

# Solo Leveling: Ragnarok [FAN TL] Chapter 291 - Chapter 289

## Chapter 291: Chapter 289

Whoosh—

A silent rage dwelled in the chilling wind. It was the anger that Sirka felt. The title of 'high elf' was a legendary feat passed down through oral tradition among ordinary elves. They were the most outstanding guardians among their people. Those who grew and grew, an honorable name given only to the great elves who were even considered candidates for the next Monarch. But look at them now. Their true nature lost, eroded by Elvenwood and the spirits. And there were 3,000 of them.

"...There were this many?"

A chill ran down her spine. Sirka felt something that had been stuck in her chest loosen. This emotion had been building up little by little in the depths of her heart every time she encountered high elves while searching for Elvenwoods with Suho. But the moment she faced 3,000 of them at once, The thread of reason that barely held Sirka together finally snapped.

"...There were this many." Sirka's lips muttered those words over and over again.

Wasn't it absurd? That so many elves were still alive. And not just ordinary, but high elves... How had they lived until now? The young elves. The babies who lost their parents in the war and struggled to survive. In the sanctuary that lost its king, abandoned and neglected in the harsh cold, they had to worry about survival from the moment they learned to walk.

'When I was young, I thought it was natural...' All those times flashed through Sirka's mind like a revolving lantern. The harsh cold from birth. Young elves who had to learn to walk on ice from the moment they were born. There was a time when Sirka thought all those moments were her destiny. She thought it was just a normal... trial they had to go through because they were born as ice elves. ...Yes, there was a time.

'But it wasn't.' She realized it wasn't normal. Cha Cha. It was after meeting her that she realized something she didn't know. The existence of parents. That natural and warm something...

That they, who were still young and weak, were beings who needed to be cared for. She learned it through her. And only then could she see...

The empty space the adults left.

The absence of the grown-up elves who should have protected and raised them, instead of Cha Cha.

Well, at least... It was okay until then. There was no other way, was there? What could she do? The adults all died in the war. But now it seemed like that wasn't the case.

"So many..."

Really, there were too many. Seeing with her own eyes that the high elves, who should have been leading the way and protecting the children who would be the future of their race, were still alive... It was only natural for her to be this angry.

Whoosh—

The chill that started deep within Sirka's heart began to spread in all directions. Its momentum, which was unhurried at first, accelerated rapidly and became as harsh as when the Spirits of Frost were just born from Alfheim. This wasn't because she dominated the Spirits of Frost. She felt...

Intense resentment.

Pure betrayal.

She had to become the guardian of the tribe at a young age and protect her friends. And the high elves, who abandoned their duties and fled from the war, appeared before her like this. Or rather, if they were going to appear anyway, they should have appeared in a grand and dignified manner. But they were corrupted by Elvenwood and the spirits, tainted by the power of the Outer Gods, so pathetic... To appear in such a wretched state,

'How could she not despise them?'

'How could she not truly look down on them?'

"Spirit Cavalry."

Crackle—!

The Spirits of Frost, whose domination she had just completed, gleamed at Sirka's command. Not just spirits, but the nightmare of the elves, the winter itself, transformed into the form of an incomparably solid Ice Golem, compressed and condensed before Sirka's majesty, and rose with a giant body.

Rumble—!

Marching with them, Sirka personally vowed. To those unsightly high elves. That she would become their winter.

"My name is Sirka."

That she would personally show them all the pain they had suffered.

"I, the legitimate successor of the King of the Snow Folk, the Monarch of Frost, Sillad, declare." She proclaimed.

"On my grandfather's honor..."

'Spirit Armament'

Crackle—!

That rage swirled and firmly armed Sirka's entire figure. Her full-body armor gradually grew in size.

"I strip you all of your qualifications as high elves. No, first of all, you don't even have the right to be elves..." A chill permeated every word Sirka uttered, filled with suppressed rage.

Whoosh—!

"Just die." Sirka became winter.

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Yangpyeong.

A secluded valley somewhere in that small country called South Korea, covered in fog.

VOOOOOM—!

Suddenly, the 'Mouth of the Void' opened in the empty air. And what it spat out was none other than the Apostle of Paradise.

[...Is this the place?]

The Apostle of Paradise, who closed the Mouth of the Void to conserve energy, frowned and looked around. He couldn't see anything because of the thick fog. But still he smirked. How ironic.

Yangpyeong. To think that all of Sung Suho's weaknesses were gathered in this place. Laughter escaped his lips. Even he couldn't go just anywhere. The only places he could access by crossing the dimensional gap using the Mouth of the Void were those where the Outer Gods' power reached. That was why he was still trying to spread the Outer Gods Cult throughout Earth. But ironically, this place, Yangpyeong, was where the Cult was hidden. Of course, it was gone now.

– But I heard it was recently discovered and destroyed by the Korean Association. – The words that Yuri Orlov said when he handed over the information suddenly came to mind. But it didn't matter. Especially in this place, Yangpyeong...

[Because the meteorite fell here.]

The Apostle of Paradise walked through the fog with a meaningful smile.

Splash. Splash.

The footsteps of the Apostle of Paradise, treading on the ground damp from the fog, gradually disappeared into the mist. In the direction he was walking, there was a 'meteorite.'

Meteorite. This Yangpyeong was the land where a fragment of a star from outer space crashed. Finding Sung Suho's family and either killing them or taking them hostage was something he would do later. Looking back, the process of infiltrating this dimension while hiding from the sight and senses of the Shadow Army in outer space was extremely difficult and complicated. Currently, all paths leading to this dimension from outer space were tightly guarded by the Shadow Army.

But how vast was the universe? Even they couldn't monitor all the meteorites that literally were as numerous as like 'stars' in the universe. The method he attempted was to hide in a meteorite and escape the front line. But there were also tricky conditions attached to this. First of all, it was impossible for an apostle with too much power. Even if they hid in a meteorite, their presence was too great, and they would be immediately discovered by the Shadow Army. But even then, sending an apostle who was too weak was pointless. What could a weakling do even if he safely arrived here? So this was the strategy he devised: Fragmenting his power.

– To solve the tricky problem of dimensional travel, my 'main body,' which has vast might, fragmented its power and personality and sent it to this world.

– You fragmented your main body? Then you were originally one being?

– Yes. Those fragments crossed outer space, hidden in numerous meteorites. And I am one of those fragments.

Yuri Orlov, who heard this story before, had to rack his brains to understand it. It was a natural reaction. For an ordinary human living in this barren and insignificant universe to understand the ability to fragment one's existence just by hearing it once was impossible. So Yuri Orlov, who barely grasped the situation, just asked for the conclusion,

– So you're saying you have to find other meteorites?

– ...Yes. The meteorites that were sent would have arrived not only on Earth but also in other dimensions in this universe. As I find them and absorb the other fragments within, I gradually regain my original power.

– How do you find those meteorites?

– 'We' are already looking for each other. Even if we don't know where we are, since we have the same goal, we'll eventually meet.

– Then what can I help you with?

– There seem to be many religions on this land. Create a religion that worships our gods, Itarim, among them and spread it widely.

– Oh. You're saying to create a cult?

– That's a blasphemous expression. You've already experienced my divine power, haven't you? Anyway, that's enough. Those with Itarim's divinity can recognize each other, so...

– Are you saying that you're going to merge with each other just like that?

– That's something we can decide after we meet. We can 'merge' anytime. But since even our personalities are fragmented, if we decide it's better to act separately, there's no need to become one again. The important thing is to not be discovered by 'him.'

– Who is 'he'?

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– ...You don't need to know.

The Apostle of Paradise continued to walk through the fog, recalling the conversation he had with Yuri Orlov. The reason he didn't answer Yuri Orlov's last question was trivial. Because the Shadow Monarch, whom he feared and was wary of, happened to be the same 'human' race as him. If Yuri Orlov knew that fact, he would surely become arrogant, and he didn't want to see that unsightly reaction.

[Hmm. I'm sure the meteorite was around here...]

The Apostle of Paradise searched for the meteorite. He was sure it was nearby, but it was difficult to pinpoint the exact location when he got this close. It was because he absorbed most of the power hidden in that meteorite when he found this place before. At that time, it was the early days of establishing the Outer Gods Cult, so he entered a nearby Gate, captured demons, and built a factory to research stardust. And he left a tiny bit of power in the meteorite for that research. But he wasn't worried even though he couldn't find it after searching for some time. A meteorite from outer space was just a rock after all. Even if the Outer Gods Cult was destroyed, no one would care about the meteorite. Besides, the fact that he could already connect a dimensional gap to this place was proof that the meteorite still existed here.

[Found it.]

The Apostle of Paradise, finally finding the remains of the meteorite that arrived in Yangpyeong, grinned, revealing his teeth. And he absorbed the last remaining power within.

[...Huuu. Good.]

He had an ecstatic expression as he slowly melted the fragment of power that merged with him into his body.

Crackle.

As he sucked out even the last remaining drop of power, the meteorite finally crumbled. But even then, this rock was useful. The material that made it up was from the dimension where the Apostle of Paradise lived, so it was the medium that reacted best to his power. In some ways, it was an even more suitable fertilizer for 'divine power' than the starpiece.

[Grow.]

Whoosh—

As soon as his words fell, the 'fruit' he was holding began to take root in the damp ground at a terrifying speed, using the meteorite as fertilizer.

[Sprout and bear fruit.]

SWOOSH—!

The Apostle of Paradise. The fragmented personality and ability from his main body, true to the 'name' he gave himself, was to turn this planet into his own paradise...

[Sung Suho. This Yangpyeong, where your family is gathered, will now become my flowerpot.]

He smiled meaningfully and began to gradually contaminate Yangpyeong, turning it into a new terrarium. However, there was one fact he didn't know. And the answer was in the words he once said to Yuri Orlov.

– Those with Itarim's divinity can recognize each other...

The moment the Apostle of Paradise arrived in Yangpyeong through the dimensional gap.

The moment he used his divine power to sprout a new Elvenwood in Yangpyeong,

'His' father, who had been living in this land, sensed that presence.

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*CREATORS' THOUGHTS*



Craftyprogamer

## **Solo Leveling: Ragnarok [FAN TL] Chapter 292 - Chapter 290**

### **Chapter 292: Chapter 290**

Beyond the thick fog, the 'erosion' began in earnest.

[Grow.]

Whoosh—

The Apostle of Paradise leisurely strolled through the fog, indiscriminately scattering seeds. The scattered grains burrowed into the ground, And the pristine forest of Yangpyeong began to change.

[Thrive.]

Stretch— Stretch—

The clean soil gradually turned dark purple and began to become sticky like flesh. And the roots of Elvenwood spread like blood vessels.

Squelch— Squelch Squelch—

Shoots sprouting from the ground began to entwine everything around them. Tree trunks wriggled and grew grotesquely. It was a form that could no longer be called a tree. It moved and grew on its own like a living creature.

[This will become my new paradise.]

Rustle—

Dirty mycelium covered the forest. It spread like a spider web, infecting everything around it. Trees, grass, stones... even the air. Everything gradually transformed into a form familiar to the Apostle of Paradise.

[I offer all this to my great gods, Itarim.]

...Wherever his footsteps touched, the pristine nature of Yangpyeong turned into that of the outer universe.

Swoosh—

Sprouts of Elvenwood began to emerge here and there in the humid fog. They grew at an astonishingly fast pace, changing the surrounding scenery in an instant. The healthy pine trees rotted away, infected by the roots of Elvenwood. And the rotten forest became nutrients for Elvenwood. The small animals that played in it began to mutate into hideous magical beasts.

Kyaaaaa—!

[Haaa. This is good.]

The Apostle of Paradise took in the familiar air and grinned wickedly at the edge of the paradise he created. This was progressing at a much faster pace than when he created flowerpots in other places. It showed how eager he was, how enraged he was at Suho, who humiliated him. It was then...

[...Humans?]

A completely different scene came into the Apostle of Paradise's view. For some reason, that place alone felt brightly lit.

"Unni! Look at this!"

"Wow, it's a pretty flower!"

"Me too, me too!"



Giggles — Bright laughter.

He could see children playing and chatting cheerfully. Children were smiling brightly in a spacious, beautifully decorated garden. Their innocent laughter echoed in the clear sky that hadn't been eroded yet.

[An orphanage. This is perfect.]

The Apostle of Paradise's eyes gleamed as he spotted the place while walking from afar. When he first arrived on Earth, he wasn't interested in the human race at all. What was the point of knowing what kind of ecosystem was on this planet? He would just kill them all and melt them into a handful of mana. All he had to do was erode and contaminate the plant and turn it into the familiar ecosystem he lived in. But while staying with Yuri Orlov in Russia, he happened to notice something.

