

# **Level 4 Human in a Ruined World #Chapter 341 - Read**

## **Level 4 Human in a Ruined World Chapter 341**

[Translator - Night]

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Chapter 341: The Path of Vengeance (2)

“Uh, uh...”

Jeonggu stared blankly at the sky.

He, too, realized something had arrived over Seoul but hadn't seen it directly yet, so he held off making any conclusions.

In contrast, Jiseon spoke the moment the anti-aircraft guns fired.

—Hey, Jeonggu. Go get Yeongwoo.

“...What?”

—Bring our son. We need to deal with that thing!

As Jiseon scolded Jeonggu, a series of blue explosions erupted in the sky.

BOOM! BOOM!

The shells streaking across Seoul's skyline had indeed collided with something.

“What the...?”

The sky glowed blue, reflecting in Jeonggu's widened pupils. At that moment, the mysterious flying object cloaked in shadows revealed itself.

ROAAAAAR!

A sound like a beast howling from beyond a tunnel reverberated across Seoul.

“What is that thing?”

Jeonggu's pupils dilated further as he muttered to himself.

What was blocking Seoul's skies wasn't a machine but a living creature—an enormous, jet-black monster resembling a giant stingray.

“A... a dragon?”

As Jeonggu uttered the words unconsciously, Jiseon, who was also staring at the sky, kicked him in the shin.

Thud!

“Ow!”

—Does that look like a dragon to you? Stop babbling and get moving!

She pointed toward a station for the high-speed transit system.

—Hurry and tell Yeongwoo to come back to Seoul. Tell him that if we delay, we might lose the city!

“Yes, understood... Wait, what?”

Jeonggu nodded instinctively but froze as the meaning of her words sunk in.

“What do you mean, lose Seoul?”

Losing Seoul meant Jiseon might not win this fight.

In other words, even she wasn't confident of victory.

“But, Jiseon, you're a dragon! Nothing could happen to you, right?”

Jeonggu asked anxiously, but Jiseon only pointed her sword toward the tower in response.

—No time for explanations. Move!

And then—

ROAAAAAR!

The monster in the sky let out another distinctive howl and shook its massive body. From it, countless jet-black eggs rained down.

It was deploying reinforcements.

—This...!

Realizing this was an all-out war, Jiseon reverted to her dragon form, and the anti-aircraft guns resumed firing in sync.

BANG! BANG!

This time, they targeted the mysterious eggs instead of the flying object.

Seeing this, Jiseon opened her massive jaws and unleashed her breath attack.

It seemed the anti-aircraft guns' judgment was better than her own—likely because they, too, were from outer space and thus knew how to handle extraterrestrial threats.

The eggs were more dangerous than they appeared.

Although the barrage from the anti-aircraft guns and Jiseon destroyed many, some eggs slipped through the defenses and landed in Samseong-dong. The moment they hit the ground, they exploded violently.

Screeeeech!

The eggs erupted into thick, dark dust, obliterating everything within a 20-meter radius.

From the impact zones, enormous tentacles emerged.

SCREEEEEE!

The eerie cries confirmed these were also living creatures.

—What the... now this?

Jiseon crushed one tentacle under her claw, killing it instantly, but the problem wasn't over.

ROAAAAAR!

The monster in the sky shook its body again, releasing even more eggs than before.

—What is this 'Mara' thing, exactly?

Jiseon growled as she blasted another breath attack toward the sky.

Despite her efforts, several eggs broke through Seoul's metal defenses.

Those surviving eggs—

Screech! Screeeech!

—landed across Samseong-dong, as well as on Jiseon's enormous back.

Screeeech!

—Argh, damn it!

Jiseon let out a scream as she struggled to shake off the tentacles.

Meanwhile, Jeonggu, running toward the tower as instructed, turned back at her cry.

“Jiseon!”

What filled his vision was the sight of Jiseon twisting her gigantic body to fend off the tentacles.

And above her head—

WHIRRRR!

An ominous energy began to gather.

“What the...?”

The creature dominating Seoul's skies was preparing some sort of ultimate attack.

Having learned there was a guardian dragon in Metal Seoul, it decided to eliminate her first.

“Jiseon, watch out!”

Jeonggu shouted urgently, pointing above her head.

Surprisingly, instead of looking up, Jiseon shrank her body using a polymorph spell.

Swooooosh!

Jeonggu's slip of calling her "Jiseon" instead of "honey" betrayed the severity of the situation, but Jiseon judged there was no time to even glance upward.

And her judgment was spot on.

The moment she transformed back into her armored warrior form, an ashen laser shot down from the sky.

SIZZLE!

With a sound like boiling water, the laser struck the spot where the guardian dragon had stood moments earlier.

BOOOOOOM!

—You bastards...

The laser would have sliced her in half if her transformation had been a second slower.

Jiseon inwardly marveled at the sheer firepower of the Mara faction, far beyond her expectations.

And to think these creatures were mere business competitors of her son...

Well, if you're going to compete, might as well aim for the big leagues.

—But seriously, if creatures like these win the planetary development rights, what'll happen to Earth...?

Jiseon muttered as she slashed another tentacle rooted in the ground.

Unexpectedly, a response came from the sky.

[Calamity will strike.]

—What?

The voice was undeniably human.

Yet, the source of this voice was unmistakably inside the strange lifeform in the sky.

—Are you Mara's agent? Are you even human?

Jiseon raised her sword towards the sky as she asked, and her opponent chuckled lowly.

[Am I human? It's amusing to hear that question from a dragon.]

Then, a grayish light shone from the flying creature in the sky, illuminating the space before Jiseon.

Whoosh!

—...!

Sensing something, she stepped back.

At the same time, a massive greatsword came hurtling down with incredible speed to the illuminated spot.

Wham! CRASH!

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—What the hell is this now?

But the real surprise came next.

Swish!

Near the fallen greatsword, a faint silhouette began to form, and soon, a man appeared in its place.

—...Teleportation?

Not even Yeongwoo could pull off a trick like that.

—Hey... you might want to head home before my son arrives. He can't stand seeing someone else with better toys.

Half-jokingly, Jiseon remarked, but the man sneered as he drew the sword from the ground.

Shing!

“Your son? And who might that be?”

The one speaking, Mara's agent, was none other than...

『Sword Master of London』

The Sword Master of London.

A middle-aged man with auburn hair from England.

Though he had a lean, wiry appearance, his towering 2-meter frame was packed with taut muscles, and every piece of his equipment looked far from ordinary.

While Yeongwoo was busy shaking down the Chinese and stationing his biological mother as the gatekeeper of Seoul, sword masters in the West were apparently engaging in tentacle play.

Watching all of this unfold from the entrance of the tower, Jeonggu murmured softly.

“...Sword Master?”

The remark, barely audible, was somehow caught by Mara's lackey, who turned his gaze towards Jeonggu.

Seizing the opportunity, Jiseon launched her preemptive strike.

Clank!

Gripping an icy greatsword with both hands, she swung it straight for her opponent's neck.

Whoosh!

The massive blade sliced through the air with a deafening roar, causing the Sword Master of London to widen his eyes.

“What the—?!”

Even before the blade connected, he could sense the overwhelming force behind it.

It made sense—this was Metal Seoul, the home turf of Song Jiseon, the guardian dragon.

In Seoul, where all of the guardian dragon's buffs were activated, Jiseon was virtually invincible.

Even her monstrous son, Yeongwoo, struggled against her.

BOOM!

When Jiseon's and the Brit's blades collided, the resulting shockwave blew dust outward in all directions.

Then—

“...Impressive. There really is something special in the East.”

The Englishman remained firmly planted in his spot, remarking with admiration, his eyes gleaming with a hint of madness.

—Damn it.

Realizing she'd encountered a truly formidable opponent, Jiseon muttered a curse.

At that moment, the Englishman vanished again, leaving only his greatsword behind.

It was that teleportation trick again.

—You...!

Before Jiseon could react, he appeared behind her and delivered a heavy body blow.

THUD!

—Urgh!

A blue mist escaped from within her helmet as she exhaled in pain.

This was the first punch she'd taken since arriving on Earth.

“This is why I chose Mara. Isn't this power worth the calamities it brings?”

The man's voice echoed from behind her.

Glancing toward the tower, Jiseon noticed Jeonggu had disappeared.

He had bolted, likely to call for her son after seeing her take a hit.

Feeling a strange energy rise from the soles of her feet despite the searing pain in her torso, Jiseon swung her sword once more.

Whoosh!

—You bastard! The real calamity is already here in Seoul!

But the space behind her was empty.

Instead, another flicker of movement appeared near the abandoned greatsword.

The Brit had teleported again.

—You pesky little fly—!

BAM!

A blindingly fast straight punch landed before she could finish her angry retort.



Jiseon spat blue blood from her helmet.

—Gah!

Inside the armor forged from ice dragon scales, her blood boiled with rage.

Her son, the calamity, would surely show up soon, but the humiliation of being beaten by a foreigner enraged her.

—You bastard, let's fight fair and square without your cheap tricks!

As she shouted and prepared to unleash an icy storm from her sword, the “tower” began glowing white in the distance.

—Oh!

At last, the calamity known as her son had come to save his mother.

The Englishman, noticing Jiseon's pleased expression, turned his gaze toward the tower.

“Is that the son you mentioned?”

Flash!

A silhouette appeared within the station as the lower wall opened.

Seeing this, Jiseon yelled loudly.

—That's the one! The one you'll have to face—!

There was no need to finish her sentence.

As expected, her son appeared holding a cursed sword, but, as always, he was stark naked.

Even the massive orc standing behind him was also naked, holding Yeongwoo's left arm in its hands.

“...?”

The Englishman froze momentarily in confusion, while Yeongwoo blinked repeatedly at the scene before him.

Then—

“Master Bang, my arm, please.”

He took the arm from the orc behind him and reattached it to his shoulder.

Click!

Pointing the cursed sword at the Englishman, he shouted:

“You...! Let me ask you one thing!”

Even the Sword Master of London, a fundamentally human being, felt a twinge of guilt and opened his mouth to respond.

“What is it? If it’s about your mother, I’d like to apologize. But ultimately, everyone here will—”

As the Englishman clenched his left hand and wore a sinister expression, Yeongwoo irritably waved the cursed sword.

“Not that! Do you happen to have any money Mara promised you?”

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Chapter 342: The Path of Vengeance (3)

“...What?”

Swordmaster of London, Ben Walter.

The strongest knight of Britain, determined to save at least his homeland in a world on the brink of collapse.

And yet, the first thing he hears from the Eastern adversary he encounters is...

"Do you have the money Mara was supposed to pay?"

"What? Mara's payment? Why would I owe you?"

"Because of you, the payment I'm supposed to receive from Lemu might get reduced. So, isn't it only right that you cover the difference?"

This was Yeongwoo's argument—since he had left the battlefield early upon hearing the news of his mother being assaulted, it might have caused a reduction in his reward.

"Really? But for someone like that..."

Ben glanced between Yeongwoo and Jiseon.

No matter how he looked at him, this naked 'Strongest Sword' didn't seem like the dutiful son type.

After all, hadn't he immediately brought up money as soon as he got here?

"...Since coming here, all you've done is talk about money."

When Ben pointed this out, disregarding propriety even in the presence of the man's mother, Yeongwoo simply nodded.

"Of course."

"What are you talking about? Weren't you here to save your mother?"

"Saving money is saving my mother."

"...?"

"If there's no money on this planet, we're all dead. My mother included. It's just a question of whether you die a few days earlier or later."

"...Is that really something you should say in front of your own mother?"

As Ben rebuked Yeongwoo for his perceived lack of filial piety, Jiseon abruptly distanced herself from Ben and retorted.

—Is he wrong, though? Without money, what exactly can you do against those creatures?

"What... what did you say, Madam?"

Ben was so flustered he accidentally used honorifics.

Meanwhile, Jiseon pointed her greatsword toward the massive spacecraft in the sky.

—Just look at that. How can anyone dare bring something like that onto someone else's planet without permission? It just shows how defenseless this Earth has become.

“Well, that's because...”

Ben Walter followed Jiseon's gaze to the sky.

Ever since the Reset, it was an open secret that this planet had become accessible to anyone—a “free zone,” as Jiseon called it.

And Ben had merely chosen to align himself with Mara, a sponsor who had promised immense power and had indeed delivered on that promise.

“Thanks to the Reset, we've already lost our self-sufficiency. That's why we must align with powerful forces to rebuild.”

Sharpening his blade as he regained his composure, Ben declared.

But Yeongwoo burst out, roaring at him.

“What the hell, you idiot! Why Mara, of all people? You should've teamed up with Lemu instead, even if it meant stripping naked!”

Yeongwoo also turned his gaze to the sky.

“Dogo and Lemu are businesspeople. Their calculations are straightforward—based on money.”

By working with them, the planet would essentially become a subcontractor, but there would at least be a chance to gather resources and achieve independence later.

“But Mara... is different. That guy is just the cancer of the universe.”

