

# Solo Leveling: Ragnarok [FAN TL] Chapter 331 - Chapter 329

## Chapter 331: Chapter 329

[Young Master. Is the avatar production proceeding without issue?]

While Yoo Jinho and Woo Jinchul were dealing with the top-tier Hunters, Suho was busy moving back and forth through the Shadow Dungeon, managing the practical matters.

[Thanks to Arsha's worker bees evolving into Void Insects, the speed has increased significantly.]

Now, Harmakan no longer needed to individually open small cracks for Arsha's worker bees, as the Void Insects themselves were traversing the dimensional rifts, gathering pollen. It was truly remarkable that mere insects could now freely traverse the Void, the dimensional rifts, the dangerous cracks of chaos itself, a feat that should have resulted in them being instantly crushed by the distorted dimensional pressure.

[Evolution is truly a wondrous thing. Now, Arsha's worker bees have become extremely resilient, able to fly through the void without any problem.] Harmakan, who was diligently crafting avatars, bowed to Suho and murmured with a somewhat bitter tone. Then, a seductive voice came from somewhere.

[Oh my, what's this? You're actually praising me.]

Whoosh-

Suddenly, small insects, emitting light like fireflies, appeared in the air. Then, in an instant, they coalesced, taking on Arsha's form, Harmakan clicked his tongue.

[Tsk. You are always swarming everywhere like an insect.]

[That's because I am...] Arsha shrugged, a bewitching smile on her lips.

[I made my nest in the center of that dimension of death, the Sea of the Afterlife, so traversing the void is hardly a dangerous feat. Besides, the World Tree conveniently has its roots extending across all dimensions, so by traveling along those, I can freely move between any dimension, like this.]

[Like a cockroach.]

[A cockroach?! I still look like a bee, you know? A very pretty bee that glows like a firefly.]

[Ridiculous. You're still just as weak, yet you boast about such a trivial thing.]

Arsha frowned delicately, folding her arms. The minor bickering between the two had become a familiar occurrence lately. It was a trivial squabble, but from Harmakan's perspective, Arsha's evolution into Void Insects was understandably a bit irritating. Originally, manipulating dimensional cracks and creating Gates was the exclusive domain of the Demonic spirits. Of course, at the Monarch level, one could forcefully tear through the dimensional walls with brute strength. But the Demonic spirits could create Gates with far more precision and on a much larger scale through their advanced sorcery. This was strategically utilized in warfare in many different ways. After all, even the mighty Dragon King Antares had entrusted all matters related to spatial movement to Yogumunt King of Demonic Spectres and the Monarch of Transfiguration during his war with Sung Jinwoo.

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'But mere insects...' Arsha's Void Insects had evolved to be able to use that difficult ability as naturally as breathing... It was only natural that Harmakan, a former Great Chieftain, would be displeased.

[Hmph. Still, thanks to me, the workload has certainly decreased, hasn't it?]

[...Well, as someone serving the same master, the more the merrier. It allows me to focus on more important tasks. Now, hand over the materials for the avatars and be gone.]

[Yes, sir-]

At those words, Arsha promptly dispersed into numerous Void Insects, handing over the pollen they had gathered to Harmakan. Who received them stoically, wrapping them in a magical circle. And then:

Compression.

Regeneration.

Acceleration.

And...

[Replication.]

Fwoosh—

As Harmakan's skeletal hands opened, new avatars were born: soulless, egoless dolls in human form, lacking distinct facial features. Such avatars, already numbering in the

hundreds, even thousands, had accumulated in the Shadow Dungeon, an overwhelming quantity, yet it was still insufficient...

Suho's ultimate goal was to create as many avatars as there were humans living on Earth. To achieve that, they needed to produce avatars at a rate dozens, no... hundreds of times faster than now. Harmakan urged Arsha.

[It's still not enough. Hurry up, expand the hive, and increase the number of worker bees. Also if possible, collect pollen from the World Tree, not Elvenwoods. It's more efficient.]

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The primary ingredient for the avatars studied by the Apostle of Evolution was the pollen of Elvenwood. But if they used that of the World Tree as a substitute, they could produce far more avatars. It was something the Apostle of Evolution had only theoretically considered, lacking the opportunity to research the World Tree, but now all his knowledge belonged to Beru. And the execution was done by Harmakan. But it was not so simple in reality...

Nidhögg was constantly trying to descend to the base of the World Tree, climbing up to collect pollen was too dangerous. If they were too greedy, and it went berserk, the hive they had so painstakingly expanded could be destroyed.

[Don't worry. Thanks to others keeping Nidhögg in check, we are carefully climbing upwards.]

1

[I understand, so hurry and disperse. That is all you can do for our master.]

[Hehe. I'll work hard. Then... Master! I'm off—!]

Whoosh-!

Arsha, unfazed by Harmakan's growling attitude, smiled brightly at Suho and vanished into the void. Suho chuckled at the sight, then gave an order to Harmakan, who was looking at the spot where Arsha had disappeared with a displeased expression.

"Send the completed avatars to the Tower of Trials immediately."

[Yes.]

Fwoosh-!

As soon as Suho gave his permission, the soulless avatars were sent through the magical circle drawn on the floor to the giant pyramid standing in the center of the Shadow Dungeon.

'The Tower of Trials.'

The giant pyramid, presented to Suho by Ammut after he became the King of Monstrous Humanoids, the Monarch of Trials, was no longer called the Iron Body Training Center. In fact, Ammut had intended to use the Tower of Trials to train Suho far more harshly than ever before. A course of action befitting the name, Monarch of Trials. And in line with his ambition, the Pyramid had been enhanced to inflict any number of harsh trials upon Suho, according to Ammut's will. That power was, in itself, the 'authority' granted to the Monarch of Trials. If Ammut's pyramid had previously been just a complex labyrinth with mummies roaming around, it had now transformed into a tower capable of inflicting any number of harsh trials to train Suho 'by any means necessary'. But when he learned how the Tower of Trials had changed, a very good idea came to his mind.

'I can't just keep this 'amazing thing'... all to myself.'

Immediately, Suho ordered Harmakan to open Gates in city centers all over the world and to create a massive illusion in all of those places.

[Tutorial: Tower of Trials]

Thus, all the Towers of Trials that people around the world were now seeing were created. The actual pyramid existed only here, in the center of the Shadow Dungeon. But simultaneously, its image could be seen as an illusion all over the world. Suho had a specific purpose for showing the image of the Tower of Trials to people around the world as an 'illusion.' In other words, what appeared all over the world was a kind of base station.

'Dimensional Gates.'

Their true function was to summon the spirits of players who entered the game capsules from all over the world into the Shadow Dungeon, and to bring them to the real Tower of Trials. Those players, through a method called astral projection, would possess the waiting avatars and undergo 'trials'. And those trials were...

\* \* \*

Fwoosh-

Just then, Woo Jinchul, having finished the meeting with the various association presidents, returned to the Shadow Dungeon. However in a different way than Suho. He hadn't entered through a Gate like him, but had simply laid down in a game capsule

outside the dungeon. At that moment, Woo Jinchul's spirit possessed the avatar Harmakan had prepared for him in advance, connecting him to the Shadow Dungeon. It just so happened that Woo Jinchul's avatar's location was next to Suho, not in the Tower of Trials.

"Ah, Association President. How did it go?"

"The meeting just ended, so I came straight here. By the way, this avatar thing is amazing, no matter how many times I experience it."

Woo Jinchul's avatar, answering Suho's question, was a little special. While all others didn't yet have defined facial features, Woo Jinchul's avatar closely resembled his usual appearance. He felt no sense of incongruity, even though it wasn't his real body. Woo Jinchul touched his avatar again, marveling.

"It's truly amazing. It's exactly like my body in its prime. It's as if I've gone back in time."

[That's because complete healing and regeneration are fundamental. It's similar to the feeling of becoming a Shadow Soldier.] Beru, who had contributed the most to the creation of the avatars, puffed up with pride. Then, in a sly tone, he draped an arm over Woo Jinchul's shoulder and whispered.

[So, what do you think? When your lifespan comes to an end, how about becoming a Shadow Soldier?]

8

"Haha... I'll think about that... a little later..."

[I see. You haven't even gotten married yet, so it's far too early to become a Shadow Soldier; review it slowly and positively. The King will surely make great use of you.]

5

"Hahaha..." Woo Jinchul laughed awkwardly, pointedly avoiding Beru's blatant gaze. Then, looking at Suho, he spoke with a serious expression.

"More importantly, as expected, Thomas Andre was the first to connect to the Tower of Trials."

"Really?" Suho's eyes lit up.

Thomas Andre already knew the general situation from Suho. But experiencing it firsthand would be completely different. He couldn't help but wonder what he would think, what he would feel. No matter how strong the Hunter Thomas Andre was, inside

the Tower of Trials, he was just a level 1 avatar. And the 'trials' to develop that avatar were waiting for him.

"...Then he's already seen the 'future', hasn't he?"

'Future'

All players who entered the Tower of Trials were set up to see the 'future' of Earth first. It was an illusion, a nightmare depicting a thoroughly ruined world where everything had been destroyed. The wide-area illusion 'Mirage' that Javier had once created in the waters off Busan... Harmakan, the Great Chieftain of the Demonic spirits, could easily use a similar, high-level illusion. While it wouldn't be exactly the same as that spell, he could certainly achieve a similar result. And, by utilizing the functions of the Tower of Trials, overseen by Ammut, he could create an even more realistic illusion. So, all the players who saw that 'future' would witness a cruel death of a precious person from their memories. It was Harmakan's curse, designed to evoke anger and sorrow from the depths of their hearts, even though people knew that the sight before their eyes wasn't real. It was merely an illusion. In other words, it was just content to help them immerse themselves in the 'game' that was about to begin. After all, the real trials began after that. Woo Jinchul raised the corners of his mouth, thinking of Thomas Andre's reaction, who must be very confused inside the Tower of Trials right now.

"I'm very much looking forward to it. All the memories that Hunter Sung Jinwoo showed me directly inside my head... I wonder how he'll take it."

\* \* \*

[Do you wish to load the saved data?]

(Y/N)

"...Alright, let's see what you've prepared."

Thomas Andre gritted his teeth, thinking of Yoo Jinho's brazen face. Having just witnessed the dying illusion of his only friend, Norma Selner, he was extremely angry. To the point where he wanted to rush out of the capsule and storm into Ajin Soft right away. But at the same time, he couldn't help but be curious...

Why were they going to such lengths to show players this utterly ruined future?

And...

What awaited him after this?

"Yes." He answered with a grim expression...

Norma Selner, dying before him, smiled faintly.

"Good. Now go there... and protect it. In 'his' stead..."

"His?"

Thomas Andre frowned at Norma Selner's cryptic words. And at that moment...

Whoosh...!

The destroyed word he had been seeing began to melt away. Everything, all the ruins, were engulfed in shadows. And...

1

A pitch-black darkness swallowed Thomas Andre.

Flash!

"Hm?"

...He opened his eyes to an unfamiliar ceiling.

"Where is this?"

Thomas Andre rose from the bed with a bewildered expression. And he looked at the mirror hanging in the corner of the room.

"Wh-what is this?!" He couldn't help but exclaim in shock at his own appearance.

"Why does my avatar look like this?!"

It was only natural to be confused. He was Thomas Andre, the strongest human! Born in the slums, he had reigned as the strongest from a young age! The owner of a superior genetic makeup, whose muscles grew just by breathing, and bulking up happened just by drinking water!

'But who was that scrawny, pathetic wimp in the mirror!' To think that such a weak, sorry body was the avatar given to him...!

1

"And there aren't even any features?"

His face was as smooth as an egg! This was a tutorial, yet he had entered an avatar that didn't even allow for character customization! He wouldn't have cared if he hadn't looked in the mirror, but the unsettling feeling wouldn't go away now. Then...

1

Bang!

"B-Brother...!"

Suddenly, the door opened, and someone burst into his room.

"Who are you!"

Thomas Andre, already irritated, roared, but he froze at the response.

"Brother, what do we do..."

The person who burst into the room was an unknown young girl. But it wasn't her identity that stopped him. It was the way she was looking at Thomas Andre, tears streaming down her face.

"Mom collapsed... It's the Eternal Slumber..."

3

"...What?"

And before Thomas Andre could even react, the young girl collapsed to the floor, sobbing. Heartbreakingly, pitifully. And at that moment...

Ting!

[Loading saved data.]

"...?!"

Unfamiliar memories began to flood Thomas Andre's mind.

'Th-this is...!' He realized... The name of the young girl, crying so sorrowfully...

'Sung Jinah.'

She was 'His' one and only younger sister.

6





Craftyprogamer

## **Solo Leveling: Ragnarok [FAN TL] Chapter 332 - Chapter 330**

### **Chapter 332: Chapter 330**

[Live TV Broadcast - "Tower of Trials: What is the Truth?"]

