

With The Gods 321

Chapter 321

C321

Chiiir~

The mansion's door opened.

Angels dressed in white robes opened the door and welcomed Michael.

Michael's mind was too confused, unable to sort out his thoughts.

A moment ago...

YuWon's words kept swirling in his head.

-How much do you trust Metatron?

Those words were impactful enough to induce nausea just by thinking about them.

How much did he trust Metatron?

"He is the Heavenly King."

Michael stood still for a moment and closed his eyes.

His vision turned black as coal.

There was nothing to see, making his thoughts even deeper.

"He is someone closer to Heaven than anyone else. The one and magnificent being we should worship."

Doubting someone like Metatron was unthinkable.

It had been that way from the beginning when he defended the Angels and fought against the Demons.

Michael never doubted Metatron. His actions were sublime, and he was the undisputed leader of all Angels.

Michael had sworn eternal loyalty and trust to Metatron.

And that hadn't changed until now, even after countless Great Heaven Demon Wars.

However...

-Who do you think started the Great Heaven Demon War?

Why...

-Do you really think it's the Demons killing the Angels of Heaven?

Why did those words keep haunting him?

"Do I also have the same doubts?"

No, that wasn't possible.

His trust in Metatron was unwavering. If Metatron asked him to sacrifice himself for Heaven, Michael would gladly do it.

Yes.

Metatron wouldn't have started the Great Heaven Demon War to kill the Angels.

However...

"Many Angels have died in the Great Heaven Demon War."

There were some things he could sympathize with in YuWon's words.

The war had lost its meaning and had become a senseless event.

A fight beyond that had no significance.

"What's the matter?"

The mansion's butler approached Michael, who was lost in his thoughts for a moment.

Michael snapped out of his thoughts and opened his eyes. Then, he headed directly in the direction from where the butler came.

"An urgent matter has arisen."

"Allow me to accompany you."

When the followers approached, Michael shook his head.

"No, I'll go alone."

"Where are you planning to go...?"

"I must go see the King."

"Do you mean Lord Metatron?"

The follower looked up, contemplating the dark and somber night sky.

Even though the two moons shone brightly, the night was quite dark.

Nevertheless, Michael made a hasty decision as if he were being pursued by something.

"There isn't much time until the Great Heaven Demon War."

Having made a firm decision, Michael couldn't afford to wait any longer, aware that every moment that passed without stopping this fight would result in more sacrifices.

With a flap of his wings, Michael extended his wings.

The Heavenly King Metatron was in the highest place of Heaven.

A small castle floated above the sky, in the sky above the sky.

It was a palace intended only for an Angel. The Heavenly Palace was a place where only the Heavenly King and authorized Archangels could enter.

With his wings extended, Michael flew towards the Heavenly Palace.

He entered the castle and folded his wings, walking on the red carpet.

Metatron was already waiting for him.

"Michael comes to see the Heavenly King."

He knelt down and lowered his gaze.

Even looking at him directly was considered an act of disrespect.

His knee was directed towards the Archangel seated on the throne.

"I knew you would come."

A blond-haired Angel with long hair reaching his waist and skin so transparent that it glowed.

An existence like a deity to the living Angels, as well as a significant part of the history of Heaven.

Metatron.

He looked down at Michael.

"Raise your head."

"Yes."

"Why have you come at such a late hour?"

It wasn't a reprimand.

It was the intention to understand what urgency there could be to come at such a late hour.

"As it seems to be an urgent matter, I would be more attentive to what you have to say." That was Metatron's tone.

Faced with Metatron's tone, Michael struggled to keep his head held high instead of dropping it down.

"I have something to say."

"Go ahead."

"I want to stop the Great Heaven Demon War here and now."

"Stop the Great Heaven Demon War...?"

Metatron's eyes narrowed.

It was a meaningful expression.

It was natural.

To say that he would stop such a long and ongoing war between the Demons and Heaven without difficulty.

Despite his mood, Metatron calmly asked, "Why do you suddenly say that?"

"That's..."

While considering mentioning YuWon's story, Michael stopped the words he was about to utter.

Instead of saying that he was influenced by the meaningless words of a Human, it would be better to speak of his own thought.

Michael closed his mouth for a moment and then opened it.

"Too much blood has already been shed."

"Blood?"

"Yes. And if this fight continues, we will continue to spill more blood."

The longer the fight lasted, the more Angels would die.

It was natural. There was no Angel who didn't know that.

However, the Great Heaven Demon War didn't stop.

That's why Michael made a decision.

"So, I dare to ask, what do you think about calling for a ceasefire?"

"Ceasefire, ceasefire..."

Metatron repeated those words as if he were lost in deep thoughts.

How much time might have passed since then?

"Do you remember how the Great Heaven Demon War started?"

Facing the sudden question, Michael nodded.

"Yes, I remember."

"And the name of that Angel?"

"The name... you mean?"

It was a very ancient event.

Moreover, back then, Michael was a lower-ranking Angel in a much lower position than he is now, who is already in the position of the Chief of Angels.

There were few Angels who remembered even the incident, let alone remembering that it happened.

"At that time, he was a young Angel who had just passed the Trials. His name was Tamael."

Tamael.

It was a strange name.

No matter how much time had passed, it seems that name no longer remains in the memories.

"If we stop the Great Heaven Demon War, his name will completely disappear. He won't even receive consolation for the injustice."

Metatron's voice filled with sadness.

Recalling a little Angel who lost his life a long time ago, Metatron spoke with a resolute voice.

"If we submit to the current sacrifices, it could become a recurring pattern. We might fear shedding blood and hesitate in battle, ultimately losing everything."

Sss~

Metatron stood up from his seat and approached Michael with a step.

"Michael."

"Yes."

"Is that what you desire?"

"...No."

"Then I'm glad."

Metatron smiled brightly.

There were no reprimands or scoldings.

Knock, knock.

Metatron tapped Michael's shoulder several times and then turned away.

"Today, let's say I heard nothing. Go back."

After saying that, Metatron left as if he had vanished.

Michael stood up from his seat and lowered his head. In his mind, Michael's head tangled once again.

He spread his wings and flew through the sky without a clear destination for a while.

And when he returned to the mansion...

"Is the story over?"

The voice that had been swirling in his head lately echoed.

"I must have told you to stay out of sight."

YuWon was waiting near the mansion.

YuWon was the last person Michael wanted to see right now, causing Michael's face to wrinkle quickly.

But despite that stern expression, YuWon didn't seem fazed.

"That's how it was."

"But..."

"Don't you see?"

"You're ignoring me."

Ssshh...

The wind's direction shifted towards a single point.

The surrounding air filled with Michael's Arcane Power.

Woosh...

YuWon activated the Golden Cinder Eyes.

The wind that was blowing around him started to become hostile. Michael released Arcane Power as if he was about to attack.

Despite that...

He didn't act immediately.

"Why do you hesitate?"

"Hesitate?"

"The Sword and Shield of Heaven. The wind that punishes and condemns evil. Isn't that what the Archangel Michael represents?"

The wind heading towards YuWon trembled for a moment.

He's hesitating.

Michael realized the reason his mind was confused.

"If you think I'm wrong, there's nothing to hesitate about."

"...Then?"

"It must be because of the Heavenly King's order, even though you know it's best to stop the Great Heaven Demon War, you can't."

Silence...

Due to the constant jab of his conscience, Michael grabbed his head.

Who is this guy in front of him?

Why does he know his mind better than himself?

He was angry, and his pride was affected.

YuWon was right, that's why he couldn't act against him.

But...

"I can't betray the Heavenly King."

The loyalty he had upheld through the long-forgotten years wasn't so easily toppled.

YuWon knew that too.

Archangel Michael.

He knew how long he had stood by Metatron's side.

"I didn't come here to ask you to betray him."

"Then?"

"Have you met with Metatron?"

With a penetrating gaze that seemed to know it all, YuWon approached Michael.

Fleeting, he could see Metatron's figure in YuWon as he approached.

"If you had to choose between the Heavenly King Metatron and all the Angels of Heaven..."

Chas...

YuWon came up close and stopped in front of Michael, looking down at him, despite Michael being slightly taller than him.

"Which one would you choose?"

The empty place where Michael was. Metatron wandered around that place for a while.

"It's true..."

The words Michael left behind echoed in his mind.

-We've spilled too much blood.

How many Angels died in the Great Heaven Demon War?

Probably hundreds of millions. It was a war that took place not just once but over hundreds of times, so it was a natural outcome.

Michael's words were correct.

Too much blood had been spilled.

However...

"It's faster than I thought."

He believed that even if he couldn't do it now, the Great Heaven Demon War would continue for a thousand years, even thousands of years.

As the fight between Angels and Demons repeated over and over, it grew deeper, and their mutual hatred accumulated.

And Metatron believed that this was the culmination of the confrontation between Angels and Demons.

But suddenly, Michael asserted that the Great Heaven Demon War must stop.

He said too many Angels had died, and more would continue to die in the future.

"Well, we've spilled much blood."

There were some Angels who held the same argument as Michael.

Every time that happened, Metatron dismissed them with the same words.

But this time was different.

It wasn't just any Angel; it was an Archangel.

Moreover, Michael was the Angel with the greatest influence among the Archangels.

"Of all people, Michael..."

The opponent wasn't good.

He couldn't overlook the situation as he had done until now.

Once a spark ignites, it spreads rapidly like a predictable fire.

"It's time..."

Suddenly...

Metatron's steps, which were aimlessly pacing, abruptly stopped in that place.

"I have to raise the stakes."

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The dawn arrived.

In the Heavenly City, Angels dressed in armor and armed gathered as always.

It was time for an early breakfast.

The Angels gathered in a large dining hall near the headquarters.

While they enjoyed their meal, a man in unusual attire entered before the eyes of the Angels.

"A Human...?"

"What is a Human doing here?"

This place was Heaven.

The world of Angels. Although Players who entered the Tower and ascended to Heaven were quite numerous, they were not as many compared to the total population.

Above all, those who had climbed over 90 floors were rare.

They possessed the potential to become Rankers, and only a very small number of chosen Players could reach that level.

Furthermore, the current situation was exceptional.

Players who were not Angels were strictly restricted from entering this place.

The Angels surrounded the man as he enjoyed his meal.

"Hey."

"Who are you? No one who is not of the Angel Race is allowed entry here."

"It's an exceptional situation right now. A Human cannot enter here as they please."

"Who allowed him entry?"

Entering battle mode, the Angels were much more keen than at other times.

The Angels surrounding the man emitted a threatening atmosphere. At this moment, as the Great Heaven Demon War was about to begin, intruders were not welcome.

But then...

"Stop."

At the familiar voice, the Angels reflexively halted their actions.

Clink~

Kim YuWon, who was holding the utensils, placed them on the table.

The Angels' gazes concentrated on Michael, who had entered the dining hall.

"He is our comrade who will fight with us from today onwards."

"Comrade?"

"Are you referring to this Human?"

The impact of Michael's words was considerable.

Some showed signs of resistance. Their gazes expressed their dissatisfaction with a Human intruding in the sacred Great Heaven Demon War.

But there were no Angels who directly opposed Michael.

It was because there were many Angels who trusted and supported Michael.

"Stand up and greet them."

Thud~

Kim YuWon stood up.

"I am Kim YuWon. I hope we can work together."

"Kim YuWon?"

"Really? Someone search in the Player Kit."