The titles attached to Mara said it all.

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

Having encountered some of the void entities under Mara's control, Yeongwoo could not accept aligning with such a force.

But fundamentally, Yeongwoo and Ben had different goals.

“Cancer of the universe? Don't you think I know that? But sometimes, you have to ally with evil when the situation calls for it. For us, sorting out our internal affairs takes priority.”

This statement essentially summed up Britain's stance.

As a major player in Earth's civil war, Britain had no intention of losing and becoming a colony.

They had to win at all costs.

Especially as a former colonial empire, the thought of submitting to other nations—let alone the East—was unthinkable.

In short:

"We intend to restore the hierarchy on this planet."

For Ben and some British leaders, the immediate power struggle on Earth outweighed concerns about the cosmos.

"You're insane. So, you're saying there's no money coming from Mara?"

As Yeongwoo asked this, Jiseon instinctively stepped back several paces, sensing an imminent fight.

But, oblivious to the tension, Ben Walter glanced at the sky and responded.

"Even if there were, I have no intention of giving it to you."

"Really? Then leave your gear and go. That sword, in particular, looks pretty nice."

Yeongwoo shifted Bastard to his left hand, raising it to point at Ben's greatsword.

Swoosh.

"...!"

That's when Ben realized it.

Yeongwoo had been stalling to recover his left arm this entire time.

"You... you bastard...!"

"You seem upset about my supposed lack of filial piety, so you can't be all bad."

As Yeongwoo spoke, he summoned equipment from his inventory.

In an instant, his once-naked body was clad in the full-body armor of Vesedel.

Ssshhhhh.

A massive flying greatsword, Golden Trail, appeared behind him, and Aratubank materialized, its blade sinking a third into the ground like a gravestone.

“What the...”

For Ben Walter, this sudden display of equipment felt like a sucker punch.

Finally, as the legendary bow White Fire wrapped around his body, Yeongwoo shifted Bastard back to his right hand and unsheathed Aratubank with his left.

Crack!

“But if you win this war, our planet will fall into the Void. That’s something I can’t allow.”

Pointing his blade toward the heavens, Yeongwoo declared:

“On the other hand, if I win this war, we’ll reach the stars. Making me this planet’s ruler is clearly the better choice!”

“What... what nonsense is that? How does that even make sense?”

As Ben protested, Yeongwoo dashed forward, his eyes glowing golden.

“Shut up and hand over your head and equipment! I’ll send you back to the Void!”

“Wait, no! I’m a human of Earth too...!”

Ben tried to object, but Yeongwoo was already charging at full speed.

Tap-tap-tap!

Covered in dazzling equipment, the Strongest Sword’s advance made even the mighty Swordmaster flinch.

And then—

Fwoosh!

A strange symbol appeared on Yeongwoo’s right shoulder.

“This battle is proudly sponsored by the intergalactic weapons brand Dogo!”

As Yeongwoo launched into a pre-battle advertisement, Swordmaster of London muttered under his breath in disgust.

“You... idiotic bastard.”

Hearing this, Yeongwoo snapped back.

“Doesn’t Mara make you do this kind of stuff? Isn’t that even weirder?”

“What?”

“To be sponsored by a military contractor already makes you an idiot, but what kind of price do you think you’d have to pay to make the Master of the Void your backer?”

“...!”

It was a very persuasive argument, but for Ben, it was too late to change the course he’d already decided upon.

And above all—

“Save that kind of thinking for when you’ve actually beaten me!”

The moment of truth had already begun.

The blade of Bastard was charging toward him with incredible speed.

Shreeeeek!

[Translator - Night]

[Proofreader - Gun]

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Yeongwoo’s high-speed thrust made a sound like a jet engine.

Having already experienced the mysterious techniques of the East in his earlier fight with Yeongwoo’s mother, Ben chose evasive maneuvers.

Swish!

He vanished, leaving behind an afterimage, and reappeared at Yeongwoo’s flank.

“Huh?”

Yeongwoo’s eyes widened at Ben’s extraordinary skill.

Meanwhile, Ben—

Slice!

—was shocked to see the Bastard's blade slice cleanly through his greatsword as if it were cutting through water.

"What the hell is this guy?"

"Wait... can he teleport?"

Both fighters were astonished by the other's abilities.

But when it comes to an opponent who ignores guards and lands their attacks versus one who can teleport, who's the true predator?

"Hey, you punk. What was that just now?"

Yeongwoo barked the question aggressively, like a gangster.

Ben quickly retrieved his sword and stepped back.

"And how did you pass through my blade just now?"

In response, Yeongwoo hoisted Bastard threateningly.

"Then let me show you again!"

"...!"

Without hesitation, Yeongwoo swung his blade.

Wheaaaak!

Ben Walter, the Swordmaster, responded by launching his greatsword toward Yeongwoo while teleporting again.

If his greatsword failed to block Bastard again, it would at least fly past Yeongwoo, allowing Ben to take his back through teleportation.

Fweeeew!

Ben's strategy, while intricate, was laughably thwarted by Yeongwoo's gear advantage.

Clang!

Golden Trail, which had been orbiting around Yeongwoo, intercepted Ben's flying greatsword.



Ben reappeared near the hilt of his greatsword as planned, only to find—

“...Huh?”

—he was still standing right in front of the lunatic.

And worse, his guard was completely down.

“Oh, so that’s the secret. You’ve got a magic sword.”

Having finally deduced Ben’s trick, Yeongwoo followed up with a straight punch.

Smack!

Ben’s head twisted violently to the side from the impact, unable to react as he’d been too focused on Bastard.

“Ugh!”

Though his combat hologram had warned him, the punch came too fast for him to process.

“You seriously didn’t get a single dime from Mara? Huh?”

Even in this intense final interrogation, Yeongwoo’s question was all about money.

His mother, Jiseon, watched her son in disbelief, though she also had her own question.

Whoosh.

As she observed, there was still a massive ship hovering above Seoul, sent by Mara.

In other words, Mara—the King of Ten Thousand Demons—was likely watching his agent get beaten up right now.

—Wait, what the hell is Mara even doing? Not sending reinforcements?”

Jiseon voiced her thoughts.

Yeongwoo, who was about to throw another punch at Ben, turned around at her comment.

“Oh, you’re right. Lemu even gave Japan equipment and a whole army of combat robots.”

It was a valid point.

For a being with titles like “Lord of the Void” and “One Who Walks in the Shadow of Cosmic Law,” Mara’s investment in this planetary development competition seemed suspiciously lacking.

Sure, giving the Swordmaster enough power to challenge Yeongwoo’s mother was impressive.

But in the end, that power was no match for a mythical sword.

“Hey, do you have anything else you got from Mara?”

Yeongwoo pressed his blade near Ben’s head.

Finally, the beleaguered agent’s eyes widened in realization.

“Ah...!”

But it wasn’t because he suddenly remembered something.

Instead, he had spotted something in the sky.

Yeongwoo followed his gaze and turned to look.

Whoosh.

There in the sky, strange symbols shimmered, as if oil had been spilled across the heavens.

It was—

‘Transcendent Script.’

A form of language that only higher beings of the universe could manipulate freely.

The message contained within was brief but unmistakable:

「I seek a new agent. In exchange, I offer a portion of this planet and the Void.」

The meaning was short but clear.

“They’re saying they want me to be their new agent, right? Is that even possible?”

Yeongwoo gazed up at the darkened sky.

As things stood, Yeongwoo was the official agent of Dogo.

But Mara's bold move suggested it was possible to poach an agent from a rival faction.

'Wait... holy crap. Mara is fluent in Transcendent Script?'

Yeongwoo blinked rapidly.

He had seen his chairman use fragments of Transcendent Script to create intergalactic contracts with a single slash of a sword.

But creating an entire sentence purely in Transcendent Script?

That was new.

"Well..."

Yeongwoo scratched his cheek.

Sensing something, Jiseon exhaled sharply and shouted:

—Whatever you're thinking, stop it! Absolutely not!

She had already figured out her scheming son was weighing his options between Dogo and Mara.

But for Yeongwoo, whose "global" scale was intergalactic, there was no such thing as an absolute no.

The universe was vast, and possibilities were endless.

"Master Mara! As you may know, tomorrow at 3:23 PM is my parents' wedding!"

—What?

"What?"

Ben Walter, who had overheard the wedding announcement, widened his eyes in disbelief.

"If you could spare some time to attend the ceremony, I would seriously consider switching sides."

Yeongwoo added with a sly grin:

"Ah, and as for gifts, remember: bribes count too. Cash or anything mythical and above only, please."

[Translator - Night]

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#### Chapter 343: The Path of Vengeance (4)

Tributes will only be accepted in cash or equipment of Mythic tier or higher.

At the condition laid out by Yeongwoo, the atmosphere at the scene froze as if time itself had stopped.

“.....”

— .....

~.....

There were three individuals: Swordmaster of London, Ben Walter; Song Jiseon, the guardian dragon of Metal Seoul; and Bantubangtong, the lord of the Red Foot Clan.

None of them could say a word, merely glancing between Yeongwoo and the transcendent text floating in the sky.

The most pressing question for Ben Walter was whether Mara would accept such an absurd proposition.

If, by any chance, Mara agreed to those terms, it would essentially seal Ben's fate as nothing more than a disposable pawn.

For Song Jiseon, on the other hand, it was simply too absurd to process.

While the wedding itself was little more than her son's tantrum, it was still her ceremony.

And now, seeing her son turn even this sacred event into a profit-making scheme—it was almost too much to believe.

A monster truly gave birth to another monster.

Lastly, there was Bantubangtong.

-Little Foot?

He stared at Yeongwoo with a look of sheer devastation unmatched by anyone else present.

After all, he had trusted Yeongwoo's pledge of vengeance against Mara, even going as far as hurling his clan members hundreds of meters into the sky and participating in the Great Naked War of Daemado.

And now, at this very moment, he stood there—still completely naked.

And yet, before him stood Yeongwoo, daring to say—

-Little Foot!

Boom!

Enraged, Bantubangtong slammed the ground with his massive red foot.

Then, pointing his sword at Yeongwoo, he declared:

-Little Foot! Put down Aratubank! I do not wish to sully this sacred relic with blood.

His demand was clear—leave the clan's sacred relic behind and settle the matter here and now.

In other words, he intended to execute the traitorous "Little Foot" right on the spot.

Boom! Boom!

As Bantubangtong charged forward like an enraged rhinoceros, Yeongwoo whispered to Ben Walter:

"Hand over your weapon, and I'll make sure you walk out of here alive."

"...What did you say?"

Before Ben could react to the absurd suggestion, Yeongwoo punched him square in the face.

Smack!

Then, seizing the teleportation greatsword, Yeongwoo flung it toward his mother.

Whoosh!

This was, in fact, a preventive measure for Bantubangtong.

Handling the furious clan lord alone was one thing, but dealing with Mara's proxy on top of it would have been too much.

And finally—

-LITTLE FOOOOOT!

Bantubangtong swung his sword at Yeongwoo with murderous intent.

In response, Yeongwoo threw Aratubank toward him and shouted:

“Lord Bang! Calm yourself!”

Whoosh!

The sacred relic of the Red Foot Clan, Aratubank, flew through the air, and the sight of it immediately snapped Bantubangtong out of his blind rage.

His genuine reverence for the relic overpowered his fury.

-You...!

Though his sharp fangs were bared in rage, his hands reflexively let go of his weapon to catch the relic.

Thump!

As Bantubangtong cradled Aratubank in his arms, Yeongwoo tackled him to the ground.

Thud!

He toppled both Bantubangtong and the sacred relic in one move.

-Urgh!

As Bantubangtong lay sprawled beneath the relic, Yeongwoo climbed atop it and called out to him again.

“Lord Bang! Lord Bang!”

-Don't call me with that filthy mouth! I'm no longer—

Before Bantubangtong could finish, Yeongwoo covered his mouth with one hand and whispered:

“Lord, our vengeance is still in motion! Don’t say anything you’ll regret.”

-...?

Bantubangtong’s pupils widened, but wasn’t this clearly another trick?

-Mmmph!

As he squirmed, trying to swat away Yeongwoo’s hand, Yeongwoo pressed his forehead against Bantubangtong’s and said:

“Lord Bang! There’s a saying on Earth: If you know your enemy and know yourself, you will not be imperiled in a hundred battles.”

-.....!

Seeing a faint flicker of doubt in Bantubangtong’s eyes, Yeongwoo continued:

“If you know yourself but not the enemy, for every victory, you’ll suffer a defeat.”

When Yeongwoo recited only part of the saying without explaining, Bantubangtong’s confusion deepened.

Sensing this, Yeongwoo slowly removed his hand from Bantubangtong’s mouth.

After a moment of hesitation, Bantubangtong asked:

-What does that mean?

“It means that if you don’t know the enemy but know yourself, you’ll win half the battles but lose the other half.”

-Hmm... I see.

