumhwa was essentially an “individual” and had no way of predicting that a guest on her channel would commit such a crime, so she felt a burning sense of injustice.

About two weeks after the stabbing incident, she posted a letter of protest in the form of an apology on her channel.

As a prominent Korean-Chinese channel, it was right to make a moral apology, but she questioned if she was really at fault.

And that choice played a decisive role in driving Geumhwa to her current situation. Regardless of her involvement in the incident, she had earned the public's hatred.

As soon as she posted the apology, various media outlets began to twist her public image with sensational headlines and edits, and internet trolls blew the issue out of proportion with entirely false stories.

Thus ended Geumhwa's life before the Reset.

Maybe even this was written in her fate record?

It was such an uncanny coincidence that it must have been.

But she, now a mutant, did not yet know of the fate record's existence.

So she continued to fly west, simply to survive.

「At least I can fly, so that's fortunate.」

Whoosh!

With another mighty sweep of her large wings, she swiftly shifted her body mid-flight, catching an air current to propel herself even faster.

As a sixth-day mutant from Gwangjin-gu, she had transformed into a harpy.

This mythical creature, with the body of a raptor and the head of a woman, allowed Geumhwa to experience the exhilarating ability of high-altitude flight firsthand.

The only reason she had evaded capture by the Strongest Swords of other regions was thanks to her flight capabilities.

Swoosh!

Finally, Wonhyo Bridge and Yeouido came into view.

「Ah...!」

It was at this moment that Geumhwa's head started to tilt southwest, towards Yeongdeungpo and Guro-gu.

The reason she had been continuously moving west to avoid Joseon's Strongest Sword and Kangryong was to seek refuge in the densely populated Joseonjok areas.

Two of Seoul's three major Joseonjok districts, Garibong-dong and Daerim-dong, were located in Yeongdeungpo and Guro.

Whoosh!

As she half-folded her wings and rapidly descended, the southern landscape of Yeongdeungpo greeted her.

But since Daerim-dong was at the southernmost tip of Yeongdeungpo, she still had a bit further to go.

With no more river beneath her, she could be attacked at any moment.

Growing anxious, she turned her body southward and sped up.

Swoosh!

The fierce wind pressed tightly against her feathers, bringing Daerim-dong and beyond, Garibong-dong, closer into view.

「Help me!」

As she neared Daerim-dong from the sky, she desperately called for assistance.

Seeing her approach, the people of Daerim-dong rushed out of their buildings.

「Oh, everyone survived!」

To her relief, Daerim-dong was still full of Joseonjok people.

Then, suddenly.

Shluk!

A particularly tall man among them looked up towards the sky, towards the direction Geumhwa was flying in.

He was none other than the,

『Strongest Sword of Guro』

Being a mutant, Geumhwa had no idea why the Strongest Sword of Guro was all the way in southern Yeongdeungpo.

「I'm one of you! Please, help me...」

As she lowered her altitude to about 20 meters and prepared to land in the middle of Daerim-dong, something unexpected flew at her from Daerim-dong.

「...!」

It was a slew of sharp axes being hurled at her.

The Joseonjok occupying Daerim-dong were collectively throwing axes at her, likely aiming to shoot down the mutant Geumhwa.

「Wait, wait! Let me tell you who I am!」

As Geumhwa tried to explain her identity in a panic, a strange cry, unlike anything she had ever heard, echoed from somewhere in the north.

Squeeeeak!

Following a faint hint of movement, a volley of purple arrows came flying towards her.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 247: The Great Migration (2)

Boom!

The arrow shot by Yeongwoo hit Geumhwa precisely, and soon he saw her plummeting with a puff of purple smoke.

Of course, she wasn't killed in one blow.

He had deliberately aimed at one wing because he wanted to talk to her.

‘At least now I can somewhat understand the reason.’

In fact, Yeongwoo didn't know that Heo Geumhwa was a Korean-Chinese YouTuber.

Although he had heard about the infamous stabbing incident through the news, he wasn't particularly interested in the surrounding details.

So, even as he saw Geumhwa continuously moving westward along the river, he didn't clearly understand the reason.

It was only when the number of Chinese signs around him suddenly increased that he could make an educated guess.

He realized that Heo Geumhwa's destination was Daerim-dong, known for its dense Korean-Chinese population.

|You are currently in Yeongdeungpo.

|There is no Strongest Sword in this area.

Yeongwoo confirmed the current status of Yeongdeungpo, where he was staying, rather belatedly.

'There's no Strongest Sword here. Should I see it as a title being taken?'

It was common for the Strongest Sword of a region to disappear due to a duel for the title.

However, the situation in Yeongdeungpo didn't seem like the usual case.

The reason was:

"....."

As he got closer to Daerim-dong, the number of bodies abandoned along the main road exponentially increased.

'These weren't killed by monsters?'

Having traveled through numerous regions from Gumi, Yeongwoo could distinguish between bodies killed by monsters and those that were not.

Crucially, the bodies in Yeongdeungpo were:

'They were deliberately gathered in one place and burned. Not long ago, either.'

One might think it was the work of a fire-breathing monster, but Yeongwoo found it hard to agree.

'If it were monsters, they would have scorched all over the place. But this....'

Even while riding the rapidly running Negwig, he could see countless piles of bodies processed in this manner.

In other words, a large-scale massacre had occurred in Yeongdeungpo, and as the excessive number of bodies began to decay, someone had tried to incinerate them.

‘No matter how intense the civil war was, civilians shouldn’t die like this...?’

Even in North Korea, notorious for its brutality, the Strongest Sword’s kill count didn’t exceed a hundred.

However, the ‘processed’ bodies Yeongwoo saw in Yeongdeungpo alone numbered at least in the thousands.

‘There’s not just one road where bodies are gathered like this.’

This implied that the number of people killed by the same person in Yeongdeungpo could be in the tens of thousands.

In other words, there was a huge problem in this area that caused more casualties than monsters and mutants.

