

With The Gods 261

Chapter 261

Something incredible happened.

Don Quixote was startled.

For a moment, his vision turned black as if the world had darkened.

That was the last sight of the battlefield he remembered.

And then...

Kurrrr-.

His vision slowly cleared.

For a moment, he believed he felt an incredible amount of Arcane Power.

But the result of that "single strike" was right in front of his eyes.

"The battlefield..."

It had disappeared.

Don Quixote looked incredulously at the blackened ground.

The giants, scorched by the explosion and barely breathing from the effects of Dark Mana, fell to the ground.

The entire battlefield had been devastated...

With a single strike.

"Is this... Kim YuWon?"

Don Quixote's gaze traveled to YuWon's back.

Kim YuWon.

A player with only rumors to his name.

He could be a Ranker, he could be the strongest player in history, he could be Odin's hidden son...

There were all kinds of rumors, but nothing had been confirmed.

But when it came down to it, everything he had heard was a lie.

Rather.

"He's even stronger than I heard, isn't he?"

Fazizik-.

YuWon looked at the remnants of the lightning and the vanished battlefield before him.

The clouds that had been so difficult for him to create had dissipated with a single lightning bolt.

"It was a bit impromptu, but it was still a success."

The theory that the Flying Nimbus was an endless concentration of Arcane Power in the form of clouds.

Masses of Arcane Power gathered in the form of clouds tended to collapse at the slightest contact.

All YuWon had to do was turn this massive power mass into a bolt and bring it down.

"A single strike..."

The time it took to create this single shot was not short.

It was a perfect skill to use against low-ranked players, but it was a difficult skill to utilize in other practical situations.

"There is still a long way to go."

Ragnarok.

In this massive stage, YuWon realized that his strength was still too low.

He didn't expect to be as strong as he used to be.

Still, if he wanted to play an active role on this grand battlefield, he had to be stronger than he was now.

Swoosh-.

YuWon turned around and headed towards Midgard.

He could feel the gazes of the escaping soldiers and Don Quixote.

Those who had fallen to the ground in fear of the sudden lightning stood up and retreated. Don Quixote was not slow either and approached YuWon.

"T-Thank you for your work..."

The way he said it was a bit strange, but YuWon didn't mind and nodded.

"Clear the battlefield first. Do the same next time."

If this happens again, it means he has to hold on until support arrives.

Don Quixote was surprised to hear that.

"Shouldn't we reinforce our forces?"

"There won't be another attack."

"What?"

"This was just to show them."

YuWon looked at the giants on the ground.

It had been easy, and it ended too quickly.

Although the number was quite large, there were no real warriors. With this level of power, Brunhilde could have easily handled the situation if she had come instead of him.

"I guess they're just taking a break."

So far, Muspelheim had been constantly under attack.

It had been attacked by the Great Sage, Heaven's Equal, and the Giant Slayer, and even their ally, the Demon Kings, had turned their steps towards the Asgardians.

He had thought they would make some kind of move.

Instead, they reacted immediately.

"It's not Surt."

Surt was someone with a fiery temperament.

There was no way he would pick a small fight like this.

So...

It's him.

Foolish Chaos.

Knowing that he was behind Surt, YuWon smiled, darker than ever.

"He'll probably have a bit of a headache."

It might have been different in the past, but this time, he was present.

"What is this?"

Hercules stared at the thick branch that Brunhilde handed him.

In any case, it was just an ordinary tree branch. It might be useful as firewood, but it wasn't something he wanted to receive at this moment.

"It's a gift from King Odin."

"King Odin?"

"At the request of Kim YuWon."

"At his request?"

Hercules seemed puzzled for a moment, then took the branch from Brunhilde's hand.

A tree branch that fit perfectly in his hand.

It was quite a thick branch. As soon as he held it in his hand, he felt its hardness.

At the same time.

Hercules's eyes lit up.

"I don't think I can break it."

He was confident that he could break anything he held in his hands.

He prided himself on being stronger than anyone else in terms of strength, and he was actually recognized as such.

But this was a different feeling.

The feeling that it would never break unless she wanted it to break.

Although it seemed strange for a simple branch to break "on its own," all sorts of strange things happened in that tower.

This feeling.

Doubting it seemed foolish.

Crack.

He applied more force with his hand. At that moment, a person crossed his mind.

"Excuse me for a moment."

Hercules hastily took out his player kit.

The sender of the message was Hephaestus.

-What's up?

"I need to ask you a favor, brother."

Hercules didn't usually communicate much with Hephaestus.

But Hephaestus was the only one who could handle this thing in his hands.

"I need you to make an item for me."

-An item? For you?

"Yes. If necessary, I'll come there."

Since the destruction of Olympus, Hephaestus had been acquitted of all charges within Olympus.

But he still hadn't left his workshop on the first floor.

It was a long way to the first floor.

Even with the help of the Asgardians, it would take him three or four days to make the round trip.

-The workshop is empty now.

There was no point in going down then.

Hephaestus never left his workshop without a reason, so it would take longer.

"Where are you going?"

-I'm on my way to Valhalla.

"To Valhalla?"

Hercules looked puzzled.

Valhalla.

That's where he was now.

Then a thought crossed his mind.

"Are you here at the request of that friend of yours, Kim YuWon?"

-Yes... Wait. Are you there too?

"I'm currently at the Golden Castle. I received something from him as well."

-He said he had something that would make my eyes light up, is that it?

Hephaestus's voice rose.

Almost excited.

In response, Hercules looked at the thick branch in his hand.

"It seems to be nothing more than a twig."

-A twig?

"Yes. But it doesn't seem to be an ordinary item."

A moment of silence.

And soon, Hephaestus's strong voice flowed from inside the player kit.

-Just wait there. Have fun in the meantime, I'll call you when I get there!

Ding-.

The call abruptly ended.

He could see him approaching with a light in his eyes. Hephaestus was known for not stopping at anything when he found something good.

Knowing that, Hercules looked with interest at the twig in his hand.

He believed this was decent material to make a weapon, but...

'Is this really that good?'

"Everyone has been eliminated."

The lava that had been boiling slowly cooled down at the grave voice.

It was a response that had lost its luster.

"It wasn't a fight to win in the first place. You shouldn't bother."

"Do we really need to do it this way?"

Surt, the man who had set the giants in motion, shrugged.

If it were a heated battle, he could understand, but if it were mediocre, he would prefer to stay still.

At least that's what he thought.

But...

"It's a warning to them."

Foolish Chaos disagreed.

"They don't know when Midgard, or Alfheim, or Jotunheim, or Asgard may be attacked, and we're trying to instill that idea in them."

"Does it really make sense to do that?"

"It makes them shudder. It's significant enough."

"Really?"

Surt murmured, furrowing his brows.

"Anyway, there's not much time left."

"We're closer than expected. Besides, it has become more difficult than expected."

"Is it because of the Demon Kings?"

"Yes."

Until a few days ago, the Demon Kings had been one of the greatest powers in Muspelheim.

He had thought that the two forces that were one and the same, albeit in the form of humans and giants, would be together.

But that foolish expectation had been shattered.

It was a great loss.

"Is there any alternative?"

"There is."

The answer came easily.

Until now, Foolish Chaos had never disappointed Surt with an answer like this.

Surt nodded.

"Then what do you suggest?"

"It's not the side of the Demon Kings that matters."

"Then?"

"Let's raise the level of the game."

Raising the level of the game...

Surt's red eyes gleamed upon hearing that.

"Raise the level of the game?"

"The Ragnarok has started too early for our liking, and if we fight now, we may never see the end, and everything will end in nothingness."

Surt's furrowed brow deepened.

"We can't do that."

"Yes. That's why I'm telling you, and that's why I think you should take the step yourself if you can."

Foolish Chaos mobilized the strongest words he had been holding back.

"You must provoke Odin, and when you do, the level of the game will automatically increase."

"What should I do?"

"Odin's son."

Underneath the veiled tunic.

The corners of Foolish Chaos's mouth lifted.

"Kill Baldr." (**Note: Also known as Balder or Baldur**)

In the midst of the finished battlefield.

With the unpleasant pile of corpses in front of him, YuWon remained still for a while.

Speaking to him only brought short answers, and he seemed to be contemplating something all the time.

Don Quixote finally gave up on trying to talk to him.

After all, he thought, he had just unleashed a bunch of great abilities and needed some rest.

And so time passed.

"After this. What's next...?"

It's not like they're going to engage in a fight just because.

The story of Ragnarok had already been changed. They didn't know for certain what would happen from now on.

But...

"Their purpose is no different."

The order has changed, but not Foolish Chaos's purpose.

Eek-.

Yuwon took out his player kit and called Odin.

As if he had been waiting, Odin responded.

-It's been a while since you finished, and you're calling me just now.

Odin's voice sounded discontented, as if he had already received reports that the battlefield was in order.

-I've already delivered the item, and now it's up to him to decide what to do with it.

The item represented the roots of Yggdrasil.

A simple root might have been of little use, but it was a branch, and now that Hephaestus had been sent, Hercules's weapon would soon be complete.

But that wasn't what mattered now.

The next action Foolish Chaos would take.

As he pondered, he came to a conclusion...

"Baldur."

The story is destined to repeat.

In the midst of the great battle called Ragnarok, Foolish Chaos devised a plan to gnaw at the Tower's power.

And he couldn't be satisfied with a battle like this, which was much smaller in scale than the original plan.

"Where is Baldur now?"

Foolish Chaos would finally make the same decision, raising the stakes.

Chapter 262

Jotunheim was inhabited by giants.

Originally belonging to the same world as Muspelheim, they refused to inherit demonic power.

And...

In a corner of Rapuntel City, the city of giants, walked an exceptionally small human.

"It will be alright."

He reached out his hand to the trembling giants.

"There's nothing to worry about."

He was a young man with blonde hair and pale skin.

The huddled giants were large, but not large enough to be called giants.

They were still young giants.

"They are coming..."

"The demons from Muspelheim are coming..."

"They will kill us all..."

They trembled in fear.

Muspelheim.

It was a gigantic force that represented more than half of the giants, and they were like living demons to the giants.

For the younger giants, they were a symbol of terror.

The young man channeled his mana to calm them down.

"I will protect you, and everything will be fine."

The warmth of the young man caught the attention of the giants.

Their anxious and frightened hearts instantly calmed down.

"A human?"

"Is he a human?"

"He is a human."

Perhaps he was too young.

The giants, who had not seen many humans up close, looked at the young man in awe.

Then one of the giants asked.

"Who are you?"

"Baldur."

Swish~

After calming the giants, Baldur let go of their hands.

"So don't worry too much. I will protect you no matter what happens."

Huh-ahh-!

A light as bright as the sun emanated from Baldur's body.

It melted their anxiety and warmed their bodies.

And with that light, Baldur's form disappeared. The young giants cheered as they gazed at the empty spot where Baldur had appeared and disappeared like a flash of light.

"Wow..."

"Awesome!"

"He must be a Ranker!"

"If we survive, I'll boast about it!"

The giants cheered from afar.

Baldur looked at them and felt sorry for them.

All he had done was give them a little courage and faith.

Much more important, much more difficult, was to reignite that faith.

"Is it because of the prophecy that descends upon Jotunheim?"

Why the giants are so afraid, especially after the conflict with Muspelheim.

It was a legend, a prophecy, told to the giants of Jotunheim.

The confrontation between Muspelheim and Asgard. Asgard and Jotunheim will be destroyed by giants wielding fire.

Tap-.

Baldur began to walk.

"The Great War of Ragnarok."

When he was younger, he thought it was just a prophecy.

But as time went on, as he grew up, as he became a Ranker, as he experienced the world as a prince of Asgard, he realized it wasn't.

Ragnarok was not a legend or a prophecy.

It was simply the name of a war that was destined to take place in the near future.

"What am I going to do?"

As he pondered that, someone approached suddenly.

"What are you doing?"

Someone peeked their head out from behind a hood that covered their face.

He couldn't see their face clearly because of the hood. Baldur hesitated before asking who they were.

"Who are you...?"

It was strange.

They had been so close, and he hadn't even noticed.

Thud-.

