

# **Level 4 Human in a Ruined World #Chapter 401 - Read**

## **Level 4 Human in a Ruined World Chapter 401**

[Translator - Night]

[Proofreader - Gun]

Chapter 401: Gift Breakthrough (5)

Rohm's Bottom.

Using a brutal martial art, they tackled opponents swinging swords, severing heads with an elbow strike.

As suggested by the tooltip that mentioned "fighting like a prisoner," Rohm's Bottom granted its users an advantage by enabling unpredictable combat techniques.

This was precisely why Yeongwoo had survived thus far.

‘There were quite a few moments that would’ve been hard to overcome without Rohm's Bottom. I’ve always wanted to express my gratitude someday...’

Now, coincidentally meeting the prisoners again felt like fate—or perhaps a stroke of fortune.

And wasn’t this a crucial moment when allies were desperately needed to overcome the wedding offering challenge?

‘Dear prisoners—or rather, mentors! Please help me get through this situation...!’

As Yeongwoo looked to the sky and shouted inwardly, Kubu closed his eyes to deliver Yeongwoo’s message.

Swish.

He teleported to the outer edge of the planet, where the escaped convicts were waiting.

Watching this unfold, Aldo, seated on his iron throne, approached.

—Hey, Yeongwoo.

“Yes, Your Highness.”

—What... what are you saying? Escaped convicts? Who’s coming this time...?

Already overwhelmed by the malice in the wedding venue, Aldo was understandably terrified at this news.

Escaped convicts from space?

How far would this wedding ceremony go?

“They’re just called escaped convicts. They’re actually good people.”

Yeongwoo pointed to the sky as he said this, causing Aldo’s head to twist in confusion.

“By the way, Your Highness.”

—...What?

“You can help us break through the wedding offering, can’t you?”

—Me?

It seemed Aldo hadn’t anticipated being asked to participate.

Yeongwoo’s gaze turned fierce.

“Are you planning to leave my parents alone amidst those insane villains?”

Even as he said this, Yeongwoo couldn’t bring himself to point at Mara with his finger.

He still had a second round of congratulatory money to receive from him.

“As you’ve seen, this venue is full of bad karma. Everyone here is trying to accumulate even more bad karma by preventing the wedding offering from being completed.”

If they succeeded in interfering with the offering, the guests would get their congratulatory money back.

“Getting the money they offered in good faith as a blessing for the wedding returned? That’s an atrocious sin. It’s clear this would tip the balance of this wedding venue greatly.”

Hearing this, Aldo couldn’t bring himself to deny it.

His head twisted even further in frustration.

—Y-You’re right.

As a guest, one had to choose between helping or hindering the offering challenge.

And for Aldo, born with extreme virtue, there was only one real option.

He couldn't possibly bring himself to torment the wedding couple for a refund.

—I brought royal knights with me... We can calm the guests.

Aldo glanced at the knights standing behind him as he spoke, and Yeongwoo clenched his fist.

"We have no idea how they'll try to interfere with the wedding offering. If worst comes to worst, we may have to pacify the guests by force."

—W-What?

"There are no rules preventing guests from attacking each other during the wedding offering, only that they can't harm the couple, right?"

—Is that... true?

It was.

The family court's wedding offering regulations didn't specify any rules for guest behavior toward one another.

While Aldo naturally considered peaceful means, Yeongwoo, steeped in dark karma, had immediately thought of "beating up the other guests for support."

"Of course we can fight the guests. Were you planning to preach to them? This is why the virtuous always lose! It's clear that balancing the universe has been hard because of virtuous people like you."

—T-That's absurd...!

Aldo bristled at Yeongwoo's malicious reasoning.

Yet he couldn't immediately refute it.

Yeongwoo was not someone Aldo's innocent mind could easily argue against.

"Of course, this discussion might be pointless. There's a good chance you won't even make it to the wedding offering."

—...What do you mean by that?

"If Mara takes first place in the second round of wedding offerings, won't you be expelled?"

This wasn't even an exaggeration—it was a clear fact.

Mara had already suffered the humiliation of losing his throne because of Aldo's 5 billion congratulatory offering.

It was obvious he harbored a grudge and would seek revenge.

—Oh.

Realizing the second round of offerings was being prepared in the main hall, Aldo turned his head.

There, Mara and Dogo were entering.

They intended to correct the offering rankings before the wedding ceremony began.

—Wait, wait!

Alarmed, Aldo flew toward the main hall on his throne, while a rift opened behind Yeongwoo.

Ssssh.

It was none other than the tax officer, Kubu.

“Oh, Kubu. What happened?”

Yeongwoo beamed and looked between Kubu and the sky. Kubu's eyes spun once.

—They said there's no problem.

“Oh, as expected.”

The convicts were surely thrilled to be invited to cause havoc at a wedding venue.

‘So now the offering supporters are Prince Aldo, my brothers, and...’

Yeongwoo's gaze landed on Lord Bang, who was glaring at Mara from afar.

Lord Bang would certainly help with the wedding offering.

—Shall I grant entry permission?

Kubu asked about letting the convicts in.

Yeongwoo nodded, and Kubu blinked.

—Planetary entry permission has been granted to “Rohm’s convicts.”

A strange sound, like a clogged drain being cleared, echoed from somewhere above.

Gurrrk, guk guk!

“...What’s that?”

Yeongwoo and several guests in the lobby looked toward the source of the noise.

Suddenly—

CRASH!

A dark crack formed in the middle of Mara’s void material in the sky, and black sludge began oozing out.

“What...?”

Sensing that something was about to happen, Yeongwoo’s eyes widened.

Sure enough, the cracked spot exploded, pouring down a waterfall of black goo.

WHOOSH!

Eerie laughter echoed through the lobby.

—Hehe!

—Kyaa...!

—Kekeke!

‘Oh no. This seems worse than expected.’

Realizing from their giddy laughter that the “mentors” were in an excited state, Yeongwoo’s face grew tense.

The black goo pooled in an empty space near the lobby, boiling like hot oil as it began to change form.

Even Jiseon, who thought she couldn’t be more shocked, widened her eyes and asked Yeongwoo,

—What... what is this? Who did you summon this time?

“...My mother’s bodyguards.”

—What?

[Translator - Night]

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No sooner had Yeongwoo finished speaking than a glossy black hand burst from the bubbling goo.

Splat!

—Good heavens.

Jiseon took a step back, while Yeongwoo walked toward the lobby’s entrance to greet the new guests.

Clink, clink.

But what should he call his opponent?

‘Prisoners...? That sounds weird.’

While Yeongwoo was struggling with this dilemma, another arm extended from the gelatinous mass.

Swish!

Then, with two arms planted on the ground, the creature acted as if it were trying to rise.

Crunch!

A massive body emerged from the viscous mass, casting a colossal shadow over Yeongwoo.

‘Fuck...What the hell are these guys?’

Yeongwoo instinctively lifted his head.

The figure standing up from the slime towered over him, about nine meters tall.

—Ah, you must be Jeong Yeongwoo 07! The one who’s been using our martial skills so well!

One of the prisoners from the mass was the first to speak, expressing admiration.

This being, standing nine meters tall, had a smooth, black body, long limbs, and absurdly broad shoulders.

What stood out was that it had no head; instead, the upper torso between the shoulders curved gently.

Its limbs were sleek, like blades of grass, and its black, flesh-like texture evoked an eerie feeling.

“Ah... welcome. It’s been a while, hasn’t it?”

Yeongwoo tried to play along, pretending to be familiar.

Another prisoner emerged from the goo and laughed in a rough voice.

—Ah! Yes. We’ve met before.

The first to appear elaborated.

—We are fugitives. We don’t remember small events very well.

—But even while on the run, we heard of Jeong Yeongwoo 07’s reputation!

—So, this isn’t a small matter anymore.

“That’s... a good thing, right?”

Now there were three fugitives, and their collective shadow darkened the entire lobby.

—We are escapees.

—We cause trouble and don’t take responsibility.

‘...What?’

—So we can do anything.

—You are now our ‘big deal.’

—So say the word!

This basically meant that, since they were always on the run, they had no problem causing massive incidents.

‘What the hell are these lunatics talking about? These guys are real villains.’

Yeongwoo found them pure evil, to the extent that even he was speechless.

Still, no allies could match their ability to disrupt the wedding gifts of galactic villains.

“Masters... no, teachers. What I ask of you is quite simple.”

Yeongwoo turned to look at the wedding hall.

The three escapees shifted their massive torsos to follow his gaze.

“My parents will soon try to overcome the wedding gift threshold there. Many guests will likely interfere...”

Yeongwoo clenched his fist.

“So I ask that you beat up my guests thoroughly, without causing permanent injury or death.”

—Ah...!

—Thoroughly!

—Understood.

Though it wasn't clear if they fully grasped the concept, the conversation flowed without a hitch.

The prisoners bumped their fists together and headed toward the wedding hall.

Boom, boom!

Their massive footsteps shook the lobby.

Eventually, they hesitated as they reached the gift stand, guided by Kobu.

“...You can't enter the ceremony without a wedding gift.”

—Ah.

—Gifts!

—There's no escaping this one.

The three fugitives lined up before the gift stand.



The stand began to glow and projected something onto the exterior wall of the wedding hall.

Fwoosh!

But it wasn't their gifts that activated the stand.

No, the gift stand had been triggered by none other than—

<Architect, Lemu>

「Wedding gift payment complete!」

「What?」

Lemu's second contribution.

A second gift ceremony had begun inside the hall, led by none other than the daring machine, Chairman Lemu.

「I deliver this gift in celebration of the marriage of Jeong Yeongwoo's parents, Kim Jeonggu and Song Jiseon.」

Lemu's private gift.

Though the amount was undisclosed, the rankings made it obvious how much he had contributed.

Ping!

The updated rankings revealed something shocking.

[1st Place] Lemu, 「Private」

[2nd Place] Aldo, 「5 Billion」

[3rd Place] Mara, Ominous Eye 「Private」

[4th Place] Dogo, 「3 Billion」

[5th Place] Kwaya's Hammer, Private

「First place? Insane!」

Truly, cash king Lemu.

This was also a strategic move.

If the machine claimed first place, Chairman Dogo would stop at nothing to reclaim his throne.

Once Dogo retook first, Lemu would be pushed to second.

Furious, Mara would likely enter the fray, dropping Lemu to third.

Lemu's true goal was to secure third place.

But—

Fwoosh!

The gift stand lit up again.

'Who could react this quickly?'

Sensing something, Yeongwoo sprinted toward the wedding hall.

Thud, thud!

He saw the prince, Aldo, standing before the second gift stand, feet firmly planted on the hall floor.

"...!"

And he wasn't alone.

He was side-by-side with Daouk, the head of Osaek Credit.

"What? Prince, did you... take a loan?"

As Yeongwoo gawked, Aldo's head morphed into a sharp cone.

'This guy... he's furious!'

The next thing Yeongwoo heard was Aldo slamming the gift stand with his fist, shouting:

—All villains! Bow before the balance of the universe!

<Shelbir's Second Son, Aldo>

「Wedding gift payment complete!」

The gift stand glowed gold for the first time.

Fwoooosh!

—...!

Mara scratched his chin, trying to feign indifference, while Chairman Dogo turned to watch Aldo's back.

Both powerhouses were shaken.

Finally, Aldo's gift amount was revealed.

「I deliver this gift in celebration of the marriage of Jeong Yeongwoo's parents, Kim Jeonggu and Song Jiseon—100 billion karma received」

—Ah.

Someone in the crowd let out a near-sigh.

100 billion karma.

Aldo had crossed the line.

[Translator - Night]

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Chapter 402: Gift Breakthrough (6)

'Is he... is he crazy?'

It felt like the world was spinning.

Even after seeing the congratulatory donation list with his own eyes, Yeongwoo found it hard to believe.

10 billion karma donation.

And this was after already donating 5 billion karma.

Now an additional 10 billion had been poured in.

[1st Place] Aldo, 「15 billion」

[2nd Place] Lemu, 「Private」

[3rd Place] Mara, Ominous Eyes, 「Private」

[4th Place] Dogo, 「3 billion」

[5th Place] Hammer of Kwaya, Private」

The current total donation for 1st place was 15 billion.

This spoke volumes.

Above all, it confirmed that Prince Aldo's talk of balance was sincere...

'It also means that the Shelbir royal family's credit is solid enough to approve a 10 billion loan on the spot.'

Aldo hadn't just casually brought 5 billion in cash for no reason.

No doubt the Shelbir royal family's financial strength was beyond imagination.

But no matter how wealthy they were, taking out a 10 billion loan just for wedding donations was excessive.

'I think Prince Aldo overdid it. He'll probably be scolded a lot when he returns to Doatel.'

Yeongwoo also had a keen sense of awareness.

The moment Prince Aldo made the 10 billion donation, he could feel the chairs of the assembly members trembling with agitation.

Even for 3rd-level beings like Dogo and Mara, 10 billion karma was an enormous amount.

So, it was obvious that for a royal family whose status seemed to be below the 3rd level, 10 billion was a significant sum.

And that wasn't all.

Because Aldo raised the stakes to 15 billion, anyone wanting to contend with the top two assembly members would now have to spend at least that much.