And that problem was likely:

‘...the Korean-Chinese.’

Of course, concluding that all Korean-Chinese were atrocious based on this alone would be a narrow-minded view.

But looking at the current state of Yeongdeungpo, one thing seemed almost certain:

‘Korean-Chinese are more dangerous after the reset.’

Whether it was because heinous individuals had gained power after the reset, or due to some other reason, Yeongwoo couldn’t be sure.

What mattered was that the circumstances suggested the Korean-Chinese had committed an ethnic cleansing in Yeongdeungpo.

‘While we were dealing with North Korea, the Korean-Chinese were building their strength inside.’

Yeongwoo had to think this way.

He also had a reasonable suspicion that if left unchecked, these individuals would soon start encroaching on other areas.

Crash!

Finally, Negwig carried Yeongwoo deep into Daerim-dong, marked with the mutant insignia.

Although there were still occasional piles of bodies in Daerim-dong like other parts of Yeongdeungpo, their numbers were significantly fewer.

As he feared, the bodies he had seen were not merely the aftermath of battles but evidence of an internal conflict among the Korean-Chinese.

“...These bastards.”

Yeongwoo felt a deep anger surge within him for the first time in a long while.

Of course, he knew that the reset was a complex and violent event, and that it couldn't be interpreted in a simplistic manner.

It was an era where everyone was armed and had to earn a certain amount of karma each day to survive.

In such times, it was difficult for the Korean-Chinese, who were essentially a minority in South Korea, to act morally.

After all, even the native Koreans were busy hurting each other.

However,

‘But wiping out an entire area crossed a serious line. Especially when the population, already fragmented by the reset, was further reduced.’

Just like the limited resource of livable land, the post-reset population was also a limited resource.

This is because childbirth and childcare are incredibly challenging and daunting in this world.

Therefore, the best immediate course of action is to preserve the population as much as possible.

It's only the sixth day since the reset, so we need to save as many people as we can until this disaster ends somehow.

‘And if the population decreases, the production of karma will also drop. The GDP will fall!’

From a macroeconomic perspective, GDP, or Gross Domestic Product, was critically important.

Currently, 1,000 karma points equate to 1 point of ability, so each country's GDP was almost synonymous with its combat power.

But that's not all.

'Karma is a currency that's accepted not just on Earth but across the entire universe.'

Therefore, a GDP based on karma also signified competitive power on a universal scale.

In this regard, it was wise to preserve the GWP, or Gross World Product, as much as possible.

'Of course, this is all just my own thinking... it might sound like a delusion to someone else.'

However, Yeongwoo was quite serious.

Even now, numerous alien merchants were coming and going on Earth, and beings like Guppy, who had no prior agreement with Earth, could pass through the atmosphere with just the lone approval of the Strongest Sword.

'With the planet in this state, there's no guarantee that worse entities won't appear in the future.'

Right now, even space pirates like Guppy could easily conquer Earth if they had malicious intentions.

If things had gone slightly wrong, every human on Earth might have been taken to the Jargal planet to extract resin from rocks.

'Preparation is crucial... especially for external invasions.'

History had always proven this for humanity and the Korean Peninsula.

'Maybe now is not the time for Earthlings to be fighting each other.'

Just as Yeongwoo thought this and turned his head forward, 'it' finally appeared before his eyes.

[Internet Broadcaster – Heo Geumhwa (Friendly Geumhwa)]

It was Heo Geumhwa, a mutant on the sixth day in Gwangjin-gu.

"Huh? What's this?"

As Yeongwoo expressed surprise upon seeing his opponent in the form of a harpy, Geumhwa, who was lying face down, turned her head with difficulty towards him.

「Jo, Joseon Strongest Sword.....!」

Although this was a line often muttered by those surprised by Yeongwoo's title, Geumhwa's case was a bit different.

「Help me!」

It was a plea for rescue from a complete stranger and a mad murderer.

“What... what?”

Hearing the mutant's plea for help, Yeongwoo finally looked around.

Ssss.....

Before he knew it, Korean-Chinese had blocked all directions, including the retreat route.

Especially near the windows of nearby buildings, there were people holding long spears in reverse grips.

They were probably throwers.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

‘Oh dear, I’ve walked right into a mutant trap.’

Yeongwoo admired the tight formation of the fire net, sensing that these were the culprits behind the destruction of Yeongdeungpo.

Crucially, there was someone here who seemed to have taken the title of Yeongdeungpo's Strongest Sword.

“What's this? Why do you need help?”

The person stepping on Heo Geumhwa's neck with a foot and shouting angrily was none other than:

『Guro's Strongest Sword』

Hwang Gilhwi, 44 years old, a Korean-Chinese man.

He was the only one among the crowd standing nearly 2 meters tall, unmistakably the leader of the Korean-Chinese in the Guro and Yeongdeungpo areas.

Yeongwoo pointed at Geumhwa lying at his feet and said,

“Isn’t that a bit too much? If you’re going to kill her, just do it.”

He said this upon seeing that both her wings had been completely cut off.

Yeongwoo had only injured her right wing with an arrow, but now Geumhwa’s wings were cut off right above her shoulders.

In other words, these people had attacked her collectively after she fell into Daerim-dong due to the arrow.

‘Wait, did I end up helping these guys?’

If Geumhwa hadn’t been injured in her wings, she wouldn’t have been overpowered so easily.

“.....”

Yeongwoo, who had learned ‘romance’ from the Incheonites, even felt a bit sorry for the mutant Geumhwa.

So when Geumhwa sent another pitiful plea for help,

「Don’t just stand there, help me!」

Yeongwoo, though having a heart of steel, felt a pang of sorrow.

He still didn’t know much about her, but she didn’t seem like a particularly vicious mutant.

Step.

Yeongwoo took a big step towards Geumhwa.

Then, Guro’s Strongest Sword Hwang Gilhwi pointed his sword at Yeongwoo threateningly and said,

“What? What are you trying to do? This one’s already ours.”