"Viewers! Today, we have a very special guest. He is none other than Director Lim Dogyoon of Ajin Soft, and Vice President of the Woojin Guild!"

3

The camera focused on Lim Dogyoon, dressed in a suit. He still looked a little awkward, but he sat with confidence.

"Director Lim! Can you tell us more about the 'Solo Leveling: Ragnarok,' which the entire world is curious about? In particular, many people are curious about the 'Tower of Trials' that has appeared all over the globe."

Lim Dogyoon cleared his throat.

"Ahem. Yes, 'Tutorial: Tower of Trials' is, simply put, a training ground where all of humanity can develop their potential. By combining Ajin Soft's developed virtual reality technology and a special avatar system, it's a hyperreal space where even non-Awakened individuals can grow through virtual combat."

Lim Dogyoon's explanation continued, and the numerous reporters watching it felt a chill down their spines as they scrambled to write their articles.

"The abilities the avatar gains in the Tower of Trials... can they really be used by the real... physical body?"

"Hm... Not perfectly. The physical abilities gained through the avatar are irrelevant to the actual body. However, 'skills' and 'mana' are carried over to the real body intact."

"That's... truly amazing. I understand that runes to learn skills are extremely expensive, but you're saying that such skills can be obtained just by playing the game?"

"Yes. But one shouldn't focus solely on acquiring skills. Even real Hunters with similar mana levels and skills show significant differences in proficiency, depending on how

well they handle them. Ultimately, even after acquiring skills, constant training is required to use them freely."

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"That's very interesting... I suppose it will give a remarkable opportunity to the numerous unawakened people who are dreaming of becoming hunters. Furthermore, if one can both increase mana capacity and obtain skills, I have a feeling those already Awakened will become obsessed with the Tower of Trials as well." It was exactly as she said. Mana was a fixed value that never changed after a Hunter's initial awakening. The fact that the amount of mana could be increased was nothing short of an earth-shattering revelation that would shake the entire Hunter industry.

3

"On that note, I have one more question. There are many ways to train physical abilities in reality, but how can mana be increased?"

"You've asked a good question. And in fact, that's the very reason I'm here today."

"Really!? I believe that's what people watching today's broadcast are most curious about. What is the principle and method by which mana can be increased?" As the conversation continued, the announcer's reactions became increasingly impatient. The announcer herself had dreamed of becoming an Awakened individual. But the expression on Lim Dogyoon's face as he answered was a little strange.

"Umm."

As if he were dredging up a very painful trauma, he murmured, staring into the void with a hollow look.

"You have to... suffer to the point of death."

"...Excuse me?"

"No, actually past that... suffer through deaths. The avatar can revive any number of times..."

"...Pardon? What exactly do you mean by that?" The announcer still couldn't understand. She hurriedly searched and read the materials that the broadcast writer had prepared in advance.

"Looking at cases of re-Awakened individuals, many have experienced a phenomenon similar to death, called the Eternal Slumber. And before they woke up, all of them were using life support devices inside the game capsules developed by Ajin Soft. Could... this be related?"

"I don't know about the complicated operating principles or systems. But I can say one thing for sure." Lim Dogyoon looked directly at the camera and said.

"Being close to death. That's the key."

2

"...Pardon?"

"In my experience... when humans cross the boundary between life and death, an opportunity to increase mana arises."

3

"...?"

Lim Dogyoon's expression after delivering that statement was utterly resolute. But at the same time, his eyes looked infinitely weary. Like a survivor who had endured countless near-death experiences and barely managed to return... The announcer, watching that expression blankly from the side, suddenly came to her senses and read the prepared questionnaire.

"Ahem. It seems we'll only truly understand by experiencing the Tower of Trials first hand. So, what do people need to do to enter the Tower of Trials?"

"Starting today, we are accepting pre-registrations on the official Ajin Soft website. Currently, several S-rank Hunters, including staff members of Hunter Associations from various countries, are conducting a trial beta test. While we have completed various verifications, once they confirm its safety, we plan to gradually increase the number of users."

"Thank you, Director Lim. We ask for the viewers' great interest."

As soon as the broadcast ended, Ajin Soft's server went down due to an overload of users.

2

The internet was also on fire.

– This is crazy. It's truly insane!

– So, he's saying they made a game that mass-produces re-Awakened individuals?!

– Wait, for real? You can become Awakened just by playing a game?

– That's possible now??

– That's it. I'm quitting my job as soon as the server opens and I will just play this game.

3

Considering the vast amounts of money Hunters earned, this was no longer just a game. It was a far more direct and realistic opportunity for a life turnaround than any lottery. Especially Lim Dogyoon's last statement began to circulate in countless screenshots.

– But what does that even mean? To always be close to death?

– Mana increases the more you die?

1

– Then can't you just keep committing suicide as soon as you connect to the game?

4

– No, you can't. The terms and conditions say that such inhumane actions are systematically blocked.

– Yeah, I saw that too. So how exactly are you supposed to die?

– Isn't he just saying to play the game diligently, even if it means dying?

– Hey, don't overthink it. It's possible to die a few times while playing a game.

– True.

Indeed, dying in games was a common occurrence. Back when virtual reality games first came out, it could even traumatize some users. But nowadays, there were hardly any people who claimed to have developed actual trauma from their avatars dying in virtual reality. The current consensus was that such a person simply had no mental strength to begin with. In fact, Ajin Soft had also developed various safety measures for just this, and many related papers had been published in academic journals. Therefore, everyone was thinking lightly of it.

Even while looking at Lim Dogyoon's weary eyes.

Even while looking at the screenshot of him mentioning 'death'.

No one took the meaning of those words seriously.

Not even the top-tier S-rank Hunters from various countries who had actually entered the Tower of Trials as beta testers.

\* \* \*

Of course... Thomas Andre was no exception.

[Tutorial: Tower of Trials]

"...Time flies."

Thomas Andre let out a low sigh.

"It's already been four years..."

Surprisingly, he had been living in the Tower of Trials for over four years. As a result, his avatar's face in the mirror was still featureless, but it looked a little older. Still, thanks to consistent weight training, he had gained a little muscle compared to before. But it was still unsatisfactory. From the start, this body wasn't built for gaining muscle. He realized anew how blessed he, strong from birth, had been. No matter how experienced he was in physical training, there were clear limits to such a pathetic body.

...But a game was a game. It felt like four years had passed in his mind. But that didn't mean Thomas Andre had actually experienced all that time. As if the game's story was being delivered directly through brainwaves, trivial things passed by as mere fragments of memory, and only major events were actually 'played.'

So, it had already been 'four years'. But he was still here... As Sung Jinah's one and only older brother. Of course, Thomas Andre knew it in his head.

This was a game.

He could log out whenever he wanted.

But...

He couldn't bring himself to leave, because doing so would leave his 'sister' truly alone, their father missing in a dungeon and their mother collapsed from the Eternal Slumber.

3

'If I disappear from here too, that kid will be truly alone. Then she'll cry again.' Thomas Andre's mouth felt bitter as he thought of his younger sister. Still, there was one silver lining.

'At least she's good at studying.' Thinking of the report card he had just received, Thomas Andre felt a surge of pride. Unlike himself, lacking higher education, Sung Jinah was a good student. She boasted that she was smart, but he already knew what kind of person his sister was.

'...It's effort.' She was a terribly hard worker... And as a result of that effort, Sung Jinah's grades had been steadily rising over the past four years. To the point where she could even aim for medical school.

'...Studying also requires some talent, but if you work that hard, your grades are bound to go up.' Therefore, Thomas Andre gave up on attending university and entered the workforce.

To earn money for his mother's enormous hospital bills and living expenses...

To make his sister's dream of becoming a doctor come true...

Sung Jinah was acutely aware of the sacrifices her brother was making, his own life dedicated to supporting her. This understanding fueled her decision to dedicate herself to studying, as, in Sung Jinah's mind, studying was the only contribution she could currently make.

"Honestly, a foolish kid... growing up too fast."

Thomas Andre smiled bitterly, thinking of Sung Jinah. He suddenly remembered the image of his younger sister collapsing in tears before him four years ago, her small, fragile form heaving as if she would disappear if he let go. Even now, she still locked herself in her room every night, stifling sobs under a blanket to prevent the sound from escaping, but Thomas Andre's enhanced hearing could not miss the faint, heartbreaking sound.

'You idiot. Even if I'm an 'E-rank Hunter'... I can still hear that much.'

Yes.

Thomas Andre, or rather, Thomas Andre's avatar, had awakened as an E-rank Hunter. An E-rank Awakened's abilities were not much different from those of an ordinary person. Their physique and senses were only slightly more developed than others. Hunters were said to earn a lot of money, but that didn't apply to E-ranks. In fact, reckless actions could lead to very high medical expenses. But even that level of ability was enough to pick up the sound of his sister crying every night. Therefore...

"Yes, Jinah. If you've dedicated your life to studying, I'll gladly do the same. What's a life worth, anyway."

Therefore, today too, Thomas Andre... No, Sung Jinah's older brother went out to earn money.

For his younger sister.

For his mother.

To earn money the E-rank Hunter decided to enter a dungeon, again, today. And inside, he experienced death, time and time again.

Dying over and over...

Even a goblin, which the usual Thomas Andre could kill with a flick of his finger, could take his life. Even in a low-level dungeon, every moment was a life-or-death situation for an E-rank Hunter's physical abilities and mana. But the good thing was, his avatar revived when he died in the dungeon. Dying was painful and agonizing. No matter how many times he experienced it, he hated dying. But despite that, he rose again and again, fighting against the magical beasts.

The strange thing was that even though he was struggling so hard, risking his life, no one in this world knew Thomas Andre's name. This was, after all, a tutorial. He hadn't even actually named his avatar yet, so it was natural, in a way. Besides, who would care about the name of a mere E-rank Hunter? But even though the entire world didn't remember his name... He was famous in another sense, he had become quite well-known among Hunters.

'The weakest hunter of all mankind.'

1

This was the nickname that Hunters had given Thomas Andre these days.

It was... utterly humiliating.

2

*CREATORS' THOUGHTS*



Craftyprogamer

## **Solo Leveling: Ragnarok [FAN TL] Chapter 333 - Chapter 331**

### **Chapter 333: Chapter 331**

Tutorial: 'Tower of Trials' is like a fleeting dream. This was not a figurative expression. It felt like players were actually experiencing it, but it was a 'dream' created by Harmakan's sorcery and Ammut's authority. Although players felt like they had lived through 'four years' within, in reality, not even a single 'second' had passed. The 'four years' experienced by the players followed a strictly predetermined storyline. While they could act on their own volition, it wouldn't change the main narrative of the predetermined story. A kind of lucid dream. In game terms, it was like an 'opening' cinematic, as Yoo Jinho put it.

"And before that, we have to show players the ruined future first, to give them motivation. A goal to go back to the past and change everything."

That was the reason why the first person the player encounters is an important figure from their actual memory. Starting with this, the players become completely absorbed with the protagonist, each with a 'goal' in mind, and live within that dream. Following the predetermined story, following the predetermined memories. They become the older brother of a 'younger sister' who doesn't actually exist. A natural resolve to protect sprouts. They suddenly become a breadwinner, risking their lives as an E-rank Hunter to enter the dungeon. In the process, they experience several near-death experiences. Repeating the process of actually dying and reviving, they bravely re-enter the dungeon; all these experiences are imprinted into the soul, as a system within the dream. This was a kind of consideration...

"Even if they're possessing avatars, it's difficult for ordinary people to actually risk their lives fighting magical beasts. Just walking across a crosswalk when a car is coming makes your body tense up and your heart pound; that's what ordinary people are like. So they need to adapt. The real purpose of the 'opening' is to imprint on their souls, again and again, the sensation that they can revive no matter how many times they die or get injured, inside the avatar."

After all, how many times would an ordinary person actually encounter magical beasts in their life? Even if a dungeon break occurred, they would usually be protected by soldiers or police and evacuate to a safe place. Merely hearing the roar of magical beasts from afar, or seeing them on the news, wouldn't provide a realistic experience. The fear of encountering a magical beast face-to-face. The sensation of being bitten by their teeth. Experiencing the flashbacks of life, thinking, 'Ah, so this is how I die,' was a major event that could actually become trauma.

"No matter how accustomed people are to virtual reality these days, the experience of dying through an avatar is a completely different sensation. After all, this isn't virtual reality, it's real."

That's why the 'dream' method was absolutely necessary. A magical device that allows one to indirectly experience Sung Jinwoo's past life, stored within Woo Jinchul's memories. That was the true nature of the Tutorial: 'Tower of Trials.' But not all the



experiences players underwent were dreams. Only those four years. It was the opening, for immersion and motivation in the game. The vital part was what came next...