In other words:

‘This crazy, oblivious caramel bastard.’

Prince Aldo had completely overturned the assembly members’ banquet.

‘No matter how proud they are, I don’t think they’d spend 15 billion on donations for a wedding in the boondocks. It doesn’t make financial sense.’

Lemu’s high-grade legendary spear had only been worth 1.6 billion.

So, 15 billion could buy nearly ten pieces of such equipment.

‘But the problem is...’

Yeongwoo’s gaze shifted back to the donation ranking board.

It was all because of the 3rd place spot.

[3rd Place] Mara, Ominous Eyes, 「Private」

The only position where even becoming the 1st place donor couldn’t lead to banishment—the 3rd place spot.

And now, that spot was in Mara’s hands.

Mara, the biggest rival of the Chairman for this event, and the very cause of imbalance that Prince Aldo had desperately wanted to eliminate.

‘This means I’m the only real winner of this wedding, doesn’t it?’

If there was another winner, it might be Lemu, who ended up just above Dogo, through sheer luck.

‘Anyway, I’ve raked in over 200 billion just from the donations. Sweet.’

While Yeongwoo tried to suppress the grin that threatened to spread across his face, a broadcast announcement echoed through the hall.

「The wedding ceremony will begin in one minute.」

‘Finally.’

「Guests who have not yet made their donation, please do so now. The wedding hall’s entrance will be sealed shortly.」

This included those who wished to make a second donation.

In other words, if no one made a second donation within the next minute, the current donation rankings would be finalized.

“Alright, everyone...”

Just as Yeongwoo was about to ask the guests to take their seats—

Boom!

A loud impact echoed from one side of the hall.

“...Huh?”

Turning toward the source of the sound, Yeongwoo saw a sight he couldn’t believe.

Clang!

Dogo.

The master of the Hundred Thousand Sword Mountain and the so-called King of Destruction, Dogo had stepped onto the floor of the wedding hall.

‘...What?’

This was unprecedented.

The Chairman had never once set foot on Earth before.

This act alone spoke volumes about his resolve.

Sure enough, Mara twisted his head slightly and laughed at the sight of Dogo.

—A low birth is hard to deny!

The implication was clear—Dogo was the illegitimate child of a royal family, which was why he could set foot on such a lowly planet.

‘Wait, then what’s Mara’s origin?’

While Yeongwoo tried to decipher Mara’s words, the Chairman’s booming voice resounded through the hall.

—My blessing for this ceremony has reached the heavens!

With that, Dogo drew a massive sword from his waist.

Schiiing!

The blade glinted in the hall's light, casting a long shadow across the second donation platform.

‘Chairman, no way—’

Realizing that Dogo had failed to overcome his pride, Yeongwoo widened his eyes in desperation.

Because—

—Anyone who desires the throne, stand before me!

The leader had declared with a sharp edge in his voice, swinging his sword straight down onto the second donation platform.

Boom!

The sword struck with such force that the platform's top was deeply split, emitting a brilliant glow.

[Translator - Night]

[Proofreader - Gun]

<The King of Destruction, Dogo, has reclaimed 1st place on the donation rankings!>

Dogo had officially made a second donation to claim the top spot.

Of course, he was never one to sit idly by while Lemu and Mara outranked him.

But to claim 1st place on the rankings now...

‘Seriously, is he insane? No wonder people say he's not a great businessman. Just how much did he donate?’

Yeongwoo stared at the Chairman's sword, which had quite literally split the platform in two.

At that moment, the platform began projecting the updated rankings onto the front wall of the hall.

Shiiiiing!

[Rank 1] Dogo, 「20 Billion」

[Rank 2] Aldo, 「15 Billion」

[Rank 3] Lemu, 「Private」

[Rank 4] Mara, Ominous Eye, 「Private」

[Rank 5] Hammer of Kwaya, Private

"20 billion..."

When Yeongwoo unknowingly muttered the amount aloud, Chairman Dogo glanced at him and then sheathed his greatsword at his waist.

Clink!

—The wedding hall is well-built, I see.

The chairman spoke in a stately tone.

Then, he suddenly raised both arms to chest height.

Swish.

As if waiting for this moment, armrests appeared beneath his elbows, lifting Dogo into the air again.

The throne of the wedding's top ranking had returned to its rightful owner.

Simultaneously, the virgin road and the altar at the front of the wedding hall began to be adorned with Dogo's insignia.

Pop, pop, pop!

"What?"

—...?

—What's going on?

It was the first time the entire wedding hall had been filled with the insignia of the number-one ranker, and the guests were all wide-eyed with surprise.

Soon after, the reason was announced via the wedding hall system.

「The wedding ceremony will begin in 10 seconds.」



There were only 10 seconds left before the final owner of the throne was decided.

That's why the wedding hall had already begun the ceremonial process for Dogo, the temporary "true number one."

—2-20 billion...?

—There's only 10 seconds left.

—Is it over just like this?

All eyes naturally turned to one place.

The target of their gaze was none other than Mara, King of Ten Thousand Demons, who ranked 4th.

He had fiercely competed with Dogo in the first gift-giving round and was one of only two third-tier beings in the hall.

Would someone like him be satisfied with the 4th rank?

Especially beneath a fourth-tier mechanical being like Lemu?

—Things just got interesting.

With all eyes on him, Mara's face twisted into a grin.

However, he didn't immediately rush to the offering podium.

The price required to save face had risen too high.

To avoid the shame of being under Dogo and Lemu, he needed to aim for 1st place, meaning he'd have to spend at least 20 billion.

—Mara! What are you doing? Come to the field!

Dogo pointed at the offering podium with his finger and called out to Mara.

「The wedding will begin in 5 seconds.」

Now, only 5 seconds remained before the end of the offering period.

Executive Daouk was already standing near the podium, waiting for the next guest, and Yeongwoo swallowed nervously in anticipation of a surprise move from a wealthy guest.

Gulp.

Still, Mara remained suspended in the air, merely staring at the offering podium.

—Fools. How much are you planning to pour into this tiny planet?

Mara revealed his reluctance to deal with the high offering hurdle.

Aldo, who ranked 2nd, looked up at Mara from the floor of the wedding hall.

—You have plenty of bad karma... but not enough money?

—What?

At Aldo's taunting remark, Mara split his jaw in rage.

At the same time, Dogo's insignia appeared over the heads of everyone in the hall, except for Lemu.

Beep-beep-beep-beep-beep!

"What the...?"

—...!

Yeongwoo, Mara, Aldo... everyone looked up in confusion.

The wedding system then displayed an announcement to everyone.

「The wedding ceremony is beginning.」

The offering time had officially ended.

‘Oh no! If that's the case...!’

Yeongwoo's eyes darted to the latest ranking board.

[Rank 1] Dogo, 「20 Billion」

[Rank 2] Aldo, 「15 Billion」

[Rank 3] Lemu, 「Private」

[Rank 4] Mara, Ominous Eye, 「Private」

[Rank 5] Planetary Inspection Team 9:, 「Private」

Rank 1: Dogo. Acquired expulsion rights.

Rank 3: Lemu. Acquired immunity rights.

And then—

“What? Planetary Inspection Team 9? When did they...?”

Yeongwoo’s eyes widened at the unexpected last guest on the list, and Chairman Dogo’s booming voice filled the entire hall.

—There is no place for cowards in this hall, Mara!

Then, the wedding announcement displayed slightly late.

「As the first part of the ceremony, the top-ranking guest will deliver their congratulatory address.」

Dogo drew his sword and struck it vertically into the air.

—Mara, expelled.

[Translator - Night]

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Chapter 403: Gift Breakthrough (7)

The first authority exercised by the number one in the celebration rankings: Mara’s expulsion.

The moment Dogo made this decision, all the guests turned their gazes to Mara.

Why?

—Dogo...!

Mara, who had just been ordered to leave, had dark energy enveloping both his hands.

It seemed he was preparing to go on a rampage before being kicked out, likely to cause some damage.

At that moment, Chairman Dogo raised his gaze to the sky and shouted.

— What are you waiting for? Get that man out of here now!

As soon as the chairman made a motion to rise from his throne, the entire venue began to glow silver.

Whooooosh!

Then, a new symbol filled the previously empty space where Dogo's wedge-shaped emblem had not been engraved.

'What is that?'

Through the blinding light piercing his vision, Yeongwoo managed to open his eyes and look at the symbol.

Swish!

It was a simple design—a large circle intersected by a single horizontal line.

—It's the emblem of the Family Court, Yeongwoo.

"The Family Court?"

When Yeongwoo turned around, squinting, he noticed Kobu standing nearby.

—Yes. Since the wedding system does not have the authority to expel Mara, in cases like this, the Family Court intervenes to ensure the integrity of the ceremony.

Immediately, a pillar of light pierced through the ceiling and enveloped Mara.

— You insolent fools! How dare you...!

Mara tried to shout, but before he could even finish his tirade, the light pillar disappeared—taking Mara with it.

Poof!

"Huh?"

As the spot where the king of the void had stood was wiped clean, Yeongwoo's jaw dropped.

One of Mara's epithets was "The One Who Walks in the Shadow of Universal Law."

Yet, he had just been forcibly expelled from the ceremony by the Family Court.

Even after contributing billions in celebration gifts.

“I thought Mara walked in the shadow of cosmic law? How couldn’t he stop his expulsion from a mere ceremony?”

Kobu gently stroked the helmet covering his face before cautiously speaking.

—This place... is not a shadow.

“.....?”

—It has always been within the Family Court’s domain. So Mara appearing here in physical form was, in itself, astonishing.

“Ah.”

Only after hearing Kobu’s explanation did Yeongwoo finally understand.

‘Mara really did mean well... He just didn’t have enough money!’

Mara—the master of the void, the one who walks in the shadow of cosmic law.

Ordinarily, he could roam the void, disregarding the laws of the universe.

But because today was a special occasion, he had shown up on a backwater planet governed by cosmic law.

It was like a crime lord leaving his lair to attend a friend’s wedding, despite the place being surrounded by police.

Yet, in the end, he was crushed by an even greater force—money.

‘So the chairman is also bound by cosmic law inside this venue, huh? Even though he’s known as the “Destroyer King,” he’s also a businessman.’

Considering how diligently he paid taxes, it wasn’t unreasonable to think so.

This incident also made Yeongwoo more acutely aware of the power of cosmic law enforcement.

‘But then again, the chairman has beaten up public officials before... The universe really is unpredictable.’

The lunatic pioneer Aldo, the pride-obsessed Dogo, and Mara, who didn't even consider lower beings as insects.

And somewhere in between, cosmic authority seeped in, barely visible.

So, how was a backwater planet like Earth supposed to survive in such a world?

'Power... and obscene amounts of money.'

Yeongwoo clenched his fist.

At that moment, the Family Court's emblems that filled the venue vanished, and the system text reappeared.

「What an impressive speech. Truly well done.」

“.....?”

「Next up is the main event of this ceremony—the 'Breakthrough Ceremony.'」

'Finally!'

To realize the celebration gifts recorded on the ranking board as actual profits, one had to clear this critical checkpoint—the Breakthrough Ceremony.

If Yeongwoo succeeded, he would receive billions in cash and monstrous gear.

In other words, this wedding would mark his transformation into a completely different being.

'If I pour those billions into my abilities, I'll become a monster. Even splitting the money to buy equipment would have the same result.'

He could even fund planet development projects with that money.

The upgrade queue for Metal Seoul was already packed to the brim.

Winning first place in the promotion tournament had unlocked dual infrastructure design for the city.

「Please decide the order of breakthroughs for each ceremony participant.」

At that, the Dogo emblems above Jiseon and Jeonggu's heads began to glow blue.

It seemed to indicate that they were the ones who would undergo the Breakthrough Ceremony.

Icons of one and two vertical bars also appeared before them.

—What...? Can we just decide the order however we want?

Jiseon tilted her head as she asked, while Jeonggu responded in a nervous voice.

“I... I think so?”

According to prior discussions, Jeonggu would enter with Yeongwoo, while Jiseon would enter alone.

Since this wasn't a wedding between two families, Yeongwoo was the only one representing them.

「The Breakthrough Ceremony will soon begin. Guests are encouraged to prepare for the breakthrough defense.」

The system began stirring up the guests.

「Breakthrough defense is a critical procedure to test the resolve of the participants. It will serve as a great trial to enhance the depth of this wedding.」

“...Are you kidding me?”

Yeongwoo glared into the air after reading the absurd system message.

Then the next announcement threw the entire venue into an uproar.

「If the participant drops the ceremonial box due to lack of resolve, all guest contributions will be refunded.」

— Oh!

— Full refunds?!

— So we just have to make them drop the box?

Many guests were attending their first wedding of this kind.

「During the Breakthrough Defense, all forms of interference and contact are allowed, except for lethal acts. The defense ends when the participant reaches the ceremonial altar.」

In simpler terms, they could obstruct the couple's path in any way until they reached the end of the aisle.

As long as they didn't injure or kill them.

'So they could slam into them or launch a mental attack?'

Yeongwoo felt darkness creeping into his vision.

His could cover for his father, but his mother was entering alone.

"Mother, are you sure you'll be okay on your own?"