"It seems to be true..."

The Angels were restless.

To think that the Human who was eating in the dining hall was Kim YuWon.

Kim YuWon, who had reached the upper ranks of High-Rankers in such a short period of time, was practically known to most, regardless of their race, in the entire history of the Tower.

Sudden silence.

Michael raised a finger for them to hush.

The Angels, who were in a stir, closed their mouths. Michael, who had silenced them with a gesture, spoke.

"He has only agreed to help us during this Great Heaven Demon War. Let's try to get along without being overly guarded."

"Yes!"

"Continue with your meals."

Food distribution resumed.

YuWon sat down and picked up the utensils. Michael came up to his side.

"Don't worry too much. It's understandable that they are quite cautious at this moment."

"I understand. I'm aware of that."

Nothing special happened, but there was tension in the restaurant.

Since a year before the start of the Great Heaven Demon War, Heaven had entered a state of emergency. During this period, Heaven had intensified the training of Angels and rejected any external intervention that might arise.

It wasn't surprising for the Angels to reject YuWon, being a Human, at this time.

YuWon was not narrow-minded enough to be offended by this.

However...

"It seems like everyone is on edge."

YuWon felt a strange tension clinging among the Angels.

But that was only strange to YuWon, a Human.

In Michael's eyes, it was something natural.

"The Great Heaven Demon War is just around the corner."

"Is that so important? After all, it repeats every ten years."

"Because it repeats, it's even more important. It's a matter that affects the pride of our race."

"Really?"

For Players who were neither Angels nor Demons, the Great Heaven Demon War was nothing more than a fun spectacle.

It was similar to a low-level Martial Arts Competition. Various Players and Rankers bet on the results of the Great Heaven Demon War.

This fight, whether a victory for the Angels or a defeat for the Demons, only left wounds on both sides and became a recreational event for Players.

"You are the one handling the soldiers. Who else would be the Angel in charge of managing the war supplies?"

"The weapons, food, and potions for the Great Heaven Demon War are delivered through the merchant Raguel. Not only war supplies, but everything in Heaven."

"That's a lot of authority."

"Would you like to meet him?"

"Please."

Nam, nam.

Michael started eating the soup that had been distributed to him, just like the other Angels.

"We'll move once we finish eating."

"Yes."

YuWon started eating silently again, holding the utensils while they looked at each other. Occasionally, Michael would cast a quick glance at YuWon.

"My choice shouldn't have been wrong."

At that moment, he couldn't fully trust YuWon, but he didn't distrust him completely either. At that moment, the only thing they had in common was the idea of stopping the Great Heaven Demon War.

For now, he intended to move alongside him and keep a close eye on him.

"But if he does something that could harm Heaven, then..."

Michael lowered his head, worried that his gaze might reveal something.

"I will cut his neck immediately."

The Trader of Heaven.

Considering only his position, one could say he was next after the Heavenly King. Given the weight of being responsible for all the properties and supplies of Heaven, his prestige was undeniable.

No.

That's what he thought.

But it turns out...

"Raguel."

The Trader of Heaven, the Archangel Raguel, exuded a different atmosphere from the Angels YuWon had known until now.

An elegant marble floor. A spacious library lined with walls as white as snow.

Raguel, who piled up documents like a tower on his desk, had his head down and seemed half asleep.

"Raguel!"

"E-eh? Michael..."

Raguel raised his head upon hearing the voice calling him and weakly waved his hand in greeting.

His white skin was almost pale, making the dark circles under his eyes appear even darker and blacker.

A face completely exhausted by fatigue.

It was not common to see a High-Ranker so drained.

"How long has it been since you slept?"

"I think it's been about three months."

"Rest a bit while you work."

"I can't rest enough to do that while resting..."

Raguel staggered to his feet, appearing as if he suffered from anemia.

"Coffee? Or wine?"

"Either is fine."

"I need a drink. Maybe coffee... Oh, by the way, what about you?"

It was at that moment when Raguel noticed YuWon.

He wasn't sure if he hadn't seen him due to his drowsy gaze or if he was pretending not to know.

Though he couldn't read Raguel's mind, YuWon greeted him regardless.

"I'm Kim YuWon."

"Ah, so you're Kim YuWon? Archangel Rafael already told me about you. Coffee or wine?"

Apparently, news about YuWon had reached Raguel's ears due to the disturbances that had occurred in the morning.

YuWon met Raguel's gaze.

What thoughts passed through his mind as he observed him?

After thinking for a moment, YuWon responded.

"Coffee, please."

"As you wish."

Drip...

Raguel poured the coffee. The fragrant aroma of coffee spread through the library.

Raguel moved away from Michael and YuWon and opened his mouth.

"The Great Heaven Demon War is just around the corner, right? Thanks to that, I have a lot of piled-up work."

"I understand. We are always busy at this time."

"But, Michael."

"What's the matter?"

"Why do you keep increasing the workload despite knowing that?"

Drip...

A drop of coffee fell into the cup. Raguel turned his body again, holding the two cups of coffee.

As if there was no one else present in that place.

Raguel spoke without directing a single glance at YuWon.

"Neither Angel nor Demon, an undefined race. Bringing someone like a bat who doesn't know which side to take only gives me a headache."

Toc...

Raguel handed the coffee cup to YuWon.

What did he say just before?

Despite his aggressive words, his action of handing the coffee with a smile was quite kind.

YuWon alternated his gaze between the cup and Raguel's face before extending his hand.

"Thank you, I'll enjoy it."

After receiving the cup, YuWon took a sip of coffee and leaned against the wall.

The situation was becoming quite interesting.

"Hm? Michael, tell me something."

"I don't understand what you're talking about."

"Yesterday, I heard that you went to the Heavenly King and asked him to end the Great Heaven Demon War."

Michael's pupils dilated.

Could it be that this story has already reached Raguel's ears?

He knew that Metatron and Raguel were close, but Michael didn't expect the news to spread so quickly.

Raguel clicked his tongue briefly as he saw Michael bewildered.

"Pull yourself together, friend. What the hell are you getting into? What are you seeing?"

Michael fell silent as Raguel looked at him with an expression that seemed to say "pathetic."

It was a tone that seemed to know it all.

Completely ignoring YuWon and knowing exactly what he was doing and why.

Metatron knew it all.

But...

"I need to be sure."

Once was enough for hesitation.

There was no second time.

Michael knew that Raguel's serpent tongue could even enlighten a demon if he so desired.

But the timing wasn't right.

If they had had this conversation a little earlier, perhaps they wouldn't have reached this point.

"There is a clear reason why we have to continue this Great Heaven Demon War. I want to know what it is."

There was no trace of fatigue on his weary face.

Instead of dark circles, only a cold expression remained on his face.

"I believe you understood well enough what the Heavenly King told you yesterday."

"I couldn't accept it."

According to Metatron, the nature of angels was to be indestructible, even in death.

Unlike Demons, whose nature was dominated by the law of the strongest, the essence of Angels could be considered a loyalty akin to faith in a king.

But now...

For the first time, Michael questioned those essences and threw a question at Metatron's words.

"We are called corrupt when faith disappears."

Ring~

The Player Kit on the library desk vibrated.

Within the silent study...

Raguel walked toward his desk and checked his Player Kit.

"You must know what the punishment for corruption is, right?"

"...I do."

"I'm glad to hear that."

Swish~

Michael's hand moved to his waist.

YuWon, who was observing the situation, lowered the cup he had in his hand.

The atmosphere changed rapidly due to Raguel.

"I'm sorry about this, Michael."

Clink!

The library door opened.

Shwack!

From somewhere, a spear was forcefully thrown, aiming for Michael's neck.

Crash!

A massive hole formed in the library wall. In Michael's hand, who evaded the spear by moving his head, there was now a sword he had drawn from his sheath.

"Do you need help?"

YuWon asked.

This place was already surrounded by countless Angels. Moreover, the Archangel of Heaven, Raguel, was right in front of them.

Furthermore, Michael hadn't even brought all of his weapons with him.

"...No."

Despite all this, Michael shook his head.

He looked beyond the revealed hole and saw the Angels aiming their spears at him.

"They are not at fault."

"Are you thinking of rebelling?"

"Not even that."

Michael shook his head.

At the same time...

"I won't kill anyone. I will bring them all down."

Flap.

Michael spread his wings.

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Boom-.

A spear was thrust toward Michael's back, aiming to pierce through him.

Michael, breaking the shoulder of an Angel, quickly turned around.

At the same time...

Clang!

Michael's outstretched hand firmly gripped the spear's handle.

"Hng!"

"Thanks."

Swoosh!

Michael easily pushed away the spear that had slightly pierced his back, striking the chest of the approaching Angel.

The Angel was sent flying and crashed into the wall, falling unconscious on the ground. Michael, glancing briefly at the fallen Angel, twirled the spear in his hand.

Whoosh...

"For bringing me this spear personally."

Buum.

As Michael gripped the spear, the Angels around him hesitated.

There were already dozens of fallen Angels around him. All of them were elites of the Angel Race with abilities close to those of Rankers.

There were even two Archangel-ranked Angels among them.

However, Michael had effortlessly subdued them all without using his main weapon, the spear.

"This is more troublesome than I thought."

Raguel's expression slightly distorted amidst the developing situation.

He had no proper weapon and was surrounded. It was an unfavorable situation for Michael.

But even so, Michael resolved the situation without difficulty.

It was a different situation than expected.

"Maybe I should intervene as well..."

As Raguel took a step towards the sword at his waist.

"Is it much stronger than expected?"

YuWon's voice resonated nearby.

Raguel abruptly turned his head.

When had he approached his side? The fleeting question in his mind was dispelled by the coffee cup beside him.

"Did he remain still all this time?"

Amidst this chaos, YuWon showed not even the slightest movement. When Michael told him to stay put, YuWon remained completely motionless.

YuWon's gaze remained fixed on Michael the whole time.

"No one has died in this fight. Until now, and probably in the future too."

Whoosh...

YuWon turned towards Raguel.

"If you get involved, the story might change, right?"

Tztztztz...

Arcane Power gathered in YuWon's eyes.

[Golden Cinder Eyes]

Perhaps he was careless?

Raguel's body momentarily stiffened as their eyes met.

It was at that moment...

-If you move even a little...

Whoosh...

The tip of a red sword neared Raguel's neck.

-I will cut you.

An ominous aura was transmitted through the blade of the sword. Raguel, swallowing hard, stared back at his opponent.

It was evident from his pale face.

He was definitely skilled enough to behead an Archangel of the Heavens Guild.

"Susanoo..."

A High-Ranker who was once called the strongest of the Three Precious Children.

As the person who controlled all the supplies in the Heavens, it was impossible for Raguel not to have known him while Susanoo led tens of thousands of undead legions and danced across the battlefield with ghostly sword skills.

It was known from previous tests that YuWon could summon Susanoo as an undead.

Maybe Susanoo's skills weren't as good as they were in his prime.

So...

"I have to escape somehow."

Spaaat-.

Raguel's body moved.

He twisted his neck to free himself from the sword and prepared to attack Susanoo directly.

But...

Chaaa!

Raguel's staggering body trembled as blood gushed from his mouth.

In that instant, he didn't understand what was happening.

How...?

-You've been sitting at the desk for too long; you've become quite slow.

"Ugh..."

Just before turning his body, Susanoo's sword moved.