'Family'

A concept that didn't exist in their universe, but did in the human world. The concept of 'family' was a very unfamiliar culture to the Apostle of Paradise. If he had to compare, Itarim, who created him, was closer to a parent, but it was fundamentally different from the human concept. First of all, humans didn't worship and serve the parents who created them as gods. And their parents didn't annihilate their creations for disobeying orders. That was quite curious and unsettling at the same time. And then he discovered humans who were abandoned by their parents.

Creatures abandoned by their god? Wasn't it familiar? A fragmented soul, driven to the battlefield by God's orders, fighting and having its personality and abilities torn apart, sent to another dimension, That was the state of the Apostle of Paradise himself. So he couldn't help but feel a sense of familiarity with orphaned children who lost their parents. Perhaps when he first discovered Yuri Orlov in Russia, the reason why he readily cooperated with that human's obvious and blatant desire was also because of that. Yuri Orlov was also an orphan, so he was drawn to the source of his deprived desire. But as he observed human behavior more while staying with Yuri Orlov, there was something he couldn't understand the most. It was the orphanage. For some reason, humans gathered and managed creatures who lost or were abandoned by their parents in one place. Under the pretense of protecting and caring for them. It was truly... an unsettling and useless act.

"Okay, everyone, stop playing and come inside! It's lunchtime!"

"Yay! What are we having today?"

"Curry pork cutlet!"

"Really? Yay!"

"Wow—!"

A peaceful scene, as if painted in a picture, unfolded before his eyes. It was truly... unsettling. But the Apostle of Paradise knew now that it was all just a facade. His impression of visiting various orphanages in Russia, well, They acted peaceful on the surface, but behind the scenes, most of them were groups trying to fulfill the adults' desires by exploiting the children. And the souls of the orphans trapped inside...

[...Were delicious prey.]

Gulp. The Apostle of Paradise, slowly approaching the Yangpyeong Child Protection Center, swallowed his saliva with a meaningful expression. Souls with great deficiencies, souls distorted by suppressed desires, were the perfect ingredients for his soldiers.

Whoosh—

Following his footsteps, the trees in the forest rotted away, and the earth crumbled. That thick darkness was slowly approaching to cover the laughter of those poor souls pretending to be happy. It was then.

"Unni, look! Another flower bloomed!"

A girl in the garden in front of the building was pointing in this direction with a smile. Her finger pointed at the Apostle of Paradise. More precisely, at the otherworldly flowers blooming behind him. Although they seemed to be called 'Elvenwood' on this planet, in the universe where he lived, such creatures were classified as 'predatory plants.' The Apostle of Paradise was now standing before the girl, who tilted her head at his smile.

"Who are you?"

[Would you like to eat this?]

"...?"

Instead of answering, the Apostle of Paradise held out a tempting red fruit to the girl.

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Yangpyeong.

A natural wonder where the greenery of the trees and the hazy fog intertwined. There was a man sitting in meditation with his eyes closed on a steep cliff. An elderly man. Blue gems the size of fists were embedded all over his body, where gray hair was sparsely growing.

Starpieces. The alien energy emanating from those gems, where the mana of the outer universe was highly concentrated, were both a curse and a blessing to this man. He could use the foreign energy through this medium, but in return, that tremendous power was gradually eroding his body.

Crack— Crack— Crack

Tremendous dimensional pressure. Because of that, his skin and muscles were precariously close to being torn apart. The numerous Starpieces embedded in his body were wriggling, trying to create dimensional cracks in him. But...

'Endure.' He had to endure. This power was forcibly implanted in him, so suppressing those cracks was also his responsibility.

Exhale—

Muscles that were swollen as if about to rip apart. A body absurdly developed for an old man. And above all, he possessed the experience to handle this alien energy skillfully, unlike a human. Yes. He was skilled, Inhumanly so. There was a reason why this was possible...

Because this wasn't his first time. Accepting this tremendous power that a human couldn't handle into his body. No, once... He once even had to forcefully cram an even more absurd power into this feeble body. To protect his son, risking his life.

'...So I can do it this time as well.' Sung Il-Hwan gritted his teeth. His vessel was sufficient. He knew the trick. All he was doing now was retracing the path of hardship he had experienced in the past. Although the pain in the process was unavoidable, it was theoretically possible.

'I will definitely succeed.'

Rumble—

Void Gate.

A door leading to the dimensional gap was open right behind him, who was sitting in meditation. He knew that if he took just one step beyond that, this pain that was tearing him apart would disappear like melting snow. Because he was safe inside the dimensional gap. But before that one step, deliberately enduring all this pressure and pain throughout his being was a kind of training. Enduring the suffering and increasing his body's durability. Pushing himself to the limit until his muscles tore. Torturing his soul until his vessel was about to break. And after enduring all that, growing one step at a time. In short, it was strength training.

Strain— Exhale—!

Crack! Snap—!

Sung Il-Hwan was deliberately drawing the mana of the outer universe into his body and torturing himself. Of course, this was a secret he kept from his family. If they knew he was doing something this dangerous, they would definitely try to stop him. But he had to do it. The war was over, but new enemies had appeared. And those foes were much stronger than before. Just like back then, his son was still fighting all those enemies alone. To protect everyone.

...Of course, he knew. His son was all grown up now. It was absurd how much he had matured. To the point where he didn't need any help or advice from his father anymore. His son had grown into a fine adult. And before he knew it, he had even become a father himself. But, what difference did that make? Despite all that, he was still his son,

'And I am his father.' No matter how grown-up his son was, was there any father in the world who would just stand by and watch as his son risked his life fighting? If his son struggled to protect the world,

'...I will protect my son.' As always. Even if it meant risking his own life.

'So I will definitely... make this power mine.' It was then...

Flash—!

Sung Il-Hwan, who was meditating peacefully before the Void Gate, suddenly opened his eyes.

"...Hmm?" Something had changed.

The air felt different. Somewhere beyond the fog, He could feel the dimensional wall rippling. It was an instinctive sensation, not a skill or anything. The Starpieces embedded in his body were buzzing. They were screaming.

"What is this?"

Sung Il-Hwan, feeling the change, looked beyond the fog with a fearsome expression. It felt ominous yet familiar, as if something had suddenly appeared from beyond.

"Who is it? Who has appeared?"

He didn't know the identity. But he could say with absolute certainty. Whoever it was, judging from how happy the Starpieces were, they were definitely not on humanity's side.

"I'll find you myself."

His contemplation was brief. Sung Il-Hwan jumped off the cliff without hesitation.

*CREATORS' THOUGHTS*



Craftyprogamer

## **Solo Leveling: Ragnarok [FAN TL] Chapter 293 - Chapter 291**

### **Chapter 293: Chapter 291**

Whoosh—!

The strong wind hit his body. Sung Il-Hwan, jumping off the cliff, fell endlessly through the white mist. But there was no tremor in his eyes as he plummeted at a terrifying speed. Far from being scared, he didn't even feel the need to use magic power for something like this. He had been through much worse in the past.

'...It started with being left behind.' A world forgotten by everyone now. Beyond that vanished history, he was a Hunter who awakened in the early days of the Cataclysm. It was a time when the term 'Hunter' hadn't even been properly established. A time when the Hunter rank system wasn't properly defined yet. Sometimes, when he recalled those days, he wondered...

What rank was he back then? At that time, no Awakened being in the world could measure their power. Because the magic power meter hadn't been developed yet. Perhaps that was why everyone was so reckless back then. Because they didn't know the extent of their power. They jumped into unknown Gates, trying to conquer dangerous dungeons that might hold unknown threats. And sometimes, if they encountered a high-difficulty area, they lost their lives absurdly quickly. But looking back, these were romantic times. Reckless courage that was possible because they couldn't gauge their own strength. They jumped into the unknown with the sole mission of protecting the world.

'...And then the Gate closed, and I was left alone in the dungeon.'

Left behind.

Isolated.

The Rulers appeared before him as he wandered aimlessly, trapped in the dimensional gap... The mission given to him after that, it didn't matter now that it was all in the past. The problem was what came after. He was luckily helped by the Rulers and returned to Earth, but...

He had already become a terrible head of family. Because of his disappearance, because of his reckless courage to save the world... His wife, Park Kyung-Hye, lost her husband overnight. And his children, Sung Jinwoo and Sung Jinah, lost their father. And soon after, his wife fell into Eternal Slumber and was hospitalized in the intensive care unit, unconscious. Suddenly, his children became orphans who lost both parents. They were struggling to survive in that dangerous world at such a young age. His son even gave up going to college to earn money.

'...I was a terrible father and a terrible husband.' Perhaps that was why he fought even harder to protect his son, burdened with guilt and a sense of debt. But now, the history of that time has become a thing of the past, a fragment of history lost to the world. But even so, how could he forget? He, the terrible husband and father, had to remember. The guilt, helplessness, and the weight of being an irresponsible head of the household were still deeply embedded in Sung Il-Hwan's heart. That's why...

"...This time, I will protect them. Definitely."

At least in this world, he wouldn't repeat the mistakes of the past. With that resolve, Sung Il-Hwan ran through the foggy forest with a fearsome expression.

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Meanwhile, the Apostle of Paradise, who handed the fruit to the girl, couldn't help but be bewildered. A mouthwatering scent. The greater the deficiency in the soul, the more this fruit stimulated their hunger. The most terrifying aspect of predatory plants was that they emitted an irresistible magic power to those whose souls were starved. But even then,

"I don't want it."

[...What?]

Pause. For a moment, the Apostle of Paradise wondered if he misheard. But he wasn't mistaken. The girl's eyes didn't waver even with the fruit of Elvenwood before her.

"The director told me not to eat food from strangers."

[...]

Such an obvious statement. She was a smart child. But the Apostle of Paradise felt like his brain had short-circuited.

'How?'

How could such a young and weak human? And even a deficient soul that lost its parents, resist the temptation of a predatory plant?!

"Anyway, if you're a guest, please go to the director's office! I have to go eat curry pork cutlet now!"

Dada Dada Dada—

[No, but I...]

The Apostle of Paradise was momentarily flustered as the girl turned her back without hesitation and ran towards the dining hall. Actually, if he wanted to, he could just grab the girl by the scruff of her neck, force her mouth open, and feed her the fruit. But he had an ominous feeling. How could a creature trapped in an orphanage resist the temptation of a predatory plant?!

[W-wait. Director? Who is that?]

"...Yes?"

The girl, who was running to the dining hall, turned her head at the question from behind and looked at his face again. Her eyes, which were firm when she refused the fruit, were now sparkling.

"You're asking who the director is? Umm..."

But the question itself was too out of context. The girl suddenly fell into deep thought. But she tried to answer the guest's question with a serious expression. She was hungry, but he was a guest who came to the orphanage.

"So, our director... she's... umm."

Besides, children naturally liked to teach others about things they liked. Especially since the director who created this place was her favorite grandmother, she was confident she could answer anything anyone asked about her.

"So, our director... her only son suddenly went missing a long time ago. Well, it's not really a special story. Everyone runs away from home once or twice when they're in middle school, right?"

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[No, that's not what I...]

"No, but listen."

[...]

"Our director had a really hard time trying to find her son back then. But in the end, her son came back home on his own! After two years! Isn't that amazing?"

[...]

Even for the Apostle of Paradise, it was impossible to stop the chatterbox girl once she started talking. It would be easier to just kill her, but the problem was the girl's soul. He was confused. His hand was still frozen, holding out the fruit before her. But the girl didn't even glance at the fruit.

'...Does she really have no deficiency?'

Strange. Wasn't she too bright? For a creature trapped in a mere orphanage. Seeing such a pure soul before his eyes, the Apostle of Paradise couldn't help but listen to the girl's chatter in a trance. And perhaps because she was also hungry, she was rattling on like a machine gun to get to the dining hall quickly. Besides, running away from home wasn't a big deal, but to think that the child who ran away came back on their own was truly amazing, so to stop this girl's excited chatter, it seemed like it would be easier to just rip her head off.

"...Anyway, then! Since the director was so eager to find her son, she went around looking for runaway teens, and even after her son came back, children like us kept catching her eye! So she eventually created this place...! The 'Yangpyeong Child Protection Center'! Ta-da!" The girl smiled brightly at the Apostle of Paradise with a satisfied expression as if she had finished her introduction perfectly.

"Ah, right! And our director's name is 'Park Kyung-Hye'!"

[That human's name...]