Yeongwoo asked Jiseon, but her sharp response came immediately.

—What if I'm not? If you don't have a solution, stop with the useless talk.

"....."

It was clear his mother was also nervous.

And no wonder—the guests' excitement had grown palpable after the refund policy was announced.

「Please decide the breakthrough order for the participants.」

The system urged the couple again.

[Translator - Night]

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Yeongwoo cautiously looked at Chairman Dogo, the number one in the celebration rankings and his official sponsor.

He silently asked if the chairman could help with the breakthrough defense.

Since Dogo was technically a guest, he could step in if he wanted to.

However.

Clink!

Dogo, catching Yeongwoo's gaze, sheathed the sword he had drawn earlier and spoke.

— There is no place for cowards in this venue, Yeongwoo!

'Damn it...'



Well, from the chairman's perspective, helping them break through the ceremonial procession might have seemed disgraceful.

Besides, by choosing not to help either side, one could at least hope for a refund of the congratulatory money due to implied negligence.

"Damn it. Looks like we really have to handle this on our own."

— Yes, as the chairman said, there is no room for cowards. Not even in this universe.

Meanwhile, it seemed Jiseon had made up her mind.

She was fiddling with the large sword at her waist.

"No matter what, you can't cut down the guests."

— There's no rule against the attackers using lethal force, only the defenders.

"...Huh?"

Now that he thought about it, that was true.

At least according to the rules heard at the venue, there was no rule prohibiting them from beating or killing the guests.

"Well, regardless, this place is under the jurisdiction of the family court. If we kill a guest, we'll be thrown straight into prison."

For reference, in this universe, even being charged carries an 84% mortality rate.

— Still, going to prison might be better than going bankrupt and losing everything. And don't they make billions in annual salaries?

"...Damn. Your mindset is completely different."

Yeongwoo, his jaw hanging open, suddenly had a realization.

He desperately called out the name of the Crimson Foot Lord.

"Lord Bang! Lord Bang!"

Then, from afar, Bantubangtong came running with the Aratubank shield in hand.

— What's going on, Little Foot?

“The shield. You should return it now. You have no use for it anymore since there’s no more Mara, right?”

— ...Well, that’s...

Lord Bang’s face twisted in reluctance.

He had been happy for a brief time, being able to keep the family relic close.

But now, that time was over.

— Can’t I hold onto it until the ceremony ends?

“No. We’re on the verge of complete ruin, and now is not the time to be picky.”

With those words, Yeongwoo grabbed the Aratubank shield.

Lord Bang released it with a defeated expression.

Swoosh.

The legendary shield finally returned to its rightful owner.

Then, it was handed over to Jiseon.

“Go with Uncle during the ceremonial procession.”

At this, two “Jinhyeons” simultaneously cried out in protest.

— What?

Jinhyeon’s chairman, Song Jiseon, and—

∴ What the hell?

— Song Jungho, sealed inside the Aratubank shield.

“If we don’t establish the family properly, we’ll all go down together like this.”

— .....

∴ Damn it. But isn’t this technically not even your family?

Song Jungho asked sarcastically from within the shield.

Yeongwoo shook his head.

“Not my family? Our Renaissance family is the legitimate successor of the Jinhyeon clan in the era of space expansion.”

Although, for a “legitimate” family, their family names were all over the place.

“So, Uncle is also part of our family. And to reiterate, if I go down, you won’t have any future either.”

∴ You crazy bastard.

Song Jungho was furious, but Yeongwoo wasn’t wrong.

In this world, all Song Jungho had left was family.

Looking at the long term, the family his sister and nephew were trying to establish had to stand firm for Song Jungho to secure any semblance of stability.

「All ceremony participants, please determine your procession order. If not decided within 10 seconds, the order will be assigned randomly.」

The ceremony system imposed a time limit, refusing to wait any longer.

Yeongwoo handed the Aratubank shield to his mother and grabbed Jeonggu’s hand.

Clench!

“My father and I will break through first to see how it goes.”

Then he turned to Jeonggu.

“We’re going first. Pick the order.”

“Are you serious?”

“Hurry up. There are only 6 seconds left.”

As Yeongwoo urged him, checking the timer floating in midair, Jeonggu quickly touched the order icon in front of him.

Tap!

「First ceremonial procession: Kim Jeonggu<sup>11</sup> will proceed first.」

In an instant, Yeongwoo and Jeonggu were teleported near the entrance of the venue.

Whoosh!

“Huh?”

“Ah!”

At that moment, a ceremonial box the size of a small watermelon appeared on Jeonggu’s chest.

Ping!

“Huh? Catch it! Quick!”

Yeongwoo shouted in surprise, and Jeonggu barely managed to hug the ceremonial box with both arms.

“Damn, that was almost a disaster right from the start.”

Jeonggu was already drenched in sweat.

Then, the virgin road beneath their feet lit up, and the symbol of Dogo extended along the path through the guests.

Ssssssh!

It revealed the route the two had to break through.

“It’s so long...”

The virgin road stretched for about 800 meters.

Jeonggu was already trembling with fear.

Suddenly, the system’s text appeared again.

Pop!

「Now, the groom Kim Jeonggu11’s will shall be tested. Rank 1, please raise the ceremonial signal when ready.」

A blue torch appeared to the right of the throne holding up the Dogo.

Once the chairman raised it, Yeongwoo and Jeonggu’s ceremonial procession would begin.

Then.

Clink.

The chairman grabbed the torch's handle and looked at Yeongwoo.

— .....

The scars of countless battles were evident beneath the helmet.

There was something odd about the chairman's gaze.

“...?”

Sensing a foreboding feeling, Yeongwoo suddenly felt uneasy.

— To add depth to this ceremony, I will pay 2 billion karma to anyone who makes them drop the ceremonial box.

“What?”

— Begin the procession.

The chairman raised the torch high.

[Translator - Night]

[Proofreader - Gun]

[Translator - Night]

[Proofreader - Gun]

Chapter 404: Gift Breakthrough (8)

2 billion.

Just a few days ago, that was an unimaginable sum for Yeongwoo.

In truth, it still was.

After all, the hundreds of billions in wedding gifts hadn't actually reached his hands yet.

So what about the wedding guests who had been selling equipment worth only tens of thousands to a few million Karma at most?

For some of them, 2 billion was an amount they could never earn, no matter how many years they worked.

Maybe that was why.

—It can't be helped.

—For the sake of a meaningful ceremony...

—Since it's the chairman's command, we have no choice but to comply.

—Ki-git!

Thus, a defense squad made up of various species was assembled to block their path.

Thud!

Dozens of intergalactic wedding guests physically obstructed the path Yeongwoo and Jeonggu had to take.

To make matters worse...

"Two... two billion?"

"You're saying if we just knock down that wedding offering chest, we'll get two billion...?"

"Isn't this just an official rule of the ceremony?"

Even the guests from Earth had their eyes flipped at the mention of 2 billion.

Of course, 2 billion Karma was an enormous fortune back on Earth.

To avoid any unintended manslaughter that could land him in prison, Yeongwoo shouted loudly:

"Only those who are confident they won't die from my punch should step forward!"

As he clenched his fist, the aisle beneath his feet suddenly lit up.

It was time to move.

"800 meters. It's not much once you actually start running, right?"

Yeongwoo asked Jeonggu, but no clear response came.

Because...

"Look ahead, Yeongwoo—AAAGH!"

Jeonggu screamed with all his might.

This was no time for idle conversation.

“.....!”

Sensing an ominous presence ahead, Yeongwoo turned his head—only to see translucent-skinned swordsmen charging toward them at terrifying speed.

—Sorry, Jeong Yeongwoo07.

—We'll be taking that wedding offering chest.

They were none other than the Voltak Wandering Merchants.

The same merchants who had once sold Yeongwoo the Golden Goblin.

‘These damn peddlers.’

Yeongwoo clenched his teeth as holographic warning signs flooded his vision.

It wasn't just the Voltak merchants—other guests behind them were also fired up with determination.

Swoosh!

One of the leading Voltak merchants reached for the wedding offering chest in Jeonggu's arms.

“.....!”

They were faster than expected.

They could likely defeat even Earth's top swordsmen with just one arm.

‘Figures. You can't just be anyone to survive as an intergalactic wandering merchant.’

But Yeongwoo wasn't just some Strongest Sword either.

At the very least, he could clearly see his opponent's movements.

So it wasn't too difficult for him to...

WHAM!

He lifted his knee and drove it straight into the merchant's jaw.

Thud!

—Kegh!"

Wrapped in Vesedel Armor, Yeongwoo's knee smashed into the merchant's chin.

The merchant's eyes widened as they spat out a murky liquid.

Splurt!

Jeonggu, only now realizing the merchant's attack, flinched and staggered backward.

"W-when did they...?"

It was clear that even a swordsman of Dobong's finest caliber couldn't keep up with the merchants' movements.

Yeongwoo grabbed the second merchant charging at him by the neck and shouted:

"What are you doing retreating in a wedding breakthrough?! Keep moving forward!"

"W-what? H-how am I supposed to get through that?!"

Ahead of Jeonggu, a five-meter-tall cockroach was barreling toward them at full speed.

RUMBLE!

It was Garta, a weapon merchant from Cheok.

Yet another familiar face to Yeongwoo.

Then—

BOOM!

A silver-white silhouette crashed into the cockroach's side like a car accident at an intersection.

"W-what...?"

Jeonggu instinctively clutched the wedding offering chest tighter as the silver-white figure subdued the flailing cockroach and spoke.

—Go now! Our knights will assist you for the time being!

It was Prince Aldo of the Shelbir Royal Family.

Just as promised, he had come to support the wedding breakthrough.



"Father, hurry up!"

At the same time, Yeongwoo's voice urged Jeonggu forward.

Jeonggu glanced at his son—who was pinning wedding guests down with his foot—and muttered:

"...What the hell is all this?"

But this insane ceremony had already begun.

If the wedding offering chest in his arms was taken, the capital for Yeongwoo's dream of an intergalactic noble house would be wiped out.

That would be a disaster of unimaginable scale.

"D-dammit...!"

In the end, Jeonggu had no choice but to step forward.

The pressure was immense.

Tap!

The moment he took his first step away from his son, a wave of murderous shouts erupted.

—KRAAAAH!

—KYAAAAAH!

The guests, driven mad by the 2-billion bounty, roared as they lunged forward.

"P-please, stop this, everyone!"

Unlike his son, Jeonggu couldn't bring himself to knee-strike guests in the face.

Instead, he clutched the wedding offering chest tightly and ran with his head down.

Tap, tap, tap!

Then—suddenly—he sensed an unusual presence on both sides.

Dududududu...!

"Huh?"

Jeonggu turned his head—only to see a formation of knights running alongside him.

—Father, we can protect you for about 200 meters.

One of the knights spoke in a deep voice.

But Jeonggu's expression wasn't deep—it was shocked.

"Two hundred meters?"

Before he could even voice his disbelief—

BOOM!

The knight he had just spoken to was sent flying.

"Ugh?!"

A massive boulder had rolled into them.

—WHOOOOOOSH...!

[Translator - Night]

[Proofreader - Gun]

The boulders emitted a strange wind-like noise.

They were Chargo's top traders—the ones Yeongwoo had dealt with on Reset Day 1.

"W-what?! You're wedding guests too?!"

Jeonggu shouted.

Then, the surface of one of the rolling boulders cracked open.

Fwhoosh!

".....?"

Then, from within, an arm as thin as a tree branch shot out.

Chwaaaaa!

"Whoa!"

It was aiming straight for the ceremonial offering box that Jeonggu was holding.

"You son of a—!"

Startled, Jeonggu twisted his body to dodge, and the slender hand narrowly missed the spot where the box had been.

"You crazy bastards, seriously."

Now genuinely angry, Jeonggu kicked at a boulder, but it didn't budge an inch.

No—if anything...

Kugugugugu!

Another boulder came rolling in from the front.

These insane rocks weren't alone.

—Go now! They're stronger than expected...! Uwaaaah!

Another knight from Aldo's side was pushed away by a boulder, leaving those as his last words.

Meanwhile, the boulder up ahead was already upon them.

Kugugugu!

"You mean I have to keep doing this for 800 meters?"

There was no time to complain anymore.

Jeonggu clutched the ceremonial offering box tightly under his right arm, swung his left arm back, and sprinted forward at full speed.

Tatata!

Then—

Kuguguk!

Just as the shadow of the insane boulder was about to reach his forehead, he leaped high over it.

Hwaaaah!

A skilled evasion maneuver, something only possible because Jeonggu was, at the very least, the Strongest Sword in his region.

'I-I did it!'

He felt a rush of exhilaration from the sense of accomplishment, something he hadn't experienced in a long time.

But then, he saw another group of guests waiting ahead, and his expression hardened.

—.....

The next opponents were none other than the towering 7- to 8-meter-tall followers of Serium and a toad-like artisan of Fegua, whose body was wrapped in swirling patterns.

"H-Hey!"

Seeing their formidable presence, Jeonggu turned to look behind him.

The knights of the Shelbir royal family, who had promised to escort him for 200 meters, were still struggling against the boulders.

'...No way, those bastards...'