Even as a Red Foot orc, Bantubangtong couldn’t help but be moved by words that struck a chord.

-Is there more to the saying?

“Of course. Would you like to hear it?”

When Yeongwoo asked this, Bantubangtong made a face, as if his pride was wounded.

-I... might be a little curious.

Yeongwoo smiled and delivered the final line:

“If you know neither the enemy nor yourself, you’ll lose every battle.”

[Translator - Night]

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With that, Yeongwoo slammed his fist next to Bantubangtong’s head.

Crack!

“Not knowing the enemy and not knowing ourselves—that’s the situation we’re in right now.”

When Yeongwoo added this with a regretful expression, Bantubangtong tilted his head.

-...Why?

“Because we still don’t know Mara, and Lord Bang doesn’t truly know me. Nor do I truly know you.”

-.....!

“Isn’t that why, upon hearing just one phrase about defection, you immediately doubted me? It shows how shallow our trust is.”

-T-That’s...

“And I, too, didn’t truly understand you, Lord Bang. I never thought you’d see me as a traitor so easily. You’re not as steadfast as I expected.”

-But, Little Foot! You called that scoundrel a lord!

In response, Yeongwoo raised his hand, showing the back of it, with his index and middle fingers extended.

"Lord. This title consists of two characters. One is 'Dae', meaning great. Both Lord Bang and Mara Lord share this character."

Then, Yeongwoo folded his index finger.



Schlk.

"But the 'Hyup' I use has two types. The 'Hyup' for Lord Bang is Heroic Hyup."

Finally, Yeongwoo slowly folded his still-raised middle finger.

"On the other hand, the 'Hyup' I use for Ma Lord is Insert Hyup (挟), the same as in the word for swindler."

In short, it was a nonsensical claim that he had never properly called Mara a "Lord."

-You scoundrel! Again, you mock me!

As expected, Lord Bang rebuked Yeongwoo, but Little Foot's cunning logic didn't stop there.

"Know your enemy and know yourself, and you will never fear the result of a hundred battles!"

-.....!

"To know the enemy and ourselves is the only way to fight without fear! How could I dare deceive myself?"

Boom!

Suddenly, Yeongwoo grabbed the top of the Aratubank.

"The reason this relic was taken from your homeland is ultimately because of Mara, isn't it? But have you ever seen Mara in person?"

Lord Bang's eyes widened at Yeongwoo's question.

Come to think of it, though he had lost his homeland to Mara and was now tangled with him here on Earth, he had never actually seen the villain in person.

"Talking about revenge without even seeing the enemy in person? No wonder we lose every battle!"

-.....

His claim was flawless—so much so that it went beyond that, leaving one compelled to agree.

How could you defeat an enemy whose true form you didn't even know?

"And so, I started scheming. Tomorrow, at my parents' wedding, I will summon Lord Mara. It will be our first time seeing our enemy in the flesh."

-Little Foot... Truly, you...

Touched, Bantubangtong's facial muscles twitched. Seeing this, Yeongwoo clenched his fist and spoke.

"Today, we truly come to know each other, and tomorrow, we will come to know our enemy! So please bear with me a little longer!"

As Yeongwoo whispered this and raised his fist high over the Aratubank, Lord Bang, startled, asked:

-W-What are you asking me to bear?

Without answering, Yeongwoo shouted so everyone could hear as he swung his fist.

"Lord Bang! Sorry, but in the end, it's all just business...!"

Pow!

Yeongwoo's straight punch landed squarely on Bantubangtong's face.

-Urgh!

As Bantubangtong spat out red blood, Song Jiseon screamed and rushed to her son.

—You crazy bastard, what are you doing?!

Meanwhile, Mara, seemingly pleased with the scene, quietly erased the transcendent sentence and began withdrawing the strange aircraft hovering over Seoul.

Whrrroooooom...!

With its characteristic eerie sound, the jet-black manta ray began ascending.

"W-Wait!"

Seeing this, Ben Walter looked to the sky, as if pleading to be taken with it.

But before he could act, Yeongwoo, who had approached him from behind, grabbed him by the shoulder.

Clench!

"Can't you see? They're basically telling you to clock out."

"W-What?"

"They've basically abandoned you here. Lord Mara plans to replace his agent at tomorrow's wedding."

Thanks to the universal language system, they were essentially speaking the same Earth language, yet Ben couldn't comprehend his opponent's words.

Terms like Lord Mara and wedding felt as foreign as alien tongues.

However, he did understand one thing:

"If I kill you here, it might provide some comfort to Lord Bang. Still, there's a way for you to leave alive."

A way to leave alive.

These words made Ben's eyes and ears perk up.

"What is it?"

"Take off your clothes."

"...What?"

When Ben asked again, Yeongwoo threatened him by brandishing Bastard

"Take off your clothes, you bastard. You need to return all your issued gear before quitting, don't you?"

"....."

Under Yeongwoo's threats, the Sword Master of London reluctantly began undressing, prompting Yeongwoo to deliver his next line.

"You're coming tomorrow too, aren't you?"

"What are you talking about? Where would I even go?"

"My parents' wedding, of course."

".....?"

"Those who show up without wedding gifts will be beheaded at the entrance. So if you want to live tomorrow, bring money."

[Translator - Night]

[Proofreader - Gun]

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## Chapter 344: The Path of Revenge (5)

Tomorrow at 3:23 PM, Jiseon and Jeonggu's wedding day.

What will happen when that time comes?

Neither Jiseon, the bride, Bantubangtong, one of the VIP guests, nor Ben Walter, who had just received his invitation, could have imagined it.

—What... What are you talking about? Cutting the guests' necks at the entrance of the wedding hall? It's just a metaphor, right?

When Jiseon asked this, Yeongwoo raised a bastard sword and replied.

"Does this look like a metaphor? As the host of the wedding, there won't be any empty-handed guests."

There was no need to elaborate further: Empty-handed guests will not leave the wedding hall alive.

Yeongwoo's reputation spoke volumes.

Jiseon sighed heavily, a deep blue exhale escaping her lips.

—...It's my wedding, so why is there nothing I get to decide?

A wedding hall filled with villains from across the universe, bribery, threats, and violence at every corner.

She had never wanted to get married in the first place and hadn't even imagined what her wedding would look like.

But she had never dreamed it would turn out like this.

Even if she could reset her life and live it thousands of times over, it would be nearly impossible to end up with a day like this again.

—...By the way, where is my wedding hall?

Jiseon asked in resignation.

Yeongwoo shook his head as if she still didn't understand something important.

"Our wedding hall. You're not ready to get married yet, are you?"

—Right. Our wedding hall, you idiot.

"The venue's in Gwangjin District. No buildings, no residents—it's perfect."

—....

Needless to say, it was the exact opposite of a normal wedding venue.

—So, what? Are we just getting married in a barren field? Exchanging coins or something?

"Who knows? I've never conducted a wedding before. We'll have to ask Kubu later."

Given that figures like the founder of a pan-galactic weapons brand and even the King of Ten Thousand Demons might attend, it was hard to imagine this chaotic event being conducted casually in the middle of a wasteland.

"If push comes to shove, we'll ask Taewon's side to send over some personnel to set things up."

When Yeongwoo said this, Jiseon, her logic starting to kick back in, pointed to the sky.

—Wait.

"What?"

—Won't another wave of mutants appear in the sky around 1 PM tomorrow? Is there even a point in decorating the venue if everything's just going to be destroyed?

"Well, that's true..."

It was a sharp observation.

Yeongwoo's expression suggested he hadn't thought that far ahead.

He then turned to Ben Walter, who had been standing awkwardly on the sidelines, and gestured at him.

"Are you undressed yet? You should leave before I change my mind."

It wasn't just about sending Ben away before summoning Kubu; the man still hadn't taken off his gear.

"..."

At Yeongwoo's prompting, Ben reluctantly started removing his armor.

Clank. Thud.

He hesitated for a moment before looking at Yeongwoo and asking,

"Wait... you're not making me strip my underwear too, are you?"

"That might count as gear. Take it all off. Didn't you see me come in earlier with nothing on?"

"I don't have any gear in my underwear."

"Just take everything off and leave."

"..."

The defeated stay silent.

In the end, Ben removed even the underwear he had been wearing beneath his armor.

Only then did Yeongwoo's sharp gaze relent.

"You worked hard to get here. I'll make sure your way back is comfortable."

Yeongwoo led the way, pointing to the ultra-high-speed transport system in the distance. Ben's eyes widened.

"You're telling me to ride that?"

"Of course. Are you planning to cross continents looking like that?"

Even as a Swordmaster from London, Ben couldn't possibly travel naked across China and the Middle East to get back to England.

“Let me remove the usage restrictions. Take this. If you don’t arrive safely in England, I won’t get paid tomorrow either.”

Yeongwoo placed his hand on the terminal to unlock access to the transport for Ben, who blinked in disbelief.

“So you’re saying I have to take this back tomorrow too?”

“Most Earth-based guests will use this. Now, hurry up and make some money.”

With that, Yeongwoo shoved the now-naked Ben Walter into the transport terminal. Yeongwoo turned back, watching the startled Swordmaster enveloped in light and whisked away.

“Mother.”

—...Huh?

“Let’s have a look at that weapon now.”

He was referring to the sword Ben had handed over to Jiseon—a mysterious greatsword that allowed its wielder to teleport.

It was finally time to examine the spoils of war.

“It’s probably gear bestowed by Mara. There’s no way something capable of teleportation would be unlocked so early.”

This was a fact he knew from experience.

Equipment of this level, far beyond the ordinary, could usually only be obtained through legendary achievements or transfers from external sources.

The Golden Trail auto-combat greatsword and Bastard were cases in point.

—Here, take it.

Whoosh!

Jiseon picked up the greatsword from the ground and tossed it to Yeongwoo.

A smoky trail followed the weapon's arc.

-This smell is foul.

Bantubangtong scowled, clearly displeased by the stench emanating from the weapon.

And indeed—

Clang!

The sword in Yeongwoo's hands turned out to be an artifact from the void.

「Lightbreaker」 - Void Greatsword

【Void Step】

【Dark Shadow】

【Ability damage increased by 20%.】

【Void Step】

|You can teleport to the location where the Lightbreaker is.

【Dark Shadow】

|Increases all attack power by 20% against enemies with the light attribute.

“Whoa, what is this? You've been keeping something like this all to yourself?”

The Light Splitter.

Looking like a massive conch shell, this grotesque greatsword was unmistakably the weapon of a villain.

Its ominous name, intimidating appearance, and special effect of Dark Shadows all pointed to its purpose: opposing the light.

‘Not that light is always good or righteous. The world isn't so black and white. And just because you use violence doesn't mean you're a villain!’

As Yeongwoo thought this, he shot the Lightbreaker toward the ground ahead.

The massive greatsword from the void landed with a thunderous crash, embedding itself into the earth.

Boom!

Then, as Yeongwoo cast Void Step, his vision instantly turned ashen, and everything around him felt as if it had frozen in place.



‘What? This is...’

The phenomenon was identical to what occurred when he used the Black Sphere at night to summon dungeons.

‘So, it really is a void step.’

[Translator - Night]

[Proofreader - Gun]

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Though he couldn’t fully grasp the mechanism, the teleportation executed by the sword clearly utilized the power of the void for swift movement.

Perhaps it operated on principles similar to wormholes, one of the universe’s many hypotheses.

It was also evident that the act of transforming the surrounding space into ash gray to summon dungeons with the Black Sphere was deeply connected to the void.

‘What exactly is the void? What gives it such immense influence?’

After all, even the Chairman he encountered in the Dogo Dungeon, back when he was a prince, had wielded the power of the void.

Hadn’t he nearly been sucked into the void as punishment for incurring the prince’s wrath?

‘And now I’m supposed to take down the ruler of this void...?’

As Yeongwoo questioned whether he was truly on the right path, the frozen scenery suddenly blurred and retreated into the distance.

Whoosh!

The Void Step—that is, the teleportation—was in motion.

Zap!

His ashen vision returned to normal, and the natural sounds that had been silenced came back into focus.

The noises of the people nearby and the distant bustle of the city reached his ears again.

It was only then that Yeongwoo realized he had briefly dipped into another dimension—into the void—and returned.

"Damn."

He hadn't moved a single step of his own will, yet the Lightbreaker was now standing upright near his left hand.

"How much time has passed?"

When Yeongwoo asked, Jiseon, who had been staring blankly at him, answered.

—Time? What time? Barely 0.1 seconds.

"Insane."

Yeongwoo shuddered at her response, recalling the curse—if it could even be called that—uttered by the guild leader from his prince days.

「Feel the eternity of time within the void!」

It hadn't been an empty threat.

'Damn it, that lunatic really did try to trap me in an eternity within the void.'

The void.

In this enigmatic space, time could either flow incredibly slowly or not at all.

If he lost to Mara, the master of this void, during their inevitable clash...

'I might end up experiencing a fate worse than death.'

A chill ran down Yeongwoo's spine.