Suddenly. The Apostle of Paradise's expression hardened at those words. And then his lips slowly curled up.

[...Wait. Did you just say Park Kyung-Hye?]

"Yes! Park, Kyung, Hye! Anyway, we're done now, right? If you don't have any more questions, I'm really going to eat now."

[Then this fruit...]

"Ah, I said no!"

Dada Dada—



The girl turned her back without hesitation and ran towards the dining hall after finishing what she had to say. But unlike before, the Apostle of Paradise had a bright smile on his face.

[...What a coincidence.]

Truly a coincidence. Now he didn't care about that girl's soul anymore. Because he had found much better prey.

'Yangpyeong Child Protection Center'

'Park Kyung-Hye'

Weren't those names from the information Yuri Orlov gave him?

[I'll start here.]

He planted the fruit he was going to feed the girl in the garden of this orphanage. And he poured a tremendous amount of divine power into this land.

Whoosh—!

The land was quickly contaminated, and the sprout of a predatory plant emerged and bloomed. The clean soil gradually turned dark purple, And the roots of Elvenwood began to spread like blood vessels. At that moment, he staggered...

[Kuhk. Sung Suho, that bastard...!]

The Apostle of Paradise staggered from a sudden dizziness.

'Sung Suho!'

What was that bastard doing in North Korea right now...! He could feel the flowerpots remaining there rapidly falling silent. And the power flowing from those flowerpots inevitably weakened. The Apostle of Paradise gritted his teeth with a ferocious expression.

[I need to hurry.]

Now it was a race against time. Whether his base would be destroyed first, Or whether he would destroy his enemy's base before that! But it was still okay for now. His flowerpots were spread not only in North Korea but also in other countries. However, all of his enemy's family was gathered in this land, wasn't it?

Yangpyeong Child Protection Center.

Standing before it, the Apostle of Paradise unleashed tremendous divine power and roared,

[Grow, Elvenwood!]

Whoosh—!

He decided to sacrifice this entire orphanage to the new Elvenwood.

[Sung Suho! If you burn everything I have, I'll turn all your family into toys!]

Squelch— Squelch Squelch—

He had to hurry. He accelerated the erosion. Starting from the orphanage, with the Apostle of Paradise as the center, the surrounding area began to rapidly transform. Tree branches wriggled and grew grotesquely, and those hideous branches spread like spider webs, intertwining and forming a nest-like structure around the orphanage's garden. Meanwhile, the Apostle of Paradise entered the building to find Park Kyung-Hye. Noisy chatter could be heard from the dining hall.

"Wow! Did you make this curry yourself, Director?"

"This is amazing! Grandma Director's kimchi is the best!"

[...There.]

The Apostle of Paradise's eyes flashed. An elderly woman with the children. It was Director Park Kyung-Hye. An old granny, looking exactly like the picture of Sung Suho's grandmother that Yuri Orlov gave him, was gathered in the dining hall with the children. He flicked his finger towards that place.

Whoosh—!

The roots of Elvenwood pierced through the dining hall floor and sprouted.

"Eua!"

"Wh-what is this!"

The screams of the startled children filled the dining hall. In the center of it all, Park Kyung-Hye was floating in the air, bound by the hideous roots.

"Director!"

"Director, look out!"

The children clung to the roots, trying to save her. But Park Kyung-Hye, not caring about her own safety, worried about the children's well-being first.

"Kids, run away!"

"No!"

"We can't leave you, Director!"

The children cried and gathered even closer. They were also caught and entangled in the roots, but still struggled to save their protector. Director Park Kyung-Hye was that precious to them. The one who made them warm meals every morning, stayed by their side all night when they were sick, and hugged them when they were sad, For the children who were left alone without parents, Park Kyung-Hye was everything.

"Ah, report it! Someone call the Association if you have a phone!"

In the midst of the panic, one of the smart kids shouted. And one of the children caught in the roots struggled and took out his phone from his pocket.

Thud

Of course, that attempt was futile. With a single gesture from the Apostle of Paradise, the roots struck the child's hand and made him drop the phone.

[I don't need any interference.]

The Apostle of Paradise smiled leisurely and walked across the contaminated land.

[From now on, it's my time.]

And he approached Park Kyung-Hye, who was entangled in the roots, and held out a new red fruit before her face.

[Eat this.]

"Wh-who..."

He didn't care about Park Kyung-Hye's answer, bewildered as she looked at him. Because the course of events was already decided.

[If you don't eat this fruit now, I'll kill all the children here.]

"...!"

Park Kyung-Hye's face was instantly filled with terror. And the Apostle of Paradise became overjoyed. But, he knew how to make it even more delightful.

[No, wait. Instead of killing them, I'll cut off their limbs one by one. First the fingers, then the arms, and then...]

"I-I'll eat it! Please stop!" He finally got the answer he wanted from Park Kyung-Hye.

[Yes, eat it. You're just a human without magic power anyway, so one fruit should be enough.]

And just like the villains of North Korea, This woman would also become a beautiful sprout growing in his flowerpot. The Apostle of Paradise grinned wickedly, forced Park Kyung-Hye's mouth open, and brought the fruit closer. He was filled with anticipation. What kind of expression would Sung Suho, that detestable guy, make when he saw his grandmother turned into his toy? But it was then...

Shiver.

Just as he was about to feed Park Kyung-Hye the fruit, his body instinctively recoiled.

...Crash—!

At that moment, a man, descending like lightning and breaking through the ceiling of the dining hall, blocked their path.

"H-honey...?"

Sung Il-Hwan, he tore off the roots with his overwhelming strength and held Park Kyung-Hye in his arms.

4

*CREATORS' THOUGHTS*



Craftyprogamer

## **Solo Leveling: Ragnarok [FAN TL] Chapter 294 - Chapter 292**

### **Chapter 294: Chapter 292**

Sung Il-Hwan, who narrowly saved his wife, quickly checked on her.

'...I'm not too late.'

Fortunately, his wife was safe. It was truly... fortunate. Sung Il-Hwan was so relieved that he felt his strength leave him. But it was too early to relax.

"Who are you?"

His gaze, flickering with emotion, glared at the Apostle of Paradise as he asked. At the same time, Sung Il-Hwan had to desperately suppress the magic power that felt like it would explode from within him. To prevent his unrefined energy from having a negative impact on his wife. She was already sensitive to magic power, having suffered from Eternal Sleep Disease in the previous world. So he had to desperately suppress this rage that felt like it would explode at any moment. But contrary to his heart's wishes his anger was slowly leaking from his body.

Crack. Crack...

"Your... body..." Park Kyung-Hye's eyes widened as she checked his condition. All over her husband's skin...

Cracks were forming, as if about to split open, centered on the Starpieces embedded in his body. Even to Park Kyung-Hye, who knew nothing about magic power, Sung Il-Hwan's body looked as dangerous as a glass bead about to shatter, no, a bomb about to explode. But Sung Il-Hwan tried to soothe his wife with a calm and composed expression.

"Don't worry. You don't have to worry about anything. I'm here now."

Yes.

Everything was fine. Because his wife was safe. He wasn't too late this time. Relieved, Sung Il-Hwan turned his gaze to the Apostle of Paradise and asked again,

"Can't you speak? I just asked who you are."

[If you're curious about who I am, tell me who you are first.]

"What?"

Grining. The Apostle of Paradise asked Sung Il-Hwan a question instead of answering. Despite having an important moment interrupted, the Apostle of Paradise wasn't angry at all. Rather, he was smiling... Very brightly. This was good, wasn't it? The face of that interrupter happened to be in the family photo of Sung Suho from the documents he received from Yuri Orlov.

'Sung Il-Hwan'

'Sung Suho's grandfather'

But even though he recognized his face and name at a glance, the Apostle of Paradise still asked about his identity. He wasn't asking Sung Il-Hwan as a human. He didn't expect an answer in the first place. The state of his body already gave him the confirmation.

Crack Crack...

Even now, the Starpieces embedded in Sung Il-Hwan's body were resonating with a blue light. Reacting to the mana of the outer universe emanating from the Apostle of Paradise.

[I never imagined. To think there was a High Priest of the Cult of the Outer Gods among Sung Suho's family.]

"...What did you just say?" Sung Il-Hwan's expression instantly hardened. And he bared his teeth with a fearsome voice.

"Whose family? Did you come here after our Suho?"

[Our Suho... Interesting. Truly interesting.]

The Apostle of Paradise just smiled, even receiving his anger head-on. And he licked his lips. Scanning his body with snake-like eyes.

[Twenty-three Starpieces. And perfect assimilation. To think such a perfect vessel was hidden in a secluded place like this.]

High Priest level.

How could he not drool after finding someone like this? But regardless of his reaction, Sung Il-Hwan's entire focus was on his wife. In fact, he also needed confirmation; he didn't ask because he was curious about the Apostle of Paradise's identity.

"Apostle of Outer Gods. I am not a High Priest."

[No, you are a High Priest. And a very well-refined vessel. I've never seen one as perfect as you.]

Sung Il-Hwan's answer didn't matter to him. The Apostle of Paradise smiled brightly and reached out his hand. He introduced himself proudly,

[So worship me. My name is the Apostle of Paradise. The apostle of the gods you will now serve.]

At that moment,

Whoosh—!

"...Keuk!"

Sung Il-Hwan barely resisted the intangible pressure. Following the Apostle's of Paradise gesture, the Starpieces embedded throughout his body were suddenly pulled forward. Like a puppet with strings attached, his body was trying to move against his will. It felt like invisible threads were connected from each of the Starpieces to the apostle's hand. As Sung Il-Hwan gritted his teeth and resisted that force, the Apostle of Paradise chuckled as if mocking him.

[How cute. Just submit. It's not a power a mere creature can resist. From the beginning, the Starpieces embedded in your body were planted for this moment.]

The situation was completely different from Hasul in North Korea, who was holding a scythe made from an Outer Gods stone. From the priest level or higher in the Cult of the Outer Gods, they directly implanted Starpieces into their bodies like Sung Il-Hwan. It was to directly control them as puppets like this.

[Since you didn't know because the temple here disappeared, I'll tell you the truth. That power embedded in your body is a device to make you my faithful puppet. So obey. That is your sole purpose, the mission bestowed upon you by the great Itarim!]

Whoosh—

The intangible pressure intensified with those words. But Sung Il-Hwan gritted his teeth, forced a smile, and retorted,

"...Nonsense."

Kaboom—!

He unleashed the blue energy from his entire body, resisting the force. And at the same time, he swung the dagger in his hand and slashed in all directions.

Shatter—!

The invisible intangible force was cut.

[No... how?]

The Apostle of Paradise's eyes widened in surprise at that sight. He realized,

[You, you weren't just a simple High Priest! What have you done to your body?!]

He was astonished! What kind of training did Sung Il-Hwan go through?! He had already reached the level of completely controlling the mana of the outer universe, not just passively receiving it!

Slash! Slash! Slash! Slash! Slash—!

Taking advantage of the Apostle's of Paradise momentary surprise, Sung Il-Hwan quickly swung his dagger and cut all the roots that were entangling the orphans in the dining hall and shouted,

"Gather around!"

Thud Thud...!

"Grandpa...!"

As the roots binding their bodies were cut, the children became free and rushed towards Sung Il-Hwan. And as if finally relieved, they began to cry their eyes out. They had mustered their courage to protect their Director just moments ago, but they were still children after all. A situation like this was terrifying even for adults. The whole world had literally turned into hell in an instant. And in the center of that hell, Sung Il-Hwan stood tall, holding his Daggers to protect his wife and the children. The Apostle of Paradise grumbled with hurt pride at the tip of that blade,

[Seriously. How dare you reject my control? None of you... listen to me.]

But he wasn't disappointed. No, rather, it was better this way. In any case, that human's body was already heavily saturated with the mana of the outer universe. And to think he had worked so hard to get used to that mana, to the point of resisting even his control, perfectly adapting to the power.

[This changes things.]

He was even curious. What kind of experiments did he have to go through to refine a High Priest-level body to that state? If he knew that method, wouldn't he be able to create such vessels over and over again? The Apostle of Paradise made up his mind.

[This is perfect. Now I see that it's better for me to use that body myself than to simply take you as a soldier.]

As it happened, he was currently in a makeshift human body, which was uncomfortable, so a vessel like that was more than perfect for him to use.

[I've decided. You will be my new vessel from now on, so prove your faith with death!]

Whoosh—!



The Apostle of Paradise suddenly charged towards Sung Il-Hwan, unleashing tremendous divine power.

"Don't even try!"