"The important thing is what comes after, to actually grow your avatar, you need your own effort." Yoo Jinho smiled meaningfully.

If those 'four years' that players experienced were a fleeting dream, when would the reality begin? Naturally, it would be from 'that day' onward.

\* \* \*

"The commandments of the Cartenon Temple."

6

Thomas Andre had just entered a 'double dungeon' he discovered by chance, along with fellow Hunters. A wide, dome-shaped room. It was as large as, no, larger than, several Seoul Olympic Stadiums combined. And yet, the reason it felt somewhat cramped was because of the colossal figure of a god, the size of the Statue of Liberty, sitting on a huge throne in the innermost part. And a C-rank Magic-type Hunter named Song, who had been in this profession for 10 years, was reading the runic letters engraved on a stone tablet found here.

"W-wait..."

But suddenly, someone pulled on his arm. Turning around, he saw a female healer with a pale face, trembling and pointing at the giant statue.

"E-eyes... The statue's eyes just moved towards us."

'Eyes?'

At those words, Thomas Andre felt a chill and sharpened his senses.

'The sounds... it's suddenly quiet.' The sounds of the torches burning had stopped at some point. And in an atmosphere that had become eerily silent...

"First..."

Only Song's voice, continuing to read the stone tablet, echoed.

"Thou shall worship God. Thou shall praise God. Thou shall prove thy faith. Those who fail to obey these commandments shall not be spared."

And as soon as those words ended...

Boom!

"Wh-what?"

"What's that sound...?!"

Suddenly, a noise erupted, the giant door they had entered through closed. And at that moment...

Whoosh!

Thomas Andre' awoke from the 'dream.'

"Wh-what?!"

While everyone else panicked. He was flustered for a completely different reason... A sudden sensation of vividness. His soul, having experienced the dream for four years, had perfectly adapted to the avatar. And no matter how much of an E-rank avatar he was trapped in, he was once a National-Level Hunter. While everyone was looking at the firmly shut door and panicking. He, instead, turned his head in the opposite direction, gritting his teeth.

"Damn it!"

Sure enough, the statue's eyes, which had been bothering him earlier... were looking down at him!

He roared. "Everyone, get down!"

Ziiiiing—!

The red beams of light shot out from both eyes of the statue.

The opening cinematic had ended, and the main game had begun. From this moment on, it was the main quest that all players who connected to the Tower of Trials from all over the world would have to experience. And it was also the true ordeal where normal people could awaken, just as Ahjin Soft had advertised. Everything up to this point, was what players would experience within just a few seconds of connecting to the Tower of Trials. For reference, logging out was possible at any time from now on.

\* \* \*

"L-Log out...!"

No matter how many times they experienced death in their dreams, some timid players crawled out of the capsules, vomiting. While trembling at the excessive realism created by Ahjin Soft.

"Crazy bastards, why did they make the game so realistic?!"

But even before they could leave a negative review of Ahjin Soft online, they were astonished by the numerous reviews already posted.

– That's crazy. I really Awakened.

– I barely managed to Awaken, too...

– I... died so many times... But I did it.

– Everyone, hang in there. This wasn't designed to be a quest you could clear.

– Haha, to think I'd become an Awakened. I still can't believe it.

– Ahjin Soft's technology is truly insane.

1

– Just praise it. Yoo Jinho must be a god.

1

"...Wh-what? They really Awakened? Is it real?"

1

The players who had vomited couldn't believe their eyes. There was a flood of reviews, to say the least. Because there were so many different posts about awakening, it couldn't be false even accounting for clickbait!

"Damn it."

"Damn it! I'm going to challenge it again!"

In the end, the players who had logged out couldn't help but muster their courage and reconnect to the game.

"How could I give up when I got into the beta test!"

This was because the avatars were in short supply. It wasn't an opportunity offered to all of humanity. It was too sweet a fruit to give up, having overcome numerous competitors

to be selected. So, some time later, new Awakened individuals were born from the Tower of Trials. Of course, they started as E-rank Awakened individuals at level 1, but the fact that they could level up and gain skills just by continuing to play the game began to spread throughout the world. And that rumor reached the ears of Prime Minister Yuri Orlov of Russia.

2

"...The Tower of Trials was real?"

"According to reports from informants planted in various countries, it seems to be true."

At the secretary's words, Yuri Orlov gritted his teeth.

"But why is there no Tower of Trials in our country?"

3

"..."

The Prime Minister's expression, revealing his displeasure, made the secretary hold his tongue. For some reason, the Tower of Trials, which had appeared simultaneously all over the world, had not appeared here in Russia. This was truly strange, considering its vast landmass. Just look at China; because the land was vast, many Towers of Trials had appeared in several cities. But Russia was an exception.

"Have we still not heard back from Ahjin Soft?"

"That... yes."

"This bastard! Is he doing this on purpose!"

Crash!

Yuri Orlov threw the wine glass he was holding. It shattered dangerously close to the secretary, but the man, accustomed to this, just stood there stiffly with a pale face.

"Why? Is it because Yoo Jinho of Ahjin Soft happens to be Sung Suho's relative? Because I investigated Sung Suho's background? Ridiculous! I had no idea Sung Suho had anything to do with the Apostle of Paradise! And it's not like the Apostle of Paradise died saying my name!"

He knew the Apostle of Paradise's personality very well. He considered all humans insignificant. So he didn't even bother to memorize their names, nor did he feel the need to. Therefore, he was confident that there was no chance the name Yuri Orlov would have come out of his mouth. But then...

The secretary, terrified and desperately racking his brains, found a possibility that might not offend Yuri Orlov's temper.

"...Perhaps it's because of the barrier surrounding our cities."

"What?"

"The Tower of Trials didn't actually have buildings built, but appeared suddenly in various countries through a Gate. Even Ahjin Soft wouldn't be able to penetrate the Prime Minister's barrier and open a Gate in our cities..."

"...Hm. That makes sense." Yuri Orlov, hearing a sensible answer for the first time in a while, stroked his chin with a satisfied smile.

"Indeed, my barrier can't be penetrated by even S-rank magical beasts. It's possible. Then why haven't I heard back from Ahjin Soft?"

"They must be extremely busy with contacts from all over the world, so perhaps inquiries are simply piling up without any other reason. It would take all their employees to operate such a game." Finally, as the Prime Minister's mood seemed to improve, the secretary gained confidence and tried to appease him.

"Hm. That's not wrong. So what should we do..."

Yuri Orlov fell into thought for a moment. Regardless of the reason, it wasn't good that the number of Awakened individuals was increasing in all other countries except Russia. Both politically, and economically.

"I can't lift the barrier, though..."

Currently, Russia's major cities were thoroughly protected from magical beasts thanks to the barrier Yuri Orlov himself had erected. If that barrier was lifted, the magical beasts swarming outside would immediately attack. And because of that risk, Russia had effectively become a colony ruled by Yuri Orlov.

But, ruler or not. Yuri Orlov's dictatorship was so vicious that even fellow Russians were sick of it. But who in Russia would dare to criticize his command? He would banish anyone who displeased him from the city, leaving them to be devoured by magical beasts in the night.

"Hm. There's no other way. We'll have to temporarily steal one of the Towers of Trials from a neighboring country."

At his murmur, the secretary's face turned white. What did those words even mean? It wasn't like the Tower of Trials was an object that could be stolen. So, in the end, those words meant...

"Prime Minister. A-are you thinking of starting a war?"

"What are you talking about? A war, what a harsh word." At the secretary's reaction, Yuri Orlov shrugged and chuckled.

"There's no need to get my hands dirty. I just need to ask a friend I made recently." At Yuri Orlov's words, he instinctively trembled. Because the secretary was his close aide, he knew the identity of the 'new friend' he had recently made.

Yuri Orlov opened the safe in the corner of his office and took out the stone tablet stored inside. Then, as if using a walkie-talkie, he brought his mouth close to it and spoke.

"Hey. Are you listening? I have a favor to ask of you."

Then, after a moment. A voice came from beyond the stone tablet.

[...Perfect timing. I also happened to have something I wanted from you.]

At that answer, Yuri Orlov's lips curled up.

"Oh? What perfect timing indeed. What do you need?"

[My butterflies are hungry. Very much so.]

"Then that won't do. If your butterflies are to be fed, you'll need a hunting ground. Shall I find you a suitable target? There are many places these days where people just lie around, making them easy to hunt."

[Where is it?]

At the straightforward response of the other party, Yuri Orlov's smile grew even wider.

"Have you heard of the Tower of Trials?"

4

*CREATORS' THOUGHTS*



Craftyprogamer

## **Solo Leveling: Ragnarok [FAN TL] Chapter 334 - Notice**

Thump!

On a sunny afternoon in a bustling city, amidst the towering buildings, a man suddenly stopped walking in the center of a wide intersection's crosswalk and looked around. Everyone else hurried past, engrossed in their own busy lives and routines as always, not a single person paid the stopped man any mind. As always, they were going about their busy routines, living for themselves. Each had their own life. But...

Grin—

Their peaceful daily lives would end today.

[...Is this the place?]

The man, a faint smirk playing on his lips, directed his gaze somewhere. Contrary to his smiling mouth, his eyes held no trace of humanity. Transparent like glass, void-like, inorganic eyes... His gaze fixed on the black pyramid visible far away between the skyscrapers. Then, an emotion began to slowly bloom in his empty eyes...

Madness.

Fanaticism.

It was a terribly pure insanity that could only be felt from a faithful servant who truly worshipped an Outer God.

[That's an unpleasant and familiar mana.]

The man noticed the unmistakable scent emanating from the black colossus. Beneath the pyramid lay a deep, dark shadow. Beyond it, a familiar aura he had sensed in outer space was blazing.

[I never imagined there would be a passage connected like this. Was the dimension he rules truly on the other side of this planet all this time?]

He was certain. Countless diverse dimensions existed in the universe. Among them, there were also hidden inner worlds like this, situated just beyond a dimensional wall. A so-called realm beyond the mirror. Or perhaps an underground world located within this planet. But regardless, he knew instantly upon seeing it that the black pyramid was the entrance that allowed passage beyond that 'wall'.

[What a windfall. I didn't expect much.]

He suddenly thought it was a good decision to have joined hands with that insignificant human, Yuri Orlov. He had merely come looking for a hunting ground to sate his butterflies' hunger, but to think he would discover 'His' main base. With the aura of death overflowing so blatantly from beneath the pyramid, there was no room for doubt. In fact, it was so blatant that he wondered if it might be a 'trap.' But, so what if it was a

trap? Thanks to quietly gathering strength while hiding, his forces had multiplied enormously, incomparably stronger than when he first landed alone on this planet. And in the meantime...

[I've already grasped the level of this world.]

Thanks to the other apostles who had acted rashly and died first, he gathered sufficient information.

Paradise.

Evolution.

They were only ever meant to go that far anyway. To arrive on an unknown planet setting up a base, cultivating, farming. Undergoing evolution to adapt to this place. But ultimately, all those processes existed for the purpose of 'settlement' and 'survival.' That was the objective of the Outer Gods who had sent them in the first place. But what came next...?

[The mission I received is fundamentally different from theirs.] With utter arrogance, he sneered at the other apostles who had died first.

[My mission is 'Conquest'.]

'Apostle of Conquest.'

That was the name he had received. The Itarim who sent him to this land had planned for the long game from the start. While the apostles of other Itarim acted in their own ways, contaminating the Earth, his own apostle was commanded to hide quietly and build strength. And when sufficient power was gathered, to swiftly overtake all competitors and 'conquer' this land. To achieve that, ample time was needed to raise an army. And finally, the moment had come.

[Oh God. I have found a world where the King has vacated his seat; according to the mission you gave me, I shall conquer that land.] At that moment, The Apostle of Conquest's eyes shone with an utterly sacred and madness-filled light.

Flash!

Two pairs of radiant wings, resembling those of a butterfly's and shimmering with beautiful yet menacing patterns, unfurled from his back, startling the nearby people. However, the surprise was far from over.

[Come forth. My butterflies.]

Flutter flutter flutter—



At his command, the sunny sky was suddenly obscured by countless swarms of butterflies, each surprisingly an exact replica, like a clone, of the Apostle of Conquest. The people in the city, witnessing this abrupt and terrifying situation, looked up at the sky in horror.

"Wh-what is that?!"

"The sky...!"

"Is it a dungeon break?!"

"R-run away!"

The crowd reacted variously. Some screamed upon seeing the butterflies. Some immediately fled, frantically making calls somewhere.

Whoosh—!

Surrounded by all those humans, the Apostle of Conquest soared vertically mingling among the soldiers who looked identical to him, he looked down at the people on the ground with an utterly arrogant gaze and commanded.

[Now, let us begin.]