Yet, abandoning his battle against Mara was not an option.

After all, Bantubangtong, the chief of the Red Foot Clan and his first official client, was still standing there, staring at him without a shred of clothing.

"...Lord Bang."

-What now?

"I think Mara might be a stronger opponent than we anticipated."

-That was already made clear back on our home planet.

“No, Mara is far stronger than even you realize.”

A realm where the laws of time were defied—the void.

And its ruler, Mara.

Perhaps the moniker "Walks in the Shadows of Cosmic Laws" stemmed from the peculiar time distortion of the void.

Regardless, Mara was an incomprehensibly powerful entity.

To keep his promise to Lord Bang and the others, he would have to face the impossible.

=So, has your resolve wavered?

At this question from Lord Bang, Yeongwoo shook his head.

“True loyalty, in my opinion, is about unwavering determination.”

-Unwavering determination...?

“Even if something is impossible, striving to repay one’s debts at any cost—that, to me, is loyalty and my core value.”

Clang!

Yeongwoo pulled the Lightbreaker from the ground.

“And Lord Bang, along with your brothers, are people to whom I owe a great debt. So even if Mara is the god of this universe, I will not back down!”

Whoosh!

As Yeongwoo raised the Lightbreaker into the air, the void’s distinctive acrid energy dispersed around him.

This time, however, Lord Bang didn’t grimace.

He could see that Yeongwoo’s small feet were still firmly on the path of vengeance.

“Kubu! Are you present?!”

With the Lightbreaker pointed skyward, Yeongwoo called for his tax accountant.

The sky over Samseong-dong split open, and Kubu emerged.

—Yes. I'm here.

"Tomorrow's ceremony in Gwangjin-gu—is it just a matter of setting a location, and everything else happens automatically?"

So far, they'd only designated a venue and submitted a guest list.

If things continued as they were, the center of Gwangjin-gu would simply host a horde of galactic beings and Earth's elite bringing bribes to a barren wasteland.

—Of course not.

As expected, Kubu immediately shook his head.

—A formal ceremony is an official ritual managed by the family court. There are specific procedures, and the designated venue must have physical structures in place.

Physical structures.

In simple terms, there needed to be seating for guests or a platform of some kind.

Kubu's gaze shifted northwest, presumably checking the state of the Gwangjin-gu venue.

—Currently, Gwangjin-gu lacks the necessary structures.

"Then? Is there a contractor for that...?"

—Yes.

"These damn space-faring bastards. Another excuse to take money."

As Yeongwoo cursed, clenching and unclenching his fists, Kubu blinked.

—The family court can provide basic essential structures free of charge.

"Huh? Really?"

So there was something akin to a public wedding venue available for dispatch? What kind of galactic welfare system was this?

—However, if you desire additional installations, you'll need to hire a private contractor.

Additional installations.

A very vague term.

Yeongwoo asked,

“When you say additional installations... does that include execution platforms?”

—.....?

Kubu, seemingly unable to immediately grasp what Yeongwoo meant, hesitated and blinked rapidly.

Yeongwoo clarified.

"Public execution platforms. Can those be set up at the ceremony venue if I pay? Maybe even exhibition halls to display the guests' monetary gifts?"

At this, Kubu blinked faster than ever before and cautiously replied.

—I will connect you with the appropriate affiliate businesses.

[Translator - Night]

[Proofreader - Gun]

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Chapter 345: Affiliated Businesses (1)

Affiliated Businesses.

A venue that installs public execution platforms for weddings?

Jiseon couldn't help but be astonished.

— What kind of people live there...?

Unconsciously, she found herself looking up at the sky.

— ...

For the first time, she thought she might understand her son a little better—the crazy boy who spent every free moment staring at the sky.

But even so...

“Oh, really? So you can set up different tiers for the guest seats as well?”

She doubted she'd ever fully understand her son, especially when he said things like this without a hint of shame.

“Like first class for the biggest cash gifts, second class for the next tier, and if a new top donor arrives, the current first class gets bumped down to second class, and second to third!”

As Yeongwoo enthusiastically described his ideal seating arrangements, Kubu blinked slowly, expressing his disapproval in silence.

— That's something you should discuss further with the affiliated business.

He then turned his gaze back toward the north.

He was once again surveying Gwangjin District, where the wedding venue was to be set up.

— We'll summon the installation team to Gwangjin District. However...

“...However?”

— Since Metal Seoul's city level is currently at '3,' the mayor's approval is required for any external access.

“Oh?”

This was unexpected.

For the first time, they now had a say in whether external forces could enter.

“Wow... So at level 3, we can start regulating access.”

Of course, major forces like Dogo, Mara, and Lemu could still come and go as they pleased, but it was a start.

It was just a tiny sliver of autonomy, but compared to before, it was a significant step forward.

“This is about city-level access, though, not planetary access, right?”

When Yeongwoo asked this, Kubu answered immediately, as if it wasn't a difficult question.

— That's correct.

In other words, other areas outside of Metal Seoul remained open to external forces.

At this, Yeongwoo turned to his mother and said:

“Now do you understand why Metal Seoul must become Earth's new capital?”

— ...You crazy brat, I haven't said a word yet.

Jiseon shuddered.

Then, noticing the abandoned armor lying nearby, she turned to Yeongwoo.

— Isn't that one of your spoils of war? Don't forget to take it with you.

“Oh.”

Prompted by his mother's remark, Yeongwoo suddenly remembered Tsushima.

The battlefield where he had left behind the Strongest Swords and his brothers.

“Lord Bang.”

— Speak.

“Now that the immediate crisis is resolved, you should return to Tsushima. That war needs to be wrapped up as well.”

At this, Lord Bang tilted his head and looked at Yeongwoo.

— What about you? Are you saying you're not returning to the battlefield?

“I plan to return before the war ends, but...”

Yeongwoo's gaze drifted northward again.

After all, planning his parents' wedding was as important as the war on Tsushima.

“First, I need to check on the wedding venue.”

— ...I see.

Lord Bang couldn't hide his disappointment at the war being relegated to second place.

Yeongwoo, noticing this, tried to soothe him by adding:

"When you return, there should be equipment left behind by the Lemu faction. You and the brothers can divide it among yourselves."

He was referring to Lemu's combat robots and the laser swords distributed to Japanese swordsmen.

"I'm sure the Japanese side brought some of their own gear as well. Discuss it with the Strongest Swords and distribute it accordingly."

Not that there would be much.

Given that fighting naked was a baseline requirement for the war, personal equipment was mostly limited to accessories.

— And you? Don't you need anything?

When Lord Bang asked this, Yeongwoo thought for a moment before replying simply.

"If there's any equipment resistant to abilities or that mitigates damage, I'd like that."

Though he didn't have high hopes.

Equipment like that had a low drop rate.

It was far more likely that Yechan, currently traveling the world to deliver wedding invitations while networking with merchants, would find such equipment.

'I hope Yechan comes back alive and well.'

As Yeongwoo thought this, another idea came to him, and he called out to Lord Bang again.

"Lord Bang."

— What now?

Lord Bang, who had been heading toward the tower, turned back.

"The Strongest Swords' equipment is stored at the upper levels of Tsushima's tower."

— That makes sense.



“And you have administrative control over the transport routes, don’t you?”

— I do.

“You might not realize this yet.”

— What do you mean?

“If you lock the transport routes before the war ends and demand money from the Strongest Swords, you could extract a significant amount. You could then use that money to power Darwin’s dimensional gate and rescue more of your brothers.”

In simpler terms, he was suggesting holding the equipment at the top of the tower hostage to extort money from the Seoul Alliance.

— ...Little Foot.

As expected, Lord Bang gave Yeongwoo a scolding look, as if addressing a misbehaving child.

— You seem to accumulate karma with every breath you take.

“They used to pay protection fees daily anyway. But now, since I’m not charging them, their situation has actually improved. They’re rich, trust me.”

In Yeongwoo’s view, taking a little now wouldn’t hurt.

Moreover, activating the dimensional gate would let him strengthen his void fragments, effectively killing two birds with one stone.

It was, in essence, embezzling Seoul’s assets.

But there was no way Lord Bang would use such cunning tactics.

— If it’s truly justifiable, you do it yourself.

“I can’t. I’m the mayor of Seoul—I can’t exploit my own citizens.”

The mayor’s actions could always come back to haunt him during election campaigns.

But his brothers were different.

Even though they had gained control of Seoul’s Guro District and were effectively citizens of Seoul, they weren’t public officials.

“Think of the brothers still left on your home planet.”

— My brothers wouldn't want to survive by oppressing others for their money.

"The Strongest Swords aren't weaklings, Lord Bang."

— The strong don't get extorted. Which means the only one here who isn't weak is you, Little Foot.

Lord Bang then silently looked at Dragon Song Jiseon.

It was as if his gaze was saying that Jiseon, forced to accept a wedding involving an execution platform, was also a victim in her own right.

— M-Master...

Jiseon, impressed by the Orc Lord's profound insight, unconsciously muttered the title "Master," while Bantubangtong began walking toward the tower again.

-To my eyes, Mara also seems like someone who pays back debts no matter what. Does that mean Mara, too, possesses a sense of 'justice'?

".....!"

-I still don't quite understand what 'justice' is. It seems you don't fully understand it either, so keep pondering.

Finally, Lord Bang reached the lower levels of the tower.

[Translator - Night]

[Proofreader - Gun]

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He stepped beyond the widely arching outer wall and informed Yeongwoo:

-Today, I will not draw my sword twice.

This meant he would not extort money from the top swordsmen after the war ended but instead let them go.

Yeongwoo couldn't help but admire him and bowed deeply to send Bantubangtong off with respect.

"I will have to think deeply about this. I respect the Master's will."

As Bantubangtong entered the tower, his body ascended to the heavens, glowing with light. Witnessing this, Jiseon slowly approached her son and spoke.

—You're the only garbage in this city.

“People who don't bring wedding gifts are garbage too. Let's go build the execution platform.”

\* \* \*

Gwangjin District.

The official battleground of Seoul as designated by Metal Seoul Mayor Jeong Yeongwoo and also the wedding venue for Yeongwoo's parents.

A place where even beings from the higher echelons of the universe might attend was, for now, literally an empty wasteland.

—How do you even set up a wedding venue here?

Jiseon looked over the desolate Gwangjin District landscape and asked, to which Yeongwoo habitually looked to the sky.

“Nothing's impossible in the universe. I think setting it up will take less than 10 seconds if the configuration is ready in advance.”

—But the venue you're setting up isn't a normal one, is it?

“If there's a related business, doesn't that mean someone has done a similar task before?”

Saying this, Yeongwoo glanced at Kubu, who was blinking nearby.

The pitiful administrative agent closed his eyelids, then gave a report instead of a direct response.

—The installation company has arrived and is requesting entry into the city. Shall I allow it?

Though still invisible, the wedding hall company was waiting for permission to open its gates somewhere beyond the sky.

Yeongwoo nodded.

“Yes, let them in. But only allow entry into the Gwangjin District.”

When Yeongwoo added this condition, Kubu blinked a few more times and reported:

—The affiliated business has been granted access to Gwangjin District.

At almost the same moment, a small black hole appeared in the sky, and from it, something resembling a rusty monkey wrench shot out.

Shreeeeek!

As the object quickly grew in size, it became evident it was some sort of spacecraft.

—What is that?

Watching the suspicious vessel, Jiseon voiced the ominous question.

The crude-looking object was heading straight for the wedding venue.

Yeongwoo, knowing that the appearance of a vessel often reflects the nature of its occupants, had a gut feeling.

“No matter how you look at it, that’s not a wedding company.”

When Yeongwoo looked to Kubu for clarification, Kubu blinked his large eyes and replied:

—The venue for the ceremony must fulfill the mandatory requirements set by the family court.

Kubu explained that as long as the stage for exchanging gifts, seating for the guests, and an outer wall of a certain specification were in place, the physical form of the wedding venue would suffice.

“So? Then as long as it meets those requirements and we add an execution platform or two, there’s no problem, right?”

When Yeongwoo demanded further clarification, Kubu’s eyelids trembled slightly.

—Typically, the ‘additional structures’ for ceremonies include thrones for special guests or devices to harmonize with planetary atmospheres.

“So, are you saying my requested execution platform doesn’t qualify as an ‘additional structure’?”

When Yeongwoo asked, Kubu answered him head-on for the first time.

—That’s correct!

“What?”

—I judged that the requested ‘additional structure’ cannot be installed through the ceremony service provider.

“...Huh?”

Something wasn’t adding up.

If that’s the case, what exactly was the company descending from the sky?

Swoosh.

“Then what is that? Didn’t you say it was an affiliated business?”

When Yeongwoo pointed to the sky, the strange vessel crashed into the northern part of Gwangjin District.

Boom!

It was more of a crash than a landing, and Kubu blinked rapidly as he spoke.

—Quaya’s Hammer.

“Quaya’s Hammer?”

—A prison construction company.