Sung Il-Hwan swung his Daggers and counterattacked. But the Apostle of Paradise was cunning.

[Struggle as much as you want! While protecting those humans!]

Crackle—!

The Apostle of Paradise collapsed the ceiling of the dining hall above their heads. Targeting his wife and the orphanage children that Sung Il-Hwan was protecting. They screamed in surprise as concrete debris poured down from above. Sung Il-Hwan hurriedly changed the direction of his attack, destroying and deflecting the falling concrete debris one by one.

[Good move! I'm even more tempted now!]

Meanwhile, the Apostle of Paradise spread his divine power like a net, tightening it around Sung Il-Hwan from all directions.

[Try enduring this! If you dodge, do you think those guys will be safe?!]

"Kuhk...!"

Even though he knew the apostle's obvious trick, Sung Il-Hwan couldn't back down. As he said, his wife and the orphanage children were in danger if they even touched his mana. With this much concentrated energy, an ordinary human could be burned to death just by brushing against it. In the end, there was only one choice he could make. To not retreat a single step and cut down all of his divine power.

Slash! Slash! Slash! Slash! Slash—!

[Kyahahaha! Good, good!]

The more Sung Il-Hwan resisted, the more the Apostle of Paradise rejoiced. Rather, he was excited. That vessel would eventually become his. If his soul dwelled in that body, how much stronger could he become?! To handle the mana flowing in from the outer universe, he needed a large and sturdy vessel that could withstand that power.

'With a vessel of this level, I might be able to withstand power similar to my main body even without finding and gathering all the fragments!'

Under the sky, wide open from the collapsed ceiling, the apostle of an Outer Gods, emitting brilliant divine power from above, pressured Sung Il-Hwan even more intensely.

[Worship and praise God! Prove your faith! That is your only value!]

At the same time, he also attacked from behind. Just like the net of divine power covering the sky, the situation underground was the same. Wasn't this land already covered in a web of roots from the predatory plant he sown? He didn't even have to gesture, he could just do this if he wanted to!

Crack—!

"...Kyaaa!"

Suddenly, a root sprouted from the ground and entangled the girl who had the first conversation with the Apostle of Paradise. Sung Il-Hwan's gaze turned towards the child. And the moment his Daggers changed direction to cut the root,

Whoosh—!

Countless other roots sprouted from the ground and attacked the orphanage children.

'Oh no!'

It was a crisis. He didn't have enough hands to protect everyone. Sung Il-Hwan was desperately defending without even having the chance to attack the Apostle of Paradise. The situation was flowing exactly as the enemy planned. Meanwhile, the divine power emanating from the Apostle of Paradise changed from a net-like form into chains, binding Sung Il-Hwan's body like shackles.

"Kraaa!"

[Got you...!]

It was at the moment when the Apostle of Paradise, finally capturing Sung Il-Hwan, had a triumphant expression.

Crackle—!

Before he could even finish his sentence, the sky split open.

Flash—!

A blinding light.

Azure thunderbolts rained down from the open ceiling. The tree roots attacking the children turned to ash and disappeared from that powerful lightning. The Apostle of Paradise's eyes widened at the incredible sight. On the other hand, Sung Il-Hwan's face was filled with relief and joy rather than surprise.

"Have you arrived?"

Whirl—

White Flames and a giant shadow loomed over them above the dazzling lightning bolts that struck down.

[Kyaaaaaaaaa—!]

Above the open ceiling, The shadow wyvern Kaisei, spreading its giant black wings, roared. And a woman stood atop it. Holding the 'Demon King's Longsword' downwards.

1

"Sorry I'm late, Father!"

"No, you arrived just in time, my daughter-in-law."

A smile appeared on Sung Il-Hwan's lips. Thanks to his dependable daughter-in-law, he could now focus solely on the battle.

Snap! Snap! Snap!

"Now, this is the real deal."

He broke the chains of divine power that bound his body. But the Apostle's of Paradise reaction was strange.

[N-no way...]

Looking up and seeing Cha Hae-In, he had a terrified expression. No he wasn't looking at her...

[How... can this be...]

Rather, his wide eyes were fixed on the shadow wyvern Kaisei that Cha Hae-In was riding. And the identity of the familiar yet terrifying energy emanating from it. The Apostle of Paradise could tell at a glance that this shadow soldier wasn't like the ones he encountered in North Korea with Sung Suho.

[No, that can't be. Don't tell me 'he' is really on Earth...?]

He was in a panic.

1

*CREATORS' THOUGHTS*



Craftyprogamer

## **Solo Leveling: Ragnarok [FAN TL] Chapter 295 - Chapter 293**

### **Chapter 295: Chapter 293**

Itarim were Gods.

2

They were fickle and destructive beings who could create or destroy a universe at will.

There was not just one, but dozens of them. The one who was single-handedly holding back numerous great outer gods was the Shadow Monarch, Sung Jinwoo. On the other hand, who was the Apostle of Paradise?

He was merely a creation who had briefly seen 'him' from afar in the universe. That's why the Apostle of Paradise never overestimated himself. For a creation to survive, it was essential to know its place. That was the secret to a long life. Therefore, he never dared to entertain the crazy thought of facing the Shadow Monarch. The moment he caught his eye would be the moment he died. In the end, the best he could do was fight the Shadow Monarch's foot soldiers according to his level. But what was this?

[How can 'he' be here...!]

He couldn't believe it even though he saw it. How could the Shadow Monarch's soldier come all the way to this remote planet?! Especially since a high-ranking one like this had arrived on Earth, it meant that the Shadow Monarch himself was also here!

[Th-then the war? What happened to the war?]

Don't tell me they lost? No, that couldn't be! The Itarim were Gods! And there were many of them! For anyone to win in a war against the allied forces of so many great beings was an unimaginable scenario. But...

'Then what is this soldier? How did it cross outer space?!' He didn't know. He really didn't know! Despite trying to deny it, an ominous thought kept creeping in. He wanted

to believe it wasn't true, but the evidence was clear before his eyes. The Shadow Monarch's power, deeply embedded in the shadow wyvern, Kiesel. Faced with that terrifying energy, the Apostle of Paradise's mind was thrown into a turmoil of despair and fear. He hadn't even panicked when he found the Shadow Monarch's son in North Korea. He wasn't this flustered even when he learned that his son had inherited a similar power. Because it was just a skill! Although it was outstanding for a human, it was nothing compared to the Shadow Monarch he had personally witnessed and experienced! But... he couldn't help but panic when he saw his son using not only the shadow power, but also other unknown forces. The sight of him using the power of the 'Rulers,' who were on the same side as the Shadow Monarch, was unimaginable. But even then, it wasn't as terrifying as this moment. He thought he could handle it if he somehow gathered all his fragments and recovered his main body's power! But in the midst of this confusion, not knowing how things were going, The Apostle of Paradise's body was already moving on survival instinct alone.

[Mouth of the Void!]

Bang—!

The Apostle of Paradise immediately retreated and tore a dimensional gap in the air. Sung Il-Hwan didn't matter anymore. A mere human... Sung Suho's family didn't matter. If it was true that the Shadow Monarch himself had descended on this land, escaping from here before being discovered was the priority. He had to survive to fight another day!

VOOOOOM—!

The dimension finally split open, and the infinite universe was revealed. The dimensional gap. The Apostle of Paradise threw himself into that vast, emptiness without hesitation. But...

"You think I'll let you escape?!"

Whoosh—!

[...?!]

The Apostle of Paradise's eyes widened. Sung Il-Hwan had also jumped in, chasing right after him.

[You foolish human...!]

The Apostle of Paradise was truly dumbfounded by his reckless behavior. Did that guy really think he was running away out of fear? He definitely didn't know how dangerous it was to cross the dimensional gap. If you lost your way here, you would wander through the universe forever and die. Especially a mere human who didn't even have flowerpots

planted here and there like him! But Sung Il-Hwan was focused on only one thing. Hunting.

"I can't let the bastard who targeted my family escape!" Sung Il-Hwan fiercely chased after him, swinging two daggers.

2

Slash! Slash! Slash! Slash! Slash—!

Blue light poured out from the Starpieces embedded throughout his body. That energy dyed the two daggers a bluish color. And the concentrated blue energy mercilessly slashed at the Apostle of Paradise, who had fled into the dimensional gap.

[What the...!] He shuddered. Irrespective of the level of strength, it was because that sight was too familiar.

Two daggers.

Cold eyes that resembled someone.

The magic power exploding and covering his entire body.

All of it resembled 'him' too much.

[How dare you...!] The Apostle of Paradise gritted his teeth. Anger surged as he realized 'he' was instinctively intimidated by a mere human.

[How dare you imitate 'him'!]

2

Kaboom—!

Divine power exploded from the Apostle of Paradise, engulfing the dimensional gap. And that tremendous energy blocked Sung Il-Hwan's attack. It bound his body from all directions like before.

Flash—!

The Starpieces embedded in Sung Il-Hwan's body cried in unison. His body shuddered as if it was about to be torn apart. His Starpieces were trying to submit to that divine power and become puppets themselves. But Sung Il-Hwan gritted his teeth and suppressed that instinct.

"This much..."

Crack! Crack! Crack—!

The more he endured, the closer his body was to shattering. Cracks spread like spider webs across his skin, and blood gushed out. But Sung Il-Hwan, as if trying to enjoy that pain, forced a smile and twisted his lips upwards.

"This much isn't enough."

And he continued to swing his daggers.

Whizz! Whizz! Whizz—!

The blue trails he unleashed clashed madly with the enemy attacks in the air. The Apostle of Paradise mocked him.

[You fool! This is my domain! Your power can't reach m...!] But,

Whizz! Whizz! Whizz—!

It reached him.

Crack—!

[...!]

Before he could even finish his sentence, his defense shattered. The apostle of Itarim couldn't help but be shocked. His divine power... helplessly shattered by the endless attacks, And Sung Il-Hwan breaking through that power with terrible madness, and charging straight towards him.

[H-how...?!]

"You said I have twenty-three Starpieces embedded in my body?" Sung Il-Hwan grinned, revealing his teeth.

Earlier, he was desperately defending to protect his wife and the children, but originally, a 'Hunter' was not about defense, but offense. One who chased and hunted prey.

"Thank you. I'll put them to good use."

In that sense, Sung Il-Hwan was a true Hunter. And he was even the most experienced Hunter in this world, excluding his son.

Flash—!

[You insolent thing! Know your place!]

The Apostle of Paradise condensed his divine power and blocked his daggers. He glared at him, gritting his teeth.

[Don't be mistaken! Do you think I'm running away because I'm afraid of you?!]

Whoosh—!

Suddenly, a net of divine power, centered on the Apostle of Paradise who blocked the attacks, swallowed Sung Il-Hwan's body. There was no time to dodge. Unlike before, the opponent was right in front of him.

[Blame your foolishness for following me all the way here!]

Since he had already escaped to the dimensional gap, he could relax for a while. Even the Shadow Monarch wouldn't be able to easily find him in this chaotic space. So, as he originally planned, he decided to take over Sung Il-Hwan's body. This was a chance for a reversal.

[...Even the Shadow Monarch wouldn't act rashly if his father was taken hostage!]

Crack! Crack!

"Keuk!"

Sung Il-Hwan's expression distorted as he was enveloped in the Outer God's divine power.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

His heart was pounding madly from the resonance of the Starpieces.

[Submit! Obey and worship! Your body will now be my vessel!] A grotesque smile appeared on the Apostle of Paradise's face as he shouted like a fanatic.

"...This vessel." Sung Il-Hwan's lips twisted upwards. He glared at the Apostle of Paradise's crazed eyes and spoke,

"This vessel already contained the power of a being far greater than you a long time ago."

[What nonsense...]

"I died back then."

Whoosh—



Sung Il-Hwan's eyes were now calm. And so was the energy that was raging within him. But the Apostle of Paradise was too bewildered to notice the change.

Rumble—!

[...R-Ruler?]

The Apostle of Paradise's eyes shook violently. He finally realized it. Sung Il-Hwan wasn't an ordinary human. He wasn't a test subject turned into a High Priest through countless experiments of the Cult. But his vessel... was already completed. From a very long time ago.

Hum—

The Apostle of Paradise could see it. His soul, quietly shining within Sung Il-Hwan's body. And the true size of his soul's vessel, which was hidden by the Starpieces. The Apostle of Paradise's eyes widened in shock.

[N-no way! What did you have inside you...? How can a human...!] Sung Il-Hwan chuckled at those words.

"A human, you say? You know nothing."

"Humans are a race that grows through hardship. And at the pinnacle of that is my son."