They hadn't even made it 100 meters, let alone 200.

But the guests ahead were already rushing toward him, so he couldn't afford to wait any longer.

"If you come any closer... I won't just stand by!"

Jeonggu clutched the ceremonial box tightly and issued a warning.

In response, the artisan of Fegua at the forefront opened his massive mouth.

Chooook!

But he wasn't trying to speak—

Chwaaaaa!

A massive tongue shot out from within.

"Eek!"

As the reddish tongue came flying at him, Jeonggu's Dobong Swordmanship struck it with a destruction mark.

".....!"

Despite its appearance, the artisan was an opponent Jeonggu could at least react to.

'But I can't just cut off a guest's tongue, can I?'

Jeonggu questioned his sword technique, then twisted his body to dodge the attack instead.

Chwaat!

The artisan's eyes widened in shock.

—Huh? You're quite fast...?

Only now did they realize that Kim Jeonggu, the groom himself, possessed some level of martial prowess.

But the artisan's turn was over.

—Step aside now.

—Your time is up.

Puhk!

The towering followers of Serium shoved the artisan aside and stepped forward.

Behind them, even more guests surged forward like a dark tide.

Kugung, Kugung!

The ground of the virgin road trembled as the towering giants twisted their shoulders forcefully, charging ahead.

"K-Knights?"

Jeonggu called out once more to the knights of the Shelbir royal family.

But instead of the silver silhouettes he had hoped for, what responded was a mass of rippling red muscle.

Kwakwakwat!

They were none other than the Red Foot Orcs, one of Yeongwoo's major allies.

"Huh?"

Jeonggu stared in confusion as the orcs rushed past him.

Then, suddenly, someone grabbed his arm with overwhelming force.

Kwak!

—Jeonggu! We must go now!

The familiar voice made Jeonggu look up.

It was Bantubangtong, the orc warlord, locking eyes with him.

—Get yourself together! Small Foot will be here soon. I'll protect you until then, no matter what.

"That..."

A strange sense of déjà vu hit him.

Hadn't the knights of Shelbir said something similar before vanishing in a single scene?

But Bantubangtong was already dragging him forward, pulling him through the chaotic battlefield where the Red Foot Orc generals were clashing with the guests.

—Jeonggu! You must succeed in breaking through with the offering!

Then, Bantubangtong grabbed one of the approaching guests and slammed his elbow into their face.

Puh-uhhk!

"L-Lord Bang..."

Just like his insane son, Bantubangtong was fully committed to ensuring the success of this mission.

"Why are you going this far? This is my family's matter."

Jeonggu spoke apologetically.

But Bantubangtong's eyes gleamed.

—I saw it, Jeonggu.

"Saw what?"

—Hope! With enough money and status, even Mara... Even that bastard can be brought to his knees.

He seemed deeply moved by the fact that Mara had been expelled from the ceremony for breaking the rules.

—Jeonggu, keep moving. We need more money than there are stars in the sky!

[Translator - Night]

[Proofreader - Gun]

[Translator - Night]

[Proofreader - Gun]

#### Chapter 405: Gift Breakthrough (9)

‘What the hell? These guys are more useless than I thought.’

After knocking down all of Voltak’s wandering merchants and dashing along the virgin road, Yeongwoo’s sight caught the sight of Shelbir’s knights struggling against some boulders.

“What are you doing still stuck here? Where’s my father?”

Yeongwoo asked the knights, and someone pinned to the ground barely managed to respond.

—H-He went ahead!

The knight, still grappling with the boulder, was merely holding it in place rather than overpowering or subduing it.

‘...This is why virtuous people are useless.’

Shaking his head, Yeongwoo kicked one of the boulders hard.

Thud!

A knight who had been trapped beneath it twisted his head around and looked up at Yeongwoo.

—Agh... treating wedding guests like this...

“These guys aren’t my guests during the wedding gift breakthrough.”

After saying that, Yeongwoo kicked another boulder out of the way.

Smack!

“What are you all doing? Get up already! Are you not going to support the breakthrough?”

As Yeongwoo pointed forward along the virgin road, he saw his father surrounded by red silhouettes.

Luckily, he hadn’t dropped the wedding gift box, but he also hadn’t gotten very far.

“This is driving me crazy.”

After making sure the knights were hesitantly getting to their feet, Yeongwoo sprang forward.

Taah!

All the wedding guests were focused on Jeonggu, who was carrying the gift box, so Yeongwoo’s arrival went unnoticed.

In fact, if they had wanted to reclaim their congratulatory money, the better strategy would have been to stall Yeongwoo while only a few targeted the wedding gift box.

‘In a way, the bounty on the wedding gift box is working in my favor.’

As Yeongwoo quickly closed in on his father, he saw his brothers clashing with the Cerium devotees.

And among them, he spotted a reddish-brown robe cautiously approaching from the side.

It was none other than Daouk, the senior executive of Osaek Credit.

“Wait, are you insane, Senior Executive?”

At Yeongwoo’s loud call from behind, Daouk flinched and stepped back in surprise.

—N-No... I was just checking if the wedding gift box was still safe.

He then spread his arms wide in a gesture of surrender.



‘Well, 2 billion won is a lot of money even for Osaek Credit.’

At least one obstacle was removed.

Jeonggu, noticing his son’s arrival, beamed.

“Yeongwoo!”

Yeongwoo immediately grabbed his father’s arm and charged forward.

Tat-tat!

“There’s no time to stay here. I didn’t kill the guests, so they’ll be coming after us soon.”

Of course, allies like Prince Aldo, the knights, and Master Bang would continue to hold back the guests, ensuring a stalemate for some time.

But it wasn’t just those left behind who were a threat.

Swish!

As expected, before long, a long shadow stretched across their path.

“Damn it, they just keep coming.”

This time, their opponent was none other than the Hammers of Kwaya.

Standing in their way were Kobu, Tobu, and Chobu—the very ones who had built this wedding venue.

“.....”

Seeing the three hammers standing side by side, a mix of emotions crossed Yeongwoo’s mind.

Then, Kobu stepped forward and spoke.

—Apologies, but this is part of the ceremony.

“You’re not just after the 2 billion bounty?”

—...I won’t deny it.

At that, Tobu and Chobu moved to the sides, subtly forming an encirclement.

‘So while Kobu keeps me occupied, the other two will go after the gift box.’

Crack.

Yeongwoo clenched his fist.

After all, when else would he get a chance to throw punches with the designers of the universe's prisons?

—Then, excuse me.

With that ominous remark, Kobu nodded.

At the same moment, Tobu and Chobu dashed forward at incredible speed.

Shwaaa!

Just as predicted, they were targeting Jeonggu.

'These bastards, their martial skills are no joke.'

Seeing the sudden flash of a holographic warning before his eyes, Yeongwoo quickly kicked his father backward.

Thud!

Then, he lunged into the space where Jeonggu had been, throwing a punch at Tobu.

Whoosh!

—Ah.

Tobu, sensing the attack, twisted his upper body to dodge.

"What the..."

At that moment, Chobu, approaching from behind, spread his arms wide and grabbed Yeongwoo in a tight embrace.

Clench!

"You bastards!"

Yeongwoo furrowed his brow, struggling to shake Chobu off, but his strength was formidable.

If he used his gear, it would be over in an instant, but using lethal force against someone he couldn't harm was excessive.

“I have no intention of yielding. If you push me, I’ll have no choice but to cross the line!”

Despite Yeongwoo’s final warning, Kobu was already charging at Jeonggu.

Left with no other option, Yeongwoo shut his eyes and prepared to draw his sword.

Shwaaa!

Just then, a swift presence surged from above, followed by a heavy impact.

Thud!

When Yeongwoo opened his eyes, he saw Taru, the elemental-immune golem, crushing Kobu beneath him.

“What the…”

Dumbfounded, Yeongwoo gaped.

Then, from the sky, Amana descended, wrapped in fierce winds, and pointed forward.

—We’ll hold them off here! Hurry on ahead!

The entire Squad 023 from the Promotion Exams had joined in to support the wedding gift breakthrough.

—This is the reward for your virtuous deeds, Yeongwoo!

At Taru’s declaration, the two virtuous warriors and the three hammers became entangled in a fierce brawl.

Though it was clear the virtuous warriors were at a disadvantage, they had bought enough time for Yeongwoo and Jeonggu to escape.

“Hurry! They won’t hold out for long!”

At Yeongwoo’s shout, Jeonggu, still in shock, stumbled forward.

“What… what the hell is all this? Why is getting married this hard?”

Dashing along the virgin road, the bewildered groom muttered.

Yeongwoo grabbed his father’s arm and replied.

“Dad, the cash alone is at least 35 billion won.”

“...What?”

“The total amount of congratulatory money at stake in this ceremony. So it’s not that getting married is hard...”

Swish.

Yeongwoo pointed toward the wedding altar that had come into view.

“...It’s that making 35 billion is hard.”

“...!”

“We’re almost there. Just a little more...”

[Translator - Night]

[Proofreader - Gun]

Just as Yeongwoo, brimming with determination, was about to continue speaking, he suddenly fell silent, his expression darkening.

“What? What is it?”

Following his son’s gaze, Jeonggu turned his head—only to be met with a shocking sight.

"What the hell is that?"

Three colossal beings, each the size of a building, descended from the sky, blocking the path.

Kwaaaah!

Cosmic entities towering about 20 meters high.

Not only Jeonggu but even Yeongwoo felt a chill run down his spine at the sight of these figures.

They were none other than Planetary Review Team 9.

■ This planet remains unchanged.

Team 9’s leader, Gern, looked past Yeongwoo.

There, the guests that Yeongwoo and Jeonggu had left behind were tangled in a chaotic fight.

Yeongwoo took a quick glance back before turning to the three reviewers and greeting them.

"It's been a while, hasn't it? Seeing you at the ceremony brings back memories."

Then, he confirmed that the wedding gift box was still safe in Jeonggu's arms.

"However... I am quite curious as to why such esteemed figures have stationed themselves here."

As far as Yeongwoo knew, planetary reviewers held a government rank of Grade 11, and their existence level under cosmic law was a staggering Grade 4.

In simple terms, they were on the same level as Lemu, the Architect.

Of course, even within Grade 4, there seemed to be differences in strength.

But regardless, anyone at that level shouldn't be directly involving themselves in such a mess.

‘...Right?’

Yeongwoo discreetly checked on Lemu, who was still seated in third-class, watching the steadily worsening wedding chaos with amusement.

However, the examiners' perspectives seemed different from Lemu's.

- Haha, do you think we often get to witness such an extraordinary event?

- A reviewer's life is nothing but boredom.

- But today... might be a little different.

One by one, the three examiners voiced their opinions.

In short, they wanted to stretch their muscles after a long time.

‘Damn it, I may be the Strongest Sword on the Korean Peninsula, but I know I'm nowhere near strong enough to take on Grade 4 beings.’

So then, what could he do?

- 2 billion isn't exactly pocket change either.

■ Hand over the wedding gift box.

With that, the skinny figure standing to Gern's right curled his long fingers.

Creak.

Suddenly, Jeonggu's body was lifted into the air and shot forward toward the reviewers.

Paaaat!

"Crazy."

Object Manipulation.

The thin man had pulled the wedding gift box toward himself, and since Jeonggu was holding it, he got dragged along with it.

Thud!

Thankfully, Yeongwoo managed to grab Jeonggu's leg just in time.

But soon enough, Yeongwoo's own feet began to lift off the ground.

'Making money is seriously tough.'

It was only then that Yeongwoo realized something.

If the guests actively tried to block his escape, there was no way a low-ranking being like himself could do anything about it.

'Damn it, if only I were Grade 4, this would be a piece of cake.'

Just as Yeongwoo was lamenting this fact and raising his head toward the sky—

Bang!

From the pitch-black ceiling of the wedding hall, an unfamiliar presence made itself known.

".....?"

Yeongwoo's pupils dilated in response.

At the same time, Team 9's leader, Gern, tilted his head in confusion.

■ I've been feeling... uneasy for a while now.

A massive water-like entity standing to Gern's left blinked its large eyes.

■ Yes... Unpleasant. What is this?

And then—

Crack!

From the ceiling, the source of that unease came pouring down.

Shaaah!

Three figures, made of pitch-black amorphous matter, descended.

Prisoners from Rohm.

The escapees leaped directly toward the heads of the reviewers.

—Kekek!

—Hihik...!

—Bureaucrats!

■ P-Prisoners...?!

For the first time, Gern sounded flustered as he pulled out a large hidden hand from beneath his cloak.

Whoosh!

With a flick of his fingers, a glowing, cuff-like energy construct formed between his hands.

He had prepared restraints to capture the unexpected intruders.

However—

—Kiyaaaak!

—Die...!

The prisoners from Rohm struck first, attacking before Gern could activate the restraints.

Their dark, writhing bodies engulfed the three reviewers.

"Ah—wait, hold on, sirs! No need to kill them...!"

Yeongwoo began to shout, but quickly shut his mouth when he saw Gern grab a prisoner by the neck and snap it in an instant.

This wasn't the time to be worrying about the reviewers.

"Let's go! Those guys won't last long either!"

Yeongwoo shouted as he pulled his father along.