“What?!”

This guy hadn’t summoned a wedding-affiliated business; he’d brought in a company for execution platforms.

“Is this guy insane?”

As Earth’s absolute martial master, Yeongwoo gaped in astonishment.

But Kubu added even more shocking details as if prepared for this moment.

—Regardless of the process, as long as the mandatory requirements are met, the venue will be officially recognized. So, if you use them, it’s theoretically possible to build a wedding venue with an execution platform.

“.....”

Indeed, one is influenced by the company they keep.

Yeongwoo had to admit that his dark energy had seeped into Kubu as well.

“That’s a brilliant idea. Let’s do it.”

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Chapter 346: Affiliated Businesses (2)

Building a wedding hall through a prison construction company.

Wasn’t this the era of universal expansion?

So nothing was impossible.

Even intermediary Kubu had struggled to find a similar case before finally coming up with a solution after much thought.

“For Kubu’s sake... we have no choice.”

When Yeongwoo muttered this, Jiseon snapped at him.

—If you just gave up on the execution platform, you wouldn’t have to resort to this nonsense.

“But that’s the core of it. Besides, this is actually a good thing.”

—...What?

“When else would I get to meet a prison construction company?”

—.....

This guy, his mindset is just different, Jiseon thought to herself.

—Why a prison? Don’t tell me you’re planning on ending up there someday?

“You never know what the future holds.”

As Yeongwoo said this, someone appeared from within a rusty, crashed spaceship in the distance.

“Are those the contractors?”

As Yeongwoo asked this and pointed, three massive figures, seemingly draped in black raincoats, were walking toward them.

They stood about four meters tall.

Though their thick limbs were faintly visible through their cloaks, they were bipedal with only two arms, making them not entirely alien.

Compared to the planetary inspectors they had encountered before, these figures were almost familiar in appearance.

All three wore metallic masks with multiple small holes, which made Yeongwoo wonder for a moment if they were of the same species as the cloaked inspectors.

—Yes, those are the prison contractors, Hammer of Quaya.

Hammer of Quaya... The name felt oddly familiar, and Yeongwoo tilted his head until he remembered.

It was from the hazardous contractor list he’d seen when selecting planetary development companies.

[Hazardous Contractor List]

A ranking of companies unsuitable for planetary development.

Dogo

Hammer of Quaya

Toma

Hexagon

Cerium

“Ah...! Quaya!”

Yeongwoo exclaimed as he finally recalled their background, and Jiseon, resting her hand on her greatsword, asked,

—What? Who are they?

“They’re Hammer of Quaya, ranked second as the most unsuitable for planetary development!”

—What?

Jiseon turned her head to look at the approaching contractors, now only a few dozen meters away.

She muttered in a low voice, just loud enough for Yeongwoo to hear,

—They build prisons, of course they’re unsuitable for planetary development...

Then, as if another thought crossed her mind, she asked Yeongwoo,

—Wait, a prison construction company is ranked second? Who’s ranked first, then?

Yeongwoo glanced up at the sky and replied,

“Our Chairman.”

—What the hell.

Jiseon instinctively looked up at the sky.

This crazy son of a gun had summoned the first and second most dangerous contractors from the blacklist.

—Do you think you can handle this?

“Considering that the number one contractor is my sponsor, how could it get any riskier?”

—Hah.

Jiseon let out a hollow laugh as Hammer of Quaya came within ten meters.

Thud.

Their footsteps carried a tremendous weight.



It was at this moment that they realized what they thought were raincoats were actually something closer to enormous wings.

‘What... what are these guys?’

A creeping unease began to rise in Yeongwoo, making him swallow nervously.

The mortality rate in intergalactic prisons was said to be 84%.

Would the prisons these people built be just as deadly?

Thud!

As the contractors took another step closer, they alternated glances between Yeongwoo and Jiseon before slightly nodding.

-Who is the boss here?

Despite their bizarre appearance, their greeting was so familiar it could have come from an Earthling.

Jiseon pointed at her son with her greatsword and replied,

—This guy is the boss.

The three contractors simultaneously turned to stare at Yeongwoo.

-Ah, Boss. It’s an honor to meet you.

“Ah, yes.”

-We are servants of the Master of Abyss, Quaya.

The Master of Abyss, Quaya.

Yet another extraordinary figure to encounter.

“I’m Jeong Yeongwoo-07, Mayor of Metal Seoul, Dogo Special City.”

As Yeongwoo introduced himself, the contractors briefly stirred before bowing slightly and cautiously asking,

-By any chance, are you from that Dogo?

Before Yeongwoo could answer, the wedge emblem of Dogo lit up on the upper arm of his Vesedel armor.

Fwoosh!

-Ah.

The contractors' reaction seemed anything but pleased, and the reason quickly became clear.

-In that case, we'll only charge half the contract fee.

"What?"

Yeongwoo, who rarely made concessions when it came to money, couldn't hide his surprise.

What kind of crazy company would voluntarily cut their fee in half?

"Do you have some kind of brotherly bond with our Chairman?"

Yeongwoo threw out the most plausible explanation, but the contractors subtly shook their heads.

-Dogo affiliates are provided services at cost.

Their answer was cryptic, loaded with implications.

'Did these guys get beaten by the Chairman in the past or something?'

If it wasn't brotherhood, then that seemed like the next most likely explanation.

"So... is Hammer of Quaya essentially a company run by the Master of Abyss?"

-No, we are more like a subsidiary.

"Oh, I see."

To think that a prison construction company was a mere subsidiary... Just what kind of entity was this Quaya?

'But considering their favorable attitude toward the Chairman, there must be some kind of connection between them...'

As Yeongwoo scratched his chin in thought, the contractors spoke again, as if to cut off his speculation.

-We'd like to greet the boss properly. Could you teach us the customary greeting on this planet?

Yeongwoo paused for a moment before extending his right hand.

"How about a handshake?"

He suggested, curious about the inside of the other's massive, cloak-like wings.

"If you have a right hand, just extend it empty-handed and clasp it with mine."

-Very well. Then I'll do it on behalf of us.

At Yeongwoo's suggestion, the figure in the middle of the three merchants stepped forward, slightly parting the overlapping wings that covered their entire body.

[Translator - Night]

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Creak.

A sound reminiscent of leather seats rubbing against each other echoed out, and from within—

"...!"

A large arm made entirely of jet-black bones stretched out.

'What the heck, are these guys Death Knights or something?'

Yeongwoo's pupils dilated as he grasped the massive hand of his counterpart.

Crunch.

"Excuse me... What should I call you?"

Yeongwoo asked, running his hand over the skeletal arm.

The merchant replied,

-We dare not possess names.

"Still, I need something convenient to call you. How about I assign you a temporary name for the duration of our dealings?"

-That's... unheard of...

"How about Kobu?"

-...?

Kobu's flustered reaction was evident, even from behind the mask.

Yeongwoo's chosen name was simply a reversal of the first syllable of Kubu, the mediator's title.

—Hey, you jerk! That's seriously rude...!

Unable to hold back, Jiseon let out a small scream and muttered, but what could be done?

The words had already been spoken.

"Why? It's better than Mr. Contractor. Mr. Kobu, and Mr. Tobu, and Mr. Chobu. Welcome to Earth."

Yeongwoo smiled brightly as he shook the hand of the person in front of him.

The representative of Quaya's Hammer, Kobu, glanced at his colleagues on either side.

Then.

-Pleased to meet you.

Following Yeongwoo's lead, Kobu shook his own arm.

"Great. Then please, this way first."

After the introductions were complete, Yeongwoo began walking toward the "tower" visible in the Gwangjin District, and Kobu, Tobu, and Chobu followed in line.

"That's the entrance the general guests, meaning those native to this planet, will use."

Yeongwoo pointed to the lower section of a high-speed transit station as he spoke.

Hearing this, Kobu paused briefly and asked:

-Guests...?

"Yes, guests."

-We came to install an execution platform. Therefore, those to be hung on the platform should be prisoners or captives.

“Ah.”

Finally realizing there was something more important than a handshake, Yeongwoo glanced back into the air behind him, but Kubu had already disappeared.

“This jerk...”

But the business had already begun.

Calming himself, Yeongwoo spoke as if he were carefully explaining Korean to a foreigner, adding gestures for clarity.

“I.”

Thump.

Yeongwoo pointed at his own chest.

Then, vaguely gesturing toward a spot in the air, he continued.

“Plan to hang the guests. On the execution platform.”

He even mimed slashing his neck with his hand, which finally made Kobu understand.

-What are the guests for?

“They’re here to witness a wedding cere... no, a union ceremony.”

-...?

Kobu said nothing further but looked around at the devastated Gwangjin District.

-Surely this isn’t the ceremony venue?

“Yes. And you’re here to build that venue.”

-...Ah.

A sigh heavy with dismay escaped from Kobu.

“You can do it, right? As long as the venue meets certain requirements, the family court will approve it. It’s not illegal, so if it’s done properly, it’s actually possible, isn’t it?”

Yeongwoo spoke as if this was knowledge he’d had all along, though he’d only learned it a few minutes ago.

Kobu quietly withdrew the hand he had extended for a handshake earlier.

-We cannot build elegant structures.

“Then build it like a prison.”

Yeongwoo gestured vaguely toward the entrance of the tower behind him.

“Once guests exit this tower, is there a way to ensure they don’t escape? A sturdy passage connecting the tower to the venue entrance seems necessary.”

-...It’s possible. Does this tower only accommodate general guests?

“Yes, but some might come carrying legendary weapons, so the passage should be unbreakable.”

-Not even a legend can destroy our prison.

“You’re the contractor I was looking for.”

Yeongwoo’s eyes gleamed with a hint of madness.

Whoosh!

This was when Yeongwoo threw a blade, embedding it in the ground about 50 meters from the tower entrance.

“That spot seems suitable for the venue entrance. Can you also add a function to adjust the height of the passage?”

-Additional costs could range from 50 million to 300 million karma.

“Then let’s add it.”

For Yeongwoo, this ceremony was the biggest business opportunity since the reset.

The congratulatory gifts alone, if well-extracted, could rake in hundreds of millions, or even billions.

Considering contributions from the “big players,” investing in the millions didn’t seem burdensome.

“The maximum height of general guests is about 2 meters. The ceiling height should drop to 1.5 meters before they enter so they can’t draw their swords recklessly.”

—What? Why go that far?

Jiseon let out a frustrated sigh at such a malicious design.

“Some guests might not get along. So before they reach the venue, we make them hunch over and walk straight ahead.”

Guests equaled money.

So, until they offered their gifts, it was best to ensure they stayed alive.

-Boss, what's the range for non-general guests?

Kobu finally asked the most critical business question.

Non-general guests.

Those coming from beyond the stars were the real issue.

Their cosmic statuses varied, as did their heights, bodily compositions, and methods of visiting Earth.

As such, Yeongwoo, a mere Earthling, couldn't even begin to predict their needs.

“Shouldn't we design for the most dangerous guest? Chairman Dogo, Mara, and maybe even Lemu could show up.”

Counting on his fingers, Yeongwoo listed the non-general guests, and Kobu looked toward the sky.

-In that case, it's impossible to build a passage for them.

“Why?”

-They will arrive in the manner they choose. However.

“However?”

-Under cosmic law, conflicts between beings of the same tier must be minimized. Therefore, separate arrival points for each...

“What? I was planning to start a gift battle between them...”

-What?

“You haven't heard of the gift competition era?”

[PR/N: This dude is insane 🤪]

[Translator - Night]

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### Chapter 347: Affiliated Businesses (3)

- A congratulatory gift... Did you say it's an exhibition?

Kobu stared blankly at Yeongwoo and then casually glanced around at the panoramic view of Gwangjin-gu.

It felt like a notion that wouldn't arise on such a remote planet.

- If it's Lemu, they're already at a legal grade of Level 4, and President Dogo is... Level 3 under cosmic law.

In other words, Kobu was trying to convey that he shouldn't dare play games with such entities.

"Oh, so Lemu is pretty famous? If Kobu knows not just the company's name but also its grade, it must be."

- It's not just Lemu. All the guests you just mentioned are in the danger category.

Kobu muttered something while alternating glances between Tobu and Chobu.

He seemed to be saying that they'd gotten themselves into serious trouble today.

"Kobu."

- Yes, boss.

"Once you start thinking about something like this, you'll never begin. Just build it."

- ...?

Before Kobu could respond, Yeongwoo moved to the spot where the entrance to the wedding hall would be constructed.



Click, click.

“Since there’s a chance cosmic merchants might attend, the entrance has to be built as large as possible.”

Accommodations had to be made for all sorts of bodies: giants, enormous insects, and massive blobs of oil.

“And for regular guests, I want them to feel an overwhelming sense of foreboding when they walk down the passageway to the wedding hall entrance. Something that makes them feel like they’ve made a serious mistake.”

When Yeongwoo made this request, Kobu finally began taking the project seriously and offered his skilled opinion.