He spoke, assuming that the other Strongest Sword would naturally kill the mutant.

What he meant was, why pick a fight over someone who was already dead.

However, Yeongwoo had an option that Guro's Strongest Sword couldn't have imagined.

That was.....

'Since she's a harpy, she doesn't have arms, so how can we shake hands?'

As Yeongwoo's gaze naturally turned to Geumhwa's two legs, Guro Strongest Sword took the opportunity to thrust his sword downward.

Swoosh!

Realizing that he had to deal with the mutant before this eerie fellow could do anything strange, Hwang Gilhwi struck.

「Aaaaah!」

Screaming loudly enough to tear everyone's eardrums, Heo Geumhwa noticed what was happening just in time, and almost simultaneously, Yeongwoo's body moved like lightning.

Thwack!

"...What."

「Ack!」

Aside from Geumhwa, Gilhwi, and Yeongwoo, no one in the room knew what had just happened.

To their eyes, it seemed as if:

"What, what was that?"

"Teleportation...?"

"What just happened? I didn't see anything."

It appeared as if the Joseon Strongest Sword had teleported.

Just moments ago, he had been standing several meters away, but in the blink of an eye, he was gripping Hwang Gilhwi's sword.

Creak...

Of course, Gilhwi's sword had already slightly pierced Geumhwa's neck.

No matter how skilled the Joseon Strongest Sword was, he couldn't perfectly block a sword swing from several meters away.

But thanks to the step he had taken earlier, he was able to save Geumhwa.

"I told you, if you were going to kill her, you should have done it quickly without torturing her."

As Yeongwoo said this, he pulled the sword out of Geumhwa's neck with his hand, making Hwang Gilhwi look incredulous.

"You... what are you?"

Yeongwoo pondered for a moment, then looked up at the sky.

"I am Jeong Yeongwoo, the Joseon Strongest Sword. I'm someone who might take charge of this country's defense."

"...What?"

"Usually, I show my strength and receive defense fees, but you've reduced the population so much that it's meaningless."

"What are you talking about?"

"You've caused a significant loss to our country's GDP. As a punishment, I'll take your title. Enjoy your dinner in hell."

"What nonsense are you spouting...!"

Finally, golden light began to shine from Hwang Gilhwi's eyes.

He was exuding the might of the Strongest Sword.

But his opponent was someone who could maintain his composure even in the presence of transcendent beings, a 'Master of Myth.'

Yeongwoo stared straight at him with bare eyes, then swung his elbow.

Whoosh!

And then.

Slash!

With a chilling sound, Hwang Gilhwi's head fell in front of hundreds of Korean-Chinese onlookers.

"Huh?"

".....?"

Thud, thump.

Even as the Strongest Sword's head rolled on the ground a couple of times, the Korean-Chinese crowd could only blink in disbelief.

They couldn't fathom that the master who had single-handedly subdued all the experts in Yeongdeungpo had just been decapitated by a strange intruder with a single elbow strike.

"Gilhwi?"

"Could he really be dead...?"

But his death wasn't in vain.

Though he had caused a loss to the GDP, his demise led to the emergence of a new powerful figure.

「The Strongest Sword of Seoul has been elected!」

"Oh?"

Yeongwoo's pupils dilated for the first time in a while.

It made sense.

By killing the Guro Strongest Sword, he also inherited the Yeongdeungpo title.

Currently, Yeongwoo held three titles in the Seoul area: Guro, Yeongdeungpo, and Gangnam.

"Does this mean I finally become the Seoul Strongest Sword?"

However, his prediction wasn't entirely accurate.

「A person who has acquired three major regional titles has emerged!」

"What...?"

Gyeongbuk, Gyeonggi, and now Seoul.

With the acquisition of the Seoul Strongest Sword title, he now held three major regional titles.

“This is like Tetris, what’s going on?”

The butterfly effect caused by the death of the Guro Strongest Sword.

「The First Great Korean Strongest Sword has been elected!」

“.....!”

With this madly rapid promotion, the Korean-Chinese onlookers forgot their leader’s death and stared blankly at Yeongwoo’s head. His title had already changed twice.

But there was one more surprise in store.

「Two divided nation titles have gathered in one place!」

“...What?”

「Yeongwoo07 is the sole candidate for the title of the strongest in the Korean Peninsula. A vote for approval or disapproval will begin shortly, so please prepare.」

Prepare?

This time, instead of feeling tense, Yeongwoo felt as if he’d been hit on the back of the head.

“A vote?”

Why should a title he earned by his own power be subject to a national vote?

“Is this how it’s supposed to be? Or is it a special condition for a divided nation?”

As Yeongwoo still wore a bewildered expression, the most unprecedented ceremony in Reset history began.

「Before the vote, let’s review the candidate’s profile.」

Then a gigantic screen appeared in the sky.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 248: The Great Migration (3)

Everyone in South Korea, from Seoul, Incheon, Busan, and beyond, and even those scattered across the northern regions of North Korea, witnessed it.

Flash!

The scene of a massive holographic screen unfolding in the sky over each region.

And the message displayed on those screens was only one.

“Jeong Yeongwoo07”

An iconic figure, Jeong Yeongwoo07, had emerged as the sole candidate for the title of the most powerful person in a unified Korean Peninsula.

Of course, there were still many people in the country who had never heard of Yeongwoo’s name.

Although the regions where Yeongwoo had been active were not few, he hadn’t even visited half of the cities nationwide.

But things were different now.

Starting from today, the story of Jeong Yeongwoo would spread across the entire peninsula... no, the entire Korean Peninsula.

So, at the very least, everyone in the nation would know the name Jeong Yeongwoo...

“Ah!”

Yeongwoo, who was looking up at the screen in the sky with about a hundred ethnic Koreans from China, let out a scream involuntarily.

Because...

Flash!

In an instant, the screen flashed and Yeongwoo’s own face appeared on it.

It wasn’t even archived footage; it was a real-time broadcast of Yeongwoo, who was currently in Daerim-dong.