In an instant, the distance between them closed.

After taking more than ten steps, Baldur's hand reached for the spear on his back.

"Oh, you're fast!"

"Who are you?"

The atmosphere became tense.

His tone was light and airy, but his skill was anything but that.

He was curious about who was hiding behind the hood.

"You will come with me."

"...me?"

Baldur's golden pupils narrowed.

For a moment, the fighting spirit radiated from his body, and he tightly gripped his spear.

"It won't be easy."

"Well. I'll give it a try."

His voice had a tone of laughter.

Even in the face of his energy, he didn't seem intimidated at all. It would be normal for any other Ranker to be scared or to discover the skill gap too late.

"Well...."

Creackle-.

Just at that moment, when Baldur was about to move his foot...

Thud-.

A vibration was heard from somewhere. The opponent behind the hood trembled.

"It really is like a ghost."

It was just a vibration.

Yet, it seemed to recognize who it was.

The energy that had just boiled disappeared in an instant. Baldur, who was about to attack with his spear, stopped.

"Aren't you going to fight?"

"You're an honorable man."

If he thought his opponent was an enemy, his carelessness would be the clearest opportunity to win.

He turned around and gestured.

"I'm not an enemy, come with me. Don't be so cautious."

".....?"

With a bored tone and slow steps. It seemed like he didn't want to pick a fight at all.

'What is he thinking?'

He was someone suspicious. Baldur, who was undecided, cautiously followed him.

He didn't get too close, to be prepared for any unforeseen situation.

Baldur followed the mysterious man in the cloak to an empty giant's house.

Hiss-.

The door they had just entered closed on its own.

Suspecting it was a trap, Baldur reached for his spear again.

"What do you want?"

"There is someone who wants to meet you."

"First, identify yourself."

"I'm not sure if you'll recognize me."

Swoosh-.

He took off the cloak covering his head.

A mischievous face was revealed, along with hair as white as snow.

A vaguely familiar face.

'Where have I seen him...'

A face flashed through his mind.

That long white hair.

A mischievous air and golden eyes.

'The Great Sage, Heaven's Equal...?'

At rank 10 in the rankings, a person with the greatest power and influence in the Tower appeared before him.

The tension that simply transcended the limit made his whole body tense.

What reason and why him?

No.

"He said there was someone who wanted to see me."

Kak-.

The door swung open.

Baldur's gaze naturally turned to the open door.

"If you found him, why didn't he contact me?"

It was another familiar face. This time, he remembered it clearly. The face he had been interested in finding for a while.

"Kim YuWon?"

It was definitely Kim Yoo-won.

No matter how high his rank was, his face was more ingrained in his head than that of the Great Sage, Heaven's Equal, who had been sealed and inactive for over a thousand years.

YuWon was also perplexed.

"Do you know me?"

A high-ranker like Baldur knew his face. If it was about remembering his name, it could be something else, but knowing his face meant that he had investigated his records.

"My father once told me a story about you. He said you reminded him of when I climbed the Tower."

"Is that the only reason?"

"You've been moving with Asgard lately, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"I thought we might meet soon. Although I didn't think it would be like this."

Baldur looked at OhGong and asked.

"What is your relationship with the Great Sage, Heaven's Equal?"

"Friends."

"Friends..."

He had already heard that OhGong had fought against Muspelheim.

He wondered what the reason was, but it seemed to be because of the YuWon in front of him.

"It'll be a long story."

He had many questions.

Baldur opened his mouth as he walked out the door.

"Let's change locations..."

"We're not changing locations."

Chuckle-.

YuWon blocked Baldur's path.

Baldur looked at him with a frown, wondering what the hell he was doing.

Then...

"Don't leave this roof."

YuWon spoke nonsensical words.

"What do you mean by not leaving this roof?"

"Muspelheim's people will come for you."

"Muspelheim's people? For me?"

"Yes."

YuWon nodded and looked out the high window.

"They've already started."

Then, Baldur's gaze followed YuWon's.

The blue sky.

Tk, tk-.

From there, a single eyelid slowly opened.

It seemed small due to the distance, but it was not at all. Rather, it was the size of a skyscraper, judging by the distance.

Those eyes.

He had never seen them, but he had heard of them.

"The Eye of Muspel."

An item used by the giants of Muspelheim.

It was an item with an effect comparable to "clairvoyance," an A+ ability that allowed one to see the world a thousand leagues away at a glance.

"This is the next stop."

They had arrived in Jotunheim.

Midgard had already been attacked. Jotunheim would be the next target sooner or later, so it wasn't unexpected.

Kwak-.

Baldur's hand tightly gripped his spear.

Fortunately, YuWon was here, and so was OhGong.

Two High-Rankers. And, above all, there was a top-ten player among them, so it was worth fighting.

Furthermore, OhGong had entered Muspelheim and slaughtered hundreds of thousands of giants before, so he was more trustworthy.

But...

Click-.

"Haven't you heard me?"

Yuwon blocked Baldur's path again as he tried to pass by.

Noticing Muspel's gaze, Baldur grew nervous and asked, "Why are you doing this?"

"You are their target. But what can you do alone?"

"So, you want me to hide here, with a guy like him?"

Baldur's gaze shifted towards OhGong.

OhGong shrugged, as if to say, "Look at this guy."

Of course, Great Sage, Heaven's Equal, was strong.

The power of a single person could be equivalent to that of a large guild.

Certainly, it would make no sense for someone with that kind of power to hide.

But...

"That's because he's Son OhGong."

Now it had to be made clear the difference between Son OhGong and someone who was not.

"You are not him."

"I am Baldur. Prince of Asgard, and I can't just run and hide."

YuWon sighed.

He could see righteousness in Baldur's eyes as he stared back at him.

He would not flee.

That sense of righteousness would later turn Baldur into an iconic symbol of Asgard.

Rank 70.

He was definitely a High-Ranker. It was not in vain that it was said he would succeed Odin as the King of Asgard.

But...

'The problem is dying before that.'

YuWon looked up and gazed at the sky through the window.

The blue sky was slowly being dyed with autumnal red, and Baldur kept staring at it, his eyes still burning fiercely.

YuWon spoke up.

"Have you ever played chess?"

"Chess?"

Perplexed by the question, Baldur nodded.

"I have played."

"Chess is a game of capturing your opponent's king. And it is also a game of preserving your king."

"Don't beat around the bush..."

"You are the king of this battle."

The king.

The most important piece of the game, the one that must survive.

YuWon's job was to protect that piece.

"A foolish king who ventures into the opponent's territory will only bring about the loss of the battle."

Baldur furrowed his brow.

His mind was racing.

He didn't know why he was the king, and there were other things that didn't make sense.

YuWon's gaze turned towards Son OhGong.

"Why are you so worried?"

Here was Great Sage, Heaven's Equal.

If he was truly an ally, there would be nothing to fear.

But YuWon didn't believe that this battlefield could be handled by Son OhGong alone.

There was a reason.

"Surt."

There was a giant descending from that now completely red sky.

"He will come."

Chapter 263

"Who's coming... now?"

Baldur doubted his ears.

And then...

The sky that had turned red entered his field of vision where YuWon had been observing.

"I said Surt."

"He's coming here?"

It was none other than Surt, a presence as great and dangerous as Odin in Asgard.

"Are you talking about the sky?"

He was perceptive.

YuWon felt relieved to see that he now seemed to be able to communicate to some extent.

'At least he's not a fool.'

Sometimes a sense of justice can blind you.

That's why it was so difficult to be a Hero.

You had to be fair, wise, and capable.

Fortunately, Baldur was close to being an Asgardian "Hero" in that sense.

Of course, he was still very young and unruly in YuWon's eyes.

"Yes."

"Why is he pursuing me?"

"Because you're the Prince of Asgard."

"Is that the only reason?"

"If he kills you, Ragnarok will be even greater. That's what he wants."

"Killing me?"

A face that still didn't fully understand.

He had good perception, but it seems he still lacked much experience.

YuWon clearly explained the reason.

"Yes, with your death, Odin will make it so."

Odin's love for Baldur.

That was the final ingredient for Ragnarok to be complete.

With Baldur's loss, Odin would break the peace he had maintained and start a great war.

"My father..."

Baldur nodded slightly at YuWon's words.

Baldur.

He knew more about Odin than anyone. He had a vague idea of what Odin would do after his death.

"I see why you called me King."

"When you die, this Tower will turn into a gigantic battlefield. So, for now, you'll be out of this fight."

YuWon spoke again with more force.

"Your job is not to fight, but to survive."

"Huh-."

Baldur lowered his head in frustration and sighed.

His mind was in turmoil.

"I'm not used to this."

To escape instead of fighting. That's the only way to win this fight.

Baldur closed his eyes for a long moment and then opened them, looking at YuWon.

"What will happen to the other giants here?"

"They will escape too."

"If Surt really comes, they won't be able to flee. Giants are not very fast on their feet, and besides..."

Baldur's mind returned to the young giants he had encountered before.

"There are children in this city."

The largest city in Jotunheim.

It was unknown how many hundreds of thousands or millions of common giants would die if it fell.

That's why Baldur couldn't move his feet voluntarily even though he understood the whole situation.

But then...

"Don't worry," Son OhGong said as he patted his chest from behind.

"I'm here."

"I've heard the name Great Sage, Heaven's Equal a lot, but..."

He doubted his ability to confront Surt, even if he was the Great Sage, Heaven's Equal.

And that doubt reflected on his face.

"Hey, don't worry, I used to..."

"Stop," YuWon said, preventing Son OhGong from getting too excited and jumping around.

The sky, which had been as red as a late autumn sunset, had now turned completely crimson.

There wasn't much time left.

"Again, this is not a fight to win. It's a fight to protect you," YuWon said, feeling the pressure of time.

When Baldur nodded, YuWon continued.

"Leave Jotunheimr to this guy. You and I will go to the Golden Castle together."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, and so are you..."

Casting a glance at OhGong, YuWon sighed deeply.

"Don't fight recklessly."

"I have confidence. Don't worry too much, alright?"

"It's when you seem so sure of yourself that I worry the most."

But there was nothing more they could do at this moment than trust each other.

"The first priority is to evacuate the giants."

"Do your job well."

The corners of OhGong's lips curled up, and his body floated up.

"It's a waste of time if you just lose it."

Surt began to move.

That meant this was going to be an all-out war.

And if Baldur died in the process, and Odin lost his composure, all their plans and preparations could crumble.

Therefore, YuWon said confidently.

"Don't worry about that."

Kak-.

A pure white cloud swirled around YuWon and Baldur.

"It's noisy, hurry up and go. Do you know how to handle it?"

"I'll borrow it for a moment."

YuWon circulated his Mana.

With a metallic sound, the door opened, and the Flying Nimbus carrying the two quickly disappeared.

Tak-.

OhGong, on the other hand, slowly emerged.

His expression was filled with boredom.

"I'm not even fighting, I'm just doing stuff like this."

Ung-.

Arcane Power accumulated in OhGong's toes.

The immense Arcane Power that had consumed half of the Immortal Peach Garden began to condense. The ground shook, and white clouds began to cover the ground from OhGong's feet.

His foot that had fallen once stepped firmly on the ground.

"Awaken-."

Thud~

"Flying Nimbus."

Guguugugu-.

As if there had been an earthquake, clouds began to rise above the ground.

An enormous cloud that enveloped Jotunheim.

It was as if the dark clouds in the sky had descended to the ground.

Even more...

"What, what is this?"

"Both in the sky and on the ground..."

"Clouds?"

The bodies of the giants of Jotunheim rose up.

The clouds lifted the city.

Sweat began to form on OhGong's forehead, and a dazzling light emanated from his golden eyes.

"Take them away."

Hwareuk-.

The clouds began to move.

The Flying Nimbus lifted the hundreds of thousands of giants and carried them away.

Seeing that scene, Son OhGong's eyes turned to the red sky again.

"Far away, very far away."

Huh-.

One side of his golden eyes turned red, and he looked up at the sky.

Soon, the Eye of Muspel disappeared.

Now it was time for the other one to appear.

Zazac-.

The red sky opened, revealing two hands tearing through space.