Ah, and his grandson, of course. Just as he was about to utter those last words,

Bang—!

[Keuk?!]

The tightly maintained balance of power suddenly wavered. And Sung Il-Hwan's soul, which the Apostle of Paradise was trying to take as his vessel, began to bite back. Like a predator.

'What the?! He's trying to devour me! A human's soul!' It was absurd. But the situation didn't give the Apostle of Paradise time to panic.

Kyaaaaa—!

Just then, a giant loomed over the vast dimensional gap. The shadow wyvern Kaisei appeared, roaring with its black wings spread.

"Father! I've evacuated everyone to safety!" Cha Hae-In shouted from atop Kaisei, reassuring Sung Il-Hwan. And she joined their battle without hesitation.

Skill, 'Sword of Light'

Skill, Storm of White Flames

A giant thunderbolt streaked down in a straight line, following the path of Cha Hae-In's sword.

Flash—!

The blinding light cut through the dimensional gap and split the Apostle of Paradise in half.

3

*CREATORS' THOUGHTS*



Craftyprogamer

## **Solo Leveling: Ragnarok [FAN TL] Chapter 296 - Chapter 294**

### **Chapter 296: Chapter 294**

[...Kuaaa!]

The Apostle of Paradise barely managed to avoid dying from Cha Hae-In's attack, but he wasn't unscathed.

One-third of his torso,

One arm, from his shoulder to his waist, was completely severed.

And then came lightning!

Crackle!

The severed part was scattered as ashes like black charcoal, showing how powerful the attack was. Of course, it didn't matter if this body was destroyed. He could always change it. But the problem was something else.

'Why is the Ruler's power mixed with that woman's aura?!' The aftereffect was devastating. In the end, the Apostle of Paradise not only lost his severed body parts but also suffered damage to his soul within.

[How can a mere human...!]

[KIAAAAA—!]

A black shadow fell over the dumbfounded Apostle of Paradise. He gritted his teeth again as he saw it. The energy emanating from that shadow wyvern! That was definitely 'his' power! He didn't know what was going on, but what he had to do here didn't change at all. He must escape from this place somehow!

[Mouth of the Void!] The Apostle of Paradise screamed his last cry and he hurriedly moved his remaining arm to tear the surrounding dimensions haphazardly.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

VOOOOOM—!

Dimensional holes were torn open here and there, and dimensional storms, originating from those gaps, began to intertwine and swirl.

Whoosh—!

A terrifying hurricane swept through the dimensional gaps, striking Sung Il-Hwan and Cha Hae-In. If you were caught in this storm, you would become dust in the universe and wander forever.

[In the meantime...!] But...

Whoosh—!

Sung Il-Hwan skillfully dodged the dimensional storm and leaped upwards. His movements were smooth, as if he had been in this situation countless times.

Thud!

His feet lightly landed on the back of the shadow wyvern that Cha Hae-In was riding.

"Father!"

"Thank you, my dear daughter-in-law."

Sung Il-Hwan smiled warmly. And with the daggers gleaming in both hands, he glared at the Apostle of Paradise jumping in without hesitation. That figure, overlapping with Sung Jinwoo he once saw in outer space, completely destroyed the Apostle's of Paradise will to fight. Sung Il-Hwan's daggers swung mercilessly, and powerful attacks spread in all directions.

Slash! Slash! Slash! Slash! Slash—!

[Kuaaaaaaaaaaa...!] A scream erupted from the Apostle of Paradise.

His fingers were severed joint by joint, his remaining arm was cut off. Then his legs. And finally, even his torso was mercilessly severed. A true dismemberment. And even his soul, hidden within that shabby body, was mercilessly slashed by Sung Il-Hwan's daggers.

[...!]

The Apostle of Paradise couldn't even scream anymore. In the dimensional gap, In the middle of this chaotic void, only the sound of flesh being torn and bones being crushed echoed.

Crackle!

Finally, his fragmented body began to crumble and scatter into the air. And then something amazing happened.

Whoosh—

The remains of the Apostle of Paradise, reduced to mere fragments, began to be sucked into Sung Il-Hwan's Starpieces. Who watched the sight nonchalantly.

"Is it being absorbed?"

Sung Il-Hwan's wounded body began to regenerate, absorbing the energy. His cracked skin healed. His crushed bones reconnected from within. His body slowly returned to its original state. Like cracks in a broken ceramic being filled and mended, His condition, which was being eroded by the twenty-three Starpiecess, began to improve.

'I can rest easy for a while.' Sung Il-Hwan let out a sigh of relief as the constant pain gradually subsided.

'I-I have to escape...!' Meanwhile, even in a situation where he was torn to shreds and only a handful of his soul remained, the Apostle of Paradise, tenacious like a weed, desperately searched for a way to survive.

Whoosh—

A jumbled dimensional storm. Countless holes visible beyond the torn dimensional gap. Beyond that chaotic void, The Apostle of Paradise barely managed to find the energy of the flowerpot he had planted.

Swish!

And he jumped in without hesitation.

Whoosh—

The dimensional wall rippled.

[...I did it!]

The Apostle of Paradise, barely crossing the dimensional wall, rejoiced with relief. He had managed to tear through the dimensional wall and escape with all his remaining strength! And they couldn't follow him. It was only natural. The hole he just passed through was too small! It was too small for powerful beings like them to pass through. This actually meant that the Apostle of Paradise himself had become that weak, but what did it matter? The important thing was that he survived once again!

[I can just gather strength again!]

He was a fragment, split from the main body. He was weak now, but he could recover his strength by finding and merging with other fragments that came to this universe. Of course, it wasn't always a good thing. The process of finding those fragments one by one was cumbersome, And when they merged, the one with less power would have their ego devoured. He didn't like that fact, but since all those egos originated from one main body, it wasn't a big deal. Survival was the priority. But the real problem was the Shadow Monarch.

[...Don't tell me we really lost the war?]

The Shadow Monarch won the war and returned here?

He won the war against all those Itarim?

Oh my god. It was a terrifying thought. But if that was the reality, his future held only inevitable death. He had never even imagined such a despairing perspective. Besides, why were there so many humans with the Ruler's power on this planet?!

The Shadow Monarch's son!

The Shadow Monarch's father!

And what was with his wife?!

2

It was a truly abnormal family. But he was alive, so it was fine.

[...Haa. I almost got completely devoured.]

Yes. He would be satisfied with that for now. And he looked around. This place, where he arrived after using his last ounce of strength to connect the dimensional coordinates, was the villains' city in China where he had prepared a base in advance. Just like in North Korea, his cherished flowerpot was hidden in this land.

Thud—

The limp remains of his soul appeared in China. But...

[Wh-what? What's this...]

The problem was that the city reflected in the Apostle of Paradise's vision was quite different from what he remembered. It was already devastated. Buildings had collapsed, and the streets were a sea of blood.

'Don't tell me this place was also discovered...?'

An ominous feeling washed over him. No! What about the perception-impairing magic he cast? Why did things keep happening like this?! Perhaps because of what he had experienced, the Apostle of Paradise immediately thought of the worst-case scenario. First of all,

'I don't feel the Shadow Monarch's presence!' It was a relief. And then, he couldn't see the shadow soldiers led by his son either.

'Then what is it?'

'Who did this?!'

Buzz—

Just then, there was a noise from above. Looking up, he saw countless drones covering the sky. They were looking down at the entire land from high above through numerous camera lenses.

[What the...]

It was just absurd. Even if they were such crude objects, the perception-impairing magic was useless if they looked down from overhead like that. It was at that moment.

Grab—!

[...?!]

A strong hand suddenly appeared without warning and grabbed the Apostle of Paradise's soul from behind.

"Who are you?"

[...Who are you?!]

The Apostle of Paradise couldn't help but be bewildered. He felt a familiar energy from within the human who grabbed him. It was sudden, yet welcome.

'This is perfect!' Even without any Starpieces embedded, this human was also an excellent High Priest-level vessel! And,

[Human! A fragment of my soul is dwelling in your old body! Submit to me and offer that power...!]

Crack—!

[...Huh?]

Before he could even finish his sentence, the old human, without hesitation, mercilessly bit into the Apostle of Paradise's soul. It wasn't a metaphor; he literally bit, tore, and began to chew and swallow.

[Kyaa! Wh-what are you doing?!]

The remnants of his soul, already damaged, began to crumble and be destroyed in his mouth. That energy entered his body and was digested.

Munch, Munch... Gulp.

The old human swallowed the Apostle of Paradise whole... It was Liu Zhigang, the 6-star Hunter of China, he smacked his lips and muttered,

"Hmm. A familiar taste."

2

[You, don't tell me your ego...!]

As he was being devoured in real-time, the Apostle of Paradise finally realized that something was wrong. There was another one like Sung Il-Hwan here. An absurdly vast soul vessel! And there was also an empty space within this old man where a Ruler had once dwelled. And a fragment of his main body...

Was sleeping peacefully in a corner of that vessel. Instead of taking over, he was losing his ego and having his power stolen.

[H-how can this be?]

Just what kind of unknown power was at work? This old man was also a being who could skillfully use the apostle's power as his own! The Apostle of Paradise, who didn't even dream of the existence of the 'Spring Water of the Echo Forest' that Suho discovered, was just confused.

2

[Just what... are humans...]

2

Munch, Munch, Gulp.

1

Even a random old human he encountered was like this... The Apostle of Paradise, who usually looked down on the human race, died a meaningless death, feeling disillusioned and terrified of humans.

1

Whoosh—

"Tsk. So he was an apostle of Itarim after all. But his presence was too weak for that." Liu Zhigang smacked his lips and tilted his head.

He was too weak for an apostle of Itarim, and the absorbed energy was too insignificant. He immediately took out his phone and contacted Sung Suho.

"Ah, yes. It's me, Liu Zhigang. As you said, I persuaded our government, launched the drones, and found the villains' city. I'm currently searching for others besides this place, and I just happened to find and kill an apostle of Itarim..."

Phones these days were amazing. With real-time translation, it was more convenient to communicate than meeting in person. Liu Zhigang, as Suho requested, was finding and destroying all the 'flowerpots' hidden in China one by one. From Suho's perspective, it was a natural idea.

China had illegally flown numerous drones and filmed him when he was in India. He judged that if they reused those cameras, it would be easy to find the Apostle of Paradise's flowerpots from the sky. Of course, there was the troublesome process of persuading the Chinese government, but that was nothing for Liu Zhigang. Of course, he, who had spent his entire life training, didn't have the negotiation skills to persuade politicians. But if he destroyed one important building, wouldn't that be more persuasive than some words?



"...Ah, yes. You said you have a separate use for Elvenwood? Alright. Then I'll just cut off the roots and pull it out separately."

Liu Zhigang glanced up at the tree as he talked to Suho. The Elvenwood that was desperately resisting until just a moment ago was now eerily silent. It seemed like it stopped the moment he devoured the apostle of Itarim, but it didn't matter. He was in the middle of summoning all the Chinese Hunters with his outstanding 'political skills' and annihilating the villains.

*CREATORS' THOUGHTS*



Craftyprogamer

## **Solo Leveling: Ragnarok [FAN TL] Chapter 297 - Chapter 295**

### **Chapter 297: Chapter 295**

"...Yes, then I'll leave you to that."

Click

Suho put down his phone after finishing the call with Liu Zhigang.

Ding!

[The Apostle of Paradise has been defeated.]

Thanks to the system, he knew who the apostle of Itarim that Liu Zhigang happened to find and kill was. It was quite a shame that he missed out on the experience points because he died far away, but if it was by Liu Zhigang's hand, it was rather fortunate. If he absorbed the Apostle of Paradise, it would have significantly helped him, a national-level Hunter, recover his former strength. To find and defeat the apostles of Itarim scattered across the globe one by one, it was obviously more effective to have many people helping than to fight alone. Especially if those who were once national-level Hunters regained their former strength, they would be a tremendous force against the apostles.

"He was truly unlucky."

Suho chuckled after hanging up the phone. The Apostle of Paradise, who fled while vowing revenge, died without his involvement less than a day later.

"There is no paradise for you to escape to..."

2

[My liege, those words aren't used in this... Kieek? Now that I think about it, it seems right.]

Beru, who was advising Suho, tilted his head for a moment and then nodded in admiration. There was indeed a paradise where the Apostle of Paradise ran away to, but not anymore.

[As expected of someone who majored in art! You even enjoy using poetic expressions now, such literary talent...]

2

[Kieek Kieek...!]