Like a kiss cam at a baseball game.

“Uh?”

The Yeongwoo on the screen couldn't hide his bewildered expression.

Meanwhile, the ethnic Koreans who were exposed on the screen with Yeongwoo ran out of the frame to avoid being filmed.

As a result, Yeongwoo was left alone on the problematic screen being broadcasted across the entire Korean Peninsula.

'Is... is this not a dream but real? This scene is being broadcasted live nationwide?'

As Yeongwoo stared blankly at his face filling the sky, a very polished voice resonated from beyond the screen.

[Hello, Mr. Jeong Yeongwoo.]

“.....?”

Yeongwoo, who hadn't expected anyone to speak to him, gaped.

“Who... are you?”

The voice answered smoothly.

[We are the Council. As the administrators of the reset Earth, we are here to conduct the approval vote.]

The Council.

They were the ones who had informed all of humanity about the beginning of this disaster on the first day of the reset and had warned about high-risk mutants starting on the fifth day.

And just now...

'Administrators of the reset Earth...'

They had indirectly revealed their role.

'So, they're government officials?'

Instinctively, Yeongwoo tried to ascertain the status of his opponent.

To determine whether they were someone he could kill.

Then, as if reading Yeongwoo's mind, the Council reminded him that his opponent was not them but the entire population of the Korean Peninsula.

Using an absurd request to do so.

[Mr. Jeong Yeongwoo, please remove all your clothes.]

"What? You basta..."

Yeongwoo's innate temper flared immediately.

However, he barely managed to shut his mouth before he finished his harsh words.

Wasn't this conversation, including his appearance, being broadcasted live to the entire Korean Peninsula?

Anyway, this was a kind of verification procedure to decide the most powerful person in a unified Korea.

Especially since soon, the people watching this broadcast would decide whether Yeongwoo would ascend to the position of the most powerful person in Korea.

So he couldn't show himself losing his composure due to such a simple provocation.

'This is essentially a hearing.'

He was in big trouble.

This was almost at the level of a setup crime.

"I'm already quite undressed, but surely you don't mean to remove my underwear as well?"

[Please remove all your clothes.]

'...No way, these bastards.'

They were literally asking him to stand before the people without a single thread on.

"Do I really have to take off all my clothes? I don't think everyone watching this broadcast would want that. Surely there are children among the viewers."

Although he was caught off guard by the unexpected hearing, Yeongwoo tried his best to defend himself.

Of course, being the most powerful person in Korea wasn't an ordinary position, but standing before the entire nation in his underwear was a different matter.

It was a matter of human dignity.

But the Council's will was firm.

[Then we will conduct a public opinion survey of the Korean Peninsula's citizens for the next 15 seconds.]

“.....?”

[For those who think the candidate should present himself fully to the public for the selection of the most powerful person, please think 'approve.' Those who disagree, please think 'disapprove.']

It was the same method used on the first day of the reset to nominate candidates for elimination.

The Council was abusing its power.

'You crazy bastards, if you do it like that, even I would approve.'

When else would people get to see the underwear of a candidate for the most powerful person in Korea?

Setting aside the idea of standing fully before the public, most people would gladly vote 'approve' just to mess with the candidate.

And, unsurprisingly:

[The public opinion survey has concluded.]

“.....”

[The results are 84.2% in favor, 15.8% against. The approval has won by a majority.]

[The candidate is requested to comply with the public's request.]

This is how a power struggle is conducted.

Grit.

Yeongwoo ground his teeth in frustration.

'The Council bastards, I'll kill them someday.'

But what could he do right now?

If all the voters wanted it, he had no choice but to comply with their wishes.

‘...Sigh.’

Eventually, Yeongwoo began to take off the ‘Cosmic Etiquette’ cape mounted on his shoulders with a detached expression.

Clunk, thud!

Once he threw off the Cosmic Etiquette cape, the next steps became much easier.

The bracelets on his wrists fell to the ground with light, cheerful sounds matching their weight.

Clink, tap!

Of course, even then, Yeongwoo carefully placed the items on the ground.

They were precious things to him, not something to toss aside with his belt.

Clank!

Soon the belt also fell to the ground in Daerim-dong, leaving him only with his pants and the underwear underneath.

“Okay, I’m taking off my pants.”

As Yeongwoo slowly pulled down his pants while looking at the screen in the sky, the ethnic Koreans surrounding him started murmuring.

The buff tattoos he had on his groin were exposed in all their glory.

“Now then.”

Yeongwoo spoke in a dry tone.

The time had come to remove the final layer.

‘Damn it, what’s the big deal about taking off some clothes?’

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Just as Yeongwoo resolved himself and began pulling down his underwear.

Flash!

[.....!]

A beam of white light, about a span wide, pierced through the Earth's atmosphere and the hologram screen, shooting down to Yeongwoo's feet.

Right between his bare feet.

"Uh?"

Yeongwoo, startled, instinctively took a step back, but then he noticed the familiar pattern inside the mysterious beam of light and widened his eyes.

"Ah...!"

It was the insignia of Dogo.

Tiny insignias filled the inside of the beam of light like a mosaic effect.

"Chairman?"

Yeongwoo whispered very softly, looking up at the sky, and saw his image on the screen.

Yeongwoo stood proudly without a thread on, just as the voters had requested.

Only the beam of light from the sky had conveniently covered his lower body, obscuring some of his parts from the broadcast screen.

'The chairman has provided a mosaic!'

Protecting their own advertising model.

Yeongwoo felt a stirring in his iron-clad heart from the chairman's grace.

And the particularly interesting thing in this situation was:

[.....]

The reaction of the Council, who claimed to be the administrators of the reset Earth.

In fact, the beam of light covering Yeongwoo's groin was only about a span wide.

In other words, with a slight adjustment of the camera angle, Yeongwoo's naked body could be fully captured despite the beam of light.

However:

[We apologize for the uneven broadcast due to a transmission error.]