Woo-.

A chill ran through his body just from its presence.

Thump-.

The world trembled for a moment as the figure that had opened the sky stepped onto the ground.

Surt.

The pinnacle of giants.

His flames churned the earth and burned the world red.

"A step too late, Surt."

The giant, with his entire body covered in hot lava, looked at Son OhGong.

He had realized.

That it was Son OhGong who had caused all this commotion.

But...

"Surt will have no intention of fighting you."

As YuWon had said, Surt stopped paying attention to Son OhGong after seeing him.

His gaze turned to the city of giants, now being carried away by the Flying Nimbus.

In the face of Surt's reaction, Son OhGong felt a pang of wounded pride, but at the same time, he admired it.

'Just as he said.'

"Because his targets are Baldur and Odin."

Surt thought he had no opponent other than Odin.

No matter how high OhGong's rank was and how skilled he was, his goal was to provoke Odin.

Odin was all that mattered.

That's why Surt wouldn't worry about OhGong.

"First, we must find Baldur and get him out. Then we can move the giants of Jotunheim, and Surt will be chasing in vain."

"You mean using the giants of Jotunheim as bait?"

"Anyway, if we leave them as they are, the city will be destroyed. It will probably disappear without a trace."

It's better to do everything possible to save them.

"Surt won't be able to leave his position for long. We just need time. Therefore, the key point of this matter is..."

"To avoid a frontal fight?"

"Exactly."

He knew it well in his head.

It's just that his heart didn't understand.

That's why YuWon repeated it over and over again.

"Please endure. You can't face Surt alone right now."

"Well, can't I really...?"

Despite having expended a great deal of energy activating his Flying Nimbus, Son OhGong couldn't contain his burning fury.

"I want to test it."

Kaaaak-.

OhGong pointed his Ru Yi Bang at Surt, who had completely taken his eyes off him.

"We just have to buy time, right?"

As long as the outcome is the same, it's fine.

After rationalizing with himself, OhGong made a decision.

"It's just that I can't bear the curiosity."

Surt, the fire giant who rules Muspelheim.

Occupying the fourth place in the rankings, he is known as the king of giants.

"How far am I from that guy?"

If he stopped before an opponent like him, he would no longer be the Great Sage, Heaven's Equal.

[How far am I from that guy?]

Ding-.

YuWon, who understood Son OhGong's situation through his player kit, sighed deeply.

As expected.

"This idiot, really..."

He thought he had matured a bit, but that wasn't the case.

"Can we leave this to the Great Sage, Heaven's Equal?"

"That guy won't die."

A firm belief in Son OhGong.

At least he could be sure of that.

"The question is how long he can hold on."

If he were in perfect condition, it might not be a problem, but Son OhGong had already spent a lot of energy using his Mana to move an entire city with its people around.

Of course, in terms of total power, OhGong was probably among the top three in this Tower.

However, he was still pushing his limits.

"Do you think he can withstand it?"

"I think he can. Although not for long in his current state."

Baldur seemed puzzled.

YuWon left OhGong in charge of the giants of Jotunheim.

To buy time, to keep them alive from Surt, who was trying to find Baldur.

But YuWon didn't seem to believe that OhGong could handle Surt in the first place.

"With that in mind, why did you leave the Great Sage, Heaven's Equal alone?" Baldur's eyes narrowed at the idea.

"Are you planning to use them as bait and abandon them?" he added, with a threatening look.

If he was trying to abandon the giants of Jotunheim to save himself, Baldur wouldn't tolerate it.

But luckily.

"No way."

YuWon had no intention of abandoning either side.

"It's difficult to stop Surt. It will take Odin himself to stop him."

Odin was the strongest fighter YuWon knew, and he had reached the pinnacle of both magic and spear handling.

As such, he was capable of defending against Surt. In fact, Surt had invested a great deal of time and effort to defeat Odin.

YuWon knew it all.

That's why Baldur couldn't understand.

"If you knew that, why...?"

"Then now."

Just as Baldur was about to ask why YuWon didn't call Odin.

On the contrary, YuWon asked a question.

"Where is that Odin?"

Baldur couldn't answer because he really didn't know. But what he did know was that this situation was just a piece of the puzzle that YuWon was painting. He could feel it because YuWon was smiling.

Chapter 264

Zhing-.

The Ru Yi Bang was intercepted in the middle. With Surt's power in his hands, hot flames were sent towards Son OhGong.

Huah, huahruhruh-.

The blazing fire flowed through his body as he rode the Ru Yi Bang.

He tried to channel the flames through the Golden Cinder Eyes, but it wasn't enough.

[The 'State Anomaly: Burn' begins]

It had been a long time since he heard a message like this.

"It's like the first time I was trapped in the Eight Trigrams."

An unfamiliar message for Son OhGong, who had a strong resistance to burns.

That meant Surt's fire was very strong and hot.

But...

"Resistance is resistance, and my ability to endure is not easily dealt with either."

Kwak-.

Son OhGong injected more strength into the Ru Yi Bang, which was trapped in Surt's hand.

"Grow-."

Giiing-!

Arcane Power flowed into the Ru Yi Bang.

"Ru Yi."

Boom!

As OhGong's words fell, Surt's body was lifted into the sky by the Ru Yi Bang.

The corners of his mouth turned upwards.

But that didn't last long.

Hwahruh-.

Through the Golden Cinder Eyes, it could be seen how a huge meteorite fell from the sky.

"What?"

At the same time as his surprise, Son OhGong's Arcane Power moved.

The meteorite fell right after.

Guwoooooong-.

Crash, crash-!

The ground cracked around the place where the meteorite fell, and in its center, an indeterminately deep pit appeared.

Purrr-!

In the next moment, a huge column of fire rose from the pit.

The earth trembled, and OhGong began to sweat. If I hadn't hastily moved on my Flying Nimbus, I would probably be in the center.

"It's not a meteorite."

OhGong, who had initially mistaken it for a meteorite, scratched his cheek in disbelief.

"What an ignoramus."

Thud~.

A massive figure emerged from the column of fire.

And right at that moment...

Kwaa-ang-.

Surt jumped up.

The giant was already tall enough to touch the sky, but when he stood up, he grew even taller.

He wondered how far it would go.

Son OhGong's view, looking at the giant through his Golden Cinder Eyes, became blurry due to Surt's fire.

And as his vision blurred...

Kwaa-ang-!

Surt's foot, which had risen upwards, crushed OhGong's body.

"Kuugh!"

OhGong screamed as the lower half of his body, including his waist, was crushed.

"You're the monkey, aren't you?"

Swoosh-.

Bending down, Surt's eyes locked onto OhGong's.

Despite the situation, Son OhGong opened his eyes and smiled.

"Good to see you, big guy."

"Maybe if I kill you, they'll stop."

A voice that sounded amused.

One of Surt's eyes looked towards the sky where the city rose in the distance.

Apparently, his target hadn't changed.

"But they say you're immortal, and though I don't know if you're really as indestructible as the rumors say, at the very least, it means you're much harder to kill."

Kik-.

Chi-chi-chi-chik-.

OhGong's body burst into flames. Another level of burning, and OhGong stifled a scream between clenched teeth.

"If you don't want to die, bring them back."

Knowing the difficulty of killing OhGong in the first place, Surt ignored him, determined to find Baldur.

But just for a moment...

Son OhGong interrupted Surt as he tried to pursue the flying giants of Jotunheim.

"If I... hadn't wasted so much energy on that..."

Crack-.

Clenching his teeth in frustration, OhGong stood up in one leap.

"I wouldn't... lose...!"

Thud, thud, thud-.

Surt's foot began to rise slowly.

From Surt's perspective, it looked as if an ant was lifting his body.

"Kuahhhh!"

Flash-.

Surt's body lifted.

But only for a moment.

"You're using all your power, but it's nothing against me."

Kwajik-!

OhGong was once again crushed under Surt's feet.

"Even if you don't die, you'll lose consciousness and fall."

Surt raised his foot again.

With all his might, he was going to crush OhGong once more.

But then...

[Something is wrong, Father.]

A voice resonated in Surt's head as they were in the midst of the fight.

The voice interrupted the fight, and Surt's already bad-tempered face hardened into a grim line.

"Who are you?"

[I am Suyar].

Suyar.

He was probably the fifth or sixth child. As a high-ranker with a fairly high position in Muspelheim, he did not follow him and remained in Muspelheim.

Unless it was extremely urgent, he would not be able to contact him directly like this.

"What's the matter?"

He asked.

[Odin is here]

"Odin? In Muspelheim?"

Surt was surprised.

He looked down at Son OhGong, who was under his feet.

His sarcastic smile had turned into an expression that seemed to know something.

"You mean you knew he was coming."

"Now you know, you little shit!"

The small figure spoke as if shouting.

Surt's expression hardened at OhGong's confident tone.

"Then, Baldur is not here."

"...?"

This was not the reaction Son OhGong was expecting.

Without Surt, Muspelheim was a half-empty house.

Son OhGong was sure that Surt would be upset because he had been deceived.

"I have to go back."

But something was wrong.

Surt's relaxed attitude...

Thud.

Surt turned around.

As if he didn't care about the fallen Son OhGong.

Then...

Crack-.

Surt's legs, which had been moving step by step, stopped.

He turned to see a cloud that was tying his feet.

"You can't go back."

Son OhGong couldn't bear to leave Surt trying to escape.

Initially, he wanted to confront him, but this time it wasn't just for that reason.

"Just hold on for three hours."

The real reason was a promise he had made to YuWon.

"Just three hours."

"Are you thinking of enduring more?"

"There's still a long way to go..."

OhGong's eyes burned fiercely.

"Until the promised time."

"..."

Son OhGong's expression was reflected in Surt's pupils.

The venom in his eyes reflected his determination to fight to the death.

Not an easy opponent to face.

Surt no longer looked at Son OhGong with contempt.

"Come."

Tsutsutsuts-.

A red aura loomed over Surt's body.

The fire he had been accumulating for so long burst forth, and in an instant, the atmosphere grew even hotter.

"I'll end this once and for all."

Goooh-.

At the moment when Surt's flames were about to explode...

Gung-.

The ground rumbled in the distance.

Surt's head turned.

Then, a group of people entered the pupils of his mountainous eyes.

"It's a war!"

"War!"

"Kill them!"

Thump, thump, thump-.

A horde with horns on their heads rushed forward.

Waves of demonic mana began to approach.

Surt looked up and saw a long-haired man floating above them, staring at him.

"Diablo..."

"Long time no see, Surt."

A High-Ranker who eroded space while radiating Demon Energy.

Suddenly, the man flaunted his horns, which were as big as his own body, causing a commotion.

"Let's have a good fight."

"...You came quickly."

OhGong weakly smiled at the arrival of reinforcements.

Three hours.

It was not a short period of time.

Not even OhGong would be able to move the giants of Jotunheim and stop Surt alone.

And that was why YuWon sought out Diablo.

"I'll take care of it."

Diablo, together with OhGong.

And the other demons.

Certainly, they could delay time long enough.

Arriving in Muspelheim, YuWon sent Baldur with Odin.

Odin was pillaging an empty house. It was a strategy to weaken Muspelheim's forces as much as possible while Surt spent time in the empty Jotunheim.

He and Baldur rode the Flying Nimbus to the Asgard ship they had prepared in advance to quickly reach Muspelheim. He had an important reason to hurry to Muspelheim.

'Now that Surt is gone, we need to weaken Muspelheim's power as much as possible and...'

Jek-.

As he walked on the red earth, YuWon activated his Golden Cinder Eyes.

['Golden Cinder Eyes' have been activated]

'Burn it as much as possible.'

Hwaluk-.

In the midst of the great battle called Ragnarok, there were two main objectives: to minimize the size of the war and to weaken Surt's power in Muspelheim as much as possible.

"He had been preparing for a long time. To fight against Asgard."

Odin regretted his confident attitude that he would never be defeated and his desire for peace. Due to those attitudes, an even bigger war broke out in the Tower, and more people died.

To stop that, he needed to find the 'Fire' accumulated by Surt.

"And where has Surt accumulated his 'Fire'?"