Flutter—

[The Conquest.]

With that, a sacred, golden shimmering powder began to scatter from the wings of the countless butterflies. Like mist.

"Wh-what?!"

"Hngh...!"

People on the streets instinctively held their breath and began to take refuge inside buildings. Watching their retreating backs, the countless butterflies, all wearing the same face, licked their lips in unison.

[The prey scatters.]

[The prey scatters.]

[...]

[Let the hunt begin.]

[Let the hunt begin.]

[...]

Fwooooosh!

At that moment, the innumerable 'Apostles of Conquest' began to attack the fleeing citizens.

Uwaaa—!

True hell had begun. The city descended into chaos overnight. Fortunately, Hunters appeared without delay and began to fight back against the monstrous butterflies...

"Support! Call for support!"

"There are too many magical beasts!"

Their numbers were overwhelmingly insufficient. And in the midst of it all...

Whoosh—

[Huh?]

The Apostle of Conquest, who had been charging towards the black pyramid from the start, let out a hollow laugh. Absurdly, he had passed straight through the building with the momentum of his charge.

[Was the building itself an illusion?]

But it didn't matter. Even if the structure itself was an illusion, the shadow energy beneath it was real.

[I'll pierce through below!]

Whoosh—!

Immediately, his flight path angled downwards, vertically penetrating the pyramid's illusion.

Boom—!

But even that failed.

It was merely a shadow. Upon descending, he found himself simply landing on ordinary ground.

[This wasn't the passage? I definitely feel it beyond here?]

It was strange. Did he need some specific method to pass through the Gate? However after landing on the ground, as he looked around with narrowed eyes, something finally came into view.

[...So they hid a magic circle.]

The Apostle of Conquest finally understood the purpose of this pyramid illusion. Beneath it, a massive magic circle, as large as the pyramid itself, was spread out. It seemed the pyramid illusion was placed like a lid to hide the magic circle from the outside.

[This is troublesome. If I destroy this magic circle, the way to cross beyond might disappear.]

He pondered for a moment. And that thought was instantly shared with all 'them.' The countless butterflies scattered throughout the city. Since all of them were the Apostle of Conquest. Thoughts began to be shared from various places among those who had spread throughout the city to hunt citizens.

[That magic circle doesn't seem to be the entrance.]

[Another entrance has been found.]

[I found one too.]

[There's one here as well!]

'...?!'

The butterflies had invaded human residences to conquer the city. Among them, a significant number began to share reports of finding entrances from various locations. And compiling all those opinions, a conclusion was reached.

[It seems the purpose of that magic circle is... to create numerous entrances scattered everywhere.]

Of course, the identities of those numerous entrances were also easy to recognize, as they all looked the same.

'Game Capsules.'

[So this is what he meant when he said humans were just lying around these days, making them easy to hunt?]

Recalling Yuri Orlov's words anew, the Apostle of Conquest frowned. He couldn't comprehend the situation at all. 'His' world, where the shadow energy felt so thick. Entrances that could lead to his main base were scattered everywhere like this? Strategically thinking, shouldn't they be thoroughly hidden?

[Humans are asleep in each capsule.]

[Decide what to do.]

Even at this moment, voices urging him for a decision were coming from everywhere.

Outside, Hunters had already appeared and were engaged in fierce battles. But his purpose in invading this city was hunting, not battling Awakened individuals. Fighting was fine, but pointlessly reducing the number of soldiers was an absolute loss. For reference, large-scale wars like this generally followed two patterns. Fight a small number of strong opponents. Or thoroughly target the weak first to reduce their numbers. The Apostle of Conquest preferred the latter.

[Recall the objective.]

He issued the command to all of his selves. Instantly, everyone understood the words and replied.

[Understood. Ignore the Hunters and kill the civilians first.]

[We will kill the humans lying here and seize the capsules...]

[Seize the capsu... Gurgle.]

Snap!

'...Hm?'

At that moment. The Apostle of Conquest, standing in the center of the pyramid's magic circle, felt a sense of incongruity. Suddenly, the replies coming from various places were cut off simultaneously.

[Share senses!]

Feeling an instinctive premonition, he grasped the situation through their eyes. Then... an astonishing sight appeared before him. The countless capsules spread throughout the city. All the civilians peacefully asleep inside them... Were grabbing the necks of the butterflies that had invaded their homes. With expressions of utter annoyance.

"What's this bug doing here?"

"Ah, damn it! I was in the middle of a dungeon run, what's the interruption?"

[Wh-what? These humans....]

[How is this...?]

[Keoheok....]

The butterflies, counterattacked while trying to kill the humans, couldn't help but be bewildered. The peacefully sleeping people had detected the faint killing intent they emitted, instinctively opened their eyes, and counterattacked! Such keen senses were impossible to gain without considerable combat experience. In the midst of it all one human, expressing more annoyance than anyone else, glared into a butterfly's eyes and gritted his teeth.

"Ah, damn it. Do you know how important this moment was for me, what's this butterfly bastard interrupting for? Do you know how many times I've died just to get a name? This was the hundredth retry!"

[R-Retry...?]

"What, bugs can talk now?"

The civilian, who had instantly sprung out of the capsule, frowned. He used a skill to deflect the butterfly, tore its wings, and slammed it down by the neck in an instant. It was certainly strange for a magical beast to speak in reality. But he had encountered quite a few such creatures among the magical beasts he met in the game, so he didn't feel particularly impressed. What mattered was that his game had been interrupted at such a climactic moment.

"What's going on all of a sudden? I finally got my class advancement and even got a name."

[C-Class advancement? Name?]

"Yeah, you punk. People finally started calling me by name."

Grin—

Perhaps he hadn't yet emerged from the lingering thrill he felt in the game just moments ago.

"So remember it even in death. Who you died by."

The player, who had just cleared the class advancement quest and finally received a name, grinned, skillfully ending the butterfly's life as he spoke.

"My name is 'Sung Jinwoo 445'. A 'Martial Artist'."

Crack!

[...]

The Apostle of Conquest was speechless at the deaths of his subordinates in various places. The countless humans in this city... were all introducing themselves with similar names.

*CREATORS' THOUGHTS*



Craftyprogamer

## **Solo Leveling: Ragnarok [FAN TL] Chapter 335 - Chapter 332**

### **Chapter 335: Chapter 332**

Thump!

On a sunny afternoon in a bustling city, amidst the towering buildings, a man suddenly stopped walking in the center of a wide intersection's crosswalk and looked around. Everyone else hurried past, engrossed in their own busy lives and routines as always, not a single person paid the stopped man any mind. As always, they were going about their busy routines, living for themselves. Each had their own life. But...

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Their peaceful daily lives would end today.

[...Is this the place?]

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2

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number of strong opponents. Or thoroughly target the weak first to reduce their numbers. The Apostle of Conquest preferred the latter.

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"What's this bug doing here?"

"Ah, damn it! I was in the middle of a dungeon run, what's the interruption?"

2

[Wh-what? These humans....]

[How is this...?]

[Keoheok....]

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2

[R-Retry...?]

"What, bugs can talk now?"

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"What's going on all of a sudden? I finally got my class advancement and even got a name."

[C-Class advancement? Name?]

"Yeah, you punk. People finally started calling me by name."

Grin—

Perhaps he hadn't yet emerged from the lingering thrill he felt in the game just moments ago.

"So remember it even in death. Who you died by."

The player, who had just cleared the class advancement quest and finally received a name, grinned, skillfully ending the butterfly's life as he spoke.

"My name is 'Sung Jinwoo 445'. A 'Martial Artist'."

13

Crack!

[...]

The Apostle of Conquest was speechless at the deaths of his subordinates in various places. The countless humans in this city... were all introducing themselves with similar names.

*CREATORS' THOUGHTS*



Craftyprogamer

## **Solo Leveling: Ragnarok [FAN TL] Chapter 336 - Chapter 333**

### **Chapter 336: Chapter 333**

[Something is wrong!]

The Apostle of Conquest couldn't help but be bewildered by the situation being shared from all directions. His butterflies were by no means weak. They were feeding on the nutrients of Elvenwood, provided by the Apostle of Paradise, for a long time. While the power possessed by each individual varied greatly, proportional to the mana accumulated during their pupal stage, they were all clones sharing the same consciousness as himself. No matter how young a butterfly was, it shared the main body's knowledge and experience, making them fundamentally the same beings from birth. The whole is one, and one is the whole. An entire army sharing the same consciousness. That was the true nature of the Apostle of Conquest... As a result he found this situation even more incomprehensible. To be overwhelmed by mere humans, even if they weren't facing the main body? Awakened individuals possessed only trivial levels of power...

1

[Report to the main body!]

[This city is strange...!]

[Everyone lying in the capsules possesses mana!]

[And all of them...!]

[Are not ordinary Awakened ones!]

[They are... proficient... in combat!]

[They even lack fear...!]

2

The bewilderment of the butterflies spread across various locations was being directly shared with the Apostle of Conquest's main body. As well as the words and actions of the humans they were fighting, along with their unusual combat prowess.

- Hah. Where do you think you're going, bug...?
- Of all people, you came to me, the Flame Sorcerer Sung Jinwoo 2718?

5

- Flame Arrow!
- Mana Net!
- Yeah! Perfect timing, I just learned a new skill.
- Ice Spear!
- Woah, what's this? A dungeon break? Would've been big trouble if it happened before clearing the tutorial.
- Thank goodness I applied for the beta test.
- Compared to the Tower of Trials, this single insect is nothing!
- Oh dear, sweetie, were you scared? This dad is Sung Jinwoo 4196; what's there to be afraid of with a bug like this? Just stick close behind Dad!

Boom!

Fwoosh— Pop! Bang!

[...]

Something was seriously wrong, countless butterflies scattered across various locations were dying helplessly. Their wings burned by fire magic. Their torsos pierced by ice. The humans didn't freeze up despite the butterflies' swift attacks and killing intent, skillfully twisting their bodies to counterattack. The impressive exploits of numerous individuals were happening throughout the city.

[Could Yuri Orlov have deceived me?]

Doubt began to sprout in the Apostle of Conquest. Yuri Orlov had clearly stated that many humans in this city were merely lying still in capsules, playing games, making it an

easy hunting ground. Yet, the reality was entirely different. Were all those supposedly incapacitated humans actually Awakened individuals, skilled warriors equipped with various classes and skills, and possessing tremendous combat experience?

[Possibility of a trap?]

[Unlikely.]

[Yuri Orlov has no reason to betray me!]

The butterflies scattered everywhere exchanged opinions disjointedly. But the conclusion was singular.

[That human gains nothing by deceiving me!]

[Then what is this situation?]

Another strange thing was the expressions on the faces of the humans introducing themselves everywhere as the 'nth Sung Jinwoo'. They visibly radiated pride in that name, much like himself when the great Itarim chose him to receive the title 'Apostle of Conquest'.

[Just what... is the name 'Sung Jinwoo'...!]

6

[Sung Jinwoo...?]

To the Apostle of Conquest, who had just emerged into the world after a long wait, the names of humans were still unfamiliar. But the immediate problem was that those 'Sung Jinwoos,' armed with diverse classes and skills, were diminishing his forces even at this very moment.

[The 'Sung Jinwoos' are more skilled in combat than the Hunters outside the buildings!]

[They're like berserkers with no fear!]

[There is no hesitation in their attacks!]

[It would be more efficient to fight the Hunters outside the buildings!]

[These ones... are ominous!]

2



An instinctive foreboding arose, a fundamental disquiet emanating from those 'Sung Jinwoos' that transcended mere skills or combat prowess. The reason for this unsettling feeling was relayed to the main body, akin to a final testament, at the precise moment countless butterflies were destroyed by their hands.

[These ones are like...!]

[They seem to consider us prey!]

[Prey, not targets...!]

- Maybe hunting outside the game gives some experience points?
- Haha. Am I too addicted to this game?
- Probably not, but just in case, should I catch a few more?
- Woah! There are plenty outside!

Eventually, the 'Sung Jinwoos,' having each defeated a butterfly, began to emerge from the buildings one by one. They started pursuing the vast swarm that had overtaken the city in earnest alongside the ordinary Hunters. But their appearance, contrasted with that of regular Hunters, seemed all the more bizarre to the Apostle of Conquest. Those 'Sung Jinwoos' were...

7

"Wow, there are so many. It's endless!"

"Power leveling!"

"Yeah! Finally, my first real battle after Awakening!"

"Just what I wanted! I've only been playing solo in the game, I wanted to do some party gameplay!"

1

...truly enjoying it.

Without a shred of fear, even against the conquering legion that densely covered the sky. As if it all were just a game... merely some enjoyable play. To the Apostle of Conquest's surprise, those humans truly longed for combat.

"Me too, by the way is there any Sung Jinwoo who class-changed into a Healer!"