Jeonggu, however, hit him with the realest comment of the day.

"Seriously, why are all of your reinforcements one-time-use only?"

".....!"

There was no rebuttal for that.

If there was a reason for it, perhaps it was the karma of inviting reckless people as guests.

"Well... As long as we succeed, that's what matters, right?"

Although the prisoners from Rohm would pay a hefty price by being recaptured, from a cosmic perspective, that was just their karma.

After all, if they weren't wanted criminals, they wouldn't have ended up in this situation in the first place.

'Then again, if they weren't criminals, I wouldn't have met them either.'

Swish.

Yeongwoo glanced back.

The prisoners were already pinned to the ground, thoroughly subdued by the reviewers.

One by one, iron restraints were locked onto their arms and necks.

Even hardened convicts who had trained in combat from the depths of a prison had no chance against Grade 4 beings.

'Thank you, Masters. This might just be your first good deed in the universe.'

Yeongwoo silently expressed his gratitude before resolutely turning forward.



At long last—

The altar, at the end of the Virgin Road, was finally within reach.

[Translator - Night]

[Proofreader - Gun]

[Translator - Night]

[Proofreader - Gun]

Chapter 406: Gift Breakthrough (10)

"What... What the hell...? So we just need to get there now?"

Jeonggu asked in a doubtful voice as he gazed at the wedding gift altar, now within reach.

They had made their way here by feeding reinforcements to the guests targeting the gift box, yet it still didn't feel real.

And Yeongwoo felt the same.

"According to the rules, once the breaker reaches the altar, the guests can no longer interfere. So..."

Swoosh.

Yeongwoo looked ahead.

"From now on, no matter what happens, Father, you must keep moving forward."

"What? What's going to happen now?"

Jeonggu asked, fear creeping into his voice, but Yeongwoo remained silent, staring straight ahead.

Because—

Clank!

At the final passage leading to the wedding gift altar stood three enormous figures.

They were—

□ Hoo.

The master of the Machine Tower, Lemu.

—This ceremony is certainly quite rowdy.

The president of the heavy weapons manufacturing company, Toma.

And lastly...

—Yeongwoo.

The master of Hundred Thousand Swords Mountain, Chairman Dogo.

"....."

Seeing who made up the final gatekeepers, Yeongwoo felt as if his chest had tightened.

Even if Chairman Dogo wouldn't step in himself for the sake of his dignity, how were they supposed to break through the other two?

Yeongwoo had seen Chairman Dogo fight Lemu before, so he knew how strong Lemu was.

And Toma was someone the Chairman himself acknowledged as an exceptional warrior.

'There's no need to test the waters when the difference is this clear. And besides, Toma is a Rank 4 being.'

As Yeongwoo furrowed his brows in frustration, the Chairman finally spoke.

—With your abilities, you will never reach that altar. It simply means you have set up a ceremony beyond your capacity.

A roundabout way of saying he had put too much money into the congratulatory offering.

Hearing this, Yeongwoo massaged his aching temples before slowly opening his mouth.

"From the moment you placed Bastard in my hands, I realized that your capacity was as vast as the universe, Chairman."

—.....?

"In that case, what kind of ceremony would be fitting for someone worthy of hosting such a vast universe?"

Then, Yeongwoo looked up at the sky.

"I merely gathered every universe I knew to honor the Chairman, whose greatness spans the cosmos. Naturally, such a ceremony would be beyond my own capacity!"

In other words, the level of the ceremony wasn't for himself—it was set to match Chairman Dogo's grand stature.

—.....

Chairman Dogo glanced down at the throne beneath him, and Yeongwoo seized the moment to add one last plea.

"Chairman! The success of this ceremony depends on your generosity! Will you once again allow this insignificant being to be held within your vast universe?"

Yeongwoo shouted valiantly, pulling his father forward.

Chairman Dogo responded succinctly.

—Someone, shut that brat up.

"...Shit!"

Realizing that negotiations had failed, Yeongwoo grabbed his father and sprinted forward.

A dark shadow loomed over the two.

Rumble.

It was none other than Toma's shadow.

Following Dogo's command, he had stepped forward to silence Yeongwoo.

Clatter!

As he stood up, towering at a height of seven meters, the chain cloak draped over his shoulders rattled with a loud metallic clang.

Then—

Clang!

From within those chains, a massive, muscular arm and an immense, brutal-looking greatsword emerged.

‘What... What the hell is that?’

Yeongwoo’s eyes widened at the sight of Toma’s weapon.

The crude blade, resembling a guillotine, was nearly five meters long.

"....."

The thought that such a monstrous weapon might have once rampaged across some battlefield in the universe sent chills down his spine.

But the real problem was that this monster was now aiming at him.

—This is the most entertaining ceremony I’ve ever attended!

"Wait, aren’t guests forbidden from lethal combat? Why are you drawing a sword?!"

Seeing Toma’s arm muscles twitch in preparation, Yeongwoo shoved his father aside and drew his own sword, Bastard.

Swoooooosh!

As if waiting for that very moment, Toma’s guillotine blade sliced through the air.

KAAAAANG!

A terrifying sound of cutting wind filled the space as a gray arc shot straight for Yeongwoo’s head.

Instinctively, he twisted his body and swung Bastard in response.

Flash!

The moment Bastard clashed with the incoming blade—

KA-THAAAANG!

A tremendous impact rang out at the point of contact.

But the most surprised person wasn’t Toma—it was Yeongwoo.

"What the...?"

### 【Contempt for the Weak】

[This sword's attacks can only be blocked by weapons of Mythic grade or higher.

If his attack had been blocked, it meant that Toma's greatsword was at least Mythic grade.

'That crude-looking thing is Mythic? What kind of legendary feat did it take to forge that weapon?'

There was no time to dwell on the thought.

Toma's sword was already moving again.

Swoooooosh!

This time, a horizontal slash—aimed straight at Yeongwoo's torso.

There was no hesitation in the movement.

For a brief moment, Yeongwoo forgot that this was supposed to be a wedding ceremony.

"A... Are you seriously trying to kill me, President Toma?!"

Yeongwoo leapt into the air to evade the swing, but Toma was already predicting his trajectory.

A massive fist shot forward to intercept him midair.

BAM!

'Shit. I don't stand a chance.'

If the fight had gone on this long, it was probably because Toma had been holding back.

But that restraint was over.

Toma's fist landed cleanly on Yeongwoo's body.

CRAAASH!

"Urgh!"

The overwhelming force sent Yeongwoo crashing into the ground.

BOOOOOM!

Despite all his defenses—the elasticity shield of the Vesedel Armor, the passive effects from his equipment collection—his vision flickered from the sheer impact.

[Translator - Night]

[Proofreader - Gun]

【Elastic Defense】

|30% of the damage received is distributed over three seconds.

[Collection Bonus: 20]

|Chosen equipment's effects increased by 50%.

【Enemy's Attack Power Reduced by 75%】

‘This... This is the power of a Rank 4?’

It almost felt as if Chairman Dogo was deliberately demonstrating the authority of a Rank 4 being.

Swooosh!

Hearing the air rip apart once more, Yeongwoo immediately rolled to the side and blew the whistle hanging from his neck.

Fweeeeeet!

There was no other reason.

The only reinforcements he could call now were—

"My friends."

RUMBLE!

A sound like thunder echoed through the air.

The ceiling of the ceremony hall turned semi-transparent.

".....?"

And from the Returnees' Chamber, Yeongwoo's summoned friends began to descend through the ceiling, dropping straight into the ceremony hall.

—Uwaaaaaah!

—lyaaahhh!

—Co... Congratulations on your marri—!

Before Kim Taejoon, the CEO, could even finish offering his congratulations, Toma's blade sliced through the air and cleaved his body in two.

Kwak!

—Huh?

—C-Ceo Kim?

—Sir...!

As Kim Taejoon's eyes lost focus and his body split in half, the remaining three friends were left in utter shock.

It was then that they realized this battleground was on an entirely different level from the previous ones.

Meanwhile, Yeongwoo kicked Jeonggu's back and shouted.

“H-Hurry! Hurry up, Dad!”

“...Those guys won't be able to buy much time, will they?”

“It's already almost over.”

Just as Yeongwoo spoke, a golden flower that had been soaring through the air was sliced in half.

—Gaaah!

—G-Geumhwa, noona!

—Miss Geumhwa!

Of course, their efforts hadn't been entirely fruitless.

Thanks to Geumhwa drawing Toma's attention, General Kim Younghyeom and Yeongtae were able to get close to him.

—Whatever it is, do it fast! We can't hold out for long!

General Kim clung to Toma's back, shouting urgently.

Toma swung his long arms, instantly slamming the general away, but in that brief moment, Yeongtae grabbed onto Toma's waist with all his strength.

—D-Damn it...! He won't even budge!

And for good reason—the opponent was a 4th-class entity under cosmic law.

For mere insects like them, even getting close enough to touch such a being might have been considered an honor.

Of course, that honor wouldn't last long.

—Still struggling till the end, I see.

Toma bent his knee and flicked Yeongtae away with a powerful snap.

Then, without missing a beat, he spun his massive body at tremendous speed and rushed toward Yeongwoo and Jeonggu.

Kwakwakwakwang!

The thunderous footsteps rapidly closed in.

—Hiiiek!

Jeonggu turned his head, sensing Toma right behind them.

Sure enough, a dark silhouette was swinging its massive fist straight at them.

Hwaeaaaek!

—Y-Yeongwoo!

Jeonggu instinctively shouted his son's name like a magic spell.

Hearing him, Yeongwoo immediately grabbed his father's arm and threw him backward.

Hwaeaaaek!



Jeonggu was flung all the way near the altar at the other end.

Then—

Shaaah!

Yeongwoo braced himself, raising his guard to the maximum.

‘Shit, let’s see what taking a 4th-class punch feels like!’

The overwhelming pressure was already crushing down on him, and he clenched his teeth in response.

Grit!

At that moment, the chairman of the Dogo Group, who had been seated on the throne, suddenly shot to his feet.

—Enough!

A line no one in the wedding hall had expected to hear.

—.....!

Toma, who had been moments away from striking Yeongwoo directly, froze in place.

The only one still making any noise was Jeonggu, gasping for breath.

—Huff, huff!

He was already sprinting full speed toward the altar ahead.

Then—

Taah!

At last, he placed his ceremonial offering onto the altar.

“D-Did I make it?”

Jeonggu gasped for air as he looked up at the sky.

The altar suddenly lit up, and a system message appeared.

「Kim Jeonggu11, ceremonial offering complete.」

“...Oh?”

The wedding system had actually recognized his success.

In essence, the Dogo chairman had shown mercy at the last moment.

“C-Chairman...!”

Yeongwoo collapsed onto the ground, attempting to bow in gratitude, but the next phase was already beginning.

「The second ceremonial offering will commence immediately. Bride, take your position.」

“...What?”

Yeongwoo, still with his forehead pressed against the floor, lifted his head.

There was no break for cleanup—the second ceremonial offering would start right away.

That meant his mother had to fight through the chaotic, war-torn virgin road alone.

‘Wait, then... what happens now?’

Confused, Yeongwoo turned to look behind him.

Far off at the starting point of the virgin road, something flickered.

The bride had been placed at the ceremonial starting position.

Then—

「Ceremonial offering, commence.」

With the system’s start signal, a massive silhouette rose like a raging storm in the distance.

Kwoooooaaah!

—H-Huh?”

A deep blue shadow surged high into the sky before swiftly plunging toward the virgin road.

Seeing it, Yeongwoo instantly realized what was happening.

“Mother!”

Song Jiseon had transformed back into her true form—a 250-meter-long ice dragon.

Kwoooooaaaang!

With a shockwave that shook the very ground, Jiseon landed on the virgin road with all four legs.

She had covered the entire 250-meter path in a single transformation.

—If you don’t want to get trampled, get out of the way!

And then, she charged forward.

[Translator - Night]

[Proofreader - Gun]

[Translator - Night]

[Proofreader - Gun]

Chapter 407: Gift Breakthrough (11)

— Huh? What the...

— Is that... the bride...?

— B-Blood! Run!

As Jiseon stepped onto the virgin road, every guest in the hall was unable to take their eyes off her.

And for good reason.

— Aaaaaaaaah!

With each step, she covered 60 to 70 meters, crushing everything in her path.

Crash!

The guest seats, covered in blue scales, crumbled like mere biscuits underfoot.

The cosmic guests who had initially tried to block the bride’s path scattered in terror.

— M-Madness!

— Run for your lives!

Of course, she had no intention of deliberately trampling the fleeing guests.

Even as she charged forward, she tilted her body to avoid them.

— Move, you bastards!

But this was her mistake.

With a body length of 250 meters, her abrupt shift in posture caused her center of gravity to change drastically.

— Huh? Oh no—

As she stumbled from the sudden imbalance, Jiseon crossed her front legs to regain stability.

CRACK!

Her erratic movement caused the guests to scatter in confusion, and as she swayed again to avoid them, the chaotic cycle continued.

— Shit... I'm screwed!

BOOM! BOOM!

Jiseon's movements became completely unpredictable.

— Is she trying to kill us all?!

— Move to the sides!

— Please... spare me...!