"In the center of Muspelheim. The island where all the fire and lava flow."

Chii-ii-.

When he set foot on the island, he felt the heat emanating from the ground.

YuWon frowned as he felt his skin burning. Before he knew it, giants with fiery bodies blocked his view.

"A human."

"Invader."

"How did he get here?"

"Is he an Asgard Ranker?"

Each of these giants had inherited the power of the demons.

Most of them wielded elemental mana of fire and seemed to be able to withstand the heat.

YuWon took a glance, and looked towards the huge crater opening among them.

'There it is.'

The center of Muspelheim, where Surt had accumulated all the fire in the world for so long.

In the time of Ragnarok, Odin had been defeated by Surt. Odin found it strange, but the reason was the 'fire' he had accumulated over the years. And if that power had been dispersed, Surt would not have been able to defeat Odin and win the war.

"Do you remember the coordinates?"

"Yes, I remember them."

"Then, we have to destroy that place."

That's why YuWon thought it had to be stopped.

Everyone else agreed.

Except one.

"There is a better way."

It was Odin who had a different idea.

He knew more about Ragnarok than anyone, and understood Surt better than anyone.

Swish~.

YuWon took out an orb that he had kept in his inventory for a while.

"In Muspelheim lies the Heart of Fire."

"What are you doing?"

"Are you taking out a snack or something?"

The giants mocked YuWon's sudden behavior.

And true to the giants' words, YuWon put the Heart of Fire in his hand into his mouth.

Gulp-.

The item that Son OhGong had struggled so hard to find.

"The only item that can withstand the immense fire of Muspelheim."

Fwoosh~

His chest heated up. YuWon grabbed his chest in pain, as if his heart was about to be completely burned.

And at that moment...

[You have consumed the 'Heart of Fire']

[You are defying the laws of fire]

[The 'State Anomaly: Burn' begins]

['State Anomaly: Burn' has reached level 2]

['State Anomaly: Burn' has reached level 3]

[The 'Heart of Fire' absorbs the fire around you]

['State Anomaly: Burn' decreases.]

An item that defies the laws of fire.

The pain of the burns continued, but still, YuWon smiled.

It was just as Odin had said.

"Get that thing, distract Surt, and draw the 'Fire' out of there. So that you can finally remove the 'Fire' from him smoothly."

"When you do that, that Surt will have a real headache."

The Fire, which had been collected for thousands of years, only to defy Odin.

And now, it was destined to be YuWon's lunch.

Chapter 265

Lights shone over the city.

The Valkyries in the distance were dumbfounded by the spectacle.

"This is King Odin..."

"The city has vanished."

The city disappeared without a trace.

A city of giants, many times the size of a normal city, evaporated into thin air.

There was nothing that could stop it.

Odin's power was beyond natural disaster, almost divine. Unless Surt himself came, there was likely no one who could stop him.

"Forward."

Odin gave the order to advance.

Two of the cities in Muspelheim had already vanished.

His eyes were filled with venom and fury.

'Surt has set his eyes on Baldur.'

News of Surt's appearance in Jotunheim had already been received.

YuWon and OhGong traveled there and kept Baldur safe.

He could rely on YuWon and the Great Sage, Heaven's Equal for that.

Now, he had something to do.

"OhGong and Diablo will take care of Surt."

It wouldn't take long.

Surt, who was determined to return to Muspelheim, couldn't be stopped for long.

But in the meantime...

"In the meantime, they will attack the cities of Muspelheim. To agitate Surt."

Until now, Odin hadn't moved because he didn't know when Surt would move.

But now...

Surt had traveled to Jotunheim to kill Baldur, and Odin took the opportunity to attack Muspelheim.

Only Surt could stop Odin.

That was a fact Surt knew well.

'If that was your intention, to provoke me...'

Crack-.

The long spear in Odin's hand grew stronger.

'I will do the same to you.'

Bam-.

All the giants fell to the ground.

YuWon started walking toward his destination.

Thump-.

His steps were heavy.

He felt his stomach burning, as if his guts had already melted.

'What kind of enmity did I have with fire in my previous life...'

His body burned, and it was hard to be patient with the fire.

The good news is...

['State Anomaly: Burn' has reached level 7]

['Golden Cinder Eyes' resist 'Burn']

['Holy Fire' resists 'Burn']

[Burn resistance increases]

His resistance to 'Burn' was incredibly high.

Hah, hah, hah-.

While walking through the flames, YuWon continued to check his condition.

'How much longer can I hold on?'

The Heart of Fire continued to absorb the fire constantly.

But this place was the very center of Muspelheim, so he didn't have much time.

[Arcane Power increased by 1]

[Arcane Power property changes to fire property]

[Transformation begins]

Then, the nature of his Arcane Power began to change.

If he had made it this far, it meant he was halfway there.

'Almost there.'

The fire intensified.

With that, YuWon entered the lava.

Boom-.

It was like falling into a sea of red.

The burns quickly intensified.

If he hadn't obtained the Golden Cinder Eyes, it would have been difficult for him to survive, even with the Heart of Fire.

'Surt, he tried to devour this fire in the future.'

['Heart of Fire' absorbs the fire around it]

['State Anomaly: Burns' decreases]

He could still endure it.

No, as long as he had the Heart of Fire, resisting in this lava wasn't that difficult.

The problem was elsewhere.

Freee-.

Yuyuan's eyes shimmered.

Amidst the crimson waves, a gigantic red crystal appeared in his pupil.

'Is that it?'

That's the 'fire' Odin spoke of, Surt's fire.

The center of Muspelheim, the source of the fire.

A concentration of fire that had burned for countless years.

To create it, Surt had worked for a long time.

'It's even difficult to approach it.'

Normally, it would have been a force that YuWon's body couldn't withstand.

But now that he had swallowed the Heart of Fire, it's a different story.

Inside YuWon, there was a massive container called the Heart of Fire.

Now was the time to fill it.

Swoosh-.

Yuwon reached out his hand toward the crystal.

As he approached, he could feel the immense fire within.

When he brought his hand closer, a huge amount of Mana was absorbed by the crystal.

Woosh!

With the speed of a waterfall, the fire accumulated in his heart.

The burns eased and started again repeatedly. But at some point, it reached the point where it was difficult to endure with the Heart of Fire alone.

From now on, relying solely on the heart was not possible.

Fwoosh-.

['Holy Fire' adapts to the 'Heart of Fire']

[The 'Heart of Fire' adapts to the 'Holy Fire']

From now on, it was real.

'The limit of what my body can withstand was surpassed long ago.'

Indeed, it was impossible for him to handle the fire that Surt had gathered with his current body.

All he could do now was "transfer" the power.

The idea of controlling it all had to be abandoned.

If he became greedy, he could lose everything.

This action is like saying,

'This is the first time I steal.'

Stealing an empty house. It's like entering an empty house and taking the strength Surt had accumulated and storing it in a container.

"Do you think he's doing okay...?"

Son OhGong murmured as he lay on the ground with his arms outstretched. His upward gaze captured the half-red and half-blue sky. After Surt disappeared, the sky returned to how it was before.

Diablo staggered over and sat down next to OhGong.

"You're not as good as the rumors say."

OhGong raised his head.

His golden eyes narrowed as he looked at Diablo.

"Are you picking a fight with me?"

"I'm just stating my honest opinion."

"I'm tired, that's all. I'm tired."

Lifting the entire Jotunheim was no easy task, even for OhGong.

It required a massive amount of Arcane Power and a great concentration to use the Flying Nimbus.

Naturally, he was destined to tire out soon.

"That's true too. But it's different from what I've heard. Did you have such a soft heart? It's foolish to waste so much energy trying to save those people."

"Now you're mocking me?"

OhGong gave Diablo a look and scratched his head.

"It's because of a promise. There's nothing I can do."

"A promise? With whom?"

"There's something like that. Why do you want to know?"

Diablo shrugged off the probing question.

Having transformed into his original form once during the fight against Surt, it was now difficult to maintain that form, and he had returned to his human form.

"Anyway, in the end, we failed. That bastard actually managed to escape."

"Would we have won if we had kept fighting?"

OhGong asked, and Diablo looked at him.

The answer was unexpected.

Surely he would have regretted not seeing the outcome.

"It wasn't a fight we could win. We should be grateful that he left hastily."

"But you fought hard for someone who thinks that way."

"Well, we've bought enough time."

Five hours.

That was how long they held out against Surt.

Fortunately, there was no significant energy loss during that time.

It was thanks to Son OhGong and Diablo.

At first, Surt fought as if he would kill both of them, but then he realized it was taking too long and turned around.

"You don't always have to defeat your opponent to win," he said, "because in a fight where you don't have to fight, the one who gets what he wants wins."

The corners of OhGong's lips twisted upward.

"Therefore, the result of this fight is not what you think."

Certainly, it wasn't a pretty fight.

No one died, and the outcome wasn't decided.

Diablo, on the other hand, thought that this fight might not be his victory.

But Son Goku's reaction was unexpected.

"I've heard that the Great Sage, Heaven's Equal hates losing more than dying. It's a bit different from the rumors."

Diablo, who thought OhGong was his kindred spirit, looked at him in surprise.

Actually, OhGong had a similar personality to Diablo.

He loved to fight, enjoyed it, and hated to lose.

But there was definitely a difference.

"The fight should be seen in the long run."

"The fight should be seen in the long run."

That's what YuWon said.

"Someone told me that. Don't just focus on defeating the enemy in front of you. The true victory is much further than what we have in front of us."

The long, long battle against the Outer Gods.

OhGong had won and lost many of those battles.

He lost allies and suffered defeats.

Instead of simply enjoying the fight and winning, he began to think about how he could ensure that everyone survived.

"So, this fight."

It was in that fight that OhGong learned a lesson about the greater good.

"We're going to win."

Surt returned to Muspelheim.

It was to contain Odin, who had no opponent.

Standing on the burning land, Surt looked at the wounds on his arm.

"It's a nuisance."

Sharp tooth marks.

The wounds had not yet healed, and the blood was still flowing.

It was inflicted by Diablo.

Pak.

Shortly after, he felt another pain in his chest cavity.

This one was bigger than the one on his forearm.

"Great Sage, Heaven's Equal..."

Is he truly immortal?

The image of Son OhGong daring to fight ignorantly, relying on his physical strength and life force, came to mind.

A small man, wielding a staff bigger than himself, at the exact moment, used a technique called the Flying Nimbus to tie him down, and took advantage of the opening to plunge the Ru Yi Bang into his chest.

It was quite a shock.

OhGong and Diablo suffered worse injuries, but it was a humiliating blow to Surt, who thought he had no opponent in the world other than Odin.

After the fight, he returned.

"...What the hell happened?"

Surtr, who returned to his home after a long time, showed a surprised expression that seemed like it could tear apart at any moment.

Fallen giants on the ground.

As soon as he saw them, a single thought passed through his mind.

"This can't be."

Surt rushed towards the lava.

The lava seemed warmer than usual. The difference was too pronounced to be a mere illusion.

And as expected...

"...Who's there?"

There was no response.

"Who did this?"

The "Fire" he had been working on for so long had disappeared into thin air.

Vogl-.

Surtur's anger caused the cooled lava to boil again. Surtur emerged from the fiery lava.

"Find him."

Ziying-.

Surtur's voice spread through the air, so that tens of millions of giants could hear it in the distance.

"Find the Fire and bring it to me, or else..."

Thump, thump, thump-.

Before he could finish speaking, the giants behind him moved hastily.

"You will all die by my hand, not Odin's."

He had to find the Fire that had vanished. He had to take it, even if it was not fully formed yet, to definitively defeat Odin.

The giants began to move.

They unleashed their giant hounds, which could track the fire, and set off in pursuit. For once, Surt had no intention of standing still.

"He couldn't have gone far."

The Fire had not yet become an item that could be stored in the inventory. Furthermore, the temperature was too high to hold it with bare hands and move it.

The Fire couldn't have gone very far. So he could still find it.

Surt thought so, unaware that the Fire he longed for had already vanished from the world.

Chapter 266

Under the black, pitch-black ground where no light can enter...

Thump-.

Thump, thump, thump.