The Council tacitly allowed Dogo's intervention.

'This is how real power struggles are conducted.'

Cosmic-level power struggles.

Of course, the majority of the Korean Peninsula's viewers would have no idea what had just happened.

On the other hand, for those in the know, this scene itself was a tremendous reveal.

Following this, Dogo even handed out a kind of promotion bonus.

Ping!

[Dogo] "Recognition and Fame"

[Mission] Get elected as the strongest person on the Korean Peninsula.

[Reward] 30 million Karma

A whopping 30 million Karma.

Considering the reward for the 'Parental Verification' quest, which took three days to complete, was 20 million Karma, this showed how much Dogo cared about this election.

'They are telling me to make sure I get elected as the strongest.'

Yeongwoo quietly nodded while looking at the white beam of light still protecting his groin.

At that moment, the Council proceeded with the main approval vote.

[Finally, the candidate stands proudly before the entire nation.]

[The person elected through this vote will represent the Korean Peninsula in future global matters.]

'Global matters?'

It meant there would be something on a national level in the future.

And the person representing the Korean Peninsula in that context would be today's candidate, Jeong Yeongwoo07.

[Therefore, please refer to the candidate's profile and cast your valuable vote with care.]

A piece of advice that seemed to hold many implications.

[We will now review the candidate's main achievements.]

'Ah, it's finally starting in earnest.'

Half excited, half worried.

As Yeongwoo took a deep breath and awaited the next development, a large interface suddenly appeared before his eyes.

Flash!

"Huh?"

It was four holographic buttons.

They were made large enough for voters watching the broadcast to see clearly as well.

Each button was inscribed with large text, which upon a glance, were the key aspects of Yeongwoo's profile to be introduced from now on.

[Personality]

[Martial Skills]

[Patriotism]

[Diplomacy]

'These bastards are really trying to bring me down.'

But at the same time, it made sense.

If the person elected through this vote wasn't just a 'strongman' but also held a political role representing the people of the Korean Peninsula...

'Then it's natural for everyone to be curious about the traits of the person representing them.'

In essence, it was a process of selecting a kind of diplomat.

However, given the reset state of international society, only those with outstanding martial skills could qualify.

‘Well, you need to be strong enough to be seen as a conversation partner.’

Yeongwoo tried to rationalize the situation as he scanned the four buttons with his eyes.

Suddenly, a series of videos flashed before his eyes at an incredible speed.

‘Huh? What was that?’

Thinking he might have imagined it, he scanned the buttons again, and once more, dozens of videos played briefly.

Though he couldn’t be sure exactly what was being shown due to the speed, he had a sense of it.

‘There are video clips included in those buttons.’

It was likely that videos corresponding to each keyword would be played on the giant screen.

A video album of all the things Yeongwoo had done, to be viewed by all the citizens of the Korean Peninsula.

‘Is this... alright?’

As Yeongwoo pondered what kind of disaster might be contained in each button, the Council made an intriguing statement.

[The candidate will now choose the first profile to be revealed.]

“Oh... So I can choose what to show first?”

But if all four were going to be revealed anyway, what difference did it make?

Just as Yeongwoo was thinking this:

Flash!

At the bottom of the screen in the sky, graphs labeled “approve” and “disapprove” appeared.

“Huh.....?”

[Voting will be conducted in real-time, and voting will be possible starting from the moment the first profile is revealed.]

In other words, voters could cast their votes even before seeing all four items.

[The criteria for election in this vote is a 70% approval rate.]

“What? What did you say?”

A 70 percent approval rate.

An absurd standard.

Assuming there were 100 people currently residing on the Korean Peninsula, it meant that 70 of them had to support him to be elected.

This meant that regardless of age, birthplace, political orientation, race, etc., a significant majority of people had to want Yeongwoo.

‘Damn, just the fathers of this land alone would probably take up 20 percent of the total votes...’

And didn’t he just recently decapitate Hwang Gilhwi, the head of the ethnic Koreans in Seoul?

Therefore, he could consider all the votes of the ethnic Koreans in the country lost.

‘Damn it... I’ve already taken off my underwear.’

The naked candidate’s expression darkened.

Then the Council started a five-second countdown, urging the candidate to make a decision.

[Which profile will you reveal first?]

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 249: The Great Migration (4)

Among the four keywords:

- [Personality]
- [Martial Skills]
- [Patriotism]
- [Diplomacy]

One had to be revealed first.

Simultaneously, the profile and voting would open.

Thus, the first keyword needed to appeal to as many people as possible.

In that sense:

‘Though I hate to admit it, personality is probably the most problematic.’

While the exact content was unknown, one thing was certain:

There wouldn’t be much positive to reveal.

However, conversely:

‘But isn’t the candidate’s personality what everyone is most curious about right now?’

Abilities?

Undoubtedly important.

But this was a situation where he was the sole candidate for the title of the strongest in the Korean Peninsula.

Everyone could guess that the candidate possessed immense martial skills without any need for further explanation.

The only remaining question was whether he could show something beyond what the public expected through his profile.

On the other hand, the expectation for personality wasn’t high.

All the voters watching this broadcast had survived in the post-reset world for six days.

This meant they understood that one couldn't become a strong person in this world without getting blood on their hands.

Especially if they were a candidate for the strongest in the Korean Peninsula...

'Of course, they would think he's a tremendous villain.'

Although not far from the truth, Yeongwoo's evil deeds were slightly different from what was typically considered 'evil.'

'Shall I gamble? Let's break through head-on.'

With a glint in his eye, Yeongwoo, officially recognized by the system as Stubborn, started to think.

'Since this is a vote to choose someone to represent them, they won't cast their vote recklessly. They'll at least verify the martial skills before voting.'

But if he revealed his martial skills first:

'Revealing the martial skills would certainly leave a strong impression, but that would be it. With three more keywords left, people would start focusing on those.'

And as the remaining three profiles were revealed, the strong impression left by the martial skills would gradually fade away.