Suho ignored Beru's incessant flattery, as always. Shaking off his lingering thoughts about the Apostle of Paradise, he turned his gaze to the pile of corpses he was sitting on. And the sight that unfolded there...

Was hell itself.

Fire and ice. The burning winter created by Suho and Sirka. The corpses of high elves, piled up like mountains before that overwhelming disaster, filled his vision as far as the eye could see. Their state was too gruesome to simply be called a mess. Some were charred black, scattering to ashes, while others were frozen blue and shattered. There were even countless corpses so dismembered that he couldn't tell what they originally looked like.

1

Thud—!

Just then, Greed's rough fist crushed the head of the last remaining high elf.

2

Ding!

[Number of enemies to defeat: 0]

[Number of enemies defeated: 2,918]

The quest was finally over. And at the same time, the winter of the high elves, who betrayed their tribe and hid from the war, also ended.

[You have completed Urgent Quest: 'Defeat the enemy!']

[Level Up!]

[Level Up!]

[...]

Ding!

[Quest reward has arrived.]

Before checking it, Suho first turned his gaze and looked at Sirka's condition.

"...Not yet?"

"..."

There was no answer. Sirka had closed her eyes and was trapped in a giant ice pillar since some time ago.

[King of the Snow Folk and the Monarch of Frost, explains that this is the result of trying to control too many spirits at once.] In short, it was because Sirka's vessel was insufficient to contain this much quantity of spirits. But Suho, having experienced this many times, immediately understood Sillad's explanation and asked,

"You're saying Sirka isn't ready to become a Monarch yet?"

Rumble—

As if responding to Suho's words, the ice pillar engulfing Sirka's body was emitting a terrible chill even now. But Sillad refuted Suho's question.

[King of the Snow Folk and the Monarch of Frost, says that the vessel is already sufficient, so now we just have to wait until she completely masters the power she dominated.]

"Wait? Until when?"

Sillad remained silent at Suho's query. In the end, he didn't know either.

"Well, okay."

Suho nodded and stretched, getting up from the pile of corpses.

"We can't wait here forever, so let's leave her and move on."

[That's an excellent idea. Let's place a guard here.]

"Let's do that."

As Beru said, Suho looked around to choose a shadow soldier to leave behind. And his eyes met Hasul's, who was looking at him with an awkward expression from afar.

"...Ah, right. There was her."

Suho had completely forgotten about Hasul's existence, engrossed in the battle. And she had been watching everything Suho did from beginning to end. That's why she couldn't say anything now. She couldn't do anything. She tried to help somehow at first, But that little shadow ant suddenly appeared and yelled at her to get lost because she was in the way, so she had retreated to this spot. And it didn't take her long to realize why she was an obstruction. At first, Hasul thought a large-scale war was about to break out. They were surrounded by a sudden army of thousands, she vaguely imagined Suho's summons breaking through the encirclement, fighting a defensive battle. And she would help from the side. But as the battle began, the reality that unfolded before Hasul's eyes was completely different from her imagination. It wasn't a war...

'Just... hunting.' Yes. What happened here was just hunting, nothing more, nothing less. No matter how many prey flocked before a hunter, what was the problem? Nothing changed in the end. Rather, Sung Suho simply 'hunted like a true Hunter' here, saying it was a good opportunity. And before that, Hasul... had nothing to do but watch. What could she even do in the first place? Even as an S-rank Hunter. Hasul just stared blankly, taking in that overwhelming battle, that marvelous sight, one by one. And she reaffirmed it once again.

'A Hunter is someone who hunts magical beasts.'

Thump.

Hasul tapped her chest with her fist as she recalled the words Association President Woo Jinchul once said to her. The name 'Hunter' had a special meaning to her. She became an S-rank Awakened very early on, but she learned that fact very late, And because she immediately crossed over to North Korea after awakening, she missed the chance to become a Hunter. Even if she had stayed, she probably wouldn't have been able to become a Hunter in South Korea because of her past sins. She would have just

become a villain and been imprisoned. She heard that even the S-rank villain 'Hwang Dongsoo' was living in hiding somewhere, avoiding the Association's pursuit.

2

...Hasul was sure that her future wouldn't be much different from that villain Hwang Dongsoo. And surprisingly, that actually led to the happy ending. The happy ending Hasul couldn't have had if she had stayed in South Korea. Therefore, the name 'Hunter' was a lingering regret for the past that she missed despite being able to achieve, and a target of longing that she could only vaguely dream of. The more she learned about the lives of Hunters from the villains who came to North Korea one by one, the stronger that emotion became. And then she met Association President Woo Jinchul.

– You're lucky. If this were South Korea, we would have had to fight. The Association can't just leave an S-rank Hunter who committed murder alone among the citizens.

But this was North Korea. Not South. Perhaps for that reason, Association President Woo Jinchul didn't become hostile towards Hasul as soon as he saw her. Rather, he cautiously approached her like he was dealing with a herbivore and suggested they travel together. It goes without saying that Hasul never let her guard down against him. It was only natural to be suspicious when a stranger suddenly approached offering a favor. And why was he trying to recruit her without even knowing anything about her? She was a villain wandering North Korea, after all. But when she asked for the reason, Woo Jinchul adjusted his black sunglasses and grinned.

– Well, just because. I have good eyes. I've lived a tough life, so I'm quite good at reading people.

...'Just because.' What a ridiculous reason. Hasul felt absurd after hearing that empty answer with no persuasion. In her life, she escaped from an orphanage, and a rather harsh one at that, for her 'adults' were synonymous with disaster. Woo Jinchul, an adult who nonchalantly shrugged and said he had lived a tough life in front of her, He was an obvious target for suspicion. Moreover, wasn't the name Woo Jinchul an infamous one she had heard countless times from the villains she met in North Korea? But, as if understanding Hasul's wariness, he just chuckled, hiding his sharp, hawk-like eyes with sunglasses. And he made Hasul a different offer...

– Well, it's okay. It's good to be cautious in this world. Then how about this? It's strategically disadvantageous for two S-rank Hunters to move together in this vast land.

– ...?

– I'll give you this walkie-talkie. Let's just exchange greetings with this from time to time. Secretly.

– ...Secret friends?

– Cough! N-no! Not that suspicious expression! There are many other expressions that sound much better! How about a spy, or an agent!

– ...?

Wasn't 'spy' much more suspicious? Or was it? Woo Jinchul was flustered by Hasul's words. And seeing him surrounded by other Hunters who were laughing and teasing him, Hasul's wariness subsided a little.

– Th-that's right! How about this title? An unofficial Hunter!

– Hunter?

– Yes, please become a Hunter. Of course, you won't be able to work in South Korea due to circumstances, but the Association will spare no support for an S-rank Hunter...

1

She couldn't even hear the rest. The important part was the beginning. To become a 'Hunter.' And since those words came directly from the Association President himself, their weight felt even greater. Thus, Hasul became an unofficial Hunter of the Korean Association and, as Woo Jinchul suggested, wandered around North Korea alone as she pleased, contacting him from time to time. Actually, she was already wandering North Korea, so nothing really changed in her daily life. But it was different. Having a 'sense of belonging' in this desolate apocalypse gave her a much greater sense of relief than she expected. Especially for Hasul, who spent her adolescence in an orphanage after being abandoned by her parents. She escaped that hellish place on her own and gained true freedom, but ironically, the anxiety in her heart melted away as she felt a sense of belonging in a new place. And Woo Jinchul... Didn't ask Hasul to do anything, surprisingly. Unlike the other adults who approached and stayed by Hasul's side. Faithful to his initial promise, Woo Jinchul just exchanged greetings with her occasionally.

And now...

Gulp.

A 'real' Hunter appeared before Hasul. Sung Suho, the S-rank Hunter of Korea, who overwhelmingly showed her what a true Hunter was, what being a Hunter meant. After finishing all the hunting, he made eye contact with her and asked,

"Oh, yeah. You were here."

Just like Woo Jinchul back then.

"Was your name Gusul?"

6

"...Hasul."

"Yes, anyway."

1

Woo Jinchul never spoke her name like that. He always used polite language as if respecting her as an individual.

"So, Haneul. What are you going to do from now on?"

8

"...Hasul."

"Anyway, what will you do? If you stay here, please protect Sirka, and if you follow me, follow me." With that offer, Suho pointed towards the collapsed Alfheim and the scenery beyond and said to Hasul,

"The Apostle of Paradise just died. And that's what happened."

"..."

Hasul followed Suho's gaze. And an astonishing sight she hadn't seen before unfolded there. As the Apostle of Paradise died, the perception-impairing magic that hid his flowerpots disappeared.

North Korea, China, Russia... The numerous Elvenwoods that were growing on this vast apocalyptic land were revealed to the world. As a result, Everyone could now see those giant divine trees that were growing without anyone noticing.

"I'm going to cut down all those trees and go to where Association President Woo Jinchul is. Will you follow me? Or you can just tell me the location, that's fine too."

*CREATORS' THOUGHTS*



Craftyprogamer

## **Solo Leveling: Ragnarok [FAN TL] Chapter 298 - Chapter 296**

## Chapter 298: Chapter 296

Meanwhile,

"...What's that?" Exclaimed the Hunters of the Korean Association, who were wandering around North Korea hunting magical beasts,

The same unreal scene unfolded before Association President Woo Jinchul. But despite the surprising situation, he calmly reported to the Association and assessed the situation. And learning that this phenomenon was occurring worldwide, he nodded in a business-like manner.

"Hmm. More things to take care of."

Beyond his black sunglasses, his hawk-like eyes gazed at the desolate land stretching endlessly before him. The alien trees that suddenly appeared amidst the blue mist and the echoing roars of magical beasts and spirits occasionally rampaging on the ground... were an event that might require them to completely revise their plans.

"Trees we haven't seen before appeared on the path we already passed. Did they just appear now, or did we really miss them?" S-rank Hunter Choi Jong-In of the Association approached Woo Jinchul and spoke.

He observed the numerous trees soaring high into the sky with interest. Although it was quite surprising, it wasn't something to panic about. No matter what happened, his job wouldn't change.

Flare—

Crimson flames flickered in Choi Jong-In's hand. Clenching the flames tightly, he pushed up his horn-rimmed glasses and grinned, revealing his teeth.

"I vote for going back the way we came and burning them all."

"Hmm."

Association President Woo Jinchul pondered for a moment at the suggestion to retrace their steps. They had already been sweeping up magical beasts along the way. So the decision to go back just to burn those trees was a bit inefficient. Because those alien trees existed not only on the path they passed, but also on the other side. The north side. In fact, there were more trees visible at the end of their current path. So, in terms of efficiency, it would be much better to continue in their current direction, burning the trees and sweeping up magical beasts along the way. Then what was the problem? Actually, Woo Jinchul's gaze had been fixed on something particularly noticeable beyond the north.



"Is it just me, or are those trees strangely concentrated towards Russia?"

"Hmm, you're right."

Choi Jong-In also nodded, following Woo Jinchul's gaze and checking beyond the Russian border. Beyond the distant blue mist, numerous alien trees that soared over Russia unfolded like a landscape painting. Could it be just his imagination that those suspicious alien plants seemed to originate from Russia?

'No way.' Woo Jinchul muttered as he glared at Russia.

"Speaking of Russia... it's Yuri Orlov's country."

"Yuri Orlov? Are you talking about the Prime Minister who was elected two years ago?"

"Yes, he's an S-rank with powerful barrier abilities."

Choi Jong-In unconsciously observed Woo Jinchul's expression at his suggestive tone. From the side, he could see Woo Jinchul's eyes gleaming seriously behind his black sunglasses.

Gulp.

Seeing that gaze, Choi Jong-In couldn't help but swallow dryly.

'...That expression again.'

Association President Woo Jinchul occasionally had that expression. A gaze that was nostalgic, as if reminiscing about the past, yet at the same time, extremely rational and meticulous, as if planning the future with certainty. Although it was a bit strange to say this, Choi Jong-In felt a chill when he saw that expression. Sometimes, he felt like his gaze wasn't on the reality before him, but on a completely different world. As if there was something beyond his gaze that ordinary people couldn't see.

'...He had that expression when he first offered me a position at the Association.'

– For this country, for justice, to protect the world, will you become my colleague?

Two years ago, Woo Jinchul's eyes were like that when he politely handed him his business card after he awakened. Overwhelmed by that confident gaze, he couldn't help but accept the card. And from that day on, Choi Jong-In began working as the S-rank Hunter representing the Korean Hunter Association, earning the somewhat embarrassing nickname 'The Ultimate Weapon of Mankind.' He was embarrassed when he was first called by such a childish nickname at his age, but at the same time, he devoted himself to the Association with the determination to live up to that label. Two

years passed like that. But now, looking back on Association President Woo Jinchul's actions, which he observed from up close, he sometimes had this absurd thought.