The hurried sounds of the giants resonated from there.

He could sense their urgency through the sound. From that, YuWon could deduce the situation.

"He's back."

Anyway, it was about time for him to return.

Luckily, time was on his side. That meant OhGong had done a good job.

Chi-chi-chik-.

He could feel a massive amount of mana through his heart.

Now that he had transferred it, it was time to make it his own.

He thought it would take some time.

Surt's fire was more than YuWon could handle at the moment.

It was a huge mana ball that would have been difficult to even approach.

But no matter how difficult it was, this was going to take much longer than he expected.

"...I'll have to spend a few years to digest all of this."

He needed time.

That was something he already had in mind.

The unexpected thing was the other good news.

Whir-.

The Fire was melting into YuWon without resistance or clash.

When he first obtained the Fire, he thought it would be difficult.

[Arcane Power has increased by 1]

[The nature of Arcane Power has changed to 'fire'].

[The nature of your Arcane Power has completely changed]

[Resistance to the fire element has greatly increased]

['Holy Fire' is now reacting to 'Heart of Fire']

Instead, YuWon's mana started stirring like a fish in the water.

His whole body seemed to boil like lava. It was said that most players who wielded Elemental Fire Mana had fiery personalities, and this must be the reason.

The confidence to fight anyone and not lose.

In these cases, most of the time, they overestimated their power and didn't fully grasp their strength.

"I'll have to be careful."

YuWon closed his eyes as he distanced himself from the giants searching for him.

And for a moment, YuWon could accurately comprehend what was happening inside his body.

Whir-.

A fire larger than the fire he was consuming.

As if wanting to take all this fire for itself, it had a will of its own-.

It was the "Holy Fire."

Tap-.

The sound of small footsteps reached his ears.

Foolish Chaos approached Surt and tilted his head.

"You called for me."

"Did you know?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Someone has stolen the Fire."

There was no surprised reaction.

Surt's eyes gleamed.

Imagining the guy in front of him bewildered was difficult, but this was clearly a reaction he knew.

"Why didn't you stop him?"

If he had known, he could have stopped him.

Foolish Chaos, though it didn't seem like it, was hiding a great strength.

If he had known, he could have stopped him.

No.

Looking at the figure in front of him now, there weren't even traces of having fought.

"I told you, I can't move until the right time comes."

"Are you telling me that because of that promise, you gave up the Fire I gathered?"

Surt's anger caused the surrounding air to heat up. The lava flowing in front of Foolish Chaos grew hotter.

"Well..."

A smirk mixed with Foolish Chaos's voice.

"You wouldn't say that if you knew what I've promised."

"What?"

Crack!

Surt couldn't contain his anger and stomped on Foolish Chaos.

He could feel an ant bursting between his toes, and although he had been with him all these years, he had no time for such things when he had lost the Fire.

"Where did that guy disappear like an insect...?"

-Don't you really know?

Ssss-

A violet mist rose from where Foolish Chaos was stomped.

-Who I am. Where I come from. You should already know.

"So, what do you mean?"

-I'm not saying anything. I'm just saying, don't unleash your anger on me.

"What?"

-Didn't I teach you how to make Fire in the first place?

Woosh-

Surt felt the veins on his forehead pulsating.

It was a correct word. But even if that were true, it was an unchangeable fact that Foolish Chaos had just stood by and watched.

But still, Surt didn't dare to touch Foolish Chaos again.

The reason was simple.

"And? What do I do now?"

Because he still needed him.

Foolish Chaos was the greatest strategist Surt had ever known; he knew and spoke of all things as if he could see the distant future.

"The Fire has disappeared. What's the next step?"

-There is no next step.

"There isn't?"

-The Fire was the only way you could outwit Odin. Besides, the tide has already changed.

Upon hearing the voice of the violet mist, Surt felt himself reaching the limits of his patience.

There is no next step.

Which meant there was no way they could win this war.

-Everything we've done to prepare for Ragnarok has been in vain. For some reason, the enemy is one step ahead of us.

"Is it Odin's doing?"

-It's someone else. Odin had no intention of breaking the peace.

"Then, who the hell..."

His head spun.

The only two people he could think of who could have been a factor were the Great Sage, Heaven's Equal, and the Giant Slayer, both High-Rankers, and both capable of making a difference in a great war.

But this time it wasn't just that.

The Fire had disappeared.

The fact that someone had taken something that no one else could steal meant they already had everything prepared to carry it out.

-Ragnarok was supposed to be longer, with more guilds involved, more dead Baldr, more forces fighting for the destruction of Asgard.

In those words, Surt perceived that Foolish Chaos was showing emotions for the first time.

Confusion, anger, curiosity.

It was a mix of thoughts.

-Someone is betting more than me. I never even thought that someone else could take the Fire.

"It doesn't matter anymore, just find a way to win, any way!"

-There is still a way to win.

The enraged Surt calmed down a bit.

There was a way.

All that was left was to put his hopes in it.

"What is it?"

-Snuff out Odin's breath with your own hands.

".....?"

Surt's eyebrows twitched.

The answer was too obvious.

If he killed Odin, the war would end. He was an existence as great as Asgard itself.

But Foolish Chaos didn't seem to be serious in the first place.

There was a smirk in the words that followed.

-Since you don't understand, I'll repeat it: the reason you can't win this war is because there's no way to kill Odin.

Surt, who had lost his Fire, could never defeat Odin.

Foolish Chaos's words meant just that.

"Do you want to die...?"

-You can't kill me. You're just a foolish and bulky giant.

Does this mean it's over?

Foolish Chaos no longer showed any courtesy towards Surt.

It was a wise tactic to abandon a piece that had already lost its way and had no way to survive.

Reviving a piece that was already dead was useless, and it wasn't Foolish Chaos's way.

-Odin's moves may be momentarily stopped, but after that, only the fall of Muspelheim remains.

Boom, boom, boom!

In the end, Surt's impatient palm made the purple mist explode.

In an instant, the remnants of Foolish Chaos words meant just that.

vanished without a trace. Surt, who was boiling with anger, finally destroyed the last of him with his own hands.

"Aaaahhhh!"

Surt screamed in rage.

The world trembled violently around him. The lava boiled and rose to the sky, spilling over Surt's body.

The anger couldn't be controlled. He wanted to crush the culprit who had stolen his Fire and make Foolish Chaos disappear without a trace.

But...

"It doesn't matter if he's not here. Even without the Fire, Odin will be crushed with my own hands."

For now, he had to win the battle.

The fight had already begun.

Brunhilde and Thor stood side by side.

A city with a Golden Castle. Outside of it, the two stood, looking at the same thing.

"The Heavens."

"Yes..."

A pure white wave began to appear on the horizon.

As it slowly approached into view, its identity became clear.

The Great Guild, the Heavens.

The angels were approaching, illuminating everything with a fierce fighting spirit.

"Why the Heavens?"

"The Demon Kings have joined our side."

"Is that why they're betraying us?"

"They are a tribe whose hatred for the Demon Kings comes first rather than calculating gains and losses."

"Isn't Muspelheim also a group of demons?"

"They don't fight for a sense of justice, that's what it means."

"It's disgusting."

Thor extended his hand.

Kwalung-!

With a blue lightning, a small hammer appeared in Thor's hand.

An item that symbolized Thor, the Prince of Asgard.

It was Mjolnir.

"A whip is the best medicine for them."

Skaak-.

Brunhilde also unsheathed her sword.

But unlike Thor, who was about to jump out of the way, she looked at the angels in the sky who were approaching clearly.

"There's Michael."

Michael.

The strongest of the Archangels, the most powerful.

He himself had come here.

"He must have realized that Odin is not here."

The supreme power of the Golden Castle undoubtedly belonged to Odin, whose presence made it the strongest fortress in Asgard.

Brunhilde and Thor were both High-Rankers in the ranking, but in terms of strength, they were insufficient compared to the angels of the Heavens led by Michael.

In terms of power, the Valkyries and the Rankers of the Golden Castle simply weren't enough.

"Where are the Great Sage and Hercules? They should be able to stop him." **(Note: Sometimes referred to as "Great Sage, Heaven's Equal" will be summarized as "Great Sage" for easier translation)**

"They are both gone."

"Even Hercules?"

"Yes. It seems he left with Hephaestus."

"Damn it."

"It's going to be difficult."

Thor turned his head at Brunnhilde's words.

"So, are you suggesting that we flee?"

"Places can always be restored, but people cannot. Even in this Tower of countless mysteries, there is no way to resurrect the dead."

"No."

Thor shook his head firmly.

"The Golden Castle is Asgard itself, a symbol. Once a symbol is destroyed, it cannot be restored."

Fazik, Fazizik-.

A blue lightning bolt shot out of Thor's body.

He was the Son of King Odin and a High-Ranker known as the Blue Thunder.

He began to display his power freely.

"So I will fight here."

Tap~

With those words, Thor walked forward.

For everyone to be behind him.

So that the others in the Golden Castle could escape.

But then...

"Always speaking with grand and useless words."

A voice mocked.

"It's just an excuse because you have no power."

Whoosh.

Thor and Brunhilde's heads turned.

Crackle.

A golden lightning bolt appeared, different from Thor's blue lightning.

It was blinding, as if the sun had appeared right in front of them, and they couldn't see their opponent.

A moment later...

"...Zeus?"

There he was, a handsome man with a golden beard.

Kak-.

Zeus, the Sinner of Asgard, had been released from prison and was approaching.

Chapter 267

Pajik-.

A stream of yellow light and another of blue light collided at the center.

Before Zeus was imprisoned in Asgard, Thor, who had brought him here, had shown strong hostility towards Zeus.

He was clearly a sinner of Asgard.

"Why are you here?"

He must have been imprisoned.

As evidence, he still had shackles on his arms and legs.

Holding a heavy chain with balls to hinder his movements, Zeus looked at Thor.

"Why, aren't you here too?"

In the face of his snide remark, Thor became even angrier. He had already been considering risking his life in this fight, so it wouldn't change anything if there was one more enemy.

One more opponent wouldn't change that.

"We don't have time."

Fazizk-.

A blue lightning pushed back the golden waves.

"Let's go."

Thor seemed ready to attack at any moment as he tightly gripped his hammer, Mjolnir.

And then...

"I'm not here to fight you now."

Thor noticed that Zeus's gaze had turned towards the angels of the Heavens, who were now quite close.

"I was asked to do something."

Zeus's brow furrowed as he said it.

It was a decision he had made after much thought, but he still didn't like it.

"With the Demon Kings on our side, the Heavens will probably join Muspelheim."

YuWon's prediction was correct.

Zeus also thought the same.

"Angels are like that. Their opposition to the Demon Kings is so great that even if they are at an absolute disadvantage, they will still join the opposite side."

"And Foolish Chaos will take advantage of that to destroy the Golden Castle."

Foolish Chaos.

Zeus's eyes twisted at those words.

The one who had long ago shaken Zeus and Olympus and had given him the Power of the Outer Gods.

But he had long since lost his connection with Zeus.

"To make Odin stagger?"

"The Golden Castle is Asgard itself, and to touch its symbolism is to touch Asgard."

"Will that guy appear here too?"

YuWon shook his head.

The chances were not zero, but they were too slim.

"Ragnarok is not that guy's stage. That guy's final stage will be when Surt's neck is about to roll."

"I see."

"Do you want to capture him?"

"I knew I was being used, and I endured because I thought it would be worth it... but..."

Zeus's eyes swept over the narrow, dark cell.

"I can't take it anymore."

In his gaze was clear hostility towards Foolish Chaos.

It was difficult to justify simply because "it would be worth it," but it was a good reaction, at least for YuWon.

But Thor, who knew nothing about these things, couldn't understand his reaction.

"A favor?"

From whom?

He still couldn't believe it, but if Zeus was on their side, that would be a great support.

He was the leader of Olympus, one of the most powerful forces among the great guilds, and ranked within the top ten.

He might not be as powerful now that he has lost his Lightning Bolt, but that doesn't change the fact that he is Zeus.

"I don't care who he is... but..."

Paz-zuz-.

A golden wave pushed against Thor's lightning.