"That's me!"

"I'm a healer too!"

"Whoa, awesome. Are you for real...? How did you change classes? Is that even possible?"

"Phew, I gritted my teeth and just did it!"

"I bought all the rune stones from the auction house and forced a healer-like class change!"

3

"Wow, crazy. I was considering it too, but to think it was actually possible!"

"I posted a sweet tech tree guide on the Solo Leveling board! So even though my combat is weak, I have quite a few support skills! For example: Area Buff!"

1

Flash— Flash!

At that moment. Colorful buffs bloomed from the bodies of numerous individuals. The synergy was truly immense.

"Kyaa! Now it really feels like playing a game! Playing in a party is the best part of gaming!"

[Humans... I see now they are a race mad for combat.]

2

The Apostle of Conquest let out a hollow laugh, finding the situation absurd. And he reflected...

[I see... I admit it, my information was lacking until now.]

He revised his assessment of this planet's natives, whom he had underestimated...

Just a little.

[But that is all.]

The Apostle of Conquest's main body scoffed and soared upwards again. The true 'Conquest' is more about strategy than combat. This was war. Falling behind in battle or

morale didn't matter. Rather, being so engrossed in mere skirmishes that they couldn't even grasp the enemy's objective, such a disorderly mob...

[Hehe. Now is the time.]

As his eyes flashed, all the butterflies simultaneously curved their lips in the same meaningful smile. Without needing a signal, they spread their wings.

[Everyone has gone outside the buildings!]

[In the meantime, we seize the capsules!]

[All units, enter the buildings!]

Those foolish humans knew nothing... Having found the 'main base' of the shadows, conquering that location became a far more important objective for them than the immediate battle.

Flutter! flutter flutter flutter—

Countless butterflies approached the devices vacated by 'Sung Jinwoos' and they discovered the faint 'dimensional cracks' emanating from within the capsules running 'Solo Leveling: Ragnarok'.

[Everyone, enter the capsules!]

[This is the 'Gate' leading to the main base!]

Flash—

At that moment, all the butterflies making contact with the capsules vanished instantly, having traversed into the dimension beyond through the cracks connected to the pyramid's magic circle. Unlike the humans, who crossed over only in spirit leaving their physical bodies behind in the capsules, the butterflies, free from attachments to reality, crossed over entirely with the intent to conquer the world beyond, and so did their main body...

[Khaha! A world without the King shall be conquered by us—!]

Flash—

But it was a mistake.

[...Huh?]

What awaited them on the other side was...

[Oh my. We have guests?]

[...?!]

The Abyss.

The edge of an endless darkness.

[Welcome... For the insects of the outer universe to come visit us directly like this.]

There, existed an 'insect' that seemed to have been waiting for guests. Wearing an utterly elegant and seductive smile.

1

[You are....]

[Who are you....]

[Where is this...?]

Facing that smile, the Apostles of Conquest felt unease and looked at each other. They had entered through different Gates, but they had arrived at the same place. However it was actually better this way. Since so many butterflies had gathered in one place. Even if this was a trap, they just needed to crush it with force and conquer it. They asked the 'insect' before them in unison.

[We ask. Is this the Shadow Monarch's world?]

[Hmph. Thats disappointing. Isn't it good manners to ask who I am before asking where this is?]

[...]

At the slightly hurt tone, the Apostle of Conquest stared intently at the insect before him. Where was this confidence coming from? That insect was waiting for them here, all alone. He wasn't curious about the identity of a mere insect. What mattered was the identity of this place.

[This place.]

[Where is it?]

[We ask.]

In the pitch-black darkness killing intent erupted simultaneously from the bodies of the butterflies gathered in the center. That killing intent resembled the beautiful and radiant glory of the Outer Gods. Its momentum was like the manifestation of their mission to burn away all this darkness and conquer this land for their great god. But even as such murderous energy pressed down on her from all sides, the 'insect' merely shrugged, unfazed.

[You're quite stubborn. Ask the correct question.]

[Where is this place?]

[Again.]

[We asked where.]

[Again.]

As the tedious conversation continued, the killing intent emanating from the butterflies burned ever more brilliantly. But the stronger the light, the deeper the darkness becomes. The fiercer their energy grew, the more profound the darkness surrounding them became.

[Then let me ask something else. If I tear you apart and kill you, will this darkness lift?]

[Oh my, how scary... That might be difficult.]

At their threat, the insect feigned exaggerated fright. But her face, far from fearful, was smiling as if she found their words laughable. At the clear mockery, the Apostle of Conquest frowned.

[...What do you mean?]

[How about this...? Apostle of Conquest... You have a truly wonderful name.]

[You know my name. Who told you?]

[An ant who devoured the brain of someone who died in vain. Isn't this situation amusing...? We are all insects here.]

2

[...]

For the first time, the Apostle of Conquest narrowed his eyes, wary of the insect in the darkness. Not many knew his name. But that 'someone' must surely be one of the apostles who had already died.

[Who are you?]

[Hehe. You finally asked.]

Finally getting the desired question, the insect smiled refreshingly and introduced herself with an elegant posture.

[My name is Arsha. One who aspires to become the Queen of Insects. To that end, I am the queen of the Void Insects, who built a nest in the World Tree, in the very center of the Sea of the Afterlife.]

[Void Insects? What are those?]

The Apostle of Conquest frowned at the name of a species he had never heard of. And just then, his patience for this meaningless conversation ran out. Jumped forward to tear apart that insect and devour it.

Flutter flutter flutter!

They attacked Arsha all at once. But then...

[Do you know?]

Arsha smiled coquettishly, opening her arms wide. As if welcoming them.

[As insects that have crossed the void, journeyed beyond that distant outer universe. You are sufficiently qualified to become my worker bees.]

At that moment...

Shiver!

The darkness opened its eyes.

[Th-this is...!]

Only then did the Apostle of Conquest realize.

[It wasn't darkness!]

The darkness engulfing them wasn't darkness at all! It was merely the shadow of countless insects densely surrounding the area!

Whooooooooooooosh—

[Welcome. My new worker bees.]

Wink.

At Arsha's gesture, the Void Insects, filling their entire vision attacked the butterfly swarm all at once. Overwhelmed by the sheer numbers, the Apostle of Conquest gritted his teeth and commanded his subordinates.

[All units attack! This is a great holy war...!]

Then...

Shiver!

The Apostle of Conquest finally sensed a presence... A presence hidden by the countless Void Insects, unseen until now. There was another insect waiting for them leisurely behind it all.

An ant.

An ant with black steam blazing from its entire body.

As their eyes met, he grinned widely, splitting his mouth.

[Conquest... You say? What you will be doing from now on is not conquest, but survival. Struggle desperately. Vermin of the Outer Gods.]

4

An antlion pit.

This place was an antlion pit Beru had prepared for the Apostle of Conquest.

2

*CREATORS' THOUGHTS*



Craftyprogamer

## **Solo Leveling: Ragnarok [FAN TL] Chapter 337 - Chapter 334**

### **Chapter 337: Chapter 334**

Some time ago...

[Young Master! I have found information about another apostle within the memories of the Apostle of Evolution!]

Beru shared the information he had learned while consuming the Apostle of Evolution's brain with Suho.

[The Apostle of Conquest! He operates in a different manner from the other apostles thus far. While the Apostle of Paradise corrupted the ecosystem and the Apostle of Evolution turned humans into test subjects, the Apostle of Conquest has been secretly breeding his own army.]

"Breeding?"

[Yes, his ability is to breed countless butterflies! They are all his clones, sharing a single consciousness and purpose. Akin to a hive mind...]

"What is the number of his troops?"

[That...]

Even the Apostle of Evolution didn't know the extent of the Apostle of Conquest's forces. Since the apostles served different gods and viewed each other as competitors, they thoroughly concealed important information. Only the Apostle of Paradise, who had provided Elvenwood to the Apostle of Conquest, knew his hiding place, but even he had no idea about the scale of the forces. However one thing was certain. Even at this very moment, his forces were continuously breeding. Just as he was wary, the Apostle of Evolution had likewise been cautious of the Apostle of Conquest.

[Fortunately, the Apostle of Evolution had researched the power possessed by the Apostle of Conquest.]

Beru shared the characteristics researched by the Apostle of Evolution with Suho.

[His butterflies are subordinates and clones that perfectly share his consciousness. Therefore, if the main body dies, the strongest remaining butterfly among them is designated as the new main body.]

"What? Then isn't he effectively immortal? Is it because they share memories and consciousness?"

[Yes. The more butterflies there are, the more ceaselessly they revive, truly cockroach-like creatures.]

"Hm. Truly like cockroaches. You mean if they aren't eradicated all at once, they'll keep breeding somewhere and crawling out. At this rate, shouldn't he be called the Apostle of Reproduction, not Conquest?"



It was a considerably tricky characteristic. Based on this information, Suho formulated countermeasures with Yoo Jinho and Woo Jinchul. And they decided to use the Tower of Trials, which was currently under preparation.

"So, you mean to use the Tower of Trials as bait. Then we'll need to advertise it quite extensively."

"Yes. To make those hiding crawl out on their own, we must blatantly spread the shadow energy they are wary of, all over the world."

The Apostles of Itarim encountered so far had all been wary of shadow energy. As people say: once bitten, twice shy. Having encountered Sung Jinwoo's energy even from the far reaches of outer space, the aura of the Shadow Dungeon would surely serve as sufficient bait for them. However, even with a trap set, Woo Jinchul's expression remained serious, as there were more than a few concerns.

"If their forces are that numerous, we must thoroughly prepare for the safety of civilians."

No one knew when or where the invasion would begin. If they all emerged at once. Even with Hunters worldwide, it was impossible to be constantly on high alert for an attack whose timing and location were unknown.

"Therefore, the citizens themselves must be trained to take responsibility for their own safety. If they at least have the strength to protect their own families, the Associations of each country can handle the rest."

As Woo Jinchul spoke, he recalled the hopeless catastrophe he had experienced long ago. The people of the world who hadn't even listened to the simple instruction to evacuate as far as possible from the battle... Humanity at that time was ignorant. And because they knew nothing, they prioritized reckless courage and desire. And the result... was nothing but utter despair and frustration. However looking back on those days, the result likely would have been the same no matter where they fled. Woo Jinchul knew that fact.

"After all, if Hunter Sung Jinwoo hadn't been there, all life on Earth would eventually have been extinguished, no matter where they ran. Perhaps even the planet Earth itself."

In the war of great and supreme beings, humanity was... infinitely weak. But from among those weak humans, the great Shadow Monarch was born.

"An E-rank Hunter. The young man called Humanity's Weakest... ended all wars."

That great myth was still unbelievable, a history of the universe that would shock even the Rulers. Therefore, Woo Jinchul believed that even though humans were weak, they could become strong.

"Of course, not all of us can become like hunter Sung Jinwoo, but if we could at least follow in his footsteps, even a little..." At Woo Jinchul's words, Suho smiled meaningfully and summoned Harmakan.

And Harmakan, instead of casting a mirage illusion over the entire Haeundae beach like Javier did, extracted the most intense parts from the memories of just one person: Woo Jinchul. Trauma. Just as the word implies, the most intense, unforgettable memories of war... And since all the history of the universe, directly injected by Sung Jinwoo, was intensely engraved in Woo Jinchul's mind...

'Tower of Trials: Tutorial' was thus born.

"Did you know? The time on Earth was rewound several times in the past. By the power of the 'Cup of Reincarnation' created by the Absolute Being."

2

Once, Earth was a battlefield for the Rulers and Monarchs. Caught up in that endlessly repeated war, the living beings on Earth met their end numerous times. And to undo their fleeting deaths, the Rulers had used the Cup of Reincarnation to rewind Earth's time.

"Which means."

"My father's generation. That is, the souls of all humans living at that time had already repeated death and life several times."

Suho nodded immediately, understanding what Woo Jinchul was trying to say. Having visited the Sea of the Afterlife, the dimension where dead souls wander, several times, there was no way he wouldn't understand the meaning of those words. Especially Harmakan, the demonic spirit, a sorcerer who dealt with souls, understood its meaning even more precisely.

[Even if the memory isn't left in the body, the moments of death will be eternally engraved upon their souls.]

Souls that had repeated death numerous times. From his perspective, they were truly coveted test subjects. But playing with human souls for mere amusement could get him severely scolded by Sung Suho, so a proper justification was needed. Such as, the 'Tower of Trials.' At Harmakan's proposal, the Monarch of Trials, Ammut, bared his teeth and laughed heartily.

[The difficulty of the trials can be raised indefinitely. Grrrk!]

Weak beings that revive no matter how much you train them to death? For Ammut, it was the ultimate amusement. Simultaneously, it was the perfect experimental ground suited to Harmakan's tastes; thus, the Tower of Trials was completed. However, all those trials were exclusively for 'humans.' It was a training ground designed to foster human growth...