'Moreover, if I keep delaying the personality reveal, people will think, 'How bad is his personality that he's hiding it?'

This would make people wait until the personality reveal before casting their votes, as they hate being deceived.

Yeongwoo himself felt this way when he was part of the public.

He detested politicians and celebrities who dared deceive the public, the very source of their power.

If one made a mistake, they should honestly admit it and seek forgiveness.

While not necessarily the best approach, Yeongwoo was convinced it wasn't the worst either.

'Alright, fuck it. I'm already exposed, so let's lay it all out there.'

Yeongwoo knew he couldn't win this election without creating a miracle of getting 70% of the votes.

Hence, he decided to surprise everyone by revealing his weakness, the 'personality,' first.

'This vote is essentially about choosing a strong person. A slightly bad personality won't immediately flood me with negative votes.'

Even if the disapproval rate soared to 29% instantly, he just needed to ensure no more disapproval in the remaining three keywords.

'Let's go, Jeong Yeongwoo! Let's go...!'

With an inner cheer, Yeongwoo immediately spoke up.

"Everyone! My personality! I'll reveal my personality first!"

* * *

Yeongwoo's bold move to reveal his personality first.

[.....]

Even the council, who didn't expect personality to be the first profile revealed, asked Yeongwoo again.

[...You chose 'Personality' as the first keyword. Are you sure?]

"Yes! You all heard it, right? I'll start with my personality!"

As Yeongwoo addressed the voters through the broadcast screen, the council quickly proceeded with the next lines and began revealing the profile.

[As requested by the candidate, we will now reveal the first profile: 'Personality.']

With the council's announcement, the sky, or rather the holographic screen covering the sky, darkened.

It was like a movie screen turning black before the movie started.

Then:

Shaa...

A serene and sentimental sound began to resonate from somewhere.

It felt like listening to the wind blowing through a vast field of reeds.

“Oh...”

Yeongwoo closed his eyes involuntarily at the unexpected emotional opening.

Then:

Swish.

A familiar color flickered through his closed eyelids.

‘Huh? This is...’

It was a warm golden light.

When Yeongwoo, sensing something, hurriedly opened his eyes, he saw golden rain pouring down from the entire screen that filled the sky.

“Ah...”

Naked, Yeongwoo raised his arms to the sky.

Soon, transparent bubbles began to gather on the screen filled with gold, forming a series of strings of text.

「Jeong Yeongwoo07, first in the country to summon golden rain.」

Then a new sound was heard.

—Sir, that’s not really it. If you do that, the situation will only get worse.

It was the conversation from when Yeongwoo first summoned the golden rain.

—...Yechan.

—Yes. Please, go ahead.

—Let’s close our eyes and try once, throwing 3 million.

—Ah! Really, sir! Please!

It was a recording of the conversation between Yechan and Yeongwoo, who were arguing over whether to distribute the 3 million monopoly and 30,000 karma supplies to everyone.

「From this day on, Jeong Yeongwoo07 called golden rain to every place he stepped on and fed everyone.」

「To this day, about 1.71 million people have survived thanks to his sharing, and of those, 360,000 have directly or indirectly saved another 860,000 lives.」

In other words, among the 1.71 million who survived because of Yeongwoo's golden rain, 360,000 helped others, saving another 860,000 people.

It highlighted the positive karmic effect of the golden rain.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

‘Wow... I didn't know that either. That's why I accumulated a lot of good karma with the golden rain.’

Yeongwoo stared at the screen in a daze.

And it seemed that the voters across the country felt the same way, as the approval graph at the bottom of the screen immediately began to rise.

| Approval: 14.3% |

| Disapproval: 0.2% |

‘Wow, 14.3% approval right away? People care about personality more than I thought.’

But he still had a long way to go to reach the final goal of 70% approval, and his ‘personality’ profile was not yet finished.

The screen turned black again.

‘What else is there? We could move on to the next one already.’

As Yeongwoo looked at the sky with a puzzled expression, he heard a very awkward voice from beyond the black screen.

–It's a relief that you think that way. In fact, I had an achievement to find and kill my biological father.

‘Ah...’

As soon as he heard the first line, Yeongwoo realized what was coming next.

–W-What?

—Soon, you will know when I cut off my father's head. If we are really father and son, the achievement will be completed.

—W-Wait!

—Even if not, you must have some sin, so accept it calmly, Father!

Shwa!

The recording contained the sound of Yeongwoo swinging his sword.

'Why didn't they include the part where my father rolled aside!'

Despite Yeongwoo's frustration, the screen was already filled with a brilliant light.

Then:

Shwa!

With unnecessarily splendid effects, Yeongwoo's second personality profile appeared.

「Jeong Yeongwoo07, first in the country to attempt patricide.」

'I was the first?'

As Yeongwoo gaped, the screen brightened and a video began to play.

It was a compilation of the humiliations Jeonggu suffered after meeting Yeongwoo, a kind of... mad movie.

—...What happens if you fail?

—Then I will finally become a complete orphan.

Yeongwoo and Jeonggu's 'three-day contract.'

—Uh... but I don't have a ride.

—Yes. Father, you have no ride... so you'll probably have to run.

Yeongwoo had Negwig ride with him, while his father had to run to follow.

—Why the hell are you doing this?

—40%.

When his son Yeongwoo suddenly cut off his arm in front of him to check the effects of physical mutilation.

—You have to endure this to survive in this world without inheriting anything.

—Tell me, Father! Haven't you ever met a woman who was difficult to be with? Even once...!

A medley of criticisms from his son, Jeong Yeongwoo.

—Are you serious?

—Stop talking and put it on quickly.

Jeonggu, braving a firestorm to go out at night following his son.

Followed by scenes of Jeonggu being his son's weapon shuttle, always with a dazed expression, stepping back.

“.....”

Seeing it all compiled together, Yeongwoo felt a bit sorry, realizing his father's life wasn't smooth.

'He did have a hard time for a few days.'