Thor's eyes widened as he held Mjolnir in his hand against Zeus's power.

It didn't seem like he was exerting much force.

Zeus was overwhelming his power so easily.

"Don't be so arrogant. We don't need your help to stop those guys."

Klang, Kururur-

Then, dark clouds filled the sky.

The appearance of a great thunder dragon emerged behind Zeus. Even Thor, who wielded the same lightning ability, felt as if his body had been paralyzed by the overwhelming pressure.

Gulp-.

He couldn't move.

Just by approaching, he felt as if his whole body was paralyzed by an electric shock.

'A different dimension.'

He only thought about the size of the visible ability.

But it wasn't just that.

He thought that losing his Lightning Bolt would make Zeus just a scarecrow, but it wasn't the case.

He's a tiger, even if he's missing teeth. His big body and sharp claws were still there.

Chick, chick, chick-

The Arcane Power writhing in the clouds moved.

And in the next moment...

[Lightning Bolt]

Flash-!

A bright yellow light burst through the sky.

Thud!

Zeus's lightning struck down on the angels from above.

There was a pause in the battle.

Odin, who had been advancing towards the center of Muspelheim, heard that the Golden Castle had been attacked and prepared to retreat.

But that was only for a moment.

Upon hearing that Zeus was coming to aid the Golden Castle, Odin canceled the retreat.

The advance continued.

At a rather fast pace. Valkyries rode on horses, soldiers on floating boats.

The destination was set.

'The battle will be fought there.'

Odin thought of the place YuWon had chosen.

The center of Muspelheim.

Where the hot lava flowed from this Tower.

That was where YuWon had said this great battle would end.

'It's not far.'

A few days had passed since they arrived in Muspelheim.

After the first day, the fight had been easier than expected.

All that remained of each city were the few giants who had fled.

Most cities were empty.

"Are they preparing for the final battle?"

Strange, he thought.

For a great war like Ragnarok, was this all they had prepared?

Although Surt was not a very intelligent being to say the least, the plans for the Ragnarok in the Great War seemed too loose and weak.

"All forces on this side are already gathering at the promised place."

The great army of Asgard, including the Great Sage, Heaven's Equal, the Giant Slayer, the Demon Kings, and the Valkyries, who rested exhausted, were all gathering at the place YuWon had mentioned.

What could Surt have prepared to stop such a force?

The idea that something was still at stake did not disappear from Odin's mind.

But then...

Kyaaah-!

Somewhere in the sky...

A distant scream made Odin, riding a celestial horse, look up.

Gooo-!

A whitish shadow crawled through the ink-black clouds.

Slowly, as the distance closed, they became larger and more numerous.

Dozens.

No, hundreds.

"Leviathans?"

Odin's brow furrowed at the identity of those things.

It was a monster that even some of the top rankers would find difficult to handle. Even among the Leviathans of the Dragon Race, they were a breed that could fly.

"A Leviathan is a type of monster that does not qualify as a player. But there is only one group of Leviathans that could have such a large number."

As expected...

Goo-goo-goo-.

Kee-hee-hee-hing-!

The celestial horses of the Valkyries, including Odin's own, roared.

Dragons were one of the races that ruled this Tower, and they were also the top predators of all races, except for the players.

Even if it was a precious Celestial Horse with the ability to fly, it would be a mouse before a cat in the presence of a dragon.

Furthermore, the creature that began to reveal its form now was a monstrosity that occupied the pinnacle of that dragon race.

Kraaaa-!

Guuuu-.

With a single roar, the thick clouds tore apart. Several Celestial Horses crashed to the ground unconscious, and the airships that had been flying in the sky also lost their function.

The torn clouds revealed the form of a giant dragon, including hundreds of Leviathans.

Red scales, sharp and thick.

The creature moved with great pomp without hands or feet, as if it covered the entire sky with its body.

It was only the second time Odin had seen something like this.

"Britra..." **(Note: Other names, Beritra or Vritra)**

If the other Leviathans were small fish, this one was a whale.

One of the creatures at the top of the dragon race.

A dragon known to be the most dangerous creature in the Tower.

"So, you were Surt's hand, huh?"

Rooooar-!

Odin smiled at the roars of the Leviathans.

The identity of the unease that had been shrouded in a veil was revealed.

Ung, ung, ung-.

Kkwaaak-!

Odin's spear trembled in his hand.

At that moment...

"Come forth!"

Odin's spear, Gungnir, emitted a light.

A cave without light.

It was tall and wide but narrow for the giants.

"Do you really think someone is hiding here?"

"Still, search every corner meticulously..."

"Stay calm, you fools. If we can't find it, we're finished."

"It's just that it's narrow here."

A group of giants walked laboriously, grumbling and complaining.

They were searching for the culprit, as ordered by the King of Muspelheim, Surt.

"But what the hell are we looking for?"

"I don't know. He just said to capture any human."

"Whoever it is, they've offended the king and are in trouble, so we must bring them to him."

Surt was famous for clinging stubbornly to anything once it angered him.

Most notably, he still held a grudge for his banishment from Asgard long ago.

So much so that, after an unimaginable amount of time, he has never stopped seeking revenge against Odin.

Thump, thump-.

The cave echoed with the giants' footsteps.

It was a cave that delved into the earth, so it was to be expected.

"But why does it keep getting hotter here?"

A giant asked, and the other giants who had been silent until now nodded in agreement.

"Yes, you're right. It's getting quite hot here. Is it because it's narrow?"

"Hey, move a bit to the side."

"You, move a bit!"

The giants were crowding together.

Thump-.

At that moment, a giant walking ahead suddenly stopped and collided with the giant behind him.

"What's the matter?"

"It's not because it's narrow..."

Fwoosh-.

The giant's eyes lit up.

"That's why."

Fwoooooosh-.

A flame suddenly burst forth in the dark, lightless cave.

The violet flames seemed small at first, then grew uncontrollably in an instant.

A scorching heat engulfed their bodies. It was a temperature so high that even the fire-resistant giants could barely bear it.

And there, amidst it all...

The giants were able to spot a small human figure appearing like a shadow in the fire.

"We found him, Cha!"

"It's the human!"

"Here's the human!"

They shouted as loudly as they could, but it was futile.

Their voices were inaudible from above.

"You found me sooner than I thought."

A drowsy voice as if just waking up.

"No matter..."

Hwaah!

Immediately after that voice, the flames enveloped the giants.

"A monster?"

"Why is the king here...?"

"What, what is that?"

Through the flames, the giants saw different things.

Some saw a shapeless monster.

Some saw their king, Surt.

Some saw Odin, whom they had heard about since they were children.

For a moment, their bodies froze in fear.

Zuruk-.

The bodies of the giants began to melt like liquid.

"Aaahhh!"

"Hot, hot!"

"Save me...!"

Step, step-.

YuWon walked among the giants.

None of them thought to stop YuWon.

The bodies of the giants melted away completely. YuWon walked while looking at his palm, where the purple fire returned to his body.

"Is this the 'Fire'?"

It was, and it was hotter and bigger than he had expected.

Now it existed in such a small form, but he couldn't imagine how much larger it could be if he used it correctly.

Above all, it was the Holy Fire that had consumed this great fire.

"On the contrary, I have to be careful not to be consumed by it."

"Abba...?"

Danpung peeked his head out of his embrace and looked at YuWon.

YuWon smiled and ruffled his head.

"Yes, yes. Thank you."

This time, YuWon had received a lot of help from Danpung. Danpung made an exaggerated gesture and nodded his head to show his satisfaction at being praised.

'The preparation is complete.'

He had already obtained the Holy Fire and had familiarized himself enough with it to be able to control it.

All that was left was one task.

"Let's go there."

Towards the prepared battlefield.

YuWon took a step forward.

Chapter 268

Surt, sitting at the top of the mountain, leaned on his chin and observed the landscape.

The enormous mountain felt like a small chair to him. When he sat down, the mountain transformed into an erupting volcano. As he lifted his head, he saw a red dragon at the end of his sight.

"Vritra... (Brythra/Britra...)"

Surt frowned.

Why is that guy here?

Dragons had no reason to help him. However, it wasn't difficult to imagine a reason.

-Let's halt Odin's movements for a moment, but all that remains is the fall of Muspelheim.

Foolish Chaos.

It was his doing.

"Is this what it's supposed to mean to delay time?"

Vritra was the highest of the dragons.

Not even Odin would be able to kill him so easily.

Moreover, hundreds of Leviathans would be enough to stop Odin's army.

Thud~

Feeling footsteps behind him, Surt turned his head from his position at the top of the mountain.

He could sense a strange presence, and he knew it as soon as he saw it.

"It's you."

A man so large that he looked like a young giant.

He wore a lion's skin over his head and walked with heavy steps towards Surt.

"The one shamelessly calling himself Giant Slayer."

Hercules stood in front of Surt.

"I've never called myself that."

Hercules' eyes gleamed beneath the lion's skin.

"It was you who called me that."

Indeed, the title of "Giant Slayer" had been coined by the giants themselves, and no one else. And for good reason, as Hercules had killed many of them.

Although it was a title created out of a misunderstanding, at this moment, he had to accept that name.

"That's what he said."

Hercules' faith in YuWon was deep.

"If you live, many more people will die than in the Gigantomachy."

Kwaack-.

The mace in Hercules' hand tightened. Ominous magic began to flow through the ground. The ground sank beneath his feet, and Hercules' body became heavy.

"So I have to capture you."

Thud, thud, thud-.

[Gigantification]

Hercules' body swelled.

His body took the form of a giant, and a supernatural amount of magic flowed through him.

And at that moment...

Fear, fear-.

Surt felt a fear he had never felt before. But still, Surtur smiled.

"So the System has this function too."

It wasn't his own fear.

It was the fear imprinted deep in his genes, clinging to the System.

The name "Giant Slayer" had an effect that even made Surt tremble.

Of course...

"Amusing, simply amusing..."

That level of fear was nothing more than a mere precaution for Surtur.

"A guy who just entered the top 20..."

Thump-.

Thud- Thump, thump-.

As Surt stood up, mountains crumbled, and the earth shook.

"How dare you challenge me?"

Surt believed that, apart from Odin, there was no one who could be his enemy.

Hercules was said to be the enemy of the Giants, and looking at him right now, he was indeed a formidable enemy. But that was just a story that held some weight in fights between equals. In the face of the difference in power, the advantage was meaningless.

"You've been too caught up in your hero games."

"It's not a game."

"...!"

Surt turned his head at the voice he heard from behind.

How the hell did he move back there?

Wham!

Hercules' club struck Sur's head.

Crack!

A strong impact resounded in his head.

Surt's head was driven into the ground. Hercules, who had obtained a new weapon, slung his club over his shoulder and spoke.

"It's justice."

Kwaang!

Surt's fist and Hercules' club collided.

Ziing!

Through his fist, he felt the solidity of the club and Hercules' strength.

Thud!

Hercules stepped on Surt's fist and moved. As Surt's gaze turned toward Hercules, Hercules' club swung.

Twack!

Thud!

Surt's body, larger and stronger than a mountain, staggered as he took the blow to the chest. From Surt's perspective, how the small body of Hercules could emit such force was a mystery and impressive.

"Ugh..."

Surt groaned in pain in his chest. It had been a long time since he had felt such pain. Not even during the fight against the Great Sage, Heaven's Equal, and Diablo.

Bwoooong!

Hercules' club flew back toward Surt's head.

That's dangerous.

The impact of the first strike still resonated in his head.

However, fortunately, Hercules' fighting style was extremely simple and primitive.

Surt's fist reached out for the club flying toward his head.

Kwaang!

The collision of the two forces drowned out the sound. Both Hercules and Surt were knocked backward simultaneously, struggling to maintain their balance.

Surt looked at the club in Hercules' hand.

"It's not an ordinary weapon."

This time, he swung his fist to shatter the club, which was the offensive weapon in the first place. But the club, which appeared to be made of wood, did not shatter. Even if it was enchanted to strengthen it, there was no way an ordinary wooden stick would not break.

"A branch of Yggdrasil."

After a moment of doubt, Surt was convinced.