Both guests and reinforcements alike flung themselves in every direction to escape her massive feet, the chaos continuing for a staggering 600 meters—right up to where the three examiners were restraining the prisoners of Rohm.

■ ...What in the—?

Hearing the earth-shaking charge, Gern and the two examiners looked up.

And in that fleeting moment of distraction, the prisoners seized their chance.

BAM!

■ Ugh!

■ You bastards!

Even bound in restraints, the prisoners still had enough strength to fight back.

■ Assaulting government officials is a grave crime! Do you want to rot in the Great Prison?!

Gern, furious, wrapped his arms around a prisoner's neck in an attempt to subdue him, while the other two examiners struggled to restrain the rest.

And in the midst of that chaos—

— Get out of the way!

Jiseon, the Ice Dragon, thundered toward them, shaking the ground beneath her.

CRASH!

Shattered guest seats exploded like bullets in every direction.

The three examiners tried to drag the prisoners away from the incoming force, but the prisoners clung on stubbornly.

■ What the...?!

— Hahaha! Where do you think you're going?!

— Let's all die together!

The prisoners cackled as a massive blue shadow loomed over them, bringing with it an overwhelming pressure.

WHOOSH!

Jiseon had arrived.

— Aaaaaaah!

As she stomped forward, her massive, scale-covered knee sent the examiners flying.

SMASH!

■ Gah!

■ Urgh!

Of course, these examiners weren't weak enough to die from a mere dragon's kick.

But the real problem was the prisoners.

— Now's our chance!

— Hahaha!

Taking advantage of the distraction, the prisoners scattered in all directions.

■ Gern! They're escaping!

One of the examiners, a gaunt man, pointed to prisoners already scaling the walls toward the ceiling.

Gern hesitated, gripping one side of his mask.

He had to choose—defend against the breakthrough or chase down the fugitives.

Then, he made his decision.

■ ...We uphold the law.

As a public servant, his duty came first.

Abandoning the attempt to stop Jiseon's charge, he and the other examiners leaped into the air to pursue the fleeing prisoners.

SWOOSH!

Jiseon glanced sideways, momentarily confused.

— What...?

She didn't understand why, but the obstacles had suddenly disappeared.

Now, only 140 meters remained.

She could clearly see her groom and son waiting at the altar.

But there was a problem.

Nearby stood Toma, Lemu, and Chairman Dogo.

CLANG!

Toma raised a massive guillotine blade, prompting Jiseon to hastily revert to her human form and land on the ground.

From this point forward, she was in the Chairman's domain.

Relying on brute force to push through could provoke his ire—a risk she wasn't willing to take.

— Hmm.

As expected, Chairman Dogo let out a sound of interest.

Leaning forward from his throne, he examined her closely.

— Jiseon, what are you thinking?

Toma, noticing the Chairman's intent to engage in conversation, slowly lowered his weapon.

Jiseon, without even drawing her sword, simply held up an Aratubank and replied,

— Since you are the de facto host of this ceremony, I await your approval.

Dogo tilted his head.

— My approval... My decision has already been made.

Then, he raised a finger clad in iron armor—pointing directly at the ceremonial box Jiseon was clutching in her right arm.

The bounty placed on that ceremonial box—2 billion won.

That was the chairman's will.

To properly conduct this extravagant ceremony, one had to prove their worth.

—Fairness has already been ensured. Even Jeonggu reached the altar, didn't he?

It was a statement that was both true and false.

The chairman, the most powerful guest in this wedding hall, might not have moved personally, but weren't the Rank-4 beings standing in his place?

Just as with Yeongwoo before, even if Lemu chose not to intervene, there was no way Jiseon could pass through President Toma alone.

After all, Jeonggu had only reached the altar because the chairman had deliberately stepped back.

That's why Jiseon had to confirm once again.

—Then... fairness will continue to be upheld, correct?

—Of course.

As Chairman Dogo nodded and looked at Jiseon, she transformed back into her dragon form.

Kwaaaaaaah!

[Translator - Night]

[Proofreader - Gun]

—What...?

The chairman was taken aback, and in that moment, Jiseon opened her massive maw and roared with a thunderous voice.

—I will distribute 5 billion karma evenly to those who help me reach the altar!

—What?!

The chairman immediately rose from his seat at Jiseon's sudden bounty announcement, while Toma, glancing at Chairman Dogo, fidgeted with the blade in his hand.

It seemed he was considering whether to snatch that lunatic ice dragon's ceremonial box before things got even more out of hand.

Meanwhile, in the back of the virgin road, where people had been fiercely fighting moments ago—

—.....

A chilling silence fell over the crowd.

At the moment Jiseon announced the 5 billion karma reward, everyone froze.

Then.



Step!

A sticky footstep echoed from somewhere along the long virgin road.

—F... Five billion? Even if ten people split it, that's 500 million each!

It was none other than the tattooed toad, the craftsman of Pegua.

And with his words, an overwhelming surge of energy erupted across the entire virgin road.

—F-Five hundred million!

—Waaaaaaah!

—Let's gooooo!

The guests who had been blocking the ceremonial procession, as well as Yeongwoo's reinforcements, all started running in unison.

All to take down Toma, who was standing in Jiseon's way.

—C-Chairman...

Seeing the overwhelming force of the guest army, Toma looked up at Chairman Dogo.

Dogo, who had been staring blankly at the back of the virgin road, suddenly clapped his hands once and burst into laughter.

—Absolutely magnificent!

Then, he turned to Toma and spoke.

—Toma! You're in big trouble now!

—Ah.

Realizing that the chairman was indeed going to uphold "fairness" as he had declared, Toma took on a resolute expression and gripped his blade.

Of course, since this was the domain of the family court, outright killing was not an option.

Thus, the choice of the "great warrior" recognized by Dogo was—

Swish!

He twisted the hilt of his blade, reversing the position of the edge and the spine.

As if wielding a reverse-blade sword.

—T-Toma, sir...!

Witnessing this, Yeongwoo couldn't help but be impressed.

Even as a Rank-4 existence, facing down an army of dozens without backing down and choosing to fight without killing...

—He's no ordinary madman. Well, no wonder the chairman acknowledges him.

—Hyaaahhhh!

By then, the dozens of guests responding to Jiseon's 5 billion karma offer had surged forward, shaking the ground, with none other than Kobu, Chobu, and Tobu leading the charge.

—Everyone, advance...!

—Bring down Toma!

—Don't be intimidated by his presence!

They were even shouting out orders as they moved.

And right behind them, Aldo and his knights, their bodies glowing with fierce energy, were sprinting at full speed.

—These lunatics... They're all desperate to claim the payout.

Watching the absurd spectacle, Yeongwoo rubbed his forehead.

But if throwing 5 billion into the mix could bring in wedding gifts worth hundreds of billions...

"No one's going to die in this wedding hall anyway! Don't be scared, just charge!"

As Yeongwoo raised Bastard high to rally the guest army, Toma began rolling his shoulders, loosening up.

Crack, crack!

Then—

Boom!

He stepped forward with his left foot, leaning his body halfway back while gripping his blade with both hands.

That stance...

"F-Full swing!"

The moment Yeongwoo's eyes widened in realization, Toma unleashed a horizontal slash, putting his full weight into it.

—You insolent fools!

It wasn't just a question of life and death—if anyone got hit by that, their bodies might turn to dust.

Kwooooosh!

With a monstrous sonic boom, the blade sliced through the air and struck the front of the guest army.

BANG!

The three hammer of Kwaya at the forefront spun like bowling pins, flung through the air.

Seeing this, Aldo and his knights hesitated, as if wanting to stop their charge.

But they couldn't.

—Waaaaaaaah!

—Forward...!

The sheer number of guests pushing forward from behind left them no choice.

—W-Wait, everyone! The hammer of Kwaya just...!

Aldo, shoved forward by the relentless tide of guests, had no time to take in his surroundings.

Seeing this, Jiseon pointed between Aldo and Toma and shouted.

—Throw the prince over there! They won't be able to attack royalty!

[Translator - Night]

[Proofreader - Gun]

[Translator - Night]

[Proofreader - Gun]

## Chapter 408: Gift Breakthrough (12)

The Cosmic Royalty.

Their exact cosmic standing was unclear, but from what was glimpsed today, they seemed comparable to a Level 4 under cosmic law.

And more than anything else—

‘There is some sort of solidarity among the royal families. Just look at how the Chairman protected Prince Aldo.’

Almost every royal family’s founder was someone who had written their own myth.

For an individual to carve out their own legend was something revered in the universe.

That was why the Chairman protected Prince Aldo—for the sake of the Shelbir Royal Family’s founder.

Even if it meant going against Mara, the King of Ten Thousand Demons.

‘It was honestly an insane move.’

To risk everything out of sheer respect for a legend someone else wrote—wasn’t that the very essence of cosmic romance?

‘And so, as long as the Chairman—who embodies romance itself—is present here, no one can lay a hand on Prince Aldo.’

As Yeongwoo’s thoughts reached this point, Aldo, the second prince of the Shelbir Royal Family, soared into the air, full of romance.

Screeeech!

—Uh, everyone? What is happening right now...?

Following Jiseon’s orders, the guests had picked up the prince and hurled him straight toward Toma.

—...!

Toma instinctively prepared to swing his blade, but then he hesitated at the sight of the insignia engraved on Aldo's armor.

He, too, understood that in front of the Chairman, even another royal couldn't be touched.

So, in the end—

—Tsk.

Instead of slashing, he reached out his left arm and caught the prince from the Caramel Kingdom.

THWACK!

At that moment, the guests, who had been waiting for this very chance, surged forward like a tidal wave.

All of them rushed toward Toma and the altar.

—Uwaaaah!

—Push him all the way!

—Grab his legs first!

The guests knew this was their first and last chance.

After all, when else would they ever get to brawl with a Level 4 being?

And finally—

BOOM!

With a dull impact, Toma fell backward onto his butt.

No matter how formidable a warrior he was, recognized even by the Chairman himself, holding his ground against dozens of people of varying power levels was no easy feat.

Not to mention, this was within the jurisdiction of the Family Court, limiting how much of his true strength he could display.

—Get up, Toma!

Hearing this, the Chairman suddenly sounded delighted.

But his opponent was no ordinary woman.

She was a former global corporate tycoon.

—Don't let him get up! Just hold him down for two seconds!

As soon as Jiseon saw the guests piling onto Toma, she lunged forward.

Screeeech!

A chilling wind followed in the wake of her movement.

And before her second step even landed, the wedding gift altar was already within reach.

"...!"

Realizing this, Yeongwoo immediately turned his head toward Lemu.

At this point, the only other Level 4 being in the area who could stop his mother was the Architect, Lemu.

"Sir, you're not going to stop her, right?"

When Yeongwoo asked whether Lemu intended to intervene, the Level 4 machine simply smiled like a human.

□ Congratulations on the wedding.

"...!"

Yeongwoo's eyes widened in shock.

And right on cue, Jiseon, reverting to her human form, landed on the wedding gift altar.

BOOOOM!

She had successfully broken through the wedding gift trial.

—D-Did we do it?

Standing atop the altar, Jiseon gazed into the air.

Toma, who had been struggling with the guests clinging to him, also lifted his head.

—...

And then came the system's confirmation.

「Song Jiseon, Wedding Gift Breakthrough Complete.」

—Oh...!

Yeongwoo's mouth fell open in astonishment.

Jiseon, seeing the altar glow brightly, quickly jumped back to the ground.

Tap!

「With the wedding gift breakthrough complete, the exchange of wedding gifts between the two partners will now take place.」

—Ah.

The wedding gift exchange.

Since both the bride and groom had arrived, it was the natural next step.

But after the chaos of the wedding gift breakthrough, the atmosphere was still incredibly chaotic.

—Uh... wedding gift exchange?

—W-Wait, is it over now?

The guests, still tangled up with Toma, hesitantly stepped back.

Toma also let go of the few guests he was holding and scratched his chin.

「Guests, please take your seats. The two partners, proceed to the designated locations.」

Flash!

Two Dogo insignias appeared in front of the wedding gift altar.

They marked the designated spots for the bride and groom.

However, most of the seating had been destroyed in the commotion.

Aside from a select few like the Chairman and Lemu, everyone else had no choice but to remain standing and watch the altar.

「The wedding gift exchange will now proceed under the supervision of the highest-ranked benefactor.」

Flash!

Another Dogo insignia appeared just behind the wedding gift altar.

The Chairman, seated on his throne, began to move forward.

With Jiseon and Jeonggu standing side by side opposite him, it now truly looked as if the Chairman was officiating the ceremony.

—So, we've finally reached this moment.

The Chairman gazed at the chaotic aftermath of the battle and made a brief remark.

Jiseon bowed her head respectfully.

—It is all thanks to you, Chairman.

—You have endured much. You, in particular, deserve to complete this ceremony.

The Chairman had been deeply impressed by her bounty of 5 billion and her willingness to hurl Prince Aldo.

「The highest-ranked benefactor will now present the wedding gifts to the two partners.」

The wedding gift boxes, which had been lying haphazardly on the altar, flickered and repositioned themselves neatly in front of the Chairman.

—The wedding agreement signifies the union of two beings within the vast universe and the birth of a new family.