However, contrary to his expectations, the disapproval votes didn't surge.

| Approval: 16.4% |

| Disapproval: 7.1% |

| Approval: 16.4% |

| Disapproval: 7.1% |

Despite the harsh treatment towards his biological father being blatantly exposed, the disapproval votes were only 7.1%, and in the meantime, the approval votes had slightly increased.

It seemed that the fact Jeonggu was still alive was viewed positively.

'...Father, are you okay?'

Yeongwoo thought about Jeonggu, who was probably watching this screen right now.

Perhaps, Jeonggu's vote was mixed in that 7.1% disapproval.

Swish!

Finally, the horrific video involving his father ended, and the screen darkened again.

'Is the personality part... over?'

If so, it was quite successful. The first move had been played well.

[The profile reveal related to the candidate's personality is now complete.]

'So that's it.'

Yeongwoo sighed in relief.

[The candidate will soon choose the next profile to reveal.]

'Now, everything left is related to abilities. This, I am confident about.'

Having passed the biggest hurdle, the remaining issue was how many approval votes he could draw in.

[Martial Skills]

[Patriotism]

[Diplomacy]

'I've given a shock with personality, so now I need something strong enough to overshadow the existing image.'

In that case, martial skills or diplomacy would be good choices.

'Since people have already started voting, let's go big. I'll reveal martial skills first, then follow up with a diplomacy combo.'

He needed to draw over 40% approval votes from the martial skills part to have a chance of winning.

Having devised his strategy, Yeongwoo immediately pressed the profile button.

"I will reveal my martial skills!"

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

Chapter 250: The Great Migration (5)

[As requested by the candidate, the second biography, 'Martial Skills,' will be revealed.]

Martial Skills.

In the reset world, it is the most universal means of communication and a necessary skill for anyone representing the Korean Peninsula.

Perhaps that's why.

Pop!

|Support: 17.3%

|Oppose: 7.1%

'What's this, it hasn't even been revealed yet?'

As Yeongwoo confidently chose 'Martial Skills' as his second biography, the approval rating increased by 0.9% even before the main content was shown.

And soon after.

Swoosh.

The screen darkened again, and the sound of an electric guitar came from somewhere.

Bzziiiiing...!

'Huh?'

Yeongwoo looked around, wondering if he had heard wrong.

The heavy kick of a drum sounded repeatedly, and then Yeongwoo's voice echoed loudly from inside the screen.

—Did you see? I am the invincible Jeong Yeongwoo!

'...My God.'

Starting with his arrogant line, what Yeongwoo saw was a true ‘mad movie.’

It began with the scene where he declared his invincibility in front of hundreds of Chinese people, followed by scenes of his body being dismembered and reassembled.

Boom!

All of this played to the background of a very fast-tempo music.

Even the scene where he was doused in the venom of the poisonous dragon, Im Kwangho, was shown without any mosaic, graphically intense enough to resemble a horror movie.

‘This is beyond just being strong.’

Yeongwoo watched the scenes of himself fighting with half of his lower body’s skin, internal organs, and even his skeleton dissolved with a horrified expression.

However, despite his reaction, the approval ratings were skyrocketing.

|Support: 27.3%

|Oppose: 7.4%

The people of the Korean Peninsula apparently wanted such a monster to fight on their behalf in the international community.

‘Fine. As long as I get enough votes, it doesn’t matter.’

At this rate, achieving a 60% approval rating might not be impossible.

But the goal was 70%.

‘Simply fighting well isn’t enough. Isn’t there more to show for Martial Skills? There should be more to reveal, right?’

As Yeongwoo was contemplating this, the screen’s color tone changed.

Pop!

The grayish image typical of a stone building.

“...!”

As soon as Yeongwoo saw it, he knew what would come next, and soon white letters appeared contrasting with the background.

「Jeong Yeongwoo07, World's First Mutant Unit Operator.」

And then, large silhouettes passed through the middle of those letters.

—Ahhhhhhh!

—Uwaaaaaaah!

These were Yeongwoo's 'friends' summoned by his whistle.

It was the scene of fighting the giant deity Gameta, one of the bosses in the recent night dungeon.

“What, what is that?”

“Why are mutants there?”

The ethnic Koreans watching the screen with Yeongwoo were murmuring.

They were more shocked by the fact that the Strongest Sword controlled mutants as his subordinates than by the presence of Gameta.

On top of that, they were even seen ganging up on one target.

If one had to choose the villain between the two sides, the majority would pick the candidate and his mutant unit.

The reactions of other voters weren't much different.

Pop!

|Support: 36.5%

|Oppose: 11.2%

Both support and opposition increased significantly.

Everyone was gradually realizing it.

The candidate running to represent the Korean Peninsula had walked the path of an outsider.

And finally, the climax of the Martial Skills biography was reached.

「Jeong Yeongwoo07, The Only Domestic Asymmetric Power.」

‘Oh... finally showing something?’

The planetary-scale bombardment supported by the interstellar military company ‘Toma’ was essentially Yeongwoo’s trump card.

Pop!

The screen turned bright white, zooming in on a rapidly spinning pedal.

Creak, creak, creak.

The one pedaling hard was none other than Yeongtae.

Fortunately, he appeared human, so most voters wouldn’t know that mutants directly conducted the laser bombardment.

‘If everyone knew, this election would be a landslide loss.’

Soon, the inside of the pedal began to glow bluish, and the massive steel pipe extending diagonally from the pedal started turning blue from the bottom.

The laser cannon was charging.

Creak, creak!

And finally.

Clang!

With a sound like something locking into place, the pedal that Yeongtae had been turning stopped, and the camera made a dynamic move to show General Kim Younghyeom waiting on the opposite side.

He had already entered the coordinates and was placing his hand over the launch button.

Then.

—Fire the bombardment!

With a thunderous command, General Kim’s broad hand slammed down on the launch button.

Bang!

At that moment, a tremendous amount of energy shot up from the tip of the laser launcher that was piercing the sky above the Returner's Room.