However, if a non-human crossed the dimensional wall through a game capsule, the system was designed to make them arrive in a completely different dimension. More specifically in the Void... Right in the middle of a nest teeming with Void Insects.

\* \* \*

[Khaha! So it was a trap!]

1

The Apostle of Conquest burst into mad laughter. Void Insects attacked from all directions! Their numbers were staggeringly vast.

Whooooooooooooosh—!

A trap! He had literally become a butterfly caught in a spider's web. As he suspected, this place was indeed a trap, thoroughly designed to ensnare him. But the Apostle of Conquest had anticipated such a possibility. It didn't matter to him if this was a trap.

[Khuhuhu! It matters not if it's a trap!]

[After all, I have infinite lives!]

The initial plan had gone awry, but thinking that he could further satiate his butterflies' hunger, it was actually a favorable turn of events.

[To dare challenge me with sheer numbers!]

[Let us see who is the prey!]

Flash!

Towards the Void Insects closing in from all sides, all his butterflies spread their wings, emitting a sacred radiance.

1

Fwaaaaaah—!

Eventually, the golden powder began to push back the darkness closing in from all sides.

[Do you see! This light is the divine power bestowed by my great god!]

[It is the highly refined blessing of a god, on a different dimension from mere stardust and star fragments!]

Eventually, the golden light and the darkness began a tense tug-of-war. And Arsha's Void Insects, initially overwhelming, strangely failed to completely swallow the golden light.

Grin—

[Why? Are you perplexed?]

[Are you curious about the source of my power?]

The Apostle of Conquest looked at Arsha, smiling meaningfully.

[Did you truly think my forces amounted to merely this?]

[Could it be that there are more of you?]

At those words, a strange light flickered in Arsha's eyes. But misunderstanding her expression, the Apostle of Conquest pushed back Arsha's Void Insects with an arrogant look.

[Of course!]

[Did you truly think my forces targeted only this single city?]

[My butterflies have already begun invading other locations!]

'...!'

[And now that I know this place is a trap!]

[My other soldiers will not enter the Tower of Trials but will attack the humans outside!]

[Even though I may be trapped, my power shall be eternally infinite!]

Thus, the numerous butterflies, sharing the same consciousness, cried out in unison. And it was by no means a bluff. As he spoke, at this very moment, the skies of cities in countries adjacent to Russia were already being covered by countless swarms of butterflies.

Flutter! Flutter! Flutter!

The golden radiance began to sprinkle across the cities. It was the beginning of the great invasion.

[This is a great holy war!]

[Burn all the souls here, offer them as sacrifices to my great god, and receive even greater blessings!]

[For Itarim!]

[For Itarim!]

With that, all the butterflies began to attack humans, unleashing their killing intent.

But...

Thud!

Just then, an old man with white hair appeared, glaring at the sky...

"A wicked aura."

He grasped the hilts of the two swords hanging at his waist. And concentrated with tremendous energy he swung them towards the swarm of butterflies filling his vision.

3

Kwaaaaaang—!

With that single blow, a giant hole was pierced in the sky.

[...?!]

Astonishment appeared on the faces of the butterflies at that formidable power.

The Seven-Star Hunter of China.

Liu Zhigang.

He, once a National-Level Hunter, was here, having regained all his former strength.

"They are just numerous, nothing special. I'll take care of this side."

He leisurely put his phone to his ear and contacted everyone. Then, voices came through in sequence from the others.

– This is Cha Hae-In. I will handle this side.

Rumble—!

Accompanied by the sound of thunder that followed.

Next, came Sung Ilhwan's voice from another city.

– Sung Il-Hwan here. I alone am sufficient here.

3

And then...

– This is Sung Suho. I have found the hiding place where the main body was concealed.

1

[...?!]

As soon as Sung Suho's words ended, the expressions of the Apostles of Conquest, who had been full of murderous intent, simultaneously stiffened. Conversely, a bright smile appeared on the face of Arsha, who had been in a tense tug-of-war with him.

[Oh my. Why such an expression? Did you perhaps think these Void Insects were all I had?]

Thanks to the World Tree, its roots stretching across all dimensions. It was impossible for Arsha's Void Insects, nested there, not to find something in this world. Especially if such enormous forces had arrived somewhere, finding the point of origin was not difficult at all.

[Besides, why are you so flustered? Perhaps you hid something important there?]

Grind!

Unable to hide his bewilderment, the Apostle of Conquest gritted his teeth and vented his anger.

[F-first, kill all these insects...!]

[We retreat!]

[...Kiek?] At their abrupt change in attitude, Beru, who had been watching quietly until now, tilted his head. Could it be that this one had never glimpsed him in outer space?

[Escape? Do you genuinely believe you can leave here alive?]

Indeed.

Thinking back, there might be quite a few who didn't know him.

[...Because no one who has met me thus far has ever returned alive.]

2

Beru muttered, then grabbed and tore off the wings of the Apostle of Conquest's main body, which stood amidst the countless Void Insects and butterflies... So he couldn't escape.

Riiip—!

His wings were helplessly ripped apart by Beru's merciless claws.

3

[Be grateful to the Young Master. You will not die for some more time. Not until all your clones are eradicated.]

1

*CREATORS' THOUGHTS*



Craftyprogamer

## **Solo Leveling: Ragnarok [FAN TL] Chapter 338 - Chapter 335**

### **Chapter 338: Chapter 335**

[Kieeeeeeeeeeeeeek!]

Boom!

Crack! Bang! Bang!

Black shockwaves and explosions erupted repeatedly. Beru relentlessly pushed the Apostle of Conquest, like a veritable thunderbolt. As time passed, the black energy emanating from his entire body grew stronger and stronger.

Meanwhile, Arsha spread her hands. At that gesture, numerous Void Insects latched onto the butterflies' bodies, forcefully injecting their stingers. As Arsha's royal jelly was infused through the stings, the butterflies screamed in astonishment.

[Kuaaak!]

[G-great Itarim...!]

[Stop! Stop...!]

Arsha was fundamentally a queen bee. Just as she had once done to Lee Minsung, the queen bee's royal jelly was a form of authority that turned others into loyal worker bees. Previously, it wouldn't have worked on an apostle of Itarim, whose rank was leagues above the likes of Lee Minsung, but now, having achieved growth through evolution, it produced a devastatingly lethal effect against mere clones.

1

[Kraaaah....]

Thus, the butterflies, clones and simultaneously subordinates of the Apostle of Conquest, gradually lost their reason and focus. And eventually...

Crack!

Crrrack!

Their backs, where the splendid two pairs of wings were attached, split open vertically. And from within, shedding the husk of the Apostle of Conquest, they were reborn as loyal Void Insects, serving only Arsha.

[Kuaak! How dare you take my subordinates!]

At that sight, the Apostle of Conquest trembled with fury. Having his subordinates stolen from right before his eyes was an immense humiliation. But even if he wanted to stop it, he couldn't afford to divert his attention.

[How dare you look away in my presence!]

Kieeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeek—!

5



[Kuk!]

Suddenly, a giant shadow loomed over the Apostle of Conquest's head. A black palm. As if swatting not a butterfly, but a fly, Beru slammed down his giant hand towards the Apostle of Conquest. Its black claws blotted out the sky, descending to cover the entire field of vision. The power contained within that palm was enough to tear the heavens and crush the earth.

1

Kwaaaaaang—!

[Uaaak!]

With that single blow, countless butterflies were annihilated instantly. The Apostle of Conquest, whose main body barely managed to evade, roared. The pain was immense, but the humiliation was beyond words. Arsha's Void Insects were already clinging to the crushed butterfly corpses, stabbing them with their stingers! He had anticipated the possibility of a trap, but this place could hardly be described as a mere trap. And this damned black ant! Possessing such ridiculously overwhelming power, why did it even bother creating a trap? If he had known that such a being existed...

1

'I would have remained hidden...! I would have gathered a stronger and larger army before revealing myself!'

1

But regret always comes too late. Rendering the years spent secretly gathering strength meaningless, Arsha and Beru were thoroughly toying with and mocking the Apostle of Conquest.

[Kraaak! To think you hid such power! How dare you deceive me!]

[Dare?]

Beru scoffed at the sight of the creature trembling in rage. The current Beru was not the small size that usually followed Suho. Thanks to recovering a considerable amount of mana, he had returned to his original form. But this power was not eternal. If he used his strength now, he would need many Essence Stones for recharging later. Therefore, if he let this one escape now, it would be a waste of precious mana. Something absolutely unthinkable.

[You cannot escape from this place.]

Swish, swish, swish, swish!

[Nor will I permit you to die by your own will.]

It didn't matter if the other butterflies were crushed or destroyed, only the main body was important! The absolute priority was to prevent the main body from dying, while simultaneously ensuring it couldn't escape by tearing off its limbs! That was the role Beru had received from Suho. And he merely carried out that order perfectly, smiling with pleasure.

[If it were up to me, I would chew and swallow your brain right now, feasting on your memories...]

But doing so might let him escape. The moment the main body trapped here died, another butterfly, whereabouts unknown, would be designated as the new main body.

[...Or perhaps?]

Beru, smacking his lips regretfully, suddenly had a good idea. If all these butterflies shared the same consciousness, wouldn't consuming just one be enough? Since there were so many anyway, not turning one into a Void Insect wouldn't be a significant loss, would it? Having come up with a good plan, he immediately put it into action.

1

Chomp!

Beru's mouth swallowed the entire head of a butterfly he had just crushed. At that moment, quite useful memories flowed into his mind. And...

[Hah, look at this guy...]

He glared at the servant of Itarim with an expression of disbelief. At that gaze, the Apostle of Conquest, who had been struggling helplessly while being thoroughly dominated by Beru's overwhelming power, stiffened.

[Don't tell me you...]

Befitting a being composed of a hive mind, he was quick-witted.

[Have the ability to read memories... Guk!]

The Apostle of Conquest couldn't finish his sentence. Because Beru was clutching his throat... An answer wasn't needed anyway. What he had revealed so far was already sufficient to glimpse the true objective the Apostle of Conquest had been hiding.

[You... I see now, you didn't have just one or two hiding places.]

[Keoheuk, Kkuhihik!]

The Apostle of Conquest burst into mad laughter despite barely being able to breathe. There was a reason for it. Until now, Suho and Beru had thought that since there were many Itarim, the apostles competed with each other. But conversely, it meant there were also apostles who served the 'same god'. While some competed to curry favor with their god, others cooperated for the sake of a grand cause. For instance...

[...To think you served the 'same Itarim' as the Apostle of Paradise.]

4

[Kuhuhu! Even if you know that, what changes? Our grand cause will eventually be achieved...!]

[Harmakan! Bind this one with your magic!]

[Understood Sir.]

At Beru's call, Harmakan abruptly appeared. From the moment he unleashed his original power, Harmakan's attitude towards Beru had become extremely respectful. As ordered he wrapped the limbless Apostle of Conquest in magical chains, then turned back and asked.

[Lord Beru, what shall you...?]

[I shall go to the Young Master. Open a Gate there immediately.]

[Yes.]

[Hurry. The Young Master might be in danger.]

Fwoosh!

Harmakan opened a Gate leading to Suho's shadow without a word. Beru's heart raced as he jumped straight into it. Based on the memories he had just read, the hiding place of the Apostle of Conquest that Suho had gone to find...

[Arsha! Do not let a single one escape!]

[Yes! Leave this side to me!]

Surrounded by the newly created Void Insects, Arsha exuded a presence far more powerful than before.

\* \* \*

Meanwhile, Suho, having found the hiding place where the Apostle of Conquest was concealed, had arrived in 'Russia'.

1

"Russia..." Suho murmured, looking at the scenery unfolding before him.

The largest country in the world, with a land area of a staggering 17 million square kilometers. Russia was famous for being 'extremely rich in resources' due to its vast land. Plentiful resources meant it was also the optimal environment for growing Elvenwood. And after the Apostle of Paradise's space-distorting barrier disappeared, it was the place where the most Elvenwood had revealed itself worldwide.

However, unlike other countries that mobilized forces to eliminate the suddenly appearing monstrous trees in panic, Russia was the only place that took no action. As if they already knew of its existence, they left it untouched instead of responding. Other countries, suspicious of this, had long applied political pressure and raised questions, but Russia stubbornly feigned ignorance. To summarize, it was roughly, 'We'll handle it ourselves, mind your own land.' Russia had become a very politically closed-off country since the Cataclysm. Such Russian diplomacy was highly abnormal, but the rest of the world did not find it particularly strange.

Yuri Orlov.