The Chairman, his hand clad in iron armor, reached for the boxes.

—Thus, the wedding gifts symbolize the very identity of the newly formed family, which is...

With a click, the lids opened.

And inside—



—Mo...

Money.

[Translator - Night]

[Proofreader - Gun]

Inside lay golden commemorative coins engraved with Yeongwoo's face.

The primary value of this new family, forged through the wedding, was money.

—...?

The Chairman slowly turned his head to look at Yeongwoo, the main host of this ceremony.

Then, without a word, he took two of the coins and handed them to Jeonggu and Jiseon.

—Who will stand in front?

At the Chairman's question, Jiseon immediately raised her hand, not quite understanding but eager nonetheless.

—I will.

The Chairman nodded and then declared:

—Jiseon and Jeonggu, and Jeonggu and Jiseon. Under my witness, Dogo Vesedel the Destroyer, and in the presence of all guests, you shall become one.

He then drew his sword and pointed it toward the guests.

—If anyone objects, speak now. This is your only chance to prevent the birth of this new family.

However, naturally, no one opposed this union, which was guaranteed by Dogo, and soon, he pointed his sword at Jiseon and Jeonggu in turn.

—Exchange the tokens.

Jiseon was the first to hand over her token to Jeonggu, and then, with trembling hands, Jeonggu passed his own token to Jiseon.

From Jeonggu's perspective, he hadn't even experienced a wedding on Earth yet, but before he knew it, he was participating in a cosmic marriage ceremony.

"I... I'll be in your care."

Even as his mind swam with confusion, Jeonggu bowed his head, and Jiseon responded by bowing in return.

And finally—

—The essential procedures of this ceremony have been completed!

Chairman Dogo declared in a booming voice, striking his sword down upon the altar of offerings.

CRACK! BOOM!

A tremendous impact split the top of the altar, and almost simultaneously, a system message appeared in midair.

「Agreement has been finalized!」

Agreement finalized.

In other words, the wedding was over.

—Congratulations, Yeongwoo. You have now acquired a new family and immense wealth.

"T-Thank you, Chairman."

A new family and immense wealth.

It still didn't feel real.

Besides, the ceremony wasn't entirely over yet.

「A photo session will now take place for the submission of the official ceremony certificate.」

"What...?"

Yeongwoo, startled, looked up at the floating message, and already, several guests were making their way toward the offering altar.

"A ceremony certificate...? Like a marriage certificate?"

As Yeongwoo muttered, Kubu, who had somehow appeared behind him, blinked his large eyes and answered.

—Yes. It is a necessary document for the establishment of a new family.

“Oh, is that so? But why the photos...?”

Meanwhile, the ceremony system issued a public announcement.

「Guests who do not wish to be recorded in the official certificate should now exit the ceremony hall. Thank you.」

At this, planetary inspectors, who had already been preparing to leave, suddenly froze in their tracks.

—It seems the prisoners would like to be in the photograph.

Kubu answered before Yeongwoo could even ask.

And indeed, the inspectors shrugged and turned back, each escorting a prisoner toward the altar.

“Is... is that okay? Not that I mind...”

—The right to be photographed at an agreement ceremony is a universal privilege, so even law enforcement officials cannot override it.

In other words, even a wanted fugitive who had just been arrested had the right to be included in the final ceremonial photograph if they wished.

Thus, even the Planetary Inspection Team 9, despite being government officials, found themselves appearing in Jiseon and Jeonggu’s commemorative photo.

「Photo session will begin in 10 seconds. All guests, please put down your weapons.」

A large countdown timer appeared in the air, beginning the count from 10.

...10.

...9.

As Yeongwoo lifted his gaze, he saw the chairman’s throne positioned right above the offering altar.

—There is only one chance for the photo. Look straight ahead.

The chairman spoke as if he had attended such ceremonies many times before.

...8.

When Yeongwoo fixed his eyes on the front, he saw Aldo and the silver-white knights standing in a row at the very bottom of the frame.

It seemed the senior members had lost their battle for position and had been pushed to the lowest part of the angle.

‘Huh, then what about the other two?’

...7.

Yeongwoo turned his head, searching for Taru and Amana, when Lemu, who had settled directly behind him, gave a slight nod.

□ Whom are you looking for? Regrettably, it seems it is not me.

“Oh, just looking for my friends.”

...6.

Peering through the gaps in Lemu’s ornate armor, Yeongwoo was surprised to see a nameless skeptic hiding right behind the chairman’s throne.

‘They say the darkest place is under the lamp.’

...5.

Turning his head once more, he spotted CEO Toma standing like a statue, staring straight ahead.

And right next to him—

‘Ah.’

The guardian of the Sacred Planet Sutral, Amana, was struggling to straighten her ruffled feathers.

Beside her, the golem Taru was gently touching the crack in his chin.

‘They actually survived.’

...4.

...3.

As for the other villains, they had likely found their own ways to survive.

Relieved after confirming the survival of the senior members, Yeongwoo turned his gaze back to the front.

Then suddenly—

‘...Oh! My friends.’

He remembered his friends, still trapped in the Returnee’s Chamber, and quickly pulled out his whistle.

Fweeeeeeeep!

...2.

At that moment, a fist-sized circular marker appeared at the center of everyone’s field of vision, and from above, Yeongwoo’s four laborers fell one after another.

—Wh-what now?

—Everyone's already here?

—Are we fighting again?

—Ah... no, no, it's the official photo session!

As everyone voiced their confusion, CEO Kim Taejoon quickly grasped the situation and pointed toward the front of the offering altar.

A large circular symbol, resembling a camera lens, had appeared there.

...1.

...0.

With the timer now displaying "0," Yeongwoo stopped explaining and looked straight ahead.

Then—

「Photo session initiated.」

With a brief notification, the entire ceremony hall was engulfed in white light.

Flash!

The commemorative photograph had truly been taken.

Then, a follow-up announcement was made for the guests.

「Government enforcers are stationed beyond this planet's orbit.」

「Any guests with outstanding warrants, accusations, or other inappropriate charges are advised to exit via the designated markers on the right side of the ceremony hall for a safe departure.」

[Translator - Night]

[Proofreader - Gun]

[Translator - Night]

[Proofreader - Gun]

Chapter 409: Collection (1)

— Wh-what... inappropriate charges?

— The enforcers are already here?

As the safety evacuation announcement played over the ceremony system, the guests began to murmur.

That was to be expected.

Most of them were, if one were to be blunt, more villainous than virtuous, and thus had plenty of reasons to be uneasy.

Fwoosh!

Suddenly, a circular hole opened up in the right-side wall of the ceremony hall, and a hammer insignia appeared in its place.

「Upon exiting the ceremony hall, guests who contribute to breaking through the wedding gifts will receive an equal share of the reward money. Thank you.」

This was referring to the 5 billion Karma that Jiseon had promised.

— Oh... they're giving out money when we leave.

— Alright, let's go, everyone.

— Take care, don't get caught.

The guests exchanged parting words with each other.

Jiseon then stood near the evacuation route, bowing deeply at the waist.

Swoosh.

— Thank you so much for coming. I hope we meet again for good reasons.

— Yes, take care.

— Congratulations on your wedding.

— Thanks to you, I got to see some rare sights.

The guests expressed their farewells in various ways in response to Jiseon's gratitude.

Some bowed in return, while others displayed the insignias of their respective families.

'They all seem so nice like this. Hm.'

As Yeongwoo watched the guests gradually disappear into the distance, Daouk, an executive of the Osaek Credit Union, cautiously approached him.

— Yeongwoo-nim.

"Oh, Executive Daouk. Are you leaving now?"

— Yes, I should hurry as well.

Daouk then glanced up at the sky.

He was likely looking at the government enforcers positioned outside the planet's orbit.

"You wouldn't want to get caught either, would you?"

— That wouldn't be ideal.

With that, Daouk pulled out a small piece of metal from his pocket.

Swish.

"...What's this?"

— Hold onto this. It will serve as your share of today's earnings from the ceremony.

Daouk firmly placed the piece of metal in Yeongwoo's hand.

After paying his respects to Chairman Dogo, he gave Yeongwoo a slight nod.

— I hope we meet again.

"I'd rather not deal with loan sharks, but it was a pleasure. I hope we cross paths again in business."

It had been a good partnership, after all.

As Yeongwoo nodded while gripping the metal piece, Daouk headed toward the evacuation route.

Now, the ones who remained were—

'What's with these guys?'

Prince Aldo, three merit traders, a planetary inspector, Rohm's prisoners, and the high-ranking figures associated with Chairman Dogo were all still gathered near the altar.

"You should be leaving soon, shouldn't you, Prince?"

Yeongwoo turned to Aldo and asked, prompting Amana, standing beside him, to lift her chin proudly.

— We do not take back routes.

"...It's just a way to avoid inspections. How is that a back route?"

Yeongwoo tilted his head in confusion, but before he could argue further, Jeonggu, who had been keeping his presence hidden, muttered quietly.

"That's exactly what a back route is."

"...Really?"

Just then, a large door appeared on the left side of the ceremony hall.

Fwoosh!

That must be...

"So, that's the front route?"



The moment Yeongwoo pointed at the new exit, Amana turned to face it.

— It is time for us to leave.

Then, Prince Aldo extended his hand toward Yeongwoo first.

For the first time, he initiated a handshake, the Earth-style greeting he had learned from Yeongwoo.

— Yeongwoo, may you always be in good health. The same to you both as well.

Aldo glanced at Yeongwoo, Jeonggu, and Jiseon in turn.

Yeongwoo grasped Aldo's hand and nodded.

"I'll put the wedding gift to good use."

— Yes. I hope you accumulate many merits.

Of course, the "gift" Aldo had given would be used for military expansion, such as building warships.

"Travel safely...!"

Yeongwoo waved as he bid farewell to the merit traders.

Then, the planetary inspectors, who had no reason to avoid the government enforcers, also began to move.

Accompanying them were Rohm's prisoners, who were now restrained.

■ You actually carried out the ceremony to the end. Impressive.

The chief inspector, Gern, commented as he observed the scene.

Yeongwoo glanced up at the sky and muttered under his breath.

"...Would you consider accepting another bribe?"

It was a request to let the prisoners go in exchange for some money.

After all, he couldn't just let Rohm's prisoners, who had attended the ceremony despite their wanted status, be taken away so easily.

■ Your arrogance knows no bounds. This is the jurisdiction of the family court.

Gern let out a dry chuckle.

But Yeongwoo wasn't ready to give up.

"The bounty on the wedding gifts was 2 billion earlier, right? I'll offer you 3 billion instead."

This was a calculated move, recalling how the inspectors had focused on chasing the prisoners instead of taking the wedding gifts during the earlier chaos.

However, the response was cold.

■ Money can solve many things. But sometimes, money alone is not enough, human.

Gern then pointed a finger towards the sky.

■ The court is watching all of this. We have no choice.

That was a roundabout way of saying that, while they would like to take the bribe, they couldn't go against the court's direct oversight.

"Damn it."

Hearing that, Yeongwoo clenched his fists.

Meanwhile, the prisoners of Rohm grinned wickedly.

— You have to get locked up before you can break out.

— We'll meet again someday.

— Grow stronger, Yeongwoo! Great crimes require great power.

■ You speak so nonchalantly. There will be no second chance for your escape.

Gern lightly kicked one of the prisoners on the thigh.

Then, he pulled on the chain connected to the restraints and spoke.

■ In the end, all criminals face imprisonment. So be careful not to cross the line.

And he was saying this in the very presence of Chairman Dogo.

This alone showed just how powerful the planetary court and the families backing the inspectors were.

■ Let's go!

With that, Gern led the two inspectors and three prisoners toward the “path ahead,” while Yeongwoo turned to the chairman and asked,

“Chairman, is this the kind of problem that can't be overcome with power?”

Dogo, still seated on his throne, watched the prisoners' retreating figures.

—They are your guests. If you interfere with their arrest, the responsibility will fall upon you.

In other words, while the chairman could rescue the prisoners, the consequences would be Yeongwoo's to bear.

[Translator - Night]

[Proofreader - Gun]

—To stand against the court is to fight against order. I do not wish to advise you to do so at this time.

It was the first time the chairman had ever said, “I do not wish to advise you,” instead of “Do what must be done.”

‘...So this is my ceiling.’

The cosmic ceiling of Jeong Yeongwoo 07.

No matter how promising an aspiring villain he was, seizing fugitives from the court's grasp was sheer folly.

‘Even so, am I really supposed to just stand by and watch as my guests are taken away?’

A villain without power was a miserable existence.

Yeongwoo let out a deep sigh as he saw the inspectors already exiting the wedding hall with the prisoners.

Yet, those who remained in the hall seemed unconcerned.

—They are ones who breathe in imprisonment and escape as naturally as air. They have simply returned to where they were meant to be.

Toma spoke in a detached manner before bidding farewell to the chairman.

Similarly, Lemu added,

□ They are used to prison; they will not die so easily.

“Then... will they be able to escape again someday?”

Lemu stroked his chin.

□ That is difficult to guarantee. Once escapees are recaptured, special measures are put in place.

Then, he left behind a cryptic remark.