Susanoo's sword was faster than any attempt to dodge it. As Raguel, who was wavering, looked at Susanoo with the intention to counterattack, YuWon's hand grabbed Raguel's head.

Kwaaang!

"Ugh...!"

Raguel, with his head slammed on the ground, writhed.

But strangely, his head, held by YuWon's hand, didn't move at all.

Grrrr-.

Veins on YuWon's arm stood out.

[The strength of a Giant roots itself in your arm]

At the same time Susanoo was summoned, YuWon activated his Gigantification.

"Don't move unnecessarily and stay put."

Grrrr-.

"Mmm, ugh...!"

He felt as if the pressure of YuWon's grip would make his skull explode. Raguel knew very well that YuWon was capable of handling Gigantification, a skill of the Giant Slayer Hercules.

In terms of strength, he couldn't compete with YuWon. That much was clear in his mind.

The unexpected part was Susanoo.

'He's beyond his prime.'

A moment ago, Susanoo's sword moved at a speed that far surpassed Raguel's field of vision.

Moreover, despite being a swift and light movement, the blade of the red sword easily cut through his wings.

Susanoo no longer had the power to command an army of undead, but the speed and power of his sword clearly exceeded the levels of his prime.

'Is this the power of a summon of Kim YuWon?'

The power of the undead depends on the abilities of the Necromancer.

No matter how powerful an undead being is, if the Necromancer is nothing special, they won't be able to unleash their full power.

On the other hand, even the corpse of an ordinary Player could manifest a Ranker-level power depending on the Necromancer's abilities.

In this case, it was the latter.

Raguel, with his head slammed on the ground, looked up at YuWon with a different expression.

"You... You're more dangerous... than we expected."

"Dangerous?"

Kwuuk-.

YuWon's hand tightened.

As if not wanting to escalate things further, Raguel closed his mouth and suppressed a scream.

"I'm glad you figured that out."

YuWon's eyes gleamed as he looked at Raguel.

'His ability isn't all that great compared to his ranking. Is his ranking within the top 100 due to his position as the Chancellor (재상) of Heaven?' **(Note: '재상' this word has many meanings, which can be Chancellor, as well as, Chief Executive, Chief Minister, Prime Minister, Minister of State, etc. But for now, I will use 'Chancellor' to refer to this title)**

If he was the Chancellor of Heaven, he practically held the role of being second-in-command of a Great Guild. Due to his high ranking, he naturally thought he would have the skills to back it up, but it turned out to be completely different from what was expected.

And thanks to that ability, he had even more certainty.

"You've been promised a position as Chancellor in exchange for succumbing to Metatron's whims."

Tremble~

He could feel Raguel's body trapped in his hand trembling.

As expected.

That moment was enough for an answer.

"For now, stay here quietly and rest," YuWon said as he maintained his grip on Raguel.

Woong...

Crack, crack...

The scattered piles of paper in the library scattered with the wind.

Meanwhile, Michael, who had a spear in his hand, was preparing for the final blow.

"Because I have many questions to ask."

The angels fell to the ground.

A few were seriously injured. And those who were, it was only because they were scratched by the wind, but nothing that endangered their lives.

The tip of Michael's spear stopped.

Finally, Michael looked at YuWon and Raguel.

"Is it over?"

"Yes."

YuWon sat on Raguel's body.

And Susano, aiming the tip of his sword at the defenseless Raguel lying on the ground.

Although he occasionally caught their attention during the fight, it was a truly unusual scene.

He, the Chancellor of the Heavens, was lying on his butt under a Human.

"What kind of situation is this, Raguel?"

"...And you, what are you doing, Michael?"

Raguel responded disdainfully.

He himself knew that his current appearance was unbecoming.

"This is a clear betrayal."

"I know."

"Even knowing that, are you doing this?"

"If I am wrong, I will accept the deserved punishment. Whether it's having my throat cut or my soul delivered, I will be willing to endure eternal punishment in Hell."

At first, it was just a simple suspicion.

Michael sought Metatron to resolve his doubts. However, the suspicions grew stronger, and he began moving with YuWon to obtain certainty.

And now that he came here to meet with Raguel...

Suspicions about the Great Heaven Demon War grew even deeper.

"This is..."

"Calm down, calm down."

The edge of Susanoo's sword came closer and closer.

The same one that had threatened Michael with anger moments ago was now trembling and closing his mouth.

YuWon, who was sitting on Raguel's body while waiting for the end of the fight, stood up from his place.

Susanoo, cautiously looking at Raguel as he stood up, showed an ironic smile.

Then...

"That's enough."

Upon hearing YuWon's words, Susanoo averted his gaze and turned around.

Slightly disappointed, he sheathed his sword and spoke.

-I hope to fight someone stronger next time.

"I'll call on you then."

-Alright.

Susanoo returned within YuWon's shadow.

Being a long-time High-Ranker, Michael also knew Susanoo and looked at YuWon's shadow as he spoke.

"You handle someone quite formidable."

"He's useful."

"That sword he held in his hand, was it the Kusanagi?"

"Do you know Kusanagi?"

"I know it's an item coveted by the Three Precious Children. It seemed to have considerable energy."

The Kusanagi Demon Sword.

The Archangel Michael, who possessed unmatched divine energy, immediately recognized the presence of the sword.

"I see. Susanoo should be fine. He has always enjoyed killing people."

"It seems you know him well."

"I'm just stating what everyone knows. There was even an agenda in the Guild for his capture and punishment. But I see Susanoo killed Humans and Angels alike."

The Heavens rarely intervened in the affairs of Humans.

However, the fact that Susanoo's capture and punishment were discussed in the Heavens meant that Susanoo's notoriety was high.

'You're truly something else.'

-...

Though he surely heard everything, Susanoo remained silent.

YuWon sighed quietly as he looked at Raguel.

An evasive look.

YuWon lowered his head and held Raguel's gaze.

"Raguel."

"...I have nothing to say."

"What Metatron is doing is wrong."

Was it due to the provocative words?

Raguel looked at YuWon with fiery eyes.

"How dare you mention his name like that?"

"Don't you have something you've been ordered to do in exchange for the Chancellor position?"

Whether because he had heard a similar story before, Raguel's face showed no change. He only tilted his head in response to YuWon's question.

"There's nothing like that."

"...Really?"

Ging-.

YuWon's eyes gleamed in a golden hue.

"You're lying."

[The "Golden Cinder Eyes" see through lies]

Pff!

"Ugh!"

Raguel's back bent. Feeling the fist plunged into his abdomen, Raguel seemed about to vomit due to the sensation that he could spew blood at any moment.

"There's a world where the art of torture is more developed than in the other hundred worlds, and it's the Murim World!"

Cook, cook-cook-.

YuWon's fingers repeatedly stabbed into Raguel's body.

Then, Raguel's eyes opened as if they were about to tear apart, and pain spread throughout his body like a wave.

"...!"

He couldn't scream. His voice got stuck. An unknown agony ran through his body from his spine to the tip of his head.

"Both Humans and Angels experience pain similarly. I can inflict from several times to tens of times more pain."

Cook, cook-.

YuWon pointed at his own eyes.

"Obvious lies won't work. So, if you're planning to lie again, think carefully."

As long as he had the "Golden Cinder Eyes," lies wouldn't work when looked straight into the eyes.

Unless Raguel bit his tongue, he had no choice but to tell YuWon what he knew.

"I'm tired of asking the same questions, so let's change it," YuWon said.

It was clear that Metatron had promised Raguel the Chancellor position without even hearing his response.

But that wasn't important at that moment.

"It's not possible for the Great Heaven Demon War to have lasted this long without any hidden manipulation."

In the Heavens, Raguel was present.

So...

"Who is the person behind the Demons on the Demon King's side?"

This time it was time to search for the bat on the Demon King's side.

Chapter 324

C324

Chalkboards filled with drawings.

Plans related to various incidents. And what would happen next.

They were records of those things.

And among them...

YuWon, who had been examining the records on the Great Heaven Demon War for a long time, finally spoke up.

"There are bats."

All eyes focused on those words.

"This doesn't make sense."

The Great Heaven Demon War has lasted too long.

Hundreds of years. He could understand it up to a thousand years, showing great tolerance. But for it to have lasted nearly several thousand years...

"The problem isn't to stop the fight but whether it's really possible for the resolution to take this long."

That was what he hadn't doubted.

But somehow, it was also obvious.

Even if the power between Angels and Demons was balanced, to reach this point without a conclusion...

Unless someone was deliberately preventing a conclusion from being reached.

"Bats?"

While YuWon spoke, Michael asked curiously.

Though he understood the meaning of "bats," it didn't seem like he understood why the word was being used now.

Well, when YuWon went to see Raguel, he didn't explain the reasons to Michael.

"The Great Heaven Demon War has been manipulated."

"Manipulated?"

"It's so that the war's outcome won't be decided."

YuWon's answer made Michael's expression turn cold.

"Are you saying that Raguel made the Great Heaven Demon War like this?"

"The Chancellor of the Heavens not only has individual power but also oversees managing the Guild's resources and controlling all the war resources in war situations."

"So, it's someone who can coordinate all the power overall."

It was good that Michael understood quickly.

Finally, Michael could comprehend why YuWon wanted to meet with Raguel.

The Chancellor of the Heavens.

The one who administers the Guild's money and controls all the war resources in war situations.

Raguel was the most suitable person to balance the power in the Heavens.

"Then, it's obvious who's suspected on the other side."

"But we still need to confirm it."

YuWon encountered Raguel through Michael.

Destabilizing Michael, who was the most important figure in the Great Heaven Demon War, and then revealing the existence of the bats, that was the next step.

Half of that was already done.

Now, only the other half remained.

YuWon looked at Raguel again.

"Are you going to answer?"

Kook-.

"Kuk..."

As blood dripped and pain increased, YuWon pressed for an answer.

"Hmm?"

On one side, Michael stood with a stunned expression on his face.

After Raguel finished speaking, he murmured with disappointment.

"The waves seem endless..."

His weak voice contained regret for the past years.

Under the name of the Great Heaven Demon War, how many Angels died being dragged into that fight.

But it turns out that this Great Heaven Demon War was planned.

He lowered his head.

Michael quickly approached Raguel.

Raguel was surprised to see Michael's tense face and the strength with which he held the spear in his hand.

"Have you really intentionally caused this war for all these long years?"

"I couldn't help it. The Heavenly King ordered me to do so..."

"Even if it's the Heavenly King..."

Grab~

As Michael grabbed Raguel's neck, he widened his eyes.

"You know very well that this is an unforgivable sin, and yet, you were doing it"

Amidst the force squeezing his throat, Raguel couldn't even scream. As if he was angry, Michael squeezed his hand as if he would break Raguel's neck.

But at that moment...

Pam~

"Please, be patient for now."

YuWon's hand grabbed Michael's arm and lowered it.

Michael, who had been excited for a moment and lost his composure, turned to look at YuWon. The force was released from his hand, and Raguel let out a heavy sigh.

And Michael, too, was full of anger.

"Huuh..."

Michael, who released the accumulated anger within him along with a sigh, closed his eyes.

That's right.

After thousands of years had passed, even if he found out late, dedicating more time wouldn't have changed anything.

Now, though slow, but surely.

Michael nodded at YuWon.

"From now on, do as you please. Kill him or forgive him."

Apparently, he gained quite a bit of trust. YuWon, who now held the right to Raguel's life and death, nodded and looked at Raguel.