- If the maximum height of regular guests is about two meters, simply building a large lobby will have enough of an effect.

Then he gestured vaguely above Yeongwoo’s head.

- The space itself should suggest that it wasn’t built with them in mind. Excessively high ceilings, unnervingly empty spaces that feel unnecessary, almost as if something has been prepared for them.

“Oh...”

Hearing this, Yeongwoo could now appreciate the fact that the individuals in front of him were experts in constructing prisons across the universe.

- Many beings feel small in spaces that don’t consider their presence. It’s like how a three-legged being panics when given a chair with only two footrests. An oppressive space should exclude the subject’s characteristics.

At this, Jiseon leaned in close to Yeongwoo and whispered softly.

—Remember this well. You never know when you’ll be standing before a chair with only one footrest yourself.

This was a jab at her son’s reckless behavior, suggesting that it wouldn’t be surprising if he ended up imprisoned one day.

Yeongwoo retorted immediately.

“But if I lose a leg, I’ll only get stronger.”

—What did you say, you punk?

While Jiseon growled, Yeongwoo was already imagining the grand scale of the wedding hall lobby as he walked off somewhere.

Click, click.

“In my lobby, there must be an execution platform and a congratulatory podium. Guests will approach the podium, sign their names in the ledger, and pay their gifts.”

- A ledger, you say...?

“It’s like a guestbook. A record that says, ‘I attended this event.’”

Hearing this, Kobu nodded.

- Like a prison inmate roster. We can prepare that immediately.

“Well, it’s similar enough.”

The project proceeded smoothly.

Having constructed numerous cosmic prisons before, Kobu was a veteran who even understood the nuances of an interstellar guestbook.

- However, there might be many who don’t leave their names.

“What do you mean by not leaving their names?”

- Different cultures have vastly different ways of signing guestbooks.

According to Kobu, some species drew lines with swords to sign, while others left parts of their bodies as their signature.

In other words, they would need methods tailored to each culture to collect guestbooks from everyone.

“So, should we stockpile tiles or iron plates or something?”

- Fortunately, we have specialized signature sheets prepared by type.

“You’re a true professional.”

- However, there will be additional charges.

“...?”

The pattern was becoming clear.

So Yeongwoo asked outright.

“Kobu, the additional charges don’t apply to the Dogo special rate, do they?”

Kobu hesitated briefly before confessing.

- That’s correct.

“Well, it wouldn’t be fair to do all this work at cost after traveling so far. I won’t be stingy—after all, this is a family celebration.”

Yeongwoo spoke magnanimously.

Given the malicious structure of the wedding hall, the competition among guests to give gifts was bound to intensify.

Thus, any additional costs for the hall would essentially be passed on to the guests.

“Just don’t let them whine about competing within the same grade.”

- ...Understood.

Kobu exchanged glances with Tobu and Chobu again.

Seeing this, Yeongwoo pointed west and made a suggestion.

“How about putting the execution platform over there?”

- ...What type of execution method are you considering?

“The actual act would be beheading, but adding a gallows for intimidation might also be effective. You know what a gallows is?”

Yeongwoo mimicked a choking motion with his hands, and Kobu leaned back, appalled.

- I’m familiar.

“Just hanging an empty noose on the gallows can send a strong message. Personally, I hope no one has to be executed.”

Hearing this, Jiseon asked, worriedly.

—In the worst-case scenario, are you really going to execute the guests? That’s not just intimidation—if you do that, public opinion will turn against you.

If her son truly planned to dominate Earth, he would need to consider not just domestic sentiment but international sentiment as well.

[Translator - Night]

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But Yeongwoo was firm.

"Of course, I don't want to execute anyone. But threats only work if they're 'real.' The guests coming to this wedding are likely hardened veterans. A half-hearted threat won't make them pay."

— ...

Jiseon had much to say but couldn't muster the courage to speak.

"Our wedding's gifting system uses a two-strike rule."

—Two strikes?

"Guests who come empty-handed are detained in a special prison set up in the lobby."

—What?

"Then we send messengers to their respective nations, demanding ransom from their leaders if they want their people released."

—That's just kidnapping... You're saying guests will be taken hostage if they come empty-handed?

Jiseon sighed deeply.

However, Yeongwoo had his own justification for the executions.

"Anyway, the big money is coming from the guests from space. The money we get from Earth guests is really just pocket change."

—What? Then why are you extorting money to the point of executing people?

"First, it's a test of sincerity. Second..."

Yeongwoo's gaze shifted somewhere.

He was probably imagining the 'special prison' that would be set up in the wedding venue lobby.

"We're assessing that person's reputation and value."

—Reputation?

"The Earth guests are the top names from various regions, so if they're kidnapped at the wedding venue, there's no way their home countries won't pay. At this point, a national powerhouse isn't a simple asset you can replace with mere pennies."

—Th-then?

"Even so, if no one comes forward with money to rescue the detained individual, it boils down to one of two things."

Yeongwoo raised one finger as he spoke.

"Either their people want them to die and disappear because they're a tyrant..."

He extended a second finger.

"Or it means there's an equally powerful second-in-command ready to replace them."

—Th-that's plausible?

"Even if there's a third reason, whatever it may be, it's still enough justification to kill them. They didn't bring any money, after all."

This was, essentially, Yeongwoo's real intention.

—.....

"For whatever reason, if tribute isn't paid even after giving them one more chance, the detained individual will be executed immediately. And we'll use their equipment to make up for the tribute."

As Yeongwoo spoke with excitement, Kobu, who had been quietly listening, cautiously interjected.

-So, where exactly do you plan to set up the tribute display area?

Kobu scanned the vicinity near where the execution stage and the tribute platform were likely to be placed.

Naturally, he assumed it would be somewhere in the wedding venue lobby.

But Yeongwoo...

He turned his head in a completely different direction from where Kobu was looking.

"I'm planning to use the entire front wall inside the wedding hall. When my parents exchange their wedding gifts, I want the tribute rankings displayed in the background."

-What?

—Excuse me?

Kobu and Jiseon were both startled at the same time.

This was a system neither the wedding venue nor the prison had ever seen.

—Hey, take it easy... Just how far are you planning to take this?

"How far? To space, of course."

Yeongwoo looked up at the sky—or rather, to space.

"Think about it. Dogo and Lemu, who don't get along, are gathering in one place, and Dogo will have no choice but to compete in the tribute battle to avoid losing his advertising model to Mara. I don't know much about space, but I'm certain countless factions will be watching this wedding."

The fact that Dogo had come to Earth, newly opened due to the Reset, to stick advertisements everywhere was proof enough.

In space, any place where issues arise becomes ad space.

In that sense, this wedding Yeongwoo was orchestrating was an incredible advertising opportunity.

"For ordinary guests, giving a tribute is just like paying a tax, but for the bigwigs coming from space, it's more about saving face. That's because not only will I reveal the tribute rankings, but I'll also create enormous disparities in seating arrangements based on those rankings."

—Hah.

At her son's ruthless business plan, Jiseon felt her hand trembling slightly.

"But at the same time, they're essentially paying for advertising. While Mara might be an exception, all the other guests—our chairman, Lemu, Toma—are all businesspeople."

Of course, competing for the top spot in tribute rankings wouldn't be easy, especially with Mara planning to visit in an attempt to buy Yeongwoo07.

"That's why we have to do our best to make every chairman and president visiting the wedding venue desperately want to claim the top spot on the tribute rankings."

—.....

It was a clever scheme that not only played on corporate pride but also turned the unique setting into a bidding war for exclusive advertising space.

—But... isn't the tribute ranking only visible after entering the wedding hall and making a contribution?

"Exactly. At first, we'll just announce the existence of the tribute rankings and hold a closed bidding. They'll only see the rankings after making their initial contributions."

—And? What else is there?

"Double-charging."

—Double-charging?

"Once they're inside the wedding venue, there will be another tribute platform."

—What?

"Then the chairmen can check their rankings. If they don't like their position, they can make another tribute to change it."

—You lunatic bastard.

"That's why you have to create a product so irresistible that they'll curse while buying it anyway."

Yeongwoo grinned wickedly.

"By tomorrow, everyone will leave with empty wallets."

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#### Chapter 348: Affiliated Bussinesses (4)

Where on earth was this guy's limit?

Jiseon stared blankly at her son, who was busily moving around on the barren wedding venue site.

He was just some nobody from a remote planet, yet here he was, already toying with the CEOs of intergalactic corporations.

What kind of being would this monster grow into?

Jiseon couldn't even begin to imagine.

"Well, our wedding hall doesn't have a Virgin Road. It only has a Gift Road."

Meanwhile, Yeongwoo was spouting nonsense again.

—A Gift Road? What is that?

Kobu, thinking it was some unique Earth custom, asked sincerely.

Yeongwoo pointed straight ahead with his finger.

"It's a grand entrance pathway where the emblem of the top contributor's ranking is displayed beneath their feet. It stretches from the entrance of the wedding hall all the way to the altar. When the ceremony begins, the bride and groom will walk along this path."

Then, he raised his finger to point at the sky.

"In this wedding, the top contributor ranking outranks even the parents of the bride and groom."

—What does that even mean?

Jiseon tilted her head, baffled by the bizarre concept.

Yeongwoo, still looking at the sky, explained further.

"Those who survive the brutal competition of contributions deserve the treatment to match."



—...?

“Essentially, the person who makes this wedding possible gets the final say before the bride and groom enter.”

—What kind of insane talk is that? If the top contributor says to cancel the wedding, are you seriously going to cancel it?

“Of course.”

—Are you out of your mind?

When Jiseon asked in earnest, Yeongwoo gave a sly smile.

“But, Mom, if you were the top contributor, could you really cancel the wedding?”

—What?

“By now, this wedding has already received contributions from countless beings across the universe. The top contributor, overwhelmingly, has invested the most money. Plus, the ceremony needs to start for us to display their emblem along the Gift Road and on the ranking board behind the altar.”

Speaking with utter confidence, Yeongwoo continued.

“So, no, they wouldn’t cancel. They won’t want to.”

—Then why go through all this trouble?

“To create the ultimate form of ceremony. The power to blow up the entire event with one decision... that’s what being the top contributor grants. At least within this wedding hall, they become the absolute ruler.”

To achieve that, of course, the top contributor would have to pay more than the sum of all the other guests’ contributions combined, so they wouldn’t actually cancel the wedding.

“This is the difference between can’t and won’t. While other guests can’t cancel the wedding, the top contributor chooses not to. It puts them in the position of granting their ‘approval.’”

Yeongwoo figured that no powerful guest who has long ruled over others in the universe would pass up the chance to occupy that seat.

After all, if they relinquished the spot, someone else—a rival businessman or a lowly merchant they despise—would gain the authority to “blow up the wedding.”

Imagine the rage if that happened.

“Once the top contributor is confirmed, the bride and groom’s entrance proceeds with their approval. At that point, the top contributor’s emblem will be displayed along the Gift Road.”

According to Yeongwoo, before the bride and groom even appear, the emblem of the top contributor would be displayed first, leading the way to the altar.

“This symbolizes the way being paved by the top contributor who made this ceremony possible, with the bride and groom following behind.”

—...

Jiseon’s jaw dropped at the sheer cunning flattery of it all.

“When the bride and groom arrive at the altar following the emblem, the contribution rankings will finally be revealed on the wall behind the altar.”

The rankings displayed would show contributors from 1st to 15th place.

The emblems of the top three contributors would be prominently displayed at the center of the wall, with the 4th place and below emblems serving as decorative patterns.

“Of course, the top contributor’s emblem needs to be the largest and most dazzling, while the 2nd and 3rd emblems should have identical size and effects to emphasize their roles in supporting the 1st place. Can you make that happen?”

Yeongwoo looked at Kobu expectantly. H

aving spent his entire life designing prisons, Kobu stared into the void, unsure of himself.

—What kind of effects do you have in mind? If you have reference materials...

“Ah.”

Yeongwoo clicked his tongue.

Good reference materials were abundant on Earth, especially in games where ranking tiers were prominently displayed.

But how could he show that to Kobu?

“As you know, our planet was destroyed, and all those materials are gone.”

—I see.”

“Don’t prisons have any ranking displays? Like for model prisoners or something?”

—There are similar concepts, but they might not align with what you want.

“What are they? Just tell me.”

—Our prisons have defense rankings and release countdown lists.

“...Defense rankings?”

Yeongwoo’s ears perked up.

He had heard that the mortality rate in intergalactic detention centers was 84%, and he had always wondered what went on inside those places.

Now, he had a glimpse into the answer.

“Why would a prison have defense rankings?”

—Every prisoner occasionally faces challenges.

“...?”

—When challenged, they must fight the challenger and survive. Each victory adds to their defense count, which determines their ranking.

“Wait, hold on.”

For the first time in a while, Yeongwoo massaged his temples.

"Who's the challenger? Are fellow inmates the ones who issue the challenges?"

— That is correct.