4

It was after he, an S-rank barrier specialist, became Prime Minister that the current Russia was born. Immediately after the Cataclysm, Russia had descended into an apocalypse far surpassing North Korea in comparison. And within that infernal landscape, it was a federation of city-states living under the thorough protection guaranteed by Yuri Orlov's barrier. While this arrangement appeared peaceful on the surface, the reality was...

"We are the exiled."

The place Suho arrived at, following the Void Insects, was none other than a village of people living outside the barrier... Or more accurately, people exiled outside the barrier. The reason for their banishment was evident: they resisted Yuri Orlov's dictatorship.

"However we consider ourselves not the 'exiled', but the 'escapees' from the 'fishbowl'."

The barrier of the S-rank Hunter Yuri Orlov was potent, and consequently, the fishbowl he created was safe. Conversely, this meant that outside the barrier was hell. But they did not regret it.

"Though it is dangerous, we could not live as fish in a bowl."

"We are... human, are we not?"

Suho, having discovered this place, learned much from them. About the man named Yuri Orlov. As well as the internal situation and calamities in Russia resulting from him.

2

"Inside the fishbowl... it has become an empire solely for Prime Minister Yuri Orlov, by Yuri Orlov."

2

"He's called Prime Minister, but he's no different from an emperor."

"Inside the fishbowl, his commands can never be defied."

An emperor with absolute power. A wielder of absolute authority, difficult to achieve in modern society. That was Prime Minister Yuri Orlov.

"No matter how dangerous it is outside the fishbowl, I never want to go back inside."

"We must survive somehow."

Among the Russians exiled from the fishbowl, there were several Awakened individuals. Thanks to them, they barely managed to cling to life amidst the magical beasts outside the barrier. But their lives were ephemeral, constantly threatened by death at any moment. Their ultimate goal was to request aid from other countries, but the journey to the border itself was a continuous, life-threatening adventure... This was due to Russia's immense size. But today, they were exceptionally lucky, they encountered Suho in the middle of this vast hellscape.

Kuaaaaaaar!

"Damn it! Magical beasts!"

"Hide!"

Just then, hearing the roars of magical beasts from afar, the Russians conversing with Suho scattered in panic, running somewhere. But they certainly didn't abandon Sung Suho, the stranger they had coincidentally met on the road.

"You too, come quickly!"

"This way leads to the underground cave where we've been hiding lately!"

In regions like Siberia, natural caves that formed over long periods were ubiquitous. And these places served as one of the few shelters offering temporary refuge from the threat of magical beasts. And they readily offered this sanctuary, found at the risk of their own lives, to Suho, whom they had met for the first time today...

1

"...You're lucky."

Today, these people were very lucky.

In many ways.

[Using Skill: 'Storm of Black Flames'.]

Kwaaaaaang—!

"...?!"

Highly compressed black flames melted the approaching swarm of magical beasts in an instant. At that absurd spectacle, the eyes of the people urgently fleeing into the cave filled with astonishment.

But from Suho's perspective, his luck was just as good. Because from the depths of the cave they guided him to, the aura of an Outer God was faintly emanating.

"This is Sung Suho. I have found the hiding place where the main body was concealed."

Convinced that this was the hiding place of the Apostle of Conquest, he made contact and began to survey his surroundings. And after some time, Suho noticed something strange...

"Why is this place so far from Elvenwoods?"

According to the information Beru had obtained, the Apostle of Conquest bred his forces by attaching pupae to the Elvenwoods. But for some reason, this location was quite distant from any of them. Then...

[...Sanctuary! A sanctuary is hidden here!]

"Beru?"

Beru, having hastily crossed dimensions, popped his head out from Suho's shadow just in time.

"There's an Outer God's sanctuary inside this cave?"

Having understood those words Suho's eyes flashed.

*CREATORS' THOUGHTS*



Craftyprogamer

## **Solo Leveling: Ragnarok [FAN TL] Chapter 339 - Chapter 336**

### **Chapter 339: Chapter 336**

3

Suho entered the cave.

[Young Master, this way. I sense the Outer Gods's energy from deep within.]

Beru, shrinking again to conserve mana, climbed onto Suho's shoulder and twitched his antennae. Deep inside the cave, where he pointed, was filled with impenetrable darkness, rendering anything invisible. But, staring into that unseen darkness, Beru soon narrowed his eyes coolly.

[Indeed, it seems certain that the sanctuary is hidden within.]

At Beru's words, Suho nodded.

"Yes. Now that I'm here, I can tell for sure."

He had wondered why this place, unlike the other hiding spots, was so far from any Elvenwood, but that wasn't it. Obscured by the streams of the Outer Gods's energy, he hadn't noticed it before, but from the end of this cave, he could faintly sense the same aura he felt from Elvenwoods. An Elvenwood was undoubtedly extending its roots to the end of this cave.

"So the Apostle of Conquest hid his sanctuaries centered around Elvenwoods after all. Not just on the surface, but underground too."

[Those exposed outside seem to have already hatched into butterflies and left to invade the cities. But here...]

"Are you saying there are still pupae remaining?"

Beru narrowed his eyes, staring into the cave's depths. There was a reason he had rushed to find Suho.

[Young Master, you must be cautious. Reading the Apostle of Conquest's memories, the pupa hidden here seemed somewhat special.]

Since he hadn't directly consumed the main body's brain, Beru had only read fragments of memory. From that alone, he could only surmise that the 'something' within was extraordinary. But that was enough. Suho's Sense stat was already reacting to the presence lurking deep within the darkness...

"...Whatever it is, I'll find out when I get there."

Suho's eyes flashed as black energy blazed around his entire body.

\* \* \*

Meanwhile, among the Russians exiled from Yuri Orlov's city, some watched Suho's retreating back, their eyes secretly gleaming. Members of the Outer Gods Cult. Those who had been captivated by the Itarim's radiant divine power and willingly became fanatics of the Outer Gods cult.

'...Lucky. To encounter him in a place like this.'

They were mixed among the people, but they hadn't been exiled from the city with them. They were the ones who had settled in this cave first, and who had lured the exiled people here. For the fanatics who had been living here, in the sanctuary, from the start, this situation was highly opportune.

'We did it to increase the number of believers, but to think that man would walk right in on his own.'

The fanatics, licking their lips, secretly stole glances at Suho's back. And when he found the location of the sanctuary and tried to go deeper into the cave, they concealed their expressions and followed him.

"We don't know why you're going in there, but it's dangerous alone."

"Let's go together."

"We can at least provide some light..."

Fwoosh!

They eagerly lit torches to illuminate his path. Suho looked at them for a moment with a peculiar expression, then smirked and nodded.

"...You're kind people. But it's okay. I'm just going to check something briefly."



"Please allow us to follow. We know it's shameful, but it seems we would be safer by your side..."

They had just witnessed Suho instantly dispatching the swarm of magical beasts. From their perspective, separating from someone like that was clearly the more dangerous option. Since the pretext was sufficient, even those who weren't Outer Gods cultists couldn't help but follow Suho.

Thump.

Flicker!

And so, together they headed towards the sanctuary where the Elvenwood roots lay, shadows flickered along the winding cave walls, illuminated by the torches.

[Young Master.]

"...I know."

Suho and Beru exchanged a cryptic conversation, but the Outer Gods cultists couldn't understand its meaning. They couldn't ever imagine there would be any way to discover their true identities. And even if that happened, it didn't matter. Their own safety meant nothing in the face of the great cause.

'For Itarim.'

'For Itarim.'

As they stuck close behind Suho they prayed inwardly to the Outer Gods, maintaining fearful expressions on the outside. To the Outer Gods cultists, Sung Suho was already very famous. No, infamous. Though it had been revealed through various media, diverse news was shared among the believers scattered across different countries.

'All believers who got involved with Sung Suho have lost contact.'

'A plague-like fellow.'

'The Adversary of the Outer Gods Cult.'

Ordinary believers couldn't know the circumstances of the great apostles, nor could they understand them. But it was certain that Sung Suho was hostile towards the Outer Gods cult. And the fact that such a human had walked right into this place was an enormous opportunity.

'Hehe. Foolish one. To come here of all places.'

'Unlucky.'

'No matter how strong you are, 'He' is here.'

The Apostle of Conquest. Having gathered strength while thoroughly concealing himself, he had prepared several hiding places across the world. This was to ensure he could continue his existence in an even stronger main body, anywhere, anytime, should the need arise. And among those, this place was very special...

'Today is the day you die.'

After walking along the winding cave for a while, a giant door finally appeared before them.

"A door?"

[They kindly made the sanctuary to be easily recognizable.]

"Indeed."

Hearing Suho and Beru's nonchalant conversation, the Outer Gods cultists' lips twitched, as they tried to suppress their sneers.

"A-are you sure it's okay?"

"It looks suspicious even at first glance."

"To think there was an artificial door inside a cave."

"We can't follow any further."

As soon as they saw the mysterious door, the non-Awakened Russians turned pale and stepped back. It was a natural instinct. But here, the reactions differed. The Outer Gods cultists, far from stepping back, stuck even closer to Suho.

"W-we will follow you to the end."

"There are magical beasts outside anyway, so it's safer to be next to someone strong."

"..."

Suho didn't offer any particular response. Actions spoke louder than words. His hand pushed open the giant door without hesitation and he stepped inside, seeing the scenery unfolding beyond, he nodded.

"Indeed, a sanctuary."

An empty cavern And in its center, the roots of an Elvenwood were entangled. Beru's eyes flashed as he stared at the pulsating pupa nestled among them.

[Young Master, here is the pupa.]

"There's only one..."

Just one. But the extraordinary energy faintly flowing from that single pupa heightened Suho's vigilance. Beyond the translucent membrane, a human-shaped silhouette slept peacefully. He cautiously looked around and slowly approached the pupa.

Just then...

Boom—!

With a loud noise, the door Suho had entered through slammed shut on its own.

"Hm?"

Suho turned around, unsurprised.

There stood the Outer Gods cultists, having revealed their true colors, smiling wickedly.

"Finally caught you."

"Now you're finished."

"Once you've entered this place, you are now..."

Swish—

"...Guk."

[Silence, dogs of the Outer Gods.]

Beru mercilessly beheaded one of them.

"...?!"

At that moment, the expressions of the Outer Gods cultists, still smiling sinisterly, froze solid.

It happened too quickly. The head of their comrade standing right next to them was rolling on the floor. Still wearing a smile, unaware that its own neck had been severed. But even witnessing that horrific sight, the Outer Gods cultists neither screamed nor showed fear. Quite the opposite.

"How dare you!"

Rip—!

Suddenly, their backs split open, and two pairs of wings unfurled. Shedding the human guise they had worn until now, they were reborn as clones of the Apostle of Conquest. And without needing a signal, they lunged towards Suho and Beru.

Swish—

Bang!

At the gesture of Beru's hand, which had instantly grown larger. They were thrown back in the opposite direction faster than they had charged.

[Young Master, leave the small fries to me and focus on your well-being.]

Rip—

Even before Beru finished speaking, someone tore through the suspicious pupa in front of Suho and walked out. But that appearance... was strangely familiar. Suho searched his memory and murmured.

"Where have I seen him before... Ah, America."

He remembered. The video that Thomas Andre's closest aide, Laura, had shown him once. The S-rank Hunter from America whom Thomas Andre had personally tracked down and killed during his investigation of the Outer Gods cult. No, to be precise...

1

One who was a National-Level Hunter in a forgotten era.

"Christopher Reed."

2

[...Keuh. So that's the name that was attached to this body, was it?]

'Christopher Reed,' who had torn himself out of the pupa, replied to Suho's words with a sinister smile. But his expression was unnatural and bizarre, as if forcibly imitating a human.

Suho frowned. "Thomas Andre definitely killed him, don't tell me they stole the body?"

[Stole? We merely used it according to its original purpose.]

Riiip—

Surprisingly, the appearance of the one who had been storing power inside the pupa was that of Christopher Reed, who should have been long dead. And tearing through his back, two pairs of wings spread wide. Just like the other Outer Gods cultists. But there was a fundamental difference in the presence and pressure emanating from Christopher Reed compared to them. Even the radiant divine power felt from the blazing patterns on his wings.

Flash!

[Behold! Such a perfect vessel, it would be a waste not to use it!]

"Wow, what a surprise..."

Despite his words, Suho's expression showed no surprise at all. Nor did Beru, who was slaughtering the Outer Gods cultists behind him.

"Indeed, from your perspective, there would be no vessel more coveted than former Nation-Level Hunters. Then the apostle who lured Christopher Reed into the Outer Gods cult in the first place was..."

[Yes, it was I!]

Fwooooosh—

Before the answer was even finished, Christopher Reed's form shot towards Suho at blinding speed. No... more precisely, it was the clone of the Apostle of Conquest using his body as a host. Indeed, the vessel of a former 'National-Level Hunter' was sufficient for the apostles of Itarim. As it once contained the power of the Rulers, it was a perfect vessel that wouldn't break even when filled to the brim with such immense Outer Gods energy. But...