There was one last question remaining.

"When does the Great Heaven Demon War begin?"

Was it because the question was desperate?

Michael, who had barely suppressed his anger, opened his mouth as if surprised to hear YuWon.

"The Great Heaven..."

"It's tonight at midnight."

Michael, who was about to reply that there were still nine more days, looked back at Raguel.

It's tonight...

"The soldiers should have already received the message in their Player Kits. We'll have to start a bit earlier this time."

"What do you mean by that? It's a breach of contract with the Administrator."

The Great Heaven Demon War had already become an event linked to the System, which meant that each race earned a massive amount of points, but the contract with the Administrator meant that the Great Heaven Demon War could only start when it was supposed to.

However, advancing the schedule of the Great Heaven Demon War at will...

This was, so to speak, equivalent to a surprise attack.

"Perhaps it's because of Michael..."

YuWon's expression turned serious for the first time at Raguel's response.

His concerns came true.

The date of the Great Heaven Demon War was moved up.

This meant one thing.

"We are determined to witness the end of the Great Heaven Demon War."

When Archangel Michael argued in favor of interrupting the Great Heaven Demon War, Metatron suddenly changed the agreed-upon plans and focused on intensifying the battle.

The story repeated, and once again, it was no different this time.

Although the timing was moved up much more than YuWon remembered, the situation was the same.

"We must hurry more."

When YuWon's voice became unusually serious, Michael also understood the gravity of the situation.

"That's right."

Tak.

Michael clenched his teeth.

In his mind, the face of Metatron he saw last night appeared.

The face of the Heavenly King in whom he had so much trust now felt more like a monster worse than a demon.

"Metatron..."

Tak, tak.

The feeling of betrayal was as great as the affection and loyalty he had.

And...

Finally, his eyes turned dark.

"Metatron!"

He spread his wings.

Vzzt!

Among the countless Angels, Michael was the fastest and swiftest.

Michael, with his wings spread, was faster than the wind. In the blink of an eye, he disappeared while stirring up winds around him.

There was no time to stop him.

It was obvious where Michael had gone.

"He's too hasty."

It wasn't a good choice to confront Metatron here and now.

Metatron was an existence like a king and a god to the Angels.

Moreover, he had already drawn his sword against Michael.

Being as cautious as Metatron was, he surely would have foreseen and prepared countermeasures for a possible failure.

"We shouldn't stick our heads in the tiger's mouth..."

Ding~

YuWon took out his Player Kit and quickly sent a message before looking in the direction where Michael had disappeared.

"There's no other option."

If possible, he wanted to fight safely if they were going to fight, even if it took a bit more time, that's why he sought support from Michael, a formidable force, and secured Raguel's cooperation.

But if things turned out like this, there was no other option.

Tic~

After writing all the messages, YuWon put the Player Kit on his lap and turned his head.

From one side, Raguel looked into YuWon's eyes, then averted his gaze slightly.

"There's still something you must do in the end."

A threatening aura emanated from YuWon's shadow. Susanoo stealthily approached Raguel and drew his sword from there.

A chilling sensation.

Raguel swallowed nervously, feeling as if Susanoo's sword would be at his throat at any moment.

"Do you know? We don't have a relationship where we can laugh and talk."

"Would you even threaten my life again...?"

"That's right. It seems that's what works best."

For those who considered their life as the utmost priority, submission through force was the most effective.

Raguel had enjoyed power under Metatron for a long time, having secured his position as the Chancellor.

Honor and power.

For people like them, warmth and their own life were the most valuable.

"Will you join the winning side?"

YuWon could be sure of that.

Whether it was the Heavens or the Demon Kings.

Once either of them revealed a bat, they could use it to their advantage.

"Do you still need more time to think?"

Which side to join.

Just by looking into Raguel's eyes, YuWon could understand.

He was still considering his choice.

"Do you still believe that Metatron will win?"

"...You know nothing about the Heavenly King. There's no chance for Michael to defeat him."

"I'm not talking about Michael, I'm talking about myself."

Michael and Metatron.

YuWon presented a different option to Raguel, who was torn between the two Angels.

"Do you think I will lose?"

YuWon's face entered Raguel's eyes.

'This guy, his gaze...'

Kim YuWon.

He had heard a lot about him. He thought the rumors and rankings might have been exaggerated, and if that was true, he thought it was really impressive.

But the real version of YuWon surpassed even the rumors.

However, no matter how much, this was a war between the two Great Guilds, Heaven and the Demon Kings.

No matter how high his rank was as a High-Ranker, he couldn't take down everything alone.

But then, why?

'I have to make the right decision.'

His instinct from years of experience as a bat was telling him.

Strangely, he couldn't imagine YuWon losing.

The Great Heaven Demon War was rapidly approaching.

At this moment, Baal was busier than ever.

The Grand General of the Demon Kings.

That was his position within the Demon Kings.

A pale complexion and clear eyes on a lifeless face, like a vampire.

Externally, he had a handsome appearance that made it hard to believe he was one of the Demons.

Click.

Baal leaned back in the chair he was sitting on.

And at that moment...

"Come in."

Crack!

The door to Baal's office was broken. Fragments of the broken door flew towards Baal's face from the outside.

Baal didn't dodge the fragments and faced them.

Behind the broken door...

The person he didn't want to encounter boldly walked in.

"What does 'come in' mean?"

Chak.

Thud.

Despite his light steps, he seemed like a giant. He exhaled red energy, and Diablo slowly approached step by step.

"You don't need to say it, I'll come in anyway."

"Long time no see."

"Don't you have anything to say to me?"

A tone that seemed to demand an excuse or something from him.

Baal didn't get up from his seat. Although there was only a difference of one position within the Demons, Diablo was a terrifying creature he couldn't avoid.

With a snap, Baal took off the glasses he was wearing and placed them on the desk, firmly pressing his tired eyes.

Baal opened his mouth belatedly.

"Just kill me."

Slash~

Diablo's hand extended forward.

At that moment...

Thud!

Baal's head flew in the air.

Thump.

The head flew, and the body fell back along with the chair.

Diablo wiped the blood off his hands and looked at Baal's corpse.

"I'm glad you didn't hesitate."

Irritation suddenly spread.

He had been played in Metatron's hands for so long.

His pride was hurt, and he couldn't bear it.

Swish~

Diablo, who turned around, looked at the Demons who were frozen outside the office.

"Where's Behemoth?"

Chapter 325

Thud, thud-

Michael set foot in the Heavenly Castle.

In the normally tranquil Heavenly Castle, numerous Angels were armed and waiting.

"Lord Michael!"

"Please remain calm, Lord Michael."

"Please..."

"Step aside!"

Tsk-tsk-!

The bodies of the Angels were pushed back by Michael's hands.

However, each of the Angels was also a skilled individual who had reached the rank of Ranker.

They did their best not to be overpowered by Michael.

"Move out of the way."

"Even if it's Lord Michael, he can't enter here."

"You should tell us what's going on..."

Kyung.

A blue aura swirled in Michael's eyes.

The bodies of the Angels froze as they met his gaze. Michael approached the Angel who caught his attention the most.

The Guardian Angel of the Heavenly King Metatron, the Archangel Jophiel.

His presence here meant that something threatened Metatron's existence.

'I was already prepared for my arrival.'

After all, it was Metatron who sent the message to Raguel to capture him.

He was clearly aware of the problem.

"Where is Metatron?"

Michael no longer called Metatron the "Heavenly King."

Despite his disrespectful words and actions, the Angels dared not point out Michael's tone.

Michael's brutal strength took away their words.

"Metatron!"

Bang!

Michael, who could no longer bear it, stomped the ground and shouted.

"Come out, Metatron! Metatron!"

The Angels took a step back at the shout filled with malice.

Michael didn't aim his spear at the Angels. Earlier, among the Angels pointing swords and spears at him, none had lost their lives.

But now...

Michael was ready to kill anyone who stood in his way.

And that's why...

"You can't go to the Heavenly King."

Clink.

The Angels had prepared to risk their lives.

"Block him!"

"It's treason!"

"Call the Archangels! The opponent is Michael."

The Heavenly Castle was in chaos.

To stop a High-Ranker at the level of an Archangel, another High-Ranker Archangel was needed. Especially Michael, who possessed the most powerful ability in Heaven.

Under no circumstances should he encounter Metatron.

That's what the Angels thought.

However...

"Everyone, step back."

Criiii...

Thud...

The door leading to the residence of the Heavenly King opened, and Metatron stepped out.

For a moment, amid the chaos of the Heavenly Castle, silence reigned.

Step back...

As if merely standing in the way and protecting the Heavenly King wasn't enough, the Angels were ordered to do exactly the opposite.

"Haven't you heard the order to step back?"

"We..."

"It seems you don't even trust my words now."

In the face of Metatron's words, the Angels exchanged glances and stepped back one by one.

Suddenly, a path opened up between Michael and Metatron. Watching the Angels divided by an unexpected situation, Michael approached Metatron.

Michael still held the spear in his hand.

Until a moment ago, he wished to pierce Metatron's neck the moment he had the chance.

But now he couldn't.

Clang...

"I heard everything," Michael said.

The distance was close enough for them to reach each other with an extended spear.

As the distance closed, the Angels protecting Metatron also went on guard. Just in case Michael acted boldly, they would have to intervene as well.

"What did you hear?"

"Were you not conspiring with the Demons to manipulate the Great Heaven Demon War? For that, you ordered Raguel to control the forces and military supplies."

"So Raguel committed such an act?"

"Are you pretending not to know?"

"Michael."

A kind and compassionate voice, as always.

In that instant, Michael felt his heart, which burned like fire, cooling down.

"If you're not even sure of something and suspect me in this way, it hurts a lot."

"Even after coming all the way here... Still..."

"It was my mistake to start the Great Heaven Demon War and fail to see it through, leading to the death of countless Angels. It's natural to be angry."

Swish...

Metatron bowed his head.

When Metatron bowed his head, something he had never done before, both Michael and the other Angels were surprised.

"I'm sorry, Michael."

"My king!"

"Why are you bowing?"

"Michael! Apologize to the King immediately!"

Despite the Angels' cries, Metatron straightened his back once more.

Metatron's voice resonated clearly even amidst the clamor of the Angels.

"If you ask me to be guilty of that, I will gladly accept it. The seat of the king, even my life. I will give you everything."

A tone of voice full of confidence and dignity.

Michael's mind filled with confusion.

'Could it be that I, perhaps, was wrong in what I thought?'

If all of this was the work of Raguel and the Demon Kings, and Metatron had nothing to do with it...

If he made a wrong decision and was conspiring against Metatron, who had sacrificed his life for the Angels...

One by one, these thoughts passed through Michael's mind.

And then...

"You still have a long tongue."

Zas!

From behind Michael, a golden spear flew.

Flash.

Crash!

A long and beautiful golden line extended.

It narrowly missed Michael's head and struck Metatron.

"Your Majesty!"

"Who...?"

"Who is this guy?"

Michael and the Angels' gazes turned backward.

Step~

Kim YuWon, who had thrown the spear from a distance, approached Michael.

"So you've been so foolish all this time, letting yourself be deceived over and over again."

With a pitiful expression, Kim YuWon looked at Michael and clicked his tongue briefly.

Michael, unable to help but read the meaning behind that expression, frowned.

"What's going on?"