"Why? Being locked up is already a hassle. Why would anyone willingly pick a fight?"

— Because winning a 'challenge' allows one to take away the other party's incarceration points.

"Incarceration points?"

— It's the currency used within the prison to purchase various amenities or to change housing units.

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"Housing units? You mean they can switch their cells?"

— Yes. For convenience or strategic reasons, some inmates prefer to relocate.

"Wow... so it's not just about being locked up."

— Additionally, collecting incarceration points can reduce one's sentence.

"Ah, in that case, it makes sense."

Yeongwoo finally began to grasp the prison culture of the universe.

"It's like they're imprisoning each other—fighting and stealing incarceration points, even at the risk of death."

The system forced long-term inmates to continually fight due to their need for massive points, while short-term inmates had to avoid fighting to maximize their chances of release.

"So, does this strategic cell switching also relate to the challenge culture? Like moving far away from dangerous individuals?"

— There are various reasons, but what you mentioned is one of the main ones.

"Wow, once you're in, it's game over."

— Are you interested in prisons?

Kobu suddenly posed a sharp question.

"Why? Do I look like someone who's about to go to prison?"

— Generally, people don't want to know about prisons.

"As the saying goes, 'Know yourself and your enemy, and you'll never be defeated.' Whether or not I end up in one, it can't hurt to learn about them."

And who knows?

Perhaps one day, he might do business involving ex-convicts or prisons themselves.

Yeongwoo preferred to gather information whenever an opportunity arose.

"Then, what's the imminent release list?"

— Most prisons have a central square where a real-time updated list can be viewed.

Kobu pointed upward into the air in front of them.

— A jet-black metal board displays various names. Those nearing release are shown at the top, glowing brightly.

Then he gestured toward the ground.

— At the very bottom, a few names are also displayed, but generally, no one dares to read them.

"Are those names of the oldest long-term inmates?"

— The oldest, as well as those with an excessive amount of incarceration points.

Kobu curled his skeletal fingers into a fist.

Yeongwoo couldn't help but ask cautiously.

"Kobu, you're an ex-convict, right? It sounds like you've seen that list yourself."

Kobu trembled.

— Prison is... an unbelievably terrifying place.

"But it's possible to survive and get out. It's an honor to meet a survivor."

— You must be either incredibly strong or incredibly lucky. I was only the latter. I still hope the comrades I left behind find redemption.

Drawing shapes in the air with his darkened fingers, Kobu prayed for the well-being of his "comrades."

Seeing this, Yeongwoo suddenly remembered something he had momentarily set aside and shifted the conversation back to the ranking of congratulatory donations.

"If prison is such a terrifying place, you must have desperately wished to survive when your release date was approaching. It must've taken extraordinary luck to make it through to the end."

— That's true...

Kobu gazed back into his distant past.

Yeongwoo moved closer and whispered like a devil.

"In that case, why don't you channel that desperate 'luck'—the miracle you longed for—into this ceremony? The top donor in the ranking becomes a miraculous presence here."

— Ah...

It seemed Kobu had finally begun to grasp what Yeongwoo wanted.

He slowly surveyed the venue.

— Even in the darkness of that prison, miracles can happen.

"The darker the sky, the brighter the stars. Imagine that moment of release as you work. And don't worry about the donation rankings anymore."

While Yeongwoo and Kobu conversed, Jiseon stepped back, muttering to herself.

— What the hell are these criminals even talking about...?

She couldn't even begin to imagine what kind of ceremony her son had planned based on the things he was saying earlier.

— But this is it, right? There's nothing more, right?

Jiseon asked her son, her tone filled with worry.

Still, she thought she could bear this if it was the lesser evil.

And soon after:

"We're almost done,"

Yeongwoo said, nodding toward his mother.

— Almost?

"Yes. All that's left is the seating arrangement."

— Hey, isn't it enough to just set up some VIP seats? What else do you need to do?

"Do you think their wallets will open for something so simple? We need them to open fully, not just halfway."

— What?

"The top donor in the ranking should have the power to kick out any guest they want from the venue."

— You insane brat. You're going to take away their seats?

"I'm not the one taking them away. It's the top donor who will do it."

— Who on earth would be crazy enough to spend money on something like that? Sure, the first and second might go crazy competing because they hate each other, but not the rest.

"The rest are nothing but insignificant specks in the eyes of the chairmen. It doesn't matter. But."

— But?

"Moderately wealthy companies will need to compete with each other."

— What are you talking about?

"The third-place donor won't be kicked out."

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Chapter 349: Affiliated Businesses (5)

—Unbelievable.

Jiseon doubted her ears.

The solution her son had just proposed was close to a perfect business model—if not for the fact that it revolved around the fierce competition over congratulatory gifts at weddings.

In this wedding hall, the person ranked #1 in the congratulatory gift rankings wielded virtually unchecked power.

Not only could they run extensive advertisements for their business, but if they desired, they could dismiss all guests or even cancel the wedding entirely.

This dynamic forced the universe's elite, who had already attended the wedding, into a position where they could not help but target the top spot on the gift rankings.

Moreover...

—Second place isn't safe, but third place is immune from being kicked out? So you're saying second place is just fodder for the amusement of the first place.

"Yes. Considering how much money they spent fighting each other, the victor deserves the right to oust their bitter rival."

In contrast, the second-place ranker, despite enduring the grueling competition, had a high chance of being thrown out of the wedding hall.

Ironically, this only made the battle for the #1 spot even fiercer.

"Third place is relatively much safer, so aiming for it is the most rational choice for advertising at a reasonable price."

Then Yeongwoo added:

"But if the businesses have even a bit of money, they'll all think the same thing."

—...So that means the competition for third place will also heat up.

"Yes. It's like a second-tier ranking battle."

—...

Born salesman.

At this point, Jiseon had nothing left to say.

With cunning of this level, it was clear her crazy son would do as he pleased no matter what she said.

—Fine, do as you wish. But be careful. The opponents are aliens.

She was starting to accept that Yeongwoo was, indeed, an extraordinary talent on a universal scale.



But even so, wasn't he merely a fledgling who had only just begun to rise?

In contrast, the guests Yeongwoo was about to toy with were the upper echelons of the universe.

Surely they, too, had once gone through an ambitious phase like Yeongwoo's.

It was unlikely they would be entirely blind to his scheme of pitting them against each other.

—Do you know the story of Icarus? If you fly too close to the sun, your wings will melt.

"Yes, but if you fly too low, your wings get wet in the sea. The altitude is just right now."

—...Are you sure?

As Yeongwoo looked skyward again, Jiseon quickly waved her hands.

—Alright, alright.

"Is there such a thing as returns without risks? We're not in a position to be picky right now."

—But this is spicy food.

"It's just spicy food. Through this wedding, we will take a great leap forward."

A vast sum of cash, and the achievement of a reputable family name.

These were essential preliminary steps for Yeongwoo's budding clan and Earth itself to venture into the universe.

"So, is there anything else I need to guide you on?"

Yeongwoo eventually asked Kobu.

The prison construction contractor, about to tackle the challenge of a lifetime, gazed into the void.

-When is the wedding?

"Earth time... tomorrow at 3:23 p.m."

-In that case, we will complete the venue and have it delivered here by 2:23 PM tomorrow.

"Delivered? Is the venue modular?"

-Yes, given this area, we can construct it in our workshop and transport it here. Would you like to see the construction process?

"Ah."

Yeongwoo was intrigued and almost said "Yes," but after some thought, he realized it would be inconvenient to have the venue constructed on-site.

'There's a high chance my second uncle will show up tomorrow at 1 PM.'

Moreover, if aliens were building something here, it might cause undue concern among the locals.

So, Yeongwoo reluctantly shook his head.

"No, that's fine. Let's go with the modular option."

- Understood. We'll deliver it by 2:23 PM local time and proceed with the final inspection then.

"So, what's the cost of the work?"

What would it cost to commission a customized venue from a cosmic prison construction company?

As Yeongwoo waited anxiously and curiously for an answer, Kobu spread out his palm, displaying a series of strange symbols.

Apparently, this was their version of a calculator.

- We charge half of our service fee upfront. However...

"However?"

- You must pay at least the cost price for materials.

"Of course. I wouldn't want to create bad karma, especially since we might work together again."

But whether he'd already created bad karma, Kobu didn't seem entirely convinced.

Instead, he smoothly transitioned the conversation to a businesslike tone.

- We normally handle a wide variety of materials.

“Well, that makes sense, considering you specialize in prisons.”

- However, for this order, since it's for a ceremonial venue, I recommend using low-cost materials.

“What's the difference between low-cost and high-cost materials?”

- First of all, the price difference can range from hundreds to thousands of times.

“...?”

What on earth could justify such a disparity?

“What makes high-cost materials so special?”

At Yeongwoo's question, Kobu clasped his pitch-black skeletal hands together, mimicking a blade.

- Structures made from high-cost materials are impenetrable, even by the masters of myth.

“Ah.”

Immediate understanding.

Though still a novice, Yeongwoo himself could be considered a “master of myth,” so this explanation sent a chill down his spine.

“Then what about low-cost materials? Do they fly away in strong winds?”

- Low-cost materials are susceptible to destruction by mythical forces.

In other words, they could withstand anything short of myth-level power.

It was similar to the durability of the high-speed transit stations scattered across the area.

‘As expected of a prison construction company. Even their low-cost materials have ridiculous durability.’

Of course, he'd love to lock up Mara and the Chairman and threaten them with self-destruction, but his mother's advice echoed in his mind: ‘Fly too high, and your wings might melt.’

‘It's not time for that yet.’

Yeongwoo calmed himself and asked Kobu again.

“Then how much would it cost to build the venue using low-cost materials?”

Kobu brought up his palm-calculator again.

Zap!

- Including our service fee of 300 million, additional charges of 240 million, and the material cost of 680 million, the total comes to 1.22 billion karma.

“Does that include execution platforms and detention facilities?”

1.2 billion karma to erect a wedding hall with execution platforms on a barren plain.

While undoubtedly a vast sum, it was surprisingly affordable on a cosmic scale.

Of course, right now, Yeongwoo didn't even have 200 million won, let alone 1.2 billion.

But he wasn't one to be deterred by mere numbers.

“Deal!”

Without hesitation, Yeongwoo agreed to the price.

“I'll pay the balance after the ceremony is completely over. No down payment!”

-...?

—Yeongwoo, what are you talking about? That's not a balance anymore if there's no initial payment.

“I don't have any money right now. With the loose change I've got, I have to pay taxes tonight.”

[Translator - Night]

[Proofreader - Gun]

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Yeongwoo said this, then glanced at Kobu, Tobu, and Chobu in turn as he continued speaking.

“Instead of a down payment, how about I increase the final payment? Does that work for you?”

-...

The three contractors remained silent.

Then, they let out quiet sighs, looking around.

-We suppose there's no other way if you don't have cash on hand.

"Yes, yes. All your wages will come directly from the ceremony venue, so please handle this carefully. If something goes wrong, I'm bankrupt."

—...I'm sorry, everyone.

Jiseon apologized to the contractors on behalf of her son, who was already bowing apologetically.

Then Kobu approached Jiseon and extended his right hand.

It was the only greeting Kobu had learned on this planet, and it seemed the most appropriate way to show respect to the relatively well-mannered Jiseon.

—Ah.

Jiseon shook the offered hand and apologized again.

—I'm really sorry. I assure you, the balance will be paid without issue.

-We're counting on you. This is already the bare minimum cost.

—Yes, yes, I understand. I'm sorry.

Only after Jiseon uttered her third apology did the contractors step back.

-Then, we'll complete the venue by the appointed time tomorrow and return.

"Yes! Safe travels! Thank you so much!"

Yeongwoo waved brightly as Kobu, Tobu, and Chobu's bodies became blurry.

Swaaat.

And then.

Ping!

In an instant, they disappeared from Yeongwoo's sight.

“...!”

They had already returned to their distant spaceship.

‘So, they’re ex-cons after all. Even their movement technique is different.’

A fleeting thought crossed Yeongwoo’s mind: perhaps Kobu, the nameless one, was actually an incredibly powerful being.

As they say on Earth, the ripest ears of rice bow the lowest.

Kobu’s comment about being lucky to have been released from prison might actually have been a sign of humility.

—Hey, those guys will probably shudder at the mention of "Dogo" from now on. They didn’t seem too happy to begin with.

Watching the contractors’ spaceship hastily leave Earth, Jiseon clicked her tongue.

Yeongwoo, however, said something entirely different.

“This just shows how well the chairman has built the brand image.”

—What?

“Just having the ‘Dogo’ name attached cut the service fee in half. And it’s not like I have any background or connection to those contractors.”

—That’s true.

“To achieve something like this in this brutal universe... it’s really remarkable.”

It was truly impressive—and enviable.

Yeongwoo wondered if, someday, simply being "Yeongwoo," or even “Earth-born,” would make aliens tremble.

“Oh, it’s almost time. Let’s get going.”