He wondered how the hell he managed to turn something like that into an item, but there were two people he could think of.

Odin, the bearer of the branch of Yggdrasil.

And Hephaestus, Hercules' brother.

It was not impossible for the two of them to create such an item.

"So, this is the reason for your confidence."

Hercules' strength was astonishing.

In terms of sheer strength, Hercules was not inferior to Surt.

It was not for nothing that he was said to have the strongest body in the Tower.

He had no special abilities or items apart from Gigantification, but now the branch of Yggdrasil was in his hand.

It was like giving wings to a tiger.

Moreover, with the title of "Giant Slayer," he achieved superiority in terms of affinity, even against Surt, making him a threat.

"At this moment, the branch of Yggdrasil is in Hercules' hands, and he has come to this place."

It was strange...

"It can't be a coincidence."

There was a famous saying among the people of the Murim World that had now spread throughout the Tower.

In this Tower, there are no coincidences.

Everything was inevitability disguised as coincidence, the result of someone pulling the strings.

Furthermore, Foolish Chaos was such a person.

-Someone is betting more than me. I never thought that someone other than you could take the Fire.

It was a statement he didn't fully understand due to the excitement of the moment. But after some time had passed, he slowly began to comprehend the meaning of those words.

Surt's gaze turned towards Odin and the Leviathans of Vritra fighting in the distance.

In his own way, Foolish Chaos seemed to have prepared to buy time, but it was nothing more than a temporary tactic. Additionally, Hercules, who had appeared here, was not an easy opponent.

"I have to admit it."

Fwoosh-.

Flames erupted from Surt's body.

"Whoever it is, they have played a good game."

The flames gathered in Surt's hand.

The flames rising towards the sky formed the figure of a giant sword. It was a representative ability that symbolized Surt, the fiery sword that shattered the dense clouds of the sky.

"I will kill you before Odin arrives. That guy and you joining forces is what the person who prepared the game wants."

From now on, Surt would speak in earnest. He had also realized that this place was the end of Ragnarok.

Hiss-.

The fiery sword twisted the air.

Hercules didn't know how to avoid it.

First of all, he had never fought in such a battle.

The fiery sword clashed against Hercules' club.

Pwung-!

Hercules was enveloped in flames.

Hercules, who had leaped towards Surt in a single bound, was charred and fell to the ground.

Crack-!

The ground sank deeply, and Surt flew down there. Surt stomped on Hercules forcefully to make sure he was dead.

"Did you really think you could make a difference just with that new weapon...?"

Bang, bang, bang-!

The ground shook like an earthquake with each kick from Surt.

While trampling on Hercules' lifeless body, Surt yelled furiously.

"What do you think will change...?"

Thud-.

Surt's foot stopped.

Surt, who was exerting pressure on his foot, realized that something was holding onto his foot.

Crack!

The muscles of Hercules, which were beneath Surt's foot, contracted.

He held the club in one hand and lifted Surt's foot with the other.

"What kind of strength is this...?"

He knew Hercules was strong, but he didn't know he was brutally strong.

Hercules, whose body was charred by Surt's flames, opened his mouth and murmured weakly.

"I'm not smart enough to understand what he's thinking."

He was not only strong. The moment he held the club made from the branches of Yggdrasil in his hands, Hercules' body turned into something completely different.

That was the power of the item, the power of Yggdrasil.

"However, one thing is certain."

Hercules's eyes, which rose from under Surt's foot, gleamed.

"In the end, all of you will lose."

"What arrogance..."

Hiss-!

Dropping his foot, Surt wielded the Sword of Fire once again.

The burning flames grew redder and redder. As if they had swallowed all the fire in the world, the temperature became too high to approach.

"First, I'll kill you, and then I'll slit that ridiculous guy's throat."

He couldn't kill Hercules with physical attacks. Sur, who realized that, tried to swing his sword of fire again.

[The 'Heart of Fire' controls the flames]

[The 'Golden Cinder Eyes' control the flames]

[The 'Holy Fire' threatens the flames]

The messages appeared in Surt's mind.

The flames in his hand trembled.

"What...?"

It wouldn't have been a great threat to Hercules even if Surt's sword of fire had been swung. Moreover, not even Surt, who wielded the sword, could properly give his strength, so his attack was useless.

Surt turned his head to search for the opponent who stirred his flames.

Hercules did the same.

"I see you've arrived."

His mouth curved into a smile.

And at that moment...

"You came close."

Thud~.

Above the collapsed rock mountain, YuWon approached Hercules and greeted him.

"Are you okay?"

"I'm still fine."

Hercules stood up from the ground and shook off the dust and ashes from his body.

But Surt, who was in front of him, hadn't moved since he had seen YuWon...

Tadak, takad, takad-

The purple flame clung to YuWon's body.

The familiar sensation of Magic Power flowing within his body.

"Yes..."

At that moment, Surt realized.

"Son of a b*tch!"

The thief who had stolen his Fire was indeed that guy, YuWon.

Chapter 269

This was Surt's second direct confrontation with him.

It was during the chaos in the Tower, after Ragnarok had ended and the tyrannical reign of Muspelheim had begun.

"At that time, it must have been after he swallowed the Fire."

At that time, Surt's flames were at a level that not even most High-Rankers could approach.

It was the same with YuWon in the past. Back then, YuWon was a High-Ranker ranked 20th.

But now, it felt a bit different.

"Now, I'm not as weak as back then."

It wasn't just because his ability had improved, but because something important was missing from Surt.

The Fire.

Since he was expelled from Asgard, the Fire that he had been gathering ever since was no longer with him.

"You-!"

With a sharp cry, Surt leaped at YuWon.

But it didn't last long.

Kwaaang!

Hercules' club, which had already flown up, crashed into Surt's body.

Buuuum!

Surt's body, sent flying, raised a cloud of dust and flipped the ground.

Then, Hercules landed next to YuWon, raising his club to protect him from Surt.

YuWon wasn't of much help in this fight. Surt was more than capable of crushing him in an instant.

"Where have you been? You said you would arrive earlier."

"Down here."

"Down here? What do you mean?"

When YuWon nodded, Hercules frowned, wondering what that meant.

"You said you would be here first, but you were hiding underground. That's unlike you," he thought.

"No matter what you've been doing, stay out of this fight."

Thud.

Surt got up from the ground.

Anger was already burning in his veins, even hotter than before.

"That guy is an even bigger monster than my father."

YuWon had fought Zeus in the past.

At that time, Zeus was ranked ninth in the Ranking.

But Surt, in front of them, was a much higher-ranked monster than Zeus.

"If you say it that way, I feel disappointed," YuWon said without taking his eyes off Surt.

"I've been running my ass off to catch him."

"...?"

Kaboom!

Flames burst from Surt's hand.

As Surt wielded his Fire Sword again to attack,

"Step back!"

With a surprised expression, Hercules tried to block it, but instead, YuWon stepped forward.

Although YuWon's ability had improved significantly, it was impossible for him to fight against Surt's fire.

If he got hit, he would turn into ashes in an instant.

"You're crazy!"

Kaboom!

It was too late to try to stop him.

The flames had already passed, carrying Hercules and YuWon with them. While Hercules tried to stop the flames with his club, he quickly searched for YuWon.

"Kim YuWon-!"

An urgent voice.

But the response was different than expected.

"Don't call me so loudly."

Fwoosh-

The fire swept through the area.

Amidst the blazing flames, YuWon stood calmly.

"I'm right here. Don't scream in my ear."

The intense red fire slowly died down and tinged purple.

The flames that Surt had unleashed now surrounded YuWon.

Even if they were Demonic Flames, it seemed that they didn't harm YuWon's clothes at all.

Hercules, who had shouted with concern, was left breathless seeing that YuWon was able to even stop Surt's fire.

He knew YuWon was an exceptional guy, but still...

"How did you do that?"

YuWon had been a newcomer High-Ranker until recently and hadn't even reached the top to be ranked as a Ranker in his own right.

No one would believe that YuWon could have stopped Surt's fire.

"I told you, I've prepared a lot."

"Prepared for what...?"

"Let's leave that for later."

Fwoosh-

Surt approached with threatening flames.

But YuWon's reaction was the same.

"Trust me for now."

"Understood."

It was a hesitant response.

It seemed he still couldn't fully believe what he had just witnessed. But at least he had seen what had happened a moment ago, so he couldn't completely dismiss the possibility.

Then Hercules asked, just in case.

"Can you stop those flames?"

YuWon thought for a moment before nodding.

"Maybe."

"Maybe?"

"Still, I won't die."

"Is there a part of you that believes that?"

"I'm sure of it."

The corners of YuWon's lips lifted.

The expression on his face allowed Hercules to dispel any lingering anxiety.

It had been a long time since YuWon showed such confidence in himself. Moreover, he clearly felt a kind of Arcane Power that he had never felt in YuWon before.

'I don't know what that purple flame is, but...'

He blinked.

Hercules looked at the purple flames rising around YuWon.

"If we can stop him, it's not impossible."

Crackle, crackle.

YuWon approached Surt. Surt's target was himself.

No.

More precisely, it was the "Fire" that YuWon possessed.

"I'll draw Surt's attention."

Each of them took their position.

"You, give him a good beating."

Hercules nodded.

If YuWon could withstand Surt's fire, it would change the course of this fight.

It was said that Hercules had the strongest body in the world, and his physical endurance was almost unrivaled. Actually, it wasn't Surt's strength that bothered Hercules, but his fire.

"Please."

Crack-.

Strength entered Hercules' legs.

Kwaang!

Surt's fire took the form of a demon. According to Surt's will, the demon grew even larger and more terrifying.

The angrier Surt became, the hotter his fire grew.

Soon, Surt's flames attacked again.

Boom!

But...

"You still don't know, do you?"

Tac, tac, tac...

Surt's reaction was even more satisfying for YuWon.

['Uranus Heart' resists 'Surt's Annihilation']

['Golden Cinder Eyes' resist 'Surt's Annihilation']

['Heart of Fire' resists 'Surt's Annihilation']

['Holy Fire' resists 'Surt's Annihilation']

['Holy Fire' is consuming 'Surt's Annihilation']

[Has great resistance to the fire attribute]

[Successful in most resistances]

".....!"

Surt seemed surprised to see someone who could block his flames head-on.

YuWon looked at Surt as he walked through the flames Surt had thrown.

"Your 'Fire' doesn't work anymore."

And at that moment...

Wooong...

Hercules struck Surt with his club from behind.

"Watch out for the tail!"

"Aim for the head!"

"From the movement..."

"We can't fight them with strength alone!"

"We'll start with the injured first!"

The war between Asgard and the dragon creatures continued. Countless Rankers and Players fought against the Leviathans.

Each of the Leviathans was an individual with superior rank strength.

Moreover, the flying Leviathans were a tough opponent even for the Asgard army.

Furthermore, there were hundreds of Leviathans.

Asgard suddenly realized the enormity of the Dragons' power.

Crackle!

However, apart from Odin, there were also powerful warriors in Asgard.

Spark! Fiiiish!

With a bright yellow flash, a Leviathan's body was cut in half.

The Asgard soldiers, who had hesitated for a moment at the clean cut, cheered.

"Baldur! Baldur!"

"Baldur-!"

"We have Baldur!"

A high-ranking Asgardian known for his swordsmanship.

Baldur commanded the battlefield.

"Form teams of at least five Rankers, choose your positions, and use the entire battlefield!"

Baldur moved more actively than anyone else.

Every time he swung his sword, the Leviathans fell to the ground.

That was the power of a High-Ranker.

With just one's presence, they could change the flow of battle.

However, even Baldur couldn't intervene in that fight.

"...Father."

Crack, Kurr-.

There were two beings fighting in the clouds.

They had kept themselves away from the Asgard army to avoid causing harm. If not for that, the Asgard soldiers would have already been turned into ashes.

Kyaaaa!

The occasional screams came from a type of magic that regular soldiers couldn't sense.

Vritra (Brythra/Britra)

He didn't know why he was helping Muspelheim, but his breath had enough power to evaporate entire cities in an instant.

Odin fought to protect the armies of Asgard from the breath of such a creature.

"In the end, my father will win."