"If this isn't what Metatron did, then what did the messages sent to Raguel mean? And by chance, why are those individuals here right now?"

Kim YuWon looked at the Angels surrounding them.

They were all fully armed.

Michael finally widened his eyes and showed a surprised expression.

Now that he thought about it, that was true.

From the beginning, all this started when he went to find Metatron and asked him to stop the Great Heaven Demon War.

As if waiting for it, Metatron instructed the Angels, including Raguel, to capture Michael.

They had even placed various guardian Angels around the Heavenly Castle in case that plan failed.

If all of this had nothing to do with Metatron, if he truly felt guilty for the Angels who died, willing to give even his life as punishment.

He wouldn't have tried to deal with him, who asked him to stop the Great Heaven Demon War.

"Why something so simple...?"

A belated question.

Kim YuWon's gaze turned to Metatron, who had been hit by his spear and was lying on the ground.

"Not just anyone can become the King of a race."

"What are you saying?"

"Diablo became King with just overwhelming strength. A government based on force has its limits, and Diablo was not someone interested in the throne from the beginning."

Swoosh.

Kim YuWon's gaze turned to the Angels surrounding them.

The Angels were directing intense hostility towards him.

Their eyes were somehow distorted.

"Metatron is different. He was born an Angel, not by his strength, but by the skills he acquired by climbing the Tower, which allowed him to become the King of his race."

"Skills?"

"Indoctrination." (教化)

Thud, thud, thud-

Metatron brushed aside the debris of the broken wall and stood up.

It was at that moment when the gazes of Metatron and YuWon met.

"That's the name of the skill he possesses."

"It should be 'Indoctrination.'" (Vishnu)

Vishnu.

As they began to assess Metatron's skills, he, who had been silent for quite some time, spoke up.

"It's the most suitable skill for generating faith."

"Indoctrination?"

"It's an skill that forces the opponent's faith. The stronger the Arcane Power and skill of the user, and the stronger the faith, the greater the power of the skill."

"Metatron has this skill?"

"I can't be sure, but..."

Vishnu's gaze turned to the image on the board.

Demons and Angels.

The Great Heaven Demon War that had continued for thousands of years.

And the fanatical faith of the Angels towards Metatron.

Vishnu, looking at the record for a moment, spoke with an almost certain expression.

"Without that skill, that image would never have appeared."

Faith did not develop easily. Although Metatron appeared to be a saint on the surface, he was actually more like a tyrant who unleashed the Great Heaven Demon War.

He caused countless Angels to die.

Despite that, there was never a rebellion, which meant there was some other reason.

So he tried, just in case.

Even if it was the highest possibility, there was no certainty.

But it turned out to be true.

Hwaryuk-

["Indoctrination" is resisting the "Golden Cinder Eyes"]

[Resistance has failed]

["Indoctrination" weakens]

The power of the skill present in Michael's eyes weakened. In Michael's eyes, as he gradually regained consciousness, anger surged once again.

"So, until now, all of this has been due to a single skill?"

"You're realizing that just now?"

Thanks to the Golden Cinder Eyes, Michael, whose skill had weakened, was no longer under Metatron's control.

Fortunately, the power of Indoctrination wasn't affecting Michael as strongly. This was due to Michael's exceptional ability and mental strength.

However, that didn't mean the Golden Cinder Eyes could completely undo Indoctrination.

"Although it's a high-level skill, the difference in skill is very large. It also costs too much Arcane Power."

There were only a few people YuWon had thought in advance could break free from Indoctrination.

In the case of Michael, YuWon had already dispelled Michael's Indoctrination beforehand since their first encounter.

Thanks to that, Michael went to find Metatron and asked him to stop the Great Heaven Demon War.

The second was Raguel.

"How do you know all these things in the first place?"

"Does it matter how I know at this moment?"

Chas.

YuWon looked at the Angels who began to surround him and Michael.

Given the situation...

"...You're right."

The Angels composing the guard of the Heavenly King, all of them were Rankers.

Furthermore, the Heavenly King Metatron himself was there.

The situation wasn't good.

"Probably, with time, the army of Heaven will come here."

"Likely."

"And now what do we do?"

"Isn't it because of you? I said to wait a bit..."

"You, you..."

Though he was bewildered by the sudden change in treatment, Michael couldn't insist any further.

Because it was true that the situation became so urgent due to his own outburst.

"There's only one thing we can do in this situation."

"And what's that?"

"It's not my preferred method personally, but..."

Chas.

Within the Heavenly Castle, purple flames began to fill the air.

An oppressive atmosphere.

YuWon, who unleashed his Holy Fire, advanced towards Metatron with determined steps.

"We need to demonstrate our abilities."

The Angels felt an unusually intense energy and began to move their weapons in their hands.

Some to capture YuWon and Michael.

Others to protect Metatron.

YuWon didn't even pay attention to those Angels.

His sole focus right now was one.

As YuWon stood up and his eyes met with Metatron's, the latter showed a malicious smile.

"We must capture the King as quickly as possible."

Chapter 326

C326

The Archangels gathered in one place.

Raphael, Uriel, Remiel, Suriel, and others...

With the Great Heaven Demon War looming, the Archangels were in confusion.

"Could I have misheard?"

Uriel hurriedly approached Raphael, his white hair fluttering.

Raphael, with his golden mane, clenched his fist and raised his head.

"I don't think so."

"Why the King...?"

"It seems like a betrayal."

"Betrayal? By Michael?"

"I don't know the exact details. But now that an order has been given, we must follow it."

The summons to the Heavenly Castle.

And the extermination of Michael.

That was Metatron's order. Following that order, Raphael called forth the army and the Archangels.

Though the order made no sense, it was the order of the Heavenly King.

The Heavens had to obey his words.

"The problem might be Kim YuWon, who's by his side."

These were the words of Suriel, who had been pondering for a long time.

Raphael and Uriel's heads turned.

"Kim YuWon?"

"We had an encounter with him to recruit him to the Guild. For some reason, since yesterday, he's been acting together with Michael."

"What has that guy done to Michael?"

"What could Michael do to him? Perhaps he has shaken his faith."

"Faith..."

That's right.

Although he had been injured by Zeus, aside from Metatron, Michael was the most skilled in the Heavens.

He was not someone who would be surpassed in ability, nor someone who could be taken advantage of through some weakness.

But if that guy called Kim YuWon whispered in his ear...

If not, Michael's betrayal would make no sense.

"However, why Michael?"

Michael's faith was as solid and unwavering as that of the other Archangels.

Even if he was deceived by words, he wouldn't be easily swayed.

There were several strange things.

"Well, Raphael, what shall we do?"

At that moment, while lost in thought, the other Archangels were already moving.

Raphael quickly snapped back to attention upon hearing the voice calling him.

"Let's go, everyone."

That's right.

They might uncover the details later.

Right now, the most important issue was that Metatron's stability was threatened by Michael's rebellion.

They would think about it later.

"First, we must subdue Michael."

The Heavenly Castle.

The place where the Heavenly King resides, the most sublime and sacred place above the clouds. A place even an ordinary Angel couldn't set foot in, and one they considered the desire of their entire life.

However, right now...

Graaaaah!!

Inside it, the wind blew fiercely.

"Aahh!"

The blade of a burning red sword slashed the wings of an Angel.

The Angel, having lost its wings, fell screaming.

The red line didn't stop.

Shoo, shooosh!

Splosh!

An Angel pouncing forward was beheaded along with its spear. Unable to even scream, its body and head fell to the ground.

Pwock!

YuWon's head turned at a dull sound.

Michael, wielding a spear, fiercely struck down the Angels approaching him.

YuWon's forehead creased.

"Why aren't you acting properly?"

Michael was taken aback by YuWon's rebuke, and his hand holding the spear trembled slightly.

The Angels controlled by Metatron.

Until now, Michael hadn't killed any Angels.

"It's not the time to be lenient."

"...I know. But..."

A silence.

Michael looked at the tip of the approaching spear.

"These are just guys manipulated by Metatron."

Clack.

Vooooooooom.

Michael caught the approaching spear with his hand and, along with the spear, pulled the Angel towards his lap.

Immediately after, Michael's foot struck the Angel's chest.

Pwaaah!

"Kugh!"

A clean movement like flowing water.

Michael's combat sense was excellent, even in YuWon's eyes.

However, his hands were filled with unnecessary things.

It was the same just now.

He could have cut its neck or strangled it, but Michael didn't.

That meant he was thinking and controlling his strength in his head to avoid killing his opponent.

"So, will you show compassion?"

"It's not that, but..."

A response that still seemed doubtful.

He couldn't change that in a short period of time.

Throughout his life, Michael had sacrificed himself for the Heavens. In his eyes, the reflected Angels were pitiful, victims of Metatron's hands, and no different from lambs to be protected instead of targets to be killed.

That's why, even though he knew it was time to fight, his body didn't obey him.

There was nothing he could do about it.

"Can you kill Metatron?" YuWon asked.

YuWon's question made Michael's eyes light up.

He nodded firmly.

"Of course."

"Don't hesitate this time."

Hrrk-.

A spark ignited from YuWon's fingers.

The spark rose above YuWon's head. Instead of being scattered and chaotic, this spark began to take on a defined form, shaping into the figure of a giant.

[The 'Heavenly Demon Spirit' controls the 'Holy Fire']

Hrrrr-.

The Heavenly Demon Spirit (天魔靈) was the vessel for the Holy Fire.

And the one determining its form was YuWon himself, controlling the Heavenly Demon Spirit.

And as for the image of the spark, there was a perfect figure.

'A giant wielding flames.' (YuWon)

Surt.

He was the most powerful Ranker YuWon knew, the one possessing the greatest fire.

The figure of Surt, wielding a sword of fire while battling Odin, was deeply engraved in YuWon's mind.

And that fire that Surt desired, was burning in YuWon's heart.

"Surt...?"

Michael's eyes widened upon discovering YuWon's Heavenly Demon Spirit.

Though much smaller in size, YuWon's Heavenly Demon Spirit clearly resembled Surt.

'All we need is one strike.' (YuWon)

Hrrrr-.

An enormous sword of fire formed in the hand of the Heavenly Demon Spirit.

[The 'Heart of Fire' burns]

YuWon's chest heated intensely.

The Heart of Fire was an engine so powerful that YuWon currently couldn't control it. Forcing it to operate, it was only natural for it to become unwieldy.

But if it was just one strike, it didn't matter.

YuWon's pupils directed towards Metatron, who was standing behind the Angels with their shields.

The path to reach the target Metatron.

To create that path, YuWon moved the Heavenly Demon Spirit.

Hwaaaack-!

"Retreat, fall back!"

"No, don't fall back."

"Behind is the Heavenly King..."

"We can't stop this."

The Angels overwhelmed by the Heavenly Demon Spirit hurriedly raised their spears and swords, but the results were disastrous.

Poom-!

The Heavenly Demon Spirit's Sword descended.

The Angels were engulfed in flames, and the flames devoured their screams.

A path opened up before them.

Flap-

Michael's wings spread wide.

In the next instant...

Stab-!

Michael lunged towards Metatron.

"Metatron-!"

The wind gathered around the tip of the spear. The sharp point of the spear aimed at Metatron's neck with more precision than any other.

At that moment...

Metatron's hand extended forward.

Tang...

Michael's spear came to a halt in midair as if it collided with an invisible wall.

Michael's eyes trembled. The spear couldn't touch Metatron's hand.