'Could it be that the Association President already knew that I would awaken as an S-rank?' It was a truly ridiculous idea, but he couldn't help but think that Woo Jinchul might have actually known.

"Association President. Are you thinking that Prime Minister Yuri Orlov might have been hiding those trees with his barrier ability?"

"It's certainly possible."

"But the scale of the barrier is too enormous. Even though I know that there are differences in level even among S-ranks, isn't there a limit? I can't burn that many trees at once with my ability."

"He might have received outside help. And especially... Yuri Orlov's ability is optimized for being supported from outside. If there's enough magic power, he can easily cover an entire city with a barrier."

"...?"

Choi Jong-In had a puzzled expression at Woo Jinchul's confident tone. Not much information about Russia's new Prime Minister, Yuri Orlov, was publicly known. It was partly because Russia became a dangerous place after the Cataclysm, but the closedness intensified since he became Prime Minister.

"Did you secretly plant a spy in Russia without my knowledge?"

"No. At least not yet. But I know what kind of person Yuri Orlov was."

"Was?"

Past tense? Choi Jong-In tilted his head at the strange tone. Even less was known about Prime Minister Yuri Orlov's past.

"Have you ever met Yuri Orlov before?"

"Well. I haven't met him directly, but... I know one thing. No matter how old a person gets, their true nature doesn't change much. Good people age well, and bad people eventually age badly..." Woo Jinchul adjusted his black sunglasses and smiled confidently.

"Of course, this is often a prejudice, but I trust that prejudice quite a bit."

"We have a social consensus to call that a 'boomer'."

"Haha, is that so?"

Woo Jinchul chuckled as if he had been hurt by Choi Jong-In's joke. But what did it matter if he was a boomer? At least in the two lives he lived, prejudice was ultimately the result of collecting and analyzing untold amounts of data.

"Association President. We have a message."

The secretary handed Woo Jinchul a walkie-talkie.

"It's from the Shadow of Paradise."

"Ah! That's good timing."

Woo Jinchul gladly received the walkie-talkie as if he had been waiting. But the voice from the speaker wasn't Hasul's, but Sung Suho's. He listened attentively as Sung Suho explained the situation in detail and nodded.

"...I see. Thank you for sharing."

The Apostle of Paradise and Alfheim.

Elvenwood and the high elves.

And the apostle of Itarim. 'And Russia...'

Thanks to Suho, numerous pieces of information were piling up in Woo Jinchul's mind, forming a picture, having organized his thoughts, he spoke to Suho in a serious tone through the walkie-talkie,

"Hunter Sung Suho. It seems like the repercussions of the Apostle's of Paradise death will be much greater than expected."

– I agree. – Suho also concurred in a serious voice from the other side.

As he said, even as they were speaking, the Apostle's of Paradise death was already causing tremendous repercussions worldwide. He had been creating and hiding his flowerpots all over the world, and the moment the perception-impairing magic hiding those places disappeared with his death,

Whoosh—!

People around the world were shocked.

– What's that?

– What are those trees?!

Alien trees that soared as if to pierce the sky. In the eyes of people around the world, it looked like countless alien ecosystems had suddenly covered the Earth. The size and scale were enormous, and the simultaneous appearance was enough to cause panic. And with China's numerous drone cameras and America's satellite images, all those scenes were broadcast worldwide. As a result, The whole world was thrown into chaos overnight.

– No, really, what are those?

– Where did those trees suddenly come from?

– Could it be a new type of dungeon break?!

– Don't tell me Gates are now appearing underground?

– Oh my god! That's terrifying!

– If Gates appear underground, Hunters can't stop them!

It was an extremely unusual situation.

It was natural for people to be shocked by the absurd scale of the situation.

It wasn't a Gate opening.

It wasn't a dungeon break.

And 'those trees' didn't suddenly sprout from the ground. Alien trees that appeared naturally all over the Earth, as if they had always been growing there. That absurdly large scale made the viewers feel a sense of tremendous pressure and strangeness at the same time. And that wasn't all. It didn't take long for the fact that not only strange plants but also magical beasts, spirits, and even cities of villains hidden within those trees existed to be revealed to the world. This was a surprising situation for both those outside the barrier and those hiding inside, and it wasn't something anyone planned. Naturally, a fierce battle suddenly broke out between the two sides without any prior warning. This wasn't just happening in North Korea, Russia, and China. The Apostle of Paradise had been diligently increasing the number of flowerpots everywhere, so there were also some in other countries. But...

"People's reactions don't matter."

At least for Woo Jinchul, who had experienced the near end of the world, it didn't matter how many Elvenwoods appeared. They weren't Rulers or Monarchs, just a few trees. It was the Hunters' job to take care of such things. So the fact that people around the world were shocked to see the appearance of Elvenwood, which was revealed overnight, was meaningless information to Woo Jinchul. But at this moment, The most important problem that he was truly worried about was something else.

– ...The problem is that because of this situation, other apostles of Itarim will also realize that the Apostle of Paradise is dead.

"Yes, that's certain."

– There will be a response in some way. Maybe even an all-out war.

"...That's quite possible."

As they conversed, Woo Jinchul was quite impressed by Suho's words, accurately grasping the core of the issue. In his early twenties. Compared to him, who had lived two lives, the person on the other side of the walkie-talkie was still a very young man. But what did age matter? Woo Jinchul already knew 'him.' The man who already saved the world alone at that age.

"In that sense, Hunter Sung Suho."

– Yes?

And as he listened to the voice from the other side of the walkie-talkie, he realized once again. That Sung Suho was 'his' son. Especially since they were only talking without seeing each other like this, it felt like he was speaking directly to Sung Jinwoo. With that strange feeling, Woo Jinchul couldn't help but be excited about what kind of actions his son, Sung Suho, would take from now on.

"...What are your plans from now on, Hunter Sung Suho? We'll decide our next steps according to your plan."

Woo Jinchul agreed with Sung Suho. Because of this incident, all the apostles of Itarim scattered around the world would have realized that someone killed one of their kind. So, as Sung Suho said, there would definitely be a response from them one way or another. A sudden all-out war could break out.

'...Just like back then.'

Woo Jinchul couldn't help but swallow dryly as he recalled the tragedy he experienced a long time ago. The apocalypse always came suddenly. And Woo Jinchul had prepared for that moment, but he still couldn't help but feel uneasy. Because Sung Jinwoo wasn't

on Earth this time. But... That's why he couldn't help but have even greater expectations. For his son. And Sung Suho answered,

– Let's join forces first. I'll be there soon.

Rumble—!

Crash—!

Just then, Woo Jinchul saw giant trees falling in the distance. Like dominoes.

"...Haha." Woo Jinchul burst into laughter at the sight.

And a plan suddenly came to mind, he made a suggestion to the walkie-talkie still held to his ear,

"Hunter Sung Suho. Would you be interested in going to Russia?"

– Ah, isn't that illegal?

"Well, yes, it is. Of course, our Association knows nothing about this."

– ...Secret friends? – Woo Jinchul facepalmed at Hasul's voice that suddenly came from beside him.

2

"Forget about secret somethings, there are other good expressions like an agent!"

*CREATORS' THOUGHTS*



Craftyprogamer

## **Solo Leveling: Ragnarok [FAN TL] Chapter 299 - Chapter 297**

### **Chapter 299: Chapter 297**

The situation was unfolding exactly as Suho and Woo Jinchul predicted.

Ratatatatat!

"Target acquired!"

A helicopter pilot shouted. A squadron of choppers carrying the French special forces was heading towards the area where Elvenwood was discovered.

[This is headquarters. Commence attack immediately.]

"Understood!"

SWOOSH—

Missiles were launched. They flew straight towards the giant tree and hit the trunk of Elvenwood.

Kaboom—!

"Direct hit!"

A part of Elvenwood exploded. After the Apostle of Paradise died, they no longer had the power to resist. It wouldn't have been like this originally. Elvenwood used to be the divine tree of the elves, a monstrous tree that raised and devoured elves throughout its long history. But the Elvenwood that sprouted on Earth was a little different. It was, 'contaminated' by the mana of the outer universe, a mutant sprouted by the Apostle of Paradise. When he died, the masterless monstrous trees were completely lost, not knowing who to attack, raise, and devour. That was the result they were seeing now.

Crash—!

"Another hit! There's no response from the tree!"

Numerous fighter jets continued to attack the monstrous tree that suddenly appeared in France. The missiles they fired weren't ordinary. They were ordnance specially crafted with dungeon magic stones and magic crystals. These missiles were explosives capable of inflicting significant damage even on magical beasts. Of course, the production cost of each one was absurdly high... But look. It was worth investing that much money in research.

1

Rumble—!

The sound of the monstrous tree collapsing from the explosions was as terrifying as the roar of a monster. The helicopter pilot, who came here with a tense face, finally breathed a sigh of relief.

"Haa. It was easier than I thoug..." But...

It was too early to relax.

"D-danger! 12 o'clock!"

The helicopter pilot jerked the stick sharply. Hundreds of magical beasts suddenly emerged from the collapsed trees. They were the beings that were hiding inside Elvenwood.

Kraaaaaaaaaaaaa—!

Winged magical beasts charged towards the helicopter.

Thud—!

One crashed into the propeller. The helicopter lost its balance and shook.

"Damn it!"

Following that, numerous figures poured out from the ground and attacked them. They were the villains who were hiding in Elvenwood.

"Headquarters! This isn't just a simple tree! It's an enemy base!"

— All units, immediately commence joint operations with the ground forces!

The battle intensified. Elvenwood collapsed easily, but the beings hidden inside weren't pushovers. Similar things were happening all over the world.

\* \* \*

The United States.

The USA mobilized strategic bombers to destroy Elvenwood, but the situation quickly turned into chaos due to the magical beasts and villains that emerged. The soldiers couldn't help but panic at the unexpected turn of events.

"...Don't tell me we poked a beehive that was quietly hidden?" It was a moment of self-doubt, wondering if they had done something reckless. But...

Kaboom—!

Suddenly, with a giant explosion, the magical beasts and villains pouring out of Elvenwood were swept away like by a wave. And...

"What nonsense? Of course, it's right to find and kill them all before the vermin multiply."

"...?!"



The man who swept away all the enemies in the area with a single blow chuckled mischievously. The soldiers' eyes widened as they saw him.

"It's Thomas Andre!"

"I heard he was arrested for murder...!"

"Why? Do you have a problem with that?"

A veteran with white hair. The muscular old man, his white hair like a lion's mane fluttering, stood with his giant fist raised. Wearing shorts and sunglasses as if he was on vacation.

"W-we're saved!" The surprise was short-lived, and sighs of relief erupted from the soldiers at Thomas Andre's appearance.

Thomas Andre!

His bulging muscles and the magic power blazing from his body, which would be terrifying if he was an enemy, were incredibly reassuring when he was on their side. Recently, he was a prisoner who was arrested by the Hunter Bureau for murdering Christopher Reed, an S-rank Hunter of the United States. But for some reason, Thomas Andre, who should have been imprisoned, appeared with the Hunters of the Bureau.

"Master! We've taken care of the other side as well!" He even brought all his Scavenger Guild members!

\* \* \*

China.

Although China was rapidly taking control of the situation under Liu Zhigang's leadership, they were struggling because there were more Elvenwoods than in other countries. The area was a super-large field bordering North Korea and Russia, a giant apocalypse that they had already half-given up on and left alone. But with the sudden appearance of Elvenwoods, they could no longer just watch. Thanks to the information coming in from all over the world, they learned that those trees were 'beehives'. A den where countless villains and magical beasts were hiding was a ticking time bomb; they didn't know what would happen if they left it alone.

\* \* \*

Inside the Kremlin, Russia

As the military and Hunters fought desperately against the Elvenwoods that appeared all over the world,

"...Interesting."

Yuri Orlov was leisurely sitting in front of a monitor, watching the chaos. Everything he had hidden in the Elvenwoods in various parts of the world was being revealed.

"The Apostle of Paradise, to think that weed-like bastard actually died." Looking at the situation, there was no need for him to check personally. The Apostle of Paradise was dead, and this was the result.

"Hmm. Then the perception-impairing effect I placed on our country must have disappeared as well. This is quite troublesome." Yuri Orlov stroked his chin with a troubled expression.