Boom!

And for the first time, Yeongwoo saw it.

He saw the scene after the laser fired from the Returner's Room pierced through the white space.

"Huh...?"

Surprisingly, the screen was showing the perspective of the laser.

The high-concentration energy that left the laser launcher and pierced the white sky at ultra-high speed soon entered a pitch-black space devoid of any sense of space.

'Is that surrounding the outside of the Returner's Room?'

Yeongwoo, who was seriously looking for a way to free his 'friends,' focused on this scene that probably no one else was paying attention to.

This was a hint about 'where the Returner's Room exists.'

'Where is that? It doesn't seem like a normal outer space.'

A perfect black.

The space continued without a single point of light except for the laser beam fired by his friends, and then finally.

Pop!

Suddenly, the surroundings brightened, revealing the familiar 'universe.'

A small Earth appeared ahead, with the massive Sun behind it, standing in the solar system.

Boom!

The laser fired from the Returner's Room pierced the Earth's atmosphere and dashed towards the southern part of the Korean Peninsula.

Specifically, towards the fallen Kim Il-sung on the outskirts of Gangnam-gu, Seoul.

"...!"

From somewhere outside of space, down to the small spot on our familiar planet Earth.

This vast scale of angle change left a significant impression on the voters, especially the residents of North Korea.

|Support: 49.7%

|Oppose: 12.3%

The support rate increased by a whopping 13.2% with one shot of the bombardment.

Probably the North Korean residents who confirmed the death of the Kim family on the screen gave their support.

‘Never in my life did I expect to get support from the North.’

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

That meant 20.3% of South Koreans hadn’t used their votes yet.

‘What do they want more? Is it because there are still categories like diplomacy left?’

After all, each voter could only cast one vote.

Since the only choices were to support or oppose, it was wise to make a decision after acquiring enough information.

In other words, only the cautious voters were left.

[The biography related to the candidate’s ‘Martial Skills’ has been fully disclosed.]

The current support rate was 49.7%.

Yeongwoo looked nervously at the remaining two buttons alternately.

[Patriotism]

[Diplomacy]

There were only two things left to show the people.

[Please select the third biography to be disclosed.]

After a brief thought, Yeongwoo chose ‘Diplomacy.’

“Diplomacy, I will show you.”

Then the screen in the sky calmed down again, and the voice of the council was heard.

[As requested by the candidate, the third biography, ‘Diplomacy,’ will be disclosed.]

Diplomacy... but what exactly does diplomacy mean in this world?

‘To be honest, it’s only been six days since the reset, so there’s not much diplomacy to speak of. All I’ve done is threaten some Chinese people and then take a special coffee trip to Busan.’

As he thought this, Yeongwoo realized that the meaning of ‘diplomacy’ was broader than he had imagined upon seeing the video on the screen.

Boom!

Suddenly, the screen split into three, and each showed the three dungeons Yeongwoo had visited so far.

On the far left, a giant pyramid rising from the ground, ‘Iria’s Pain.’

In the center, the Sanctuary of Valor where he had been with his father.

The dungeon that started when the ground they stood on suddenly rose hundreds of meters into the air.

And finally, the dungeon on the far right was the ‘Batum’s Casino’ located on the alien planet Rupo.

「Jeong Yeongwoo07, World’s First Dungeon Ranking Earth #1.」

“...!”

Not world #1 but Earth #1.

With this incredible title, the screen, divided into three, showed Yeongwoo suffering.

Yeongwoo was seen pulling a chained boat as a rower in Iria’s Pain.

And wading through a thousand gray ghouls to light a brazier.

‘I’ve really been through a lot in just a few days.’

Especially on the right screen, dozens of mutants were seen rushing at Yeongwoo in the arena of the 'Strongest' tournament, and at this point, the approval ratings began to rise gradually.

|Support: 54.9%

|Oppose: 12.8%

Meanwhile, the voters' threshold for strength had risen, so they were not easily stimulated by mere feats of valor.

However, the following content was a different form of stimulus from mere superior martial prowess.

It was:

《Shandong Province welcomes your arrival.》

– Regards, Zhang Jaham, Twin Evil of Shandong.

National prestige.

The screen showed hundreds of Chinese people on the coast of Shandong Province waving small flags to welcome Yeongwoo.

Following that:

—The Twin Evil of Shandong, Wu Qingjin, greets the great hero Jeong Yeongwoo, invincible against swords...!

The sight of China's martial artists kneeling before Yeongwoo unfolded on the screen, and in an instant, the leading digit of the approval rating changed.

|Support: 60.2%

|Oppose: 13.1%

「Jeong Yeongwoo07, the first in the nation to implement colonial rule over China!」

“Huh...? Wait, no! What do you mean, colonial rule?”

An alarmed Yeongwoo waved his hand at the screen, denying the biography content. However, the screen did not show the current Yeongwoo.

The Yeongwoo currently on screen was:

Swish!

Yeongwoo was instructing the golden goblin to fill it with coins piled up at his feet.

For some reason, he looked extremely greedy.

“When was that?”

The scene was not entirely unfamiliar to Yeongwoo.

Judging by the huge pile of coins, it was likely when he was calculating the defense expenses collected in Seoul.

“But what does that have to do with the Shandong agreement!”

Of course, the screen did not explain that this ‘pile of money’ was related to the colonial rule over China.

However, it did not clarify that it was unrelated to China either.

It was an edit with malicious intent.

“Hey, man! Sure, I planned to collect money in the future, but...!”

In the end, as the furious Yeongwoo tried to pull the Bastard Sword out of the ground.

Beep!

An alert sounded from the bottom of the screen, and the voting graph flashed.

The approval votes suddenly began to increase rapidly.

|Support: 66.4%

|Oppose: 13.6%

“66 percent...?”

Yeongwoo blinked.

A significant number of the ‘cautious voters’ were reacting to the idea of colonial rule over China.

[Translator – Night]

[Proofreader – Gun]