"How...?"

"Do you remember your baptism?"

"Baptism?"

Memories from long ago appeared in Michael's mind.

Thousands of years ago.

When Michael was first promoted from Angel to Archangel.

"I swear to give my life for the Heavens and be loyal to my King." (Michael)

Michael knelt and made an oath before Metatron.

Tock, tock...

Michael looked at his spear that hadn't touched Metatron.

This wasn't blocked by anything.

In the moment he threw the spear towards Metatron, his arm lost strength.

"Could it be that at that moment...?"

"I had no other choice."

Paf, paf...

Three blades pierced through Michael's back and emerged from his chest.

Additionally, both of Michael's wings were also pierced by another sword.

"Powerful Angels like you are also a threat to me."

"Since then..."

Paat, pat...

The Angels flew towards Michael with spears in hand.

Michael turned his body while gritting his teeth in indignation.

Hwaaah!

Tuhwah!

The wind blowing from the spear's tip threw the Angels off balance. And at that moment, Metatron's hand extended towards Michael's vulnerable back.

Chaaa!

A white net covered Michael. He tried to cut it by swinging his spear, but the net stretched like a resilient spider web and did not break.

"I've heard that in the tactics used by the Martial Artists of the Murim World, there's something called 'Inescapable Net'."

Inescapable Net (天羅地網). (Note: In reality, it's called: Divine Net of Heaven and Earth, but I really like Murim Novels, and there's another novel I know that calls that net, Inescapable Net, so I will use that name)

A tactic from the Murim World that means "Inescapable Net."

A net of encirclement that one can never escape from.

But after hearing about that tactic, Metatron found it frankly amusing.

"Don't you find it funny? This is the true net of Heaven."

Kak...

Metatron took a step closer to Michael.

Countless white swords emerged around him. Metatron reached out and grabbed one of them, preparing to wield the sword towards Michael trapped in the net.

Pazhi-zhi-zhik!

Chwaaeng!

Metatron's body staggered from a golden lightning that came from somewhere.

Michael, freed from the net, turned his head. At the same time, a blood-red sword flew from somewhere.

Swish, swish...

The sword didn't touch a single tip of Michael's black hair, moving dozens of times rapidly.

Even that net clinging to Michael's body was precisely cut without touching anything else.

He was truly skilled like a ghost with a sword.

-Even Heaven is nothing special.

Swoosh...

Susanoo pointed the tip of his sword towards Michael.

-Is this weakling the strongest among the Archangels?

Michael couldn't refute Susanoo's reprimand.

It was YuWon who launched that golden lightning and called Susanoo to save him.

He didn't do anything.

"You're still a nuisance."

Metatron frowned for the first time due to having let Michael escape after trapping him.

Not just Susanoo...

Arthur and Ares suddenly appeared around YuWon and were fighting against the other Angels.

Michael, recently freed from the net.

YuWon looked at Michael and opened his mouth.

"It seems I'll have to face Metatron."

Michael couldn't attack Metatron for some reason. It seemed this was also a trick that Metatron had prepared.

"You'll have to figure out what to do for yourself from now on."

"What I have to do..."

Michael met YuWon's eyes and sighed, nodding.

'I'm truly pathetic.'

What had he actually done?

He didn't have the courage to use his power and attack boldly, and although he had leaped to catch Metatron somehow, in the end, he ended up like this.

What he really had to do was being done by YuWon.

He felt so pathetic it gave him shivers.

Crack!

The wall of the Heavenly Castle broke at that moment.

YuWon, Michael, and everyone else's gaze turned to the broken wall.

"Michael-!"

A loud, grave voice.

Thud...

With fists colliding forcefully, an Angel with golden hair walked into the Heavenly Castle.

"Raphael."

A look of certainty formed on Michael's face.

The Archangels who entered the Heavenly Castle.

Michael stood up from his place and approached them.

Chapter 327

C327

Flap~

Michael approached.

The pupils of the Archangels, including Raphael, filled with astonishment.

They had heard rumors, but Michael had really risen in rebellion.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm trying to restore everything back."

"What nonsense are you talking about?"

"The Great Heaven Demon War must stop."

Buwong-.

Pum!

Raphael's fist extended towards Michael.

The resulting impact caused the floor of the Heavenly Castle to sink. Michael raised his arm and frowned as he blocked Raphael's fist.

"You still have that impetuous temperament."

Archangel Raphael.

If they only based it on skills, he was the next strongest after Michael in Heaven.

A quite tough opponent for Michael.

Above all, Raphael wasn't patient enough for a calm conversation.

"The situation doesn't leave us with any other choice but to be hasty."

Buwoooong-.

Jjeoong-!

The two fists and the spear collided.

There was no hesitation in Michael's spear anymore.

In a collision, Raphael realized that fact.

"It seems you're confident."

"Yes."

"I'll accept your words."

Huuuuu-.

Raphael's fist filled with Arcane Power.

"But still, you should have continued with your faith."

In the moment his fist pierced through Michael's residual image, Michael's spear struck Raphael's chest.

Jjeoeong-!

"Kk...!"

"Should I have faith in something that clearly seems wrong?"

Paaat-.

Buwoooong-.

Michael moved blended in the wind.

Raphael couldn't see the end of Michael's spear. As equal Archangels and, secretly, as rivals. They had had countless duels, but such a fast spear was something new.

"Awaken already!"

The spear headed directly towards Raphael's chest.

In an instant, he crossed his arms trying to block it, but it was already too late to block it.

Jjeooooong-!

"Kwuk...!"

A strong impact that felt like it pierced through his body spread throughout his being. Raphael, who staggered back from the impact, was engulfed in shock.

"Was there that much difference?"

Surely, he felt that if he reached out a little more, he would catch up.

The difference in ranking was simply due to Michael's achievements so far, it wasn't considered a difference in skill.

Raphael's target was Michael.

The strongest Archangel.

That title was the reason why Raphael had trained tirelessly throughout his life.

Then, why!

Why?!

Tak-.

"Faith in the Heavenly King is the reason we exist as Angels."

Kwaduk, kwadud-.

Raphael's muscles swelled.

A High-Ranker with a physique as imposing as Hercules. Raphael also possessed skills that amplified his strength, although not at the level of Gigantification.

"Your actions are an evident and inexcusable betrayal, Michael!"

Kuuuuuu-.

A great wave of Arcane Power emanated from Raphael.

As a result, the other Angels couldn't approach.

At that moment, Raphael was going to give it his all.

"... You've always wanted to defeat me."

All this was an ability to beat Michael. Although they had spent so much time together, Michael wasn't so naive as to not realize that Raphael was training to defeat him.

"About 200 times, more or less. That's the number of times I've defeated you in our duels."

Step-

Michael approached Raphael.

"We've always fought in a very close match. Sometimes it seemed like you were going to win, other times not."

Raphael frowned as he saw Michael coming directly towards him. At least in terms of strength, he had always been ahead. He didn't understand why Michael was facing him directly in such an important fight.

"But still, you've never defeated me."

The tip of the spear moved.

Buwoong-

A fist rose in response.

Jjeong-!

Raphael's arm was raised sharply. In an instant, his body staggered and lost balance.

Tak-

"If our skills were really similar, there should have been at least one different result, don't you think?"

"What are you insinuating?"

"You can't defeat me, Raphael."

Swish-

Michael's wind tore through Raphael's energy.

Surprised, Raphael extended his fist towards Michael. At that moment, Raphael's body soared into the air.

"Eh?"

Kwaang-!

Raphael's body fell to the ground.

The floor of the Heavenly Castle sank, and Raphael's body was thrown beneath the earth.

"Now wake up from your slumber, please."

Swik-

Michael's gaze turned towards the other Angels.

The wall of the Heavenly Castle that Raphael had broken.

Outside of it, Angels were forming an army.

"No one should interfere. If anyone stands in the way..."

Gwaak-

He clenched the handle of his spear so tightly that his hands hurt. Michael had made a firm decision.

"I will kill them all."

This fight was something he had started.

Hesitating to fight in this situation would have been evading responsibility due to guilt.

He clearly understood the situation.

Michael glanced at YuWon, who was fighting Metatron.

"We can't resolve this fight on our own."

He couldn't attack Metatron alone.

And probably, that was true for other angels as well.

At this moment, they were in a situation where they inevitably needed external help.

"Please."

YuWon looked at Metatron, who moved away and rose above the roof, with his arms crossed, watching him from above.

"Don't you intend to fight?"

After the fight started, Metatron never attacked YuWon even once. He only dodged the attacks.

Since the fight wasn't even established from the beginning, YuWon was getting more and more tired.

"Isn't it unnecessary to fight personally?"

Flap~

Some Angels blocked the path in front of Metatron.

"There are many people here protecting me."

"Please spare yourself the trouble, Heavenly Majesty."

"We will stop this guy here."

Uriel and Ramiel.

Several Angels, including the two Archangels, protected Metatron.

No matter how much better Michael's skill was, in the end, he was alone.

He couldn't stop all the Angels who were becoming more and more powerful with just one hand.

"No problem."

Uriel turned his head at Metatron's response.

"But..."

"This is my home."

A firm voice.

"Shouldn't I protect it?"

The words made the Angels nod their heads.

"Understood."

"If that's what the Heavenly King says..."

"We'll expel the intruder."

YuWon laughed ironically at their conversation.

It was truly blind faith.

Actions based on the belief that they were doing the right thing. None of them questioned why Michael was doing such a thing in the first place.

"Regrettable."

The voice that was heard from behind made YuWon turn his head.

"To meet you like this."

An Archangel with dull yellow curly hair and a pure white uniform.

He looked familiar.

"Suriel, right?"

"It's been a while."

He was the Angel who had come to YuWon during the Murim Competition to invite him to Heaven. Naturally, YuWon rejected the offer, and Suriel left without any hesitation.

Although it wasn't an especially memorable encounter, to meet again in this manner felt unpleasant.

"No matter what happened, we can't disobey the orders of the Heavenly King," said Suriel with a polite tone, but his gaze as he held his white sword was filled with intense hostility.

"With your permission."

Just at that moment, as Suriel was about to stretch his foot towards YuWon...

-With your permission...?

Crack!

Fragments of white ice rushed towards Suriel.

Suriel quickly turned his body and wielded his sword. The bright light and the ice collided, and the ice fragments lost strength and broke.

It didn't take long for Suriel to identify the adversary who attacked him.

-If that's your way of asking for permission, I'd rather you didn't.

Arthur.

He approached Suriel, holding Excalibur in his hand.

The ground where Arthur stepped froze, creating a surface of white ice.

"A formidable opponent."

While complaining with apparent difficulty, Suriel approached Arthur.

Soon, both of their swords clashed. Some of the Angels who were protecting Metatron started to surround YuWon.

The situation became urgently complicated.

YuWon looked up at the sky above the roof, where Metatron had risen and murmured to himself.

"The real fight is about to begin."

The Angels aimed their bows simultaneously. The arrows charged with Arcane Power turned into rain falling from above.

Bloop-

YuWon's arm moved in a fan shape. Along his hand, drops of blue water formed and enveloped his body.

Pluff, pluff-

The rain of arrows stopped, unable to penetrate the water barrier.

Just after the rain of arrows ceased...

"Not yet..."

Giiiiin-

"It's not over."

Thwock!

An arrow of light more powerful than all the previous arrows combined.