He didn't feel any sadness over the death of the Apostle of Paradise, who had been cooperating with him. Rather, he clicked his tongue, thinking he was a pathetic guy who died in vain in a foreign land after acting all high and mighty. Even though the Elvenwoods he was growing in various parts of the world were suddenly revealed, the fruits harvested from those places were already Russia's assets. However, the future was the problem.

"If this happens, 'they' will start to move as well."

The apostles of Itarim. Although he called them that for convenience, strictly speaking, they were 'apostles of the Itarim-s.' Since the gods they served were all different, they were also in a relationship of checking on and competing with each other, despite all being invaders of Earth. And from now on, they would inevitably flock to Russia, China, and North Korea. To seize the achievements he and the Apostle of Paradise had made. To take the fruits of the masterless Elvenwoods. And...

"No, wait." A cold smile appeared on Yuri Orlov's lips as he pondered.

The dead were dead, And shouldn't humans play with humans? Perhaps those from other countries had already realized that Russia was behind the Apostle of Paradise. Although it would be difficult to present evidence, After considering all possibilities, Yuri Orlov drained his red wine and got up.

Clink!

"Since things have come to this, shall we make some new friends?"

\* \* \*

Suho relentlessly moved forward. The masterless flowerpots crumbled helplessly before his army. He uprooted all those trees and put them into the shadow dungeon.

[Kieek! I can see your hands! Can't you work faster?! We need to process the lumber quickly and send it to the Sea of The Afterlife!] Beru went back and forth between the shadow dungeon and the real world, handing over the Elvenwoods to the shadow dwarves. Who cheered at the sudden influx of work.

[Kyahaha! To think we would see so many of the legendary divine trees of the elves, which we never even glimpsed in our lives!]

[Just who raised so many of these precious trees?!]

[Who was it? I think it was the Apostle of Paradise?]

[Apostle of Paradise? What a talented guy! If he wasn't an otherworldly bastard, I would have captured him and made him plant trees for the rest of his life!]

4

The shadow dwarves smacked their lips, knowing that the Apostle of Paradise with such demonic talent was already dead. But it was only for a moment.

[Wh-what? Why are they still coming in?]

[There's no end!]

[There were... this many Elvenwoods?!]

The shadow dwarves let out happy sighs at the endless supply of materials coming into the shadow dungeon. And they began to move their hands quickly under Beru's harsh whipping. Their longing for the Apostle of Paradise was long gone. They were already short-handed just by processing the trees he had already grown. Most of their fellow dwarves were already wandering the Sea of The Afterlife, leaving only a minimal number of workers in the shadow dungeon.

[Oh no! Master is cutting down trees faster and faster! We can't fall behind!]

[Heave-ho!]

Just like that, the Elvenwood logs they diligently processed were transformed one by one into keels for warships in the Sea of The Afterlife. And as soon as they were finished, Harmakan transferred them to the Sea of The Afterlife through the 'Hell Gate'.

[Wh-what? What are these all of the sudden?!]

Now it was the demons and dwarves in the Sea of The Afterlife who were surprised. Keels made of Elvenwood, which they used to be grateful for even one, were endlessly coming in! The King of Demons, the Monarch of Gluttony Esil, who was always on the

ship with the best keel, quickly switched to the ship with a keel made of 'Alfheim,' the largest and thickest among all the trees.

Waaaaaaaaaaa—!

The shadow dwarves who were with Esil were suddenly excited and began to expand the giant ship around Alfheim at a terrifying speed. The keel was the most important pillar of a ship. With this Alfheim, they would be able to build a warship far larger and stronger than they could ever imagine. Of course, a vessel wasn't completed with just a keel. They needed a tremendous amount of auxiliary materials to match the level of that foundation. But they were going to procure those locally, weren't they?

[Kyahaha! Come as much as you want! You scraps of the afterlife!]

1

The weeds of the afterlife, who had been preying on the demons that entered the Sea of The Afterlife, were now being hunted. They were caught and turned into materials for Alfheim.

[Demon King's Warship, Alfheim]

1

And in a place no one knew, the legend began to spread through the Sea of The Afterlife.

*CREATORS' THOUGHTS*



Craftyprogamer

## **Solo Leveling: Ragnarok [FAN TL] Chapter 300 - Chapter 298**

### **Chapter 300: Chapter 298**

Meanwhile, deep within a lush jungle. In a massive greenhouse hidden in the depths of the dark forest. The one who was quietly curled up there opened his eyes.

[...It seems he's dead.]

He instinctively felt it. The perception-impairing magic that had been concealing his hiding place suddenly disappeared. But it didn't matter.

[...I've already bought enough time.]

Whoosh—

He extended his curled wings fully, and the enormous wings, fluttering like a butterfly's, took up the entire ceiling of the greenhouse. He looked ahead. Thousands of pupae were hanging in this nursery. And the identity of the giant tree they were hanging from... was none other than the 'Elvenwood' obtained through a deal with the Apostle of Paradise. But now, with his death, that tree had lost its purpose. So now...

[There's no reason for me to hide anymore.]

He flapped his wings towards the ceiling of the greenhouse. And the powder of light scattered, absorbed by the thousands of pupae.

Rumble—!

The ceiling shattered. It was the moment when the giant greenhouse, which had been quietly hidden, was revealed to the world.

\* \* \*

At that time.

Somewhere in a deep valley covered in snow. In a giant laboratory located in a deep, dark cave.

[That fool finally died.]

Thousands of test tubes were buzzing with a red light.

[Tsk.]

The owner and sole resident of this place clicked his tongue with a dissatisfied expression and muttered,

[I knew he would eventually die because he was so foolish, but...]

It didn't matter to him whether the Apostle of Paradise died or not. What he was truly dissatisfied with was something else. The 'achievements' he left behind before dying.

[That sneaky bastard. How did he expand his territory this much in secret?]

He glared at the numerous monitors installed before him, showing news broadcasts from around the world. All the reports, regardless of the country, were showing the achievements the Apostle of Paradise left behind before dying. From the perspective of

an invader of Earth, That absurd amount of Elvenwood was truly an achievement. That was why he was even more displeased.

[Was I falling behind without knowing? To that kind of guy.]

His pride was greatly hurt.

[...Did he have a helper?]

'A helper...' Considering the insignificant abilities of the Apostle of Paradise, it was certainly possible. But what was the point of finding out? The Apostle of Paradise was already dead, and there was no way to confirm it now. There was no value in confirming it. His only interest here was one thing. The legacy he left behind. To quickly recover the nutrients gathered in those numerous masterless flowerpots.

[Annoying.]

His mouth watered. Contrary to his furrowed brows, his lips were sincerely curling up. It was truly a blow to his pride that the legacy left by the guy he usually ignored was greater than expected. But at the same time, it was obvious that his power would grow if he inherited that vast legacy. And he had to hurry before others snatched it away. If he knew about this, it meant others did too.

[I should get a little more before that.]

He got up with sinister eyes.

\* \* \*

A black wave.

A giant black wave was swelling along the mountain range. That surge toppled the Elvenwoods it encountered one by one, swallowing them whole, and continued to advance. It was as if countless black ants were devouring everything in their path. But its true identity was the Shadow Army led by Suho.

[My liege! I see the Association's flag!] Beru shouted from the sky.

The flag of the Korean Hunter Association was fluttering in the distance. Suho stopped and looked at the Association's camp. He could feel Association President Woo Jinchul's gaze as he stood in the center, looking in this direction. They were finally meeting.

"Let's go." Beru's eyes instantly changed at Suho's single word. The dignity of a Unit Commander enveloped his small body.

[Follow me!]

The Shadow Army moved in unison. The black wave flowed along the mountain range. It was an overwhelming sight.

"Finally..."

Woo Jinchul was lost in thought as he watched the Shadow Army approaching from afar. An old memory surfaced.

'It was like this back then.' The moment when the world almost ended. The day of the apocalypse when he thought everything was over.

'He' was there that day. Leading thousands of shadow soldiers just like this. And powerful enemies were forced to kneel before 'him'. Even powerful beings from other dimensions were nothing but prey before his shadow. Looking back, it was the most despairing yet hopeful moment. The war against the Monarchs. A miracle brought about by one man in a war that seemed impossible to win.

"Association President."

Pause.

Suho had arrived before Woo Jinchul. But he couldn't break free from his thoughts for a while. He couldn't help it. The young man standing before him resembled 'him' too much.

His gait.

His gaze.

Even the way he led the Shadow Army.

Suho greeted him politely.

"Nice to meet you."

"...I feel like it's not the first time." Woo Jinchul's voice was filled with emotion.

"And..."

His gaze subtly shifted to Beru, who was beside Suho. And he bowed deeply to him.

"Mr. Beru, it's been a while."

[Hmm!]

"...Beru?" Suho looked up at Beru in confusion.

Beru had swelled up and become huge beside Suho. Black steam blazing from his entire body. Sung Jinwoo's closest aide, in the form of an ant, was looking down at Woo Jinchul with narrowed eyes.

"...Gulp"

Seeing that, Woo Jinchul couldn't help but swallow dryly. And he instinctively remembered. The Jeju Island disaster that he could never forget, even after all this time. The disaster-class magical beast that mercilessly slaughtered the outstanding S-rank Hunters gathered there... was standing before him now. Unfortunately, Sung Jinwoo wasn't here, but with Beru alone, this Earth was safe...

"Beru."

[Kieek?]

"You said you had to conserve magic power."

[Understood.]

"...?!"

Mini Beru suddenly appeared at Suho's single word. Woo Jinchul's eyes widened. He wasn't a fool. Rather, he was too smart for his own good. Smart enough to glean a considerable amount of information from that short conversation.

"Don't tell me... Beru's power...?"

[What a disrespectful gaze.]

"..."

A brief silence fell. At this moment, One hope for Earth disappeared. At least in Woo Jinchul's mind.

'...Then it's Plan B. The only hope left is Hunter Sung Suho himself.' Woo Jinchul immediately shook off his disappointment and introduced his companion to Suho,

"This is Hunter Choi Jong-In."

Brief greetings were exchanged. And Woo Jinchul immediately brought up the thing he asked Suho to do through the walkie-talkie.



"First of all, could you restore Hunter Choi Jong-In's memories? It seems like we need to do that before we can continue our conversation."

"Alright."

As Suho took out the Shadow Key without a word, Choi Jong-In looked at Woo Jinchul in confusion.

"Did I get amnesia or something?"

He couldn't help but be bewildered. But at Woo Jinchul's unwavering gaze, Choi Jong-In shrugged and approached Suho.

The Shadow Key touched his forehead. And at that moment...

"...!"

Choi Jong-In's expression began to change rapidly. Memories flooded in like a torrent.

Gates.

Hunters.

The confusion when the first Awakened appeared.

The moment he established the Hunters Guild.

The days when he struggled to survive the competition with large guilds.

The moment when the Hunters Guild rose to become the best guild in South Korea.

Battles in S-rank dungeons.

Struggles against unknown beings in the Gates.

Countless moments with his colleagues.

All of that was revived in an instant.

'Wh-what are these memories?!' Choi Jong-In had a shocked expression as if he had been hit on the back of his head. Numerous memories, unfamiliar yet familiar, flashed through his mind like a movie, a panorama.

Two lives.

Two awakenings.

The lives of the two 'Choi Jong-In' overlapped and merged into one in an instant.

"...Haa."

Choi Jong-In's eyes were different now. A depth he didn't have before was added to his gaze. There was no need for further explanation. All his questions were answered at once. Even the fact that his meeting with Woo Jinchul before awakening wasn't a coincidence was confirmed. Choi Jong-In's serious gaze fell on Woo Jinchul.

"Association President... did you remember all this?" Woo Jinchul silently nodded.

"Since when..."

"Long before I went to see you, Hunter Choi Jong-In."

"Ah, so that's why..." Only then did he understand everything. And sighed.

"That heavy burden, all alone..."

"You're not alone anymore." Choi Jong-In clenched his fist with a determined expression at Woo Jinchul's words. Now he knew what he had to do.

"It seems like there's no need for the Hunters Guild in this world. The Association is taking its place."

"The goal is the same, no matter who builds what."

In the past, the Hunters Guild was the best large guild in South Korea. And Choi Jong-In was its leader. But this time, it would be different. They needed a force to protect the world, not just a for-profit organization. And since Choi Jong-In knew everything Woo Jinchul had done since the beginning of the Association, He realized that Woo Jinchul had already thoroughly prepared everything that could be done with human strength. Even at this moment.

"In that sense..." Woo Jinchul spoke to Suho,

"I'll tell you about the things we've been doing."

*CREATORS' THOUGHTS*



Craftyprogamer