But the question was time.

Thump-.

In the distance, Surt was fighting.

Odin had to be there. Only Odin could stop Surt.

"But..."

Baldur's gaze turned towards there.

In the distance, Surt could be seen moving violently.

It was a sign that the battle was quite intense, with flames rising to the sky and a loud noise of footsteps shaking the earth.

"Who is fighting there?"

Surt was one of the most powerful creatures in this Tower.

Odin had also said that only he could face him in Asgard.

Surt was the pinnacle of a race. An individual whose power could bring about the destruction of worlds.

But that creature was engaged in a fierce battle with someone who was not Odin.

"Whoever it is, won't last long. We must hurry and get my father to join them."

Looking up, Baldur saw Odin and Vritra fighting.

Kaaaaaah!

Odin's Gungnir blocked Vritra's Breath. Odin not only blocked it but deflected it upward.

Then, a large magic circle floated above the clouds. A huge ice spear corresponding to the flames flew towards Vritra, and its tail swung towards it.

Kwachachang-!

The ice spear shattered into pieces. The fragments of broken ice fell to the ground, and the two clashed again.

Thud!

Baldur continued to look up at the fight between Odin and Vritra.

Standing in the air as if he had lost his reason, Baldur was approached by a Valkyrie.

"Sir Baldur, are you alright?"

In this battle, Baldur moved more intensely than anyone else. He used his abilities without reservation and therefore was destined to tire quickly.

"If you're tired, please rest for a moment. We will now..."

"It's enough."

"What?"

The Valkyrie seemed puzzled by Baldur's response.

Even though the battle was at its peak, he said it was already enough.

The Valkyrie followed Baldur's gaze.

What he was looking at was not the fight between Odin and Vritra.

"Soon..."

In the clouds.

"He will come."

Baldur looked inward and smiled brightly.

And then...

"Grow-."

From the clouds where Odin and Vritra were fighting, a voice full of Arcane Power resonated.

"Ru Yi".

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It was right then, just as Odin was about to throw Gungnir...

"Grow-."

A voice resonated from somewhere.

Odin turned his head. Just like him, Vritra was also puzzled by the sudden surge of Arcane Power.

"Ruyi."

Bang!

Boom!

Vritra's chin lifted as he attempted to unleash a breath of fire, and a white-haired man with a giant staff appeared.

"Great Sage, Heaven's Equal?"

Odin's face was filled with doubts about why he was here.

In the face of Odin's questioning gaze, OhGong spoke up.

"Don't be so impressed. It's not that big of a deal."

"I'll pat your back later."

Fwoosh!

Heat built up in Vritra's mouth.

"He's coming again."

Boom-.

Then, a tall man leaped toward the breath. He swung a blue fan he held in his hand with all his might.

"Palm Leaf Fan (芭蕉扇)-."

Fwoosh!

A great air pressure pushed the hot air back. Odin recognized the man's identity thanks to the familiar item and skill.

"Great Sage, Who Pacifies Heaven (평천대성)."

The blue fan held in the hand of the Bull Demon King. It was an item that symbolized the Great Sage, Who Pacifies Heaven, just like Sun Wukong's Ru Yi Bang (여의봉).

Palm Leaf Fan (파초선).

An item that could create a typhoon and control the weather with a single fan strike.

The Bull Demon King had brought down the Celestial Realm and reclaimed all of its items.

"Why are you here?"

Great Sage, Heaven's Equal, and Great Sage, Who Pacifies Heaven.

Although they weren't related by blood, they were said to be closer than true brothers.

The sworn brothers who caused a mess in the gigantic Celestial Realm Guild. Their appearance made Vritra hesitate for a moment.

When Vritra's movements momentarily halted, the Bull Demon King turned to Odin.

"Long time no see, Odin."

Kihikihing-.

The celestial horse Odin rode whinnied in fear.

Even if it was just Vritra, he was a being difficult to withstand for a celestial horse. Furthermore, when Son OhGong and the Bull Demon King also appeared, it seemed completely terrified.

"Ah, yes. Long time no see."

Odin and the Bull Demon King.

The two had met during the suppression of Uranus a long time ago. Of course, there was no personal friendship between them, but they knew each other's abilities well.

They exchanged a brief greeting.

"Were you also summoned by Kim YuWon?"

Odin realized that this entire situation had been created by one person.

Kim YuWon.

Even the fact that he called him to Muspelheim, the return of Surt here. And blocking the Heavens with Zeus too.

It was all done by one person.

So, it was likely that these two were also the same.

Of course.

"Yes."

The Bull Demon King nodded and looked at Vritra.

"The Demons and the Dragons fought together in Muspelheim. Now the Demons and the Heavens are in completely opposite positions..."

The Bull Demon King glanced at Vritra.

"The Dragons are much more troublesome."

The power of the dragons was strong. Not only Briteira, there were beings among the Dragons that were comparable to the top High-Rankers.

"Were there other dragons?"

"Fafnir."

"Did Fafnir also participate in this battle?"

His brow furrowed.

If Fafnir had joined the war, it was no longer just Vritra's involvement.

The entire Dragon race was involved.

Indeed, the Giant Demons and the Dragons had joined forces.

"The scale of Ragnarok is larger than I thought."

Odin considered himself someone who had lived in a vast world.

But even Odin had never experienced a war of this magnitude.

If, only if, YuWon hadn't appeared and accelerated this fight...

"How much bigger would the fight have been?"

Suddenly, he seemed to understand why YuWon sought to provoke Ragnarok.

"What happened to Fafnir?"

"I drove him away. Luckily, it seems we were able to communicate with him."

"You drove him away..."

"Now is not the time to worry about that."

Cutting off Odin's words, the Bull Demon King looked at Vritra.

Suddenly, Vritra bared his teeth again and gathered his breath in his mouth. The fight was in full swing, and now it was his turn to attack.

Furthermore, this fight would not end in just one place.

"Go to the rendezvous point. What you have to do is there."

The Bull Demon King's words made Odin furrow his brow with an ambiguous expression. It felt as if he were being manipulated in a well-orchestrated game. And this was no different for the two individuals in front of him. Although that guy Kim YuWon's ability was there, from where and to what extent had he seen things?

"Terrifying."

Thanks to coming to the past using the Clock Movement, but still... Anyone would find it impossible to create a game like this.

Time flows equally for everyone, and even if it can be rewound, there are few people who can change the future.

This was a well-known fact to Odin, who had been thinking and studying time for a long time.

So what about Kim YuWon?

"The Gigantomachy, the Three Precious Children, the Celestial War, Ragnarok..."

Solving large and small incidents, he changed the Tower as he advanced.

Why?

At first, he thought it was just the result of the Clock Movement he himself had created in the future, but...

"I have to know."

He was also a little curious.

Odin grasped the reins of his words when he realized what he had to do now.

"I'm sorry, but I'll have to leave it to you."

With the Great Sage, Heaven's Equal, and the Great Sage, Who Pacifies Heaven, they should be able to handle Vritra well enough.

Now he had to defeat Surt, the culprit of this incident.

Kee-hee-hee-hee!

Odin's mount began to move.

Vritra did not pursue Odin.

Now he had to focus on the other two people who appeared before him.

-Fafnir has gone?

Vritra's voice resonated along with his bright red eyes.

He held his breath, ready to exhale his fire breath at any moment.

When he exhaled, the fight would begin again.

-As expected, he was a coward.

"He may be a coward, but not a fool."

It was Son OhGong who spoke.

Vritra opened his mouth as if he didn't care, preparing to unleash his fiery breath.

But then...

"Are you relying on Foolish Chaos, aren't you?"

Upon OhGong's words, the enormous amount of magic that had been building up in Vritra's mouth began to disperse.

And then he spoke.

-How do you know that?

It was quite a surprised reaction.

Son OhGong thought to himself that it was only natural.

"I guess that means you're ready to talk..."

He then recalled YuWon's words: "Don't fight them, but persuade and convince them."

OhGong grumbled, feeling dizzy in the head.

"Why are you making me do this?"

"The Dragons need to be persuaded."

Vritra and Fafnir.

Knowing that the two dragon leaders would participate in Ragnarok, YuWon turned to the Bull Demon King and OhGong.

"That will be your task and the Bull Demon King's."

Kwang-!

Surt fell to the ground after being struck by Hercules' club.

After a moment of stunned disbelief, Surt reached out for Hercules' club, which flew in front of him.

Kwang-.

Fwoosh!

Blocking the club with the palm of his hand, Surt quickly created a flame.

Hercules was able to withstand even lava with his bare body, but Surt's fire was different. Hercules quickly stepped back and regained his balance.

"The fire doesn't work."

Surt's gaze turned back to YuWon.

"Is it because of the 'Fire'?"

The Fire that YuWon had stolen.

It was Surt's secret weapon to defeat Odin.

As such, the power of Fire was something Surt was familiar with.

So he shook his head.

"That won't be enough."

First of all, he didn't understand why YuWon had stolen the Fire. The Fire he created was impossible for normal Rankers to approach.

It was not simply something that could be resisted with fire attribute resistance.

It was something that only Surt, who had the highest fire attribute resistance and a gigantic body, could obtain.

"Well... it seems it doesn't matter."

Thump.

Surt stomped on the ground.

"There are many ways to kill insects."

Crunch, crunch.

His feet split the ground.

Fire is also fire, but it was the moment he could feel Surt's power.

"I will step on you and kill you, and take that Fire back."

Boom!

Surt flew towards YuWon.

It's incredible that someone with a body as large as a mountain can move so fast. It was a movement that didn't match the characteristics of giants, who were naturally big and clumsy.

Goo-goo-goo!

Upon landing, a deep hole appeared in the ground. Not feeling anything under his feet, Surt turned his head.

"Do you think you can escape?"

Bang-.

Surt reached out his hand towards YuWon.

If fire doesn't work, he'll simply engage in close combat. In fact, fire was just one of the many abilities Surt possessed. Surt's physical abilities were comparable to those of Hercules.

However...

Kwaang!

The problem was that Hercules was currently assisting YuWon, deflecting Surt's arm and swinging his club.

Bum-.

Hercules, who had struck Surt's arm, brandished his club once again.

"Weren't you fighting with me before?"

"You..."

Fwoosh-.

Surt ignited flames all over his body.

"Arrogant, Zeus's abandoned son!"

Surt punched Hercules.

With the sound of the ground trembling, Surt's punch, which was being driven into the earth, stopped. Hercules stood on both feet, resisting Surt's punch with strength.

The veins on Surt's forehead bulged.

One couldn't be hurt by fire, and the other couldn't be defeated in close combat.

It was a challenging combination to deal with.

And it was YuWon who devised that combination, looking at Hercules, who was enduring Surt's power.

"If it's that guy, he can handle it."

Luckily, he wasn't mistaken.

That's why he had given Hercules the Yggdrasil Branch.

Now there was only one thing he could do.

"Opportunities are not many."

Maybe just one chance.

Surt was focused on Hercules. Apparently, to steal the Fire from YuWon, he needed to trample Hercules first. As long as Hercules was alive and well, he would continue to protect YuWon.

And now, with Surt's gaze momentarily fixed on Hercules, it was his chance.

Swoosh-.

YuWon took an item from his inventory. A shining mirror composed of thousands, even tens of thousands of faces. It was the Yata Mirror, one of the Three Sacred Treasures.

[The 'Yata Mirror' is activated]

[Move to the designated place reflected in the mirror]

Surt's head was reflected in the Yata Mirror.

In that moment, YuWon's body flashed before Surt's eyes.

Surt, who had been fighting Hercules, was momentarily confused. But then the corners of his mouth turned up, as if he was glad for the opportunity.

If anyone would be glad to see distances shortened, it would be him.

"Your fire can't harm me anyway."

Surt had spent all those years in lava. His resistance to fire was unparalleled. Therefore, even if YuWon had taken the Fire, Surt had no fear of YuWon's fire.

But...

Chk-.

What YuWon was aiming for was precisely Surt's "eyes."

"Do you know how much moisture is in your eyes?"

Hwaruk-.

Through Surt's pupils, purple flames began to burn.

"If you don't know, you'll probably find out soon."