Uriel's arrow, the Archangel who repeatedly brought down the castle of the Demon Realm, was heading for YuWon's head.

However...

Kwon-

Uriel's arrow didn't reach YuWon and was blocked by a gigantic hand.

[Heavenly Demon Spirit]

Fwiiish-

The fire giant protected YuWon's body.

Uriel frowned as he saw the form of the giant and prepared to shoot his bow again.

"How annoying..."

Giiiiin-.

The battle of the Angels escalated.

Michael fought against several Archangels, just like YuWon.

But their opponent was Heaven.

A powerful Grand Guild-level army.

The difference in numbers was obvious, and besides, there were High-Ranker Archangels in Heaven.

A fight with no possibility of losing for the Angels.

But then, why?

'...It's strange.'

Metatron was strangely unsure.

'They don't seem so rushed.'

YuWon and Michael were in an unfavorable position, trying to buy time.

To stop Michael's rebellion, Metatron had summoned all the Archangels and Guild Angels.

At this very moment, the Angels would be gathering more and more.

From Olympus to the Celestial Realm and Muspelheim.

YuWon, who had turned several Grand Guilds upside down, couldn't be so foolish as to not know this.

'Why?'

As time passed, Metatron felt more and more uneasy.

And this feeling had never failed him before.

Woosh...

It was then that YuWon looked up at the sky.

An act that repeated over and over again.

Metatron suddenly felt that there was a reason behind that act.

And so it was.

"I have no intention of fighting needlessly, just like you."

YuWon, who had been silent since the beginning of the fight, finally spoke at length.

YuWon told Michael that there was only one way to win this fight.

They must capture the King as quickly as possible.

That statement was half true and half false.

It was true that once they captured the King, the fight would end. But that wasn't all winning meant.

"I have given up on the idea of trapping you since Michael stood up."

YuWon, in the first place, didn't like the idea of a fight with only one way to win.

"So, I prepared with an insurance policy."

Metatron realized that YuWon's eyes weren't looking at him while he spoke.

The colors reflected in YuWon's pupils.

Then Metatron raised his head and looked at the sky above his head.

And at that moment, for the first time.

The smile on Metatron's face disappeared.

"Why so soon...?"

The sky gradually began to turn red before Metatron's eyes.

The meaning of this sky was one and only one.

[Within 10 minutes, the Great Heaven Demon War will begin]

A war that had repeated hundreds of times.

The Great Heaven Demon War was about to begin.

Chapter 328

C328

Thud, thud-

Magic rumbled and echoed beneath their feet. Raguel mumbled in front of a building filled with blue light.

"We really messed up."

A power so vast that a single person couldn't control it.

It wasn't surprising.

After all, this phenomenon wasn't caused by a Player's abilities.

'The Heavenly King has control over the Teleportation Gate authorization.'

Around him, the Angels who guarded the gate lay fallen as Raguel observed the Teleportation Gate.

'If the balance is already tipping in one direction...'

Thud, thud-

The gate started changing to a reddish hue.

'It's better to stick with the tipped side.'

[The Teleportation Gate has been activated]

The room filled with magic up to the ceiling. YuWon had already provided the coordinates for the Teleportation Gate.

Though Raguel hesitated for a moment upon hearing the coordinates, he couldn't simply ignore them.

If what YuWon said was true.

He, who had manipulated the Great Heaven Demon War for a long time by taking Metatron's hand, had no choice.

"The Demon Kings will arrive soon."

The Demon Kings.

The Demon Grand Guild led by Diablo.

They too were preparing for the Great Heaven Demon War, just like the Heavens.

"Now that Michael has risen, the balance of the Great Heaven Demon War has been broken. Baal must have been purged by now too."

The balance of the Great Heaven Demon War was maintained by himself and Baal.

Raguel as the Chancellor of the Heavens, and Baal as the General of the Demon Kings, both adjusted the forces and supplies so that the Great Heaven Demon War could end at a suitable point.

But Baal was defeated, and Raguel found himself in a situation where he couldn't move as usual.

Moreover, there was also Michael's betrayal.

The situation was very different from usual.

"What will happen if the Great Heaven Demon War takes place at times like this?"

The balance that had been maintained for so long had been broken.

If he had to make a decision, the obvious choice was to join the more favorable side.

Raguel looked at the Teleportation Gate that had begun working.

"Please, come in."

Clack.

Raguel kneeled.

"Oh, Demon King."

Zzuzzzz-.

Someone started walking from the brilliant glow of the Teleportation Gate.

A man with red hair and a prominent jaw.

Just with his appearance, the sky was dyed red. The appearance and face of that person were familiar.

'Demon King, Diablo.'

The pinnacle of Demons, Rank 14 in the High-Rank classification.

Raguel was tense at Diablo's appearance.

"Are you Raguel? Your face has improved a lot."

Diablo spoke in a careless tone, as if he didn't care.

It was completely opposite to Metatron, the Heavenly King.

"I didn't expect to see you again like this."

"The feeling's mutual."

"That damn guy really..."

Swish-.

Diablo's hand moved towards Raguel's head.

"You've grown a lot. You're a Chancellor now."

Thousands of years had passed since Raguel became the Chancellor of the Heavens.

But their first meeting was long before that.

Back then, Demons and Heavens weren't as hostile as they were now. They didn't get along, but there wasn't hatred to the point of killing each other.

Raguel trembled as Diablo's large palm covered his head.

It was natural to be afraid when one had committed a great sin.

Diablo gazed at Raguel as Raguel trembled before him.

"He said not to kill you."

Crack-.

Raguel was surprised and grabbed Diablo's hand as he exerted a malevolent force on his head.

"Ugh... Ughh..."

He felt like his skull would break any moment, and his brain would be crushed. The pain made his eyes widen, and Diablo's face came closer.

"You know, I'm not someone who breaks promises."

Hum, hum, hum-.

The Teleportation Gate began to emit light. One after another, the Demon Rankers from Diablo's faction began passing through the gate.

"But I also don't like being played with."

Clank-.

Diablo's hand grabbed Raguel's wings.

Raguel instantly knew what he intended to do.

"No, no...!"

Crack-!

The wings were torn apart by the force of his grip.

Aaaghhhh-!

Raguel's scream echoed in the sky. The pain of having his wings torn apart was immense, but for an Angel, the wings were more precious than arms and legs.

"Consider this a way for me to vent. Baal was purged in a single strike, so don't feel so unfairly treated."

Thud-

When Diablo let go of his hand, Raguel's body collapsed on the ground.

The other Demon Kings followed Diablo, advancing rapidly.

"There is no entry without bloodshed."

"It seems we are ahead of schedule. Is everything okay?"

"The administrator will take care of it."

"Well, it's no big deal. What could go wrong?"

The Demon Kings, filled with excitement, prepared themselves and unleashed their fury. As the demon army crossed the gate, the sky turned red.

As expected...

[The Great Heaven Demon War will begin in 10 minutes]

The Administrator, who had been observing the situation, immediately announced the start of the Great Heaven Demon War.

There was no more room for hesitation.

"This time, let's bring this to an end."

"The Great Heaven Demon War?"

"Why now all of a sudden?"

"Are the demons here...?"

The intense battle stopped, and the battlefield entered a brief state of calm.

It was a familiar message. And that was the situation.

There were ten minutes left until the Great Heaven Demon War began.

That meant the forces from the Demon King's side had arrived in Heaven at this moment.

"Is this your doing?"

It was Metatron who broke the silence.

At this very moment, time continued to march forward without rest.

"So, this is what you meant by 'safe'."

"Originally, I planned to prepare more calmly."

Kim YuWon sighed and looked at Michael.

"But that impatient hothead wouldn't allow it."

"Were you trying to destabilize our position from within?"

"That's right."

"Why did you choose such a difficult path?"

Metatron raised his head as if he couldn't understand.

Shaking Metatron's foothold from inside Heaven, with Michael at the center, and expelling him.

That was the image YuWon had drawn when he first arrived in Heaven.

For that, it required time and the power of several Archangels, including Raguel.

But that was only a problem between Heaven and the Demon Kings.

In the end, the simplest thing was to find Raguel and Baal, upset the balance, and unleash the war.

"You don't seem to be someone with a hero's mentality."

"It's because of the Indoctrination."

"What do you mean?"

"There's something like that."

The reason he had no choice but to go round and round.

YuWon didn't like choosing such difficult paths either.

However...

"If possible, we should avoid a total war between Heaven and the Demon Kings." (Odin)

Odin, recognized as the greatest advocate for peace, insisted on not shedding too much blood.

"Listen to what I have to say. If we can first draw Michael in, we can resolve it from within Heaven..." (Odin)

'I should have followed my own path from the beginning.'

If he had done that, he wouldn't have to go round and round like now, nor face dangers.

The power of the Demon Kings was similar to that of Heaven, or even greater.

The problem was removing Diablo, who had lost interest in the Great Heaven Demon War.

But that problem could have been solved by removing Baal. There was no emotion easier to evoke than betrayal.

'Although it didn't go as I initially planned, the board is set.'

Though the methods have changed, the goal remained the same.

The Great Heaven Demon War was a battle that needed to end. As it continued, the power of both the Angels and the Demons would steadily diminish, and in the end, both sides would destroy each other.

However, ironically, the safest way to end this fight was precisely in the same Great Heaven Demon War.

"Hmm..."

Metatron looked around.

Two Archangels fallen at Michael's hands. There were more injured Archangels, and among the High-Rank Angels, there was a significant number of casualties.

In this situation, it was not good to clash with the Demon Kings. Furthermore, it wasn't a large-scale battle as usual, but a situation where the Demon Kings infiltrated deep into Heaven.

'This is not good.'

The conclusion of the Great Heaven Demon War had to be a spectacular explosion.

But at this moment, although it was only carrying the name of the Great Heaven Demon War, it was, in reality, nothing more than a small-scale fight.

His mind became confused.

If he wanted to plan for the future, he had to quickly leave this place.

If he wanted to fight, he would have to face both Diablo and Michael, but that was a fight with no chances of winning.

So, in the end...

"I surrender."

He wouldn't fight in a battle he couldn't win.

If he couldn't win, he would surrender cleanly and wait for the next opportunity.

That was what Metatron believed.

However...

"I do not accept your surrender."

Thud-

Sometimes, there were opponents who couldn't be convinced with words.

"A long time."

"...Diablo."

The Demon King, Diablo.

For a long time, he had been Metatron's archenemy, a formidable High-Ranker enemy who had staunchly resisted as the leader of the demon side.

He advanced towards the Heavenly Castle with a threatening aura.

"Who surrenders so easily?"

His voice was chilling.

"There he is!"

"Metatron is there!"

"Today is the end of the odious Great Heaven Demon War."

The sounds of demon troops climbing up towards the Heavenly Castle were heard.

The Angels were restless.

The situation had reached the worst scenario imaginable for Metatron.

He should never have encountered Diablo, at least not in a situation like this.

"Not a very pleasant situation."

"That's right. You surely don't want to fight. That's why you only sent the pawns forward."

Clack, clack-

Snapping his fingers, Diablo closed in on Metatron.

"You always disappear whenever the Great Heaven Demon War begins. You hide so well that it's hard to see you even once, but we finally meet."

Metatron did not participate in the Great Heaven Demon War and stayed hidden.

Because of that, Diablo's objective to catch Metatron had lost interest in the Great Heaven Demon War.

"Have you waited too long and decide to surrender? There's no chance."