[When it comes to the size of the vessel, this side is at no disadvantage.]

Somewhere along the line, the small dragon, Ragnar, who had appeared beside Suho, opened his eyes. But they were the utterly wild and ferocious eyes of the former Monarch of Destruction Antares. Moreover the flames of destruction inherited from him intertwined with Suho's black shadow.

Fwoosh—

[Using Skill: 'Breath of Destruction'.]

3

*CREATORS' THOUGHTS*



Craftyprogamer

## **Solo Leveling: Ragnarok [FAN TL] Chapter 340 - Chapter 337**

### **Chapter 340: Chapter 337**

What are the odds of coincidentally sitting next to someone you know on a plane?

7

'Thomas Andre,' guided by the flight attendant to his first-class seat, recognized the passenger in the adjacent seat and asked, dumbfounded.

"Don't tell me you're going to insist this is a coincidence?"

"I wish you could see it that way... but I suppose that would be unreasonable?"

A foreigner with blue eyes. Adam White, a high-ranking agent from the US Hunter Bureau, smiled politely and bowed his head to Thomas Andre.

"It's an honor to meet you again, Hunter 'Sung Jinwoo 2'."

[Sung Jinwoo 2]

'The second Sung Jinwoo...' Thomas Andre chuckled upon hearing the 'name' Adam White called him.

Right after clearing the job change quest, Thomas Andre's character, who previously had no name or face, was finally granted both. However, despite being the very first to connect to the Tower of Trials, the reason he was given the nickname 'Sung Jinwoo 2' likely meant the 'real' one was the first Sung Jinwoo. Which meant, in turn, that the others who connected afterward would become 3, 4, 5 in the order they accessed the game. That was quite satisfying for Thomas Andre.

'It means I'm the human nearest to 'Him', closer than anyone else.' He was proud that he connected first. At the same time, his competitive spirit flared up, he was determined not to fall behind those who connected after him.

Thomas Andre turned his head and looked sideways. Then, his own reflection in the airplane window met his gaze. A highly developed 'muscular man' was visible beyond the glass, looking back at him.

'My Face.'

His avatar, initially lacking even facial features, finally regained its face after clearing the Job change quest. Of course, that face wasn't Sung Jinwoo's, but Thomas Andre's original face. At first, it was just the facial features, but as his level increased, his physique gradually changed as well. Compared to the initial pathetic, scrawny body, he now looked exactly like Thomas Andre in his prime.

'...The more I see it, the stranger it is.'

The more he played this game, the stranger he felt. Upon clearing the Job change quest and proving his qualifications, he was finally granted the name Sung Jinwoo. Yet, the body given back was his own. This implied only one thing. The true purpose of this game, created by CEO Yoo Jinho. No... planned by Sung Suho.

'Are you telling me to experience your father's life, the path he walked, directly? As if I was in his place?'

This path of hardship could never be understood by merely watching it from the sidelines.

'A plan to forcibly implant the memories into all the people, into all the souls who had completely forgotten your father. To make them experience this lonely path, where no one even remembers your name.'

Seriously.

'What a devoted son.'

He couldn't help but laugh.

'Sung Jinwoo. I thought you were only good at fighting, but you had quite a talent for parenting too... Well, it makes sense for a guy who went through all this trouble to protect his family.'

Thanks to being caught up in Sung Suho's audacious scheme, Thomas Andre was steadily leveling up, he chuckled, alternating between thinking of Sung Suho's and Sung Jinwoo's faces. Besides, the kid's plan was highly successful. From the perspective of the first beta tester who had played non-stop to this point and become the second Sung Jinwoo, Thomas Andre could confidently say:

'This is the kind of hardship I wouldn't want to go through twice. Getting stronger is nice, but it feels unfair that I alone have to endure this ordeal.'

Especially, the period before the Job change was the most difficult. Suddenly losing his father, becoming the young breadwinner who had to support his dependent younger sister. On top of that, the hospital bills for his mother who couldn't wake up. Even knowing it was all a game, the mental burden was enormous. It was probably due to the synchronization rate between the soul and the avatar. However because of that, Thomas Andre could immerse himself even more deeply into Sung Jinwoo's life, desperately struggling to become stronger. Perhaps it was the same for all other players. But the results achieved through their efforts and perseverance would vary greatly from person to person. Depending on the outcome of the Job change quest...

'Sung Jinwoo. Just what kind of life did you live?'

Experiencing it directly like this, he had no choice but to acknowledge it further.

'At least I revive when I die, but you only had one chance... You must have been that much more desperate than me.'

The determination that he absolutely could not die.

The duty to somehow survive and protect his family.

Suddenly recalling the image of Sung Jinwoo's back from long ago, his shoulders bearing an immense burden, a bitter expression touched Thomas Andre's lips. Just then, Adam White in the next seat broke his daydreaming and spoke.

"I know it's rude to visit like this without notice, but a situation has arisen that requires urgent discussion."

"If you know it's rude, just get to the point."

At those words, Adam White quickly took out his laptop. The video he displayed on the screen showed black smoke rising as if a large-scale forest fire had broken out. Firefighters were struggling to extinguish the flames, which were growing increasingly intense. Thomas Andre watched the video intently.

– Those aren't ordinary flames! They are impossible to put out!

– What is this fire...?

– Hey, there! Step back! Even a slight touch from the flames will turn you into charcoal!

"Flames imbued with mana."



"Correct."

The firefighters trying to suppress the fire were in a panic. No matter what method they employed, the flames showed no sign of weakening. Instead, they expanded, gradually closing in on them. Blackened trees fell and on the way down they struck other trees, spreading the fire and creating new flames. The inferno surged forward like an angry wave.

– God, have mercy!

– Support?

– When is the support coming!

Just then, Mage Hunters got out of a newly arrived helicopter. They unleashed water-based magic with all their might. And as the magical water spray struck the forest dozens of times, the flames slowly began to subside. Judging by the power of their magic, they were top-tier Hunters. Flames that could only barely be suppressed when several top-tier Hunters attacked with all their might. This meant that the one responsible for this incident was no ordinary Hunter either.

'Could it be...'

Thomas Andre frowned as a memory from the erased past surfaced. Although he was immersed in the game's story, ultimately, all of this was something that had actually happened. Many events had blurred over the decades, but looking back, such a situation also existed in his memories.

"Here... look at the end part." Adam White forwarded the video to the final section.

Pushing through the still-rising acrid smoke, they entered the blackened forest, revealing the epicenter of the fire. There were signs that everything around had been swept outwards, indicating a massive explosion. Then, a corpse lying face down in the center came into view. A gaping hole in its chest.

"1800 firefighters and 14 Mage Hunters were mobilized to extinguish the fire he caused."

And top-tier Hunters at that. Fourteen top-tier Hunters had to exert their full power just to put out the remaining fire after the caster died? As far as Thomas Andre knew, there was only one person capable of such a feat.

"Chris."

"As expected, you recognize him. Yes. That is Hunter Christopher Reed."

Something truly unbelievable had happened. One of the world's best Hunters, classified as National-Level, had been murdered by someone.

"We also find it hard to believe, but he was clearly murdered."

"I killed him once too."

6

"...Pardon?"

"Forget it. Just kidding."

Thomas Andre stroked his chin, lost in thought for a moment. Come to think of it, Christopher Reed of that era was a National-Level Hunter. A very... powerful being who housed the power of the Rulers within his body. But even he was like a mere puppy before the Monarchs; he just didn't know it back then. Truly a frog in a well. When the opponent's rank was overwhelmingly higher, puppies couldn't help but mistake themselves for tigers.

However, the Christopher Reed he himself had killed in this era hadn't even reached the National-Level standard. An empty vessel, abandoned by the power of the Rulers. He had willingly become an Outer Gods cultist to fill that emptiness with the energy of the outer universe, but having faced him directly, he was far inferior compared to his prime. Of course, Thomas Andre himself was in a similar state at the time, but he had been able to fight with all his might and defeat him.

'How pitiful. He was murdered in both timelines...'

5

It was truly a harsh fate. Of course, since he was known for having a personality just as bad as Thomas, not a single person mourned when he died. Neither then nor now. In fact, back then, they at least recovered a body; this time, when he died, they couldn't even retrieve that. His entire body had turned to ash and crumbled on the spot. Like a shattered vessel.

1

"...No, perhaps a little remained."

Recalling the memory, it was ambiguous to call it Christopher Reed's body, but some residue had remained. His body turned to ash and scattered, the remains crumbling like brittle stone on the spot... Thomas Andre belatedly thought perhaps he should have gathered those ashes and made a grave for him. After all, Christopher Reed was a comrade-in-arms. They had defeated the Catastrophe-class dragon Kamish together.

But right after killing him, this very 'Adam White' now sitting next to him had appeared, aged by decades, and arrested him, leaving no time to collect the body. But then...

"...Hm?"

Thomas Andre's expression, leisurely recalling the events of that day while sitting in his seat, suddenly hardened.

"Wait."

'Something's strange...' Somewhere in the depths of his mind. A fragment of memory he hadn't paid attention to at the time suddenly surfaced.

It was the moment he walked alongside the Hunter Bureau agents. Over the remains of Christopher Reed, which had crumbled like stone.

Flutter.

At that time, in that place. A single 'butterfly' had leisurely flown down and landed on the 'corpse'. An ominous feeling had washed over Thomas Andre. He had dismissed it as nothing at the time, but was it really nothing?

'How?'

That was the place where two S-rank Hunters had risked their lives and unleashed all their power. How could 'a mere butterfly' leisurely wander around in the aftermath of such a devastating event? Shouldn't it have been instantly torn apart by the mana shockwaves?

"...Don't tell me."

As the ominous feeling intensified, Thomas Andre could no longer continue the game. He had to log out immediately and inform Sung Suho of this fact.

If.

Just if.

The Outer God cult had some means to use Christopher Reed's body, even if only ashes remained...

'For the Outer Gods, there's no better suited vessel than that'

A National-Level Hunter was a massive... empty vessel capable of containing the power of the Rulers. Whether it was a corpse or whatever, what if there was someone who could utilize that vessel?

'No, perhaps because it's a corpse, they can squeeze out its power even more recklessly. Without caring if the vessel breaks!'

Thomas Andre, as Christopher Reed's comrade-in-arms, knew him better than anyone. And, of all things, his ability was...

'Poor compatibility with Suho!'

\* \* \*

Fwooosh—

[Using Skill: 'Breath of Destruction'.]

The crimson-black flames spewing from Suho's mouth shot towards the Apostle of Conquest, manifested in Christopher Reed's form. The overwhelming inferno, like a dragon's breath, instantly dyed the cave interior crimson-black, like lava. But the moment the flames reached Christopher Reed...

An unexpected event occurred.

Fwoooosh—!

Far from being in pain, the Apostle of Conquest spread his arms wide, absorbing all the flames. Then, his body, engulfed in scorching hot fire, gradually began to expand.

2

[Ha... Hahahaha!]

The laughter erupting from Christopher Reed's mouth was not that of a single person. A sinister resonance, as if thousands, tens of thousands of voices were overlapping. Red flashes burst from his eyes, and soon, fierce flames erupted from his entire body.

[Thank you for this! To give such high-quality flames!]

Fwoosh!

His entire body engulfed in flames, his form was truly majestic! Flames flickered from the eyes of the monster, now easily exceeding 4 meters tall. Eventually, the two pairs of butterfly wings on his back spread wide, blazing brilliantly like those of a fiery angel. Thus, Suho's attack had ironically backfired. But there was one being who laughed this off as mere amusement...

[Christopher Reed. A National-Level Hunter possessing the power of the fire spirit, Ifrit, was he?]

2

Antares the Monarch of Destruction, the King of Dragons spoke to Suho, recalling memories of the past.

[Now, behold. That is what is called 'Spiritualization'. A method to fully manifest our power in this world, regardless of whether the vessel breaks.]

Kwaaaaaang—!

The result was tremendous. The numerous butterflies gathered Christopher Reed's remains, planted them like fertilizer in Elvenwood, and allowed fruits to form. Christopher Reed, reborn from the pupa matured over a long time with the power of those fruits, appeared before Suho as a giant fire spirit armed in golden armor. And that power was immense enough to absorb even the Breath of Destruction Suho unleashed... It was only natural that Antares welcomed this situation so eagerly.

2

[This is the final trial, Sung Suho. Son of the Shadow who inherited the Dragon King's heart.]

Ting!

[Class Change Quest: Trial of the Dragon King - 4]

2

The Dragon King chuckled, readily bestowing the final trial upon Suho.

[Devour that fire, and show him the true power of destruction.]

1

*CREATORS' THOUGHTS*



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