Yeongwoo glanced at his wrist and then turned toward the tower.

—What are you talking about? Where are we going now?

“To collect money. The Tsushima War should be almost over.”

—Right. We sent that lord back to Tsushima earlier, didn’t we?

It didn't feel real for Jiseon, who had been defending Seoul the whole time.

Even while they were discussing setting up an execution platform at the venue, a war had been raging far away in Tsushima.

“Once the war is over, per the contract, all of Lemu’s support funds will transfer to us.”

Additionally, all the intergalactic infrastructure built in Japan would become Yeongwoo’s property as Dogo’s representative.

That included the much-talked-about “space communicator” in Japan, which Yeongwoo had only seen on a credit card statement until now.

[Space Communicator]

"The universe is vast, and you never know what you might encounter."

| Card Tier: Legendary

| Power: 800 + 1,140

Encounters with the Unknown

<When activated, this card’s power increases by 1–3,000.>

‘It’s probably a gift from Lemu. I wonder what it actually does.’

As Yeongwoo mused over this and was about to head toward the tower, a system message appeared before his eyes, perfectly timed.

「In 3 minutes, the Dogo faction will fully occupy the capture point.」

“...!”

The Seoul Alliance and the Red Foot Orcs had been holding the capture point for nearly an hour.

If Lemu’s faction didn’t make any attempts to contest the point in the next three minutes, the Tsushima War would officially end.

“We need to hurry. Three minutes left.”

As Yeongwoo urgently began to strip off his clothes, Jiseon took a step back and asked, startled.

—Why the hell is he acting up again?

Half-undressed, Yeongwoo fixed his gaze on Jiseon's armor and spoke.

"Mother."

—What? W-what is it?

"When you transform into a dragon... you're naked, aren't you?"

[Translator - Night]

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Chapter 350: Supreme Armament (1)

—How would I know that?

A cold sweat seemed to run down her back.

It felt like this crazy son of hers was intent on dragging his mother into the hell of naked warfare.

"Oh, really? Then I'll have to go see for myself."

—Go see for yourself?

"To Tsushima. We need to end this war."

—And why should I go there? I'm just...

The words "The Guardian Dragon of Seoul" caught in Jiseon's throat, unable to escape.

Yeongwoo stepped in to finish her sentence for her.

"It'll just take a moment. No one's going to invade Seoul in the meantime."

—...

It was an irrefutable argument.



With Mara's proxy already driven away naked, who would dare launch an attack on Metal Seoul?

—What exactly do you need me to do on Tsushima?

“You just have to stand there. Once the war is over, Lemu should handle the payments.”

Of course, this was mere speculation.

Yeongwoo had never been part of a planetary development war before, so he didn't really know how these competitions concluded.

—Just stand there?

“Yes. But once the settlement is over, I'd like you to accompany me to Japan as well. In your dragon form.”

At this, Jiseon asked in a puzzled tone,

—And what exactly are you planning to do there?

“I made a promise to someone. If we win the war, we'll claim ownership of the infrastructure in Japan.”

—And?

“We need to see it in person. Plus, we'll need to decide on a successor for Yuto.”

—Isn't that your business? I don't see why I need to go.

“No, you must come with me. We need to ride a dragon to get there.”

—What?

“I have no intention of shedding more blood by entering the Japanese mainland, even though the war is over. But we'll need to establish dominance since they're unlikely to be friendly toward us.”

In short, it was a plan to showcase that there was a “real dragon” on the Korean Peninsula—an intimidation tactic without the need for drawn swords.

—Will that really work?

“It will. Your size will defy everyone's expectations.”

Yeongwoo was certain of it.

If his mother soared through Japanese airspace in dragon form, everyone there would be overwhelmed.

Her dragon form was a staggering 250 meters long, with the distance from her front paw to her chin measuring almost 100 meters—something even Yeongwoo hadn't fully adapted to yet.

And the same would hold true for Japan's strongest fighters.

"Let's just go. The more you overthink it, the more hesitant you'll become."

—That's called caution.

"If you're cautious all the time, you're just a coward. Mother, are you a coward?"

With those words, Yeongwoo had already opened the tower's outer wall.

"Stop being cautious and come on. All you have to do is breathe, and the money will pour in."

It sounded like something out of a fairytale.

—Damn it,

Jiseon muttered, resigning herself to follow her son.

\* \* \*

Tsushima.

The battlefield of the naked war.

For Jiseon, it was hard to believe.

That a porn production company even existed in this universe, and that their sponsorship had somehow led to all the combatants stripping—how was that even possible?

It was something she wouldn't believe until she saw it with her own eyes.

And so she did.

—Fuck.

Faced with that absurd scene, she was at a loss for words.

“Mother, welcome to Tsushima.”

Standing at the upper level of the tower, already stripped bare, Yeongwoo spread his arms and gestured ahead.

Jiseon clenched her eyes shut inside her helmet.

—How do you even live in a world like this?

It was at least fortunate that the sun had set.

Before her lay a vast field filled with naked crimson-footed orcs and equally unclothed swordsmen from the Seoul Alliance.

—The war is over, so why are they still like that?

“It’s not over yet. There’s one minute left.”

Yeongwoo glanced at his wrist, and a holographic clock projected over his armor.

BEEP!

The current time: 8:33 PM.

“Get ready, Mother.”

Yeongwoo urged Jiseon to join the naked war, but she hung her head, staring at the ground.

Up until now, she had transformed into a dragon without much thought.

But thanks to her insane son, she now viewed the situation in an entirely new light.

Could a dragon’s form truly be called naked?

Strictly speaking, a dragon wore no armor, so calling it nude wasn’t incorrect.

In other words, transforming into a dragon here was akin to stripping in front of countless orcs and swordsmen.

And her size only added to her predicament.

—...

Jiseon hesitated, unable to bring herself to transform. Yeongwoo leaned closer and whispered,

“See? I was right. Overthinking makes you hesitant.”

—You insane bastard, this is a completely different matter.

“How so? I don’t see it. All that hesitation exists only in your head. No one here will think you’re naked.”

Of course, this was a blatant lie.

Imagine a sudden dragon transformation in a battlefield where everyone was stripped bare.

Everyone would instantly realize the truth: that dragons, by their very nature, wore no clothing.

“Twenty seconds left. If you don’t transform now, it’ll be too late.”

Yeongwoo wagged his finger like a ticking clock, prompting Jiseon to glance at the sky.

—Shut up for a moment.

And with that, she stepped forward and transformed into an ice dragon.

ROAAAARR!

Her immense form, hundreds of meters long, unfurled across Tsushima, causing swordsmen and orcs alike to recoil in terror.

“What... what is that?”

“An ice dragon...?”

“Isn’t that Yeongwoo’s mother?”

Watching the stunned reactions of everyone, Yeongwoo felt even more confident.

‘Bringing Mother to Japan will definitely make things easier.’

Big businesses required big players.

As he gazed up at his mother’s colossal dragon head, so high he needed enhanced vision to see it clearly, a signal sounded.

BEEP!

Finally, the Dogo faction had monopolized the flag on Tsushima for one hour.

「The flag's ownership has been decided.」

‘It's over at last.’

Yeongwoo watched the system notification floating in the air, and the next message followed.

「The development rights war between Dogo and Lemu on Tsushima has concluded with a victory for the Dogo faction.」

Suddenly, a bright beam shot down from the sky, landing at Yeongwoo's feet.

SHOOM!

What appeared was a silver metallic object embedded slightly into the ground.

“A... spear?”

It resembled a spear, but its true nature became clear as the system illuminated it.

POP!

[Translator - Night]

[Proofreader - Gun]

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「Tsushima Pact」 – Epic Certificate

【|||I-Earth】

【This certificate guarantees rights as stipulated in the pact.】

【Enforcement Level: 3】

|This document is certified by the Planetary Court and the Balance Enforcement Office.

It was none other than a certified item granting rights according to the Tsushima Pact.

The system—or perhaps something beyond that—had sent tangible evidence to ensure the terms decided at the negotiation table would be enforced.

‘What the...? The certificate has enforcement level?’

Yeongwoo's gaze instantly shifted to the term "enforcement level."

### 【Enforcement Level Level 3】

[This certificate guarantees the rights upheld by the Planetary Court and the Balance Enforcement Office.

While it meant that official institutions of the universe guaranteed the rights of this certificate, a slight twist in perspective revealed something unsettling.

'If there are designated guarantors, doesn't that imply someone could ignore the guarantee?'

Theoretically, that was entirely possible.

If an entity stronger than the Planetary Court and the Balance Enforcement Division, the guarantors of this certificate, emerged, they could simply disregard the Great Demon Treaty.

'And that means they could ignore all promises associated with Enforcement Level 3 as well.'

A shiver ran down his spine.

As he had long suspected, the universe was ultimately a world ruled by the strong.

'What's the Balance Enforcement Office, anyway? If they have an enforcement office, they must be the ones wielding this enforcement level.'

Why else would this certificate possess enforcement level?

It had to be because if someone broke the promises written on the certificate, the guarantors would use physical force to enforce them.

'Not that it matters now since Japan doesn't have the power to back it up...'

As everyone knew, even public officials in the universe sometimes got beaten up—or worse, killed—while on duty.

But the fact that "agreements" in the universe still depended on the enforcement level of public institutions didn't sit well with Yeongwoo.

For now, the agreement's terms were guaranteed, but someday, he might encounter lunatics who could outright dismiss such enforcement level.

'This is already infuriating.'

He wanted to punch them all.

But at the moment, even the guests from the universe couldn't afford to make reckless threats, as their strength was insufficient.

"This is the certificate."

Thud!

As Yeongwoo pulled the epic certificate from the ground, Jiseon, floating high in the air, asked,

—Certificate?

"Yes. With this, we can go to Japan and demand war reparations and the promised armaments."

Despite all the tasks he had accomplished since the reset, this was the first time he'd demanded war reparations guaranteed by the universe.

Yeongwoo felt a sudden thrill and gestured at his mother.

"Come down here."

—What for?

"To carry me, of course."

—What are you talking about? Can't you use the transit path like you did to get here?

"That's no fun. Let's make an impact by flying dramatically over Tokyo, just like Mara did."

With that, Yeongwoo leapt high towards his mother's nape.

Swoosh!

—You little punk.

Before long, Jiseon realized her son had clambered onto her neck without permission.

"Just think of it as giving your son a piggyback ride. Now, let's go—to Tokyo's skies."

—Are you serious? You really want to fly there like this?

"Yes. To ensure peaceful negotiations, we need to look as intimidating as possible."

As he said this, Yeongwoo double-checked that Bastard was securely attached to his waist.

—Do the people in mainland Japan even know they've lost the war?"

"They should've seen the same system message since their country was directly involved in this war."

When Yeongwoo pointed towards mainland Japan, Jiseon finally took off.

Whoosh!

As the Redfoot Orc army and the Strongest Swords looked on in awe, they shouted something unintelligible, but their words failed to reach Yeongwoo, who was already soaring through the sky.

"...!"

Jiseon had risen so quickly that people on the ground now looked like ants.

—We'll be over Tokyo in no time. Is there anything we should be wary of?

"Wary of what?"

—You idiot. You know, like how Seoul has anti-air defenses.

"Oh."

Now that she mentioned it, it was a valid concern.

But Yeongwoo didn't know much about that.

"This is my first time in Tokyo, too."

—You're unbelievable, you know that?

Still, Jiseon was already speeding towards their destination with her son in tow.

They were heading for Tokyo, soon to officially become the capital of a defeated nation.

Swoooooosh!

"You don't even need the transit path, Mom. You should just fly everywhere."

Impressed by her incredible mobility, Yeongwoo said this, prompting Jiseon to scowl.



—We're almost there. Pray that your mother doesn't get shot down by Japanese artillery.

"Even if you do, it'll probably be Lemu."

When Yeongwoo quipped and turned to look ahead, he saw it—a silhouette resembling Tokyo Tower, though not quite the same.

"What's that?"

It was undoubtedly the location of Tokyo Tower, but a purple tower now stood in its place.

—What is that?

"Didn't you hear me earlier? I'm asking you what it is. Did Tokyo Tower get remodeled in the meantime?"

—No way.

Neither Yeongwoo, the post-reset world expert, nor Jiseon, the pre-reset world expert, knew what it was.

"Wait... could that be...?"

Could it be that thing Yuto had as a card—the intergalactic transmitter?

As Yeongwoo's thoughts reached this point, he saw a large banner unfurling from the middle of the purple tower.

Fwoosh!

—There's definitely something there!

Mistaking it for Japan's air defense, Jiseon began to maneuver, but Yeongwoo stopped her.

"No! It's a collaborator working for us!"

—What? What are you talking about?

Jiseon blinked at her son's odd remark and turned her gaze to the banner.

Her eyes widened as she read the hand-scrawled Korean text, though it was a bit crooked.

「Please don't destroy this.」

-Tomiko Hayama

[Translator - Night]

[Proofreader - Gun]

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