"Do you really want to see the end?"

"Yes."

With his response, Diablo halted his steps.

"That would be perfect too."

[The Great Heaven Demon War will begin in 5 minutes]

There were 5 minutes left until the start of the Great Heaven Demon War.

At the moment he heard that message, Metatron realized why Diablo took no action despite his impatience.

The Great Heaven Demon War would end when the enemy field's King was captured.

If Metatron or Diablo were to die during the Great Heaven Demon War, naturally this battle would also come to an end.

In other words, Diablo was waiting for the officially recognized start, the Great Heaven Demon War.

'We've come this far...'

Diablo and Metatron faced each other.

Originally, this was the task YuWon was supposed to carry out.

"The Great Heaven Demon War is the war between the Demons and the Angels. The winner takes all from the opponent; it's a fight where the loser loses everything. But well."

The Great Heaven Demon War.

This battle wouldn't end in a massive collision, as it was the ideal image they had planned.

"If we can avoid a major collision in this battle and just capture Metatron, perhaps the Demon Kings and the Heavens will join together in an even larger guild."

The Demon Kings and the Heavens.

Two Great Guilds that were recognized even in the Tower, joining together as one.

That was a perfect image beyond expelling Metatron and preserving the power of the Heavens and the Demon Kings.

But that solely depended on Diablo's hands.

At this moment, YuWon's concerns were different.

"But the problem is this."

[The Great Heaven Demon War will begin in 3 minutes]

[Contribution: 0]

[After the conclusion of the Great Heaven Demon War, rewards will be granted based on contribution]

[After the conclusion of the Great Heaven Demon War, rankings within the Demon Realm will change based on contribution]

Contribution.

A score that only the Demons and Angels who qualified to participate in the Great Heaven Demon War could obtain.

Somehow, YuWon had become a participant in the Great Heaven Demon War.

Chapter 329

C329

The Great Heaven Demon War was a festival for Angels and Demons.

Angels would kill Demons, and Demons would kill Angels to earn contribution points.

And there were two ways to officially participate in this event.

'Become an Angel or a Demon, or join one of the two Guilds.'

Of course, YuWon wasn't considering participating in the Great Heaven Demon War. He had no intention of becoming an Angel or a Demon, nor was he considering joining a Guild. However, unexpectedly, he obtained an opportunity.

It was because of Demon Energy.

"This..."

YuWon looked at Diablo and Metatron, facing each other, as well as the surrounding Demons and Angels.

"Do I start feeling ambition?"

Ten minutes passed.

The allocated time had completely passed.

[The Great Heaven Demon War is about to begin]

The System announced the start, and Diablo gave the signal.

"Kill them all."

"It's time to begin!"

"Capture Metatron!"

"Kill the Angels!"

The Demons shouted loudly.

In the blink of an eye, the battlefield was filled with Demon Energy. The sky had turned red long ago, and the Demons, with brightly glowing eyes, rushed towards the Angels.

Metatron also gave orders.

"Do your best to fight."

It was a calm voice, but it was filled with determination and will.

It was an order to fight to the death.

No Angel hesitated at that moment.

Chaaaang, clang!

Swords and claws clashed, and blood spurted everywhere.

In the midst of it, Diablo's eyes were fixed on one person only.

They were fixed on Metatron.

As Diablo approached Metatron step by step...

"Protect the Heavenly King!"

"Your Majesty, please retreat!"

Crack!

At that moment, the bodies of several Angels who intervened in the middle were torn into dozens of pieces.

An unwavering gesture.

More than the feeling of killing, it was more like swatting away a bothersome fly or mosquito with one's hand.

There was no reason to hold back.

Metatron's wings spread at that moment.

Flap!

Metatron's wings, which had been folded like a peacock's, were much longer than those of other Angels and Archangels.

"Are you showing off?"

Tump.

Boooooom.

Diablo's fist struck Metatron's head.

At that moment, a flash of light burst from Metatron's body.

Shhlaaaa...

Fadadadadak-

Metatron's broken form transformed into scattered white feathers. Diablo quickly turned his head without feeling anything in his hands.

"Where do you think you can run off to...?"

Swoosh-

A straight extended hand.

Within the scattered white feathers, Diablo grabbed Metatron by the neck.

Snap-

"...!"

The feathers clouding his vision disappeared, and Diablo forcefully pushed Metatron's head upwards.

"Even if I can't see it, I can sense it."

Clang-!

Diablo's other hand sank into Metatron's face.

The Angels watching that scene screamed, saying it wasn't possible, but merely defending the Heavenly Castle from invading Demons was an overwhelming task.

Thus, Diablo, who had decapitated Metatron, murmured with a dissatisfied expression.

"You're always so bothersome."

Flutter-.

Inside the landscape that had turned completely white.

In some way, he had become trapped in a space completely isolated from the outside.

And so, while Diablo was trapped there, he heard Metatron's voice in his ear.

-Don't you know?

The scattered feathers brushed against his face.

Except for Metatron's voice, all other sounds disappeared.

-I might not be able to defeat you, but I won't lose either.

He had already been hit several times by this skill.

Metatron and Diablo.

This skill was the reason why the two Kings representing their respective races hadn't reached a conclusion until now.

[Sanctuary of Gods and Mortals]

A separate world.

Originally, this skill meant a space destined for mortals to meet with God.

Metatron's skill was in line with his position as the King of Heaven. It was known that this ability was used among the Angels to allow those chosen by Metatron to meet with God.

However, the way this skill was being used was different from what was known.

"Are you going to run away again?"

-Isn't the peace and tranquility of Heaven more important than pride?

"That sounds repulsive."

Diablo couldn't be sure if God truly existed, but he had been trapped in this place multiple times.

He had been expecting this to happen.

He hadn't anticipated a direct confrontation with Metatron, and he would surely try to avoid the fight somehow.

This space existed precisely for that purpose.

Using this skill, Metatron had forced Diablo to become isolated from the outside.

"I knew you'd do something like this again."

And that's why...

Woong-.

Diablo was prepared for this situation.

"This time will be different."

Kwawooht-.

Magic accumulated in Diablo's hand and glowed like a red jewel.

Diablo was the King of Demons.

Thousands of years had passed since he ascended to the throne of the Demon Realm, and throughout all that time, no one in his Guild had been able to surpass him.

He was truly powerful.

Despite that, Diablo didn't stop training even for a single day during all those long years.

Therefore, this time...

'I'll crush him with a single blow.'

Even this suffocating space could surely be destroyed.

Step~

It was then that he felt a presence.

"...?"

"You can't just destroy it."

Diablo's eyes landed on YuWon.

YuWon had stealthily approached his side, and Diablo stopped accumulating Demon Energy in his hand and asked:

"How did you get here?"

"I walked."

"Are you joking?"

"It's not a joke, it's the truth."

Toc~

YuWon replied, pointing at his own eyes with his finger.

Finally, Diablo realized how YuWon had gotten there.

"They're the Golden Cinder Eyes, right?"

It was said that the Golden Cinder Eyes had the ability to see the invisible and possessed a power to penetrate the truth.

They were also said to have the power to foresee even the near future.

"Thanks to you, I came with you when you were hit by this skill."

"You say it can't be destroyed. Seeing how certain and confident you speak, it seems you have another plan in mind."

"First of all, this skill cannot be destroyed. If you try to resist, you'll only tire yourself out."

"That's absurd. There can't be an skill that can't be destroyed."

"That's right. There's no such skill."

Tsu, tsu, tsu.

YuWon could sense a slight sensation at the tips of his feet.

A whisper softer than the buzzing of a mosquito. Minimized heartbeats. A blink of eyes.

[The 'Sensory Field' is activated]

YuWon's head turned.

Every skill has a way to be destroyed. The same goes for this skill.

Hwaryuk.

An empty white background with nothing.

Above it, a vague and hazy form flickered.

[The 'Golden Cinder Eyes' reveal the essence].

Woosh~

The ring in YuWon's hand changed its form.

The elongated spear, now Uranus, began to absorb YuWon's Arcane Power and emit a terrifying lightning bolt.

Diablo, who was by his side, thought YuWon was about to use an skill.

But as time passed, his eyes widened more and more.

'What is this?'

Crack, Crackle~

The spear, now huge and tall enough to surpass YuWon's height, emanated powerful magic capable of making Diablo's skin shudder, who was nearby.

Instinct was telling him something.

That spear was dangerous.

[The Uranus Heart transforms into a 'Lightning Bolt']

After Uranus's trial had ended.

YuWon had tested the item's performance several times by changing Uranus's form.

Emitting bolts of lightning, creating thunder.

He had tried transforming the ring into a sword and into armor.

And among all those forms, the one that showed the best performance was this "Lightning Bolt".

Kwaaah-.

Applying force to the hand holding the Lightning Bolt, YuWon leaned backward like a bow.

The stance for throwing the spear.

The vague figure visible in the Golden Cinder Eyes began to move gradually. Once the figure began to move, it quickly became clearer.

A desperate attempt to flee.

Blink-!

[The Golden Cinder Eyes illuminate the path]

But it was a futile act.

"You won't be able to avoid it."

The Golden Cinder Eyes wasn't an impressive skill with a single powerful effect.

Despite being an S-rank skill, which was the highest rank, it couldn't even kill a single ant with its power.

Nevertheless, the Golden Cinder Eyes were an S-rank skill.

The reason was one.

Because it possessed the best support skill in situations like the current one.

And in the Golden Cinder Eyes, the figure of Metatron hidden there could be clearly seen, and it could also be clearly seen where Metatron was trying to escape to.

Swoosh-!

The Lightning Bolt flew out of YuWon's hand.

The spear quickly soared through the air.

"....!"

Metatron, who was concealed using the power of the skill, showed himself after being struck by the Lightning Bolt. He hurriedly crouched down and used his wings as a shield.

Zzzzaaaaap-!

That was the moment when the Lightning Bolt hit Metatron's body.

Zzak, zzajeo-.

The white background where YuWon and Diablo were located was covered in gold.

Kwajangchang-!

The space created by Metatron shattered into pieces like broken glass.

The battlefield was revealed once again.

When Metatron and Diablo appeared, the Angels and Demons stopped for a moment and looked at them.

"Krk...."

Metatron, who was hit by the Lightning Bolt and sent flying, staggered.

Holes formed in the wings that also symbolized an Angel. Although he had blocked the Lightning Bolt, the impact spread instantly through his body, momentarily paralyzing his responsiveness.

'What power is this...?'

Even though he had blocked it, the impact was transmitted even inside his wings.

It was as if he had taken the full force of Zeus's Lightning Bolt at its peak.

It would take time to calm his body.

However, Diablo couldn't simply stand by and watch.

Zzzt-

Crack-

"Kugh!"

Diablo grabbed Metatron by the collar.

After breaking the skill, Diablo quickly grabbed Metatron by the neck. So that he couldn't escape under any circumstances.

Metatron, who had been hit by YuWon's spear and was staggering, couldn't resist the force of his powerful grip.

"I finally caught you."

Kwaaaah-

The grip tightened around his throat.

"Kugh, cof-!"

Although he groaned in pain, it was in vain.

Diablo wasn't going to let go of this long-awaited moment in vain.

Metatron had to escape, so he squeezed his strength and raised his hand.

But at that moment...

"Heavenly King!"

"Save the Heavenly King!"

"Your Majesty!"

The Angels who were fighting in different places