□ Wouldn't it be faster to break them out instead?

“What...?”

Yeongwoo's eyes widened in shock, but by then, Lemu was already bowing to the chairman.

□ Today is a joyous day, so I trust the chairman will grant me mercy.

In other words, he was asking not to be beaten before heading home.

Dogo pointed his sword at Lemu.

—Disappear before I change my mind, machine.

□ As you command.

Having secured his expensive body for another day, Lemu confidently stepped onto the “path ahead.”

Clank, clank.

At the last moment, he glanced back toward the inside of the hall before vanishing into a beam of light.

He had laid down circuit tiles in advance, right in front of the wedding hall's exit.

‘There truly is no one more thorough than him.’

Now, only Chairman Dogo, Toma, and the hammer of Kwaya cleaning up the gift tables remained in the hall.

At last, Chairman Dogo stood from his seat and began to rise into the air.

Saaat.

Finally, he was leaving this insane wedding hall.

“Chairman...!”

—I have delayed for too long.

“What should I do now?”

A significant portion of the wedding gifts had come from the chairman’s own pocket.

When Yeongwoo sought his advice, the response was unexpectedly indifferent.

—Open your own path. Your abilities have been proven.

Indeed, gathering the greatest figures of the universe and successfully completing the ceremony must have been proof enough of his competence.

Hwaaat!

Dogo then raised his sword high and stabbed at the air.

In nearly the same instant, his figure vanished from the hall.

“...Huh?”

The chairman didn’t even need to step outside to fully exercise his powers.

—I am the last one left.

Confirming the chairman’s departure, Toma slowly began moving toward the exit.

Thud!

Yeongwoo, who had been bowing his head behind Toma, suddenly recalled something and called out urgently.

“Boss!”

—.....?

“The Player’s Trophy! I’ve completed it!”

Toma halted and turned back.

—I know.

“Then, do you also know how to fuse the trophy with this planet?”

This was a detail included in the trophy’s tooltip.

[This Player’s Trophy is a special device capable of ‘ship transformation.’ It can be attached to certain objects or existing ships and, in rare cases, can even fuse with a planet.]

Although the phrase “in rare cases” was included, it clearly stated that planetary fusion was possible.

—A planet? Are you saying you want to turn Earth into a ship?

“Yes.”

—That is quite an ambitious dream.

Toma chuckled softly.

But Yeongwoo didn’t think turning Earth into a ship was just a dream.

According to the prophecy, he was fated to marry the Princess of the Sun, and there seemed to be a deep connection between the Sun Princess and Earth’s transformation into a ship.

“If turning Earth into a ship is such a grand ambition, does that mean the ship’s power would be just as incredible?”

Hearing this, Toma hesitated before answering.

—It is a difficult question. A planetary ship is massive, and its power is indeed immense. However...

Toma wiggled his fingers.

Then, he made an unexpected remark.

—But does this planet agree?

“...What?”

Yeongwoo blinked in confusion.

Was that meant to be a poetic expression?

Was he referring to the collective will of all Earth's inhabitants?

"By 'the planet's will,' do you mean... the will of Earth's people?"

As Yeongwoo tried to clarify, Toma sealed the matter with a final statement.

—Lower-ranked planets like this one are usually quite timid. They would never willingly leave their original orbit.

"What...?"

Yeongwoo's eyes grew even wider.

"Wait, are you saying this planet has a will of its own? Are you seriously telling me I need to get Earth's permission first?"

[Translator - Night]

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[Proofreader - Gun]

Chapter 410: Collection (2)

A will of Earth.

This was something Yeongwoo had never even imagined.

No, the very idea that this planet beneath his feet had a consciousness... Was that even possible?

'That makes no sense. Earth can think and even speak?'

On the other hand, Toma, a cosmic being, seemed to have trouble understanding Yeongwoo's disbelief.

— Compared to this planet, you are nothing more than a grain of sand. It is curious that you thought you could turn it into a spaceship without its consent.

"H-Hold on... but I've never seen Earth talk in my entire life!"

Toma let out a low chuckle and pointed at Yeongwoo's feet with a finger.

— Do you talk to the insects beneath you?

'W-what...?'

Yeongwoo was left speechless, his mouth slightly agape.

After all, just a few days ago, he had been nothing more than one among billions of humans on Earth.

And that was before the world had even connected to real space.

In other words, Earth had likely never felt the need to communicate with someone like him.

"But the situation is different now, isn't it? Earth is now linked to the universe, and it has already been reset..."

Of course, this was all just from the perspective of Earth's inhabitants.

To Toma, who had lived in the vastness of space far longer than Yeongwoo, the reset was nothing more than a trivial complaint.

— All lower-grade planets communicate only with selected individuals.

"What? What does that mean?"

Yeongwoo's eyes widened before he quickly realized the implication.

"Oh, don't tell me..."

The method of selecting a few individuals from the countless people on Earth.

He had heard about this before.

Planetary equity holders.

[The planet you are affiliated with is currently in an unclassified, neutral status. In the future, planetary equity will be determined based on the accumulated tax payments.]

This was something Yeongwoo had learned directly from the tax office registrar, Jiazol.

The planetary equity of the reset Earth would be distributed to diligent taxpayers, and the proportion would be based on accumulated tax payments.

In other words, the more taxes one had paid, the greater their share of planetary equity.

If, at the time of distribution, there was only one diligent taxpayer, that person could monopolize the planetary equity.



And that was exactly what Yeongwoo aimed to do.

"If I become a planetary equity holder, I'll be able to talk to Earth?"

Having finally grasped the system of this universe, Yeongwoo looked down at the ground instead of up at the sky.

"....."

Then, as a thought struck him, he raised his head again.

"By the way."

— .....?

"Why don't the President or the Chairman use planetary-class ships? I heard they're incredibly powerful."

— That's because...

Toma rubbed his forehead as if he had a headache.

Thud.

It was such an obvious fact on a cosmic level that he didn't even know where to begin explaining.

— The opportunity to create a planetary-class ship usually only comes once.

"Once? Why?"

Before Toma could respond, Yeongwoo figured it out on his own.

"Oh, because planets only communicate with selected individuals."

— Correct.

In other words, if someone failed to persuade their home planet, they wouldn't get another chance to build a planetary-class ship.

That explained why even the mighty Chairman Dogo didn't own one.

"Wow. Is persuading a planet really that difficult?"

Now that he understood the value of planetary-class ships, Yeongwoo blinked in amazement.

Toma looked up at the sky and spoke.

— High-grade planets are arrogant, and low-grade planets are fearful.

For some reason, his voice seemed to touch upon an old memory, as if he, too, had once tried persuading a planet.

— Moreover, facing a planet directly is no simple task. The planet itself chooses who it speaks with.

Even among the selected individuals, only those chosen by the planet could actually have an audience with it.

‘Damn, that’s ridiculously complicated.’

Of course, Earth’s situation was somewhat unique.

After all, it had the notorious Jeong Yeongwoo07 within it.

‘The planet gets to pick who it talks to? Then all I have to do is make sure I’m the only option.’

There were probably very few beings in the universe who had ever held 100% planetary equity and personally spoken with their planet.

That was exactly why planetary-class ships were so rare.

"If planetary-class ships are that valuable, I definitely want to make one."

Yeongwoo spoke with a sense of determination, prompting Toma to resume walking toward the exit.

— Whatever ship you build, you’ll need a main cannon. If you plan to engage in many battles, buy one from Toma.

Even in this situation, Toma was still pushing sales.

As Yeongwoo nodded, Toma soon disappeared beyond the ceremonial hall’s exit.

Meanwhile, from the ‘back route,’ Jiseon, who had been seeing off the guests, approached with an exhausted voice.

—Ugh, is it finally over?

"We’re almost done."

Yeongwoo's gaze shifted to Kobu, who was approaching while carefully carrying something with both hands.

"Kobu, what is that?"

He looked at the golden box resting in Kobu's hands.

Of course, he already had a pretty good guess.

Behind Kobu, Chobu and Tobu were each carrying ominous wedding gifts—one was a lightning rod, and the other was a grotesque eyeball.

So, naturally, that golden box had to be...

—It's the wedding gift, Boss.

"Oh. So cash is processed like this, huh? This is my first time at a wedding, so I didn't know."

As Yeongwoo scratched his cheek, Kobu cautiously extended his arms, offering the golden box.

—If you touch it, the funds will be deposited immediately.

"...Oh."

The moment he realized he was about to receive hundreds of billions in cash, a shiver ran down his spine.

"Hoo."

Yeongwoo took a deep breath.

Then, without hesitation, he reached out and touched the golden wedding gift box.

Tack.

Golden sparks erupted between Yeongwoo and the box, followed by a massive system message.

「Congratulatory money secured: 34,842,650,000 Karma.」

"Huh... how much?"

Yeongwoo blinked rapidly.

34.8 billion Karma.

It was an amount difficult to grasp.

And even more shocking—

-The 5 billion bounty verbally agreed upon by the priest and the remaining wedding hall balance have been prepaid.

“.....!”

In other words, the original total amount of congratulatory money exceeded 40 billion.

‘Wait, there's also the commission from Oseok Credit.’

As Yeongwoo took out the metal piece he had received from Daouk, he noticed it was glowing.

[Translator - Night]

[Proofreader - Gun]

“Huh?”

Whatever it was, it was currently in operation.

And then—

Piiiiiaaat!

A faint beam of light shot through the wedding hall ceiling and was absorbed into the metal piece.

‘A deposit...!’

Since the congratulatory money had been settled, it was about time Oseok Credit transferred the funds.

Crack!

Cracks spread across the metal piece like a spider web before it shattered completely, displaying another system message.

「1,132,000,000 Karma has been transferred from 'Oseok Credit'.」

1.13 billion.

'What the hell? How much interest did these guys take?'

Yeongwoo was astonished at the unexpectedly large amount.

Seeing this, Kobu offered a quiet piece of advice.

-Since this is a large sum, taxes will be imposed. You should prepare accordingly.

"What? Even congratulatory money is taxed?"

Yeongwoo was momentarily outraged, but quickly calmed down.

'No, actually, this could be a good thing. To obtain shares, I need to pay a lot of taxes anyway.'

With the money from Oseok Credit included, his earnings from the wedding alone amounted to a staggering 35.9 billion Karma.

Even after taxes, he would still hold assets worth over 10 billion.

"How much is the tax rate? These bastards... they're going to take a huge cut, aren't they?"

At Yeongwoo's question, Kobu shrugged.

-I believe it's around 30%.

"What?"

That meant over 10 billion Karma would be taken in taxes.

"If it's 30%... how much is left?"

This time, Jeonggu chimed in.

"About 25 billion."

"Oh... not bad."

"For someone like you, that's way too much money, isn't it?"

Jeonggu joked, half-seriously.

He knew what kind of person Yeongwoo was even when he was broke.

And now, Yeongwoo had access to 25 billion Karma.

Jeonggu feared what he would do with that kind of money.

“What do you plan to do with it?”

“Money? First, I should enhance my combat power...”

Yeongwoo rested his hand on Bastard at his waist.

Another gain from this wedding was the experience of confronting high-level beings.

Although it was more of an "encounter" than an actual battle, he had still caught a glimpse of how powerful 4th-tier entities were.

‘If President Toma had fought seriously, I wouldn’t have lasted a single exchange. He might have subdued me with sheer presence alone.’

So, his first priority was investing in his stats.

The second—

“I need to upgrade the city to raise its level. Especially if I plan to build a planetary battleship.”

“...And then?”

“I have to establish a family. That’s bound to cost a fair amount, too, isn’t it?”

As he spoke, Yeongwoo's gaze landed on the Family achievement.

At some point, its completion requirements were nearly fulfilled.

|Complete the following three tasks. (2/3)

=Obtain a mother and father.

=Reunite your parents.

-Receive a blessing from your complete parents.

“Oh, a family. Right.”

Jeonggu suddenly realized that he had just gotten married.

Jiseon also sensed something ominous and looked between her son and husband.

—...Why a family? Isn't this whole damned wedding enough?

No, it wasn't.

The Prestigious Family achievement hadn't been completed yet, and Yeongwoo saw no prompts related to establishing a family.

Looking at his recently reunited parents, Yeongwoo finally spoke.

"Receive a blessing from your complete parents."

"What?"

—What are you talking about?

"The achievement says I need to be blessed by my parents."

Jiseon and Jeonggu exchanged looks.

For the first time since the Reset, they wore identical expressions.

They unconsciously made awkward faces.

After all, suddenly blessing a son who was practically a walking disaster wasn't exactly easy.

"...These bastards, really."

Seeing their hesitation, Yeongwoo immediately drew Bastard.

Shwaaaat!

Kobu, who was watching from nearby, murmured softly.

-Hug him.

"...What?"

"...Huh?"

Startled by the unexpected suggestion, Yeongwoo's family all turned to stare at Kobu.

"...What did you just say?"

-Hug him, and tell him you're happy he was born. That should do it.

Kobu spoke as if he had either received or given such a blessing before.

Yeongwoo wanted to ask about his past, but he couldn't—

Because his mother was already approaching him with open arms.

—Yes, Yeongwoo! You were born well!

[Translator - Night]

[Proofreader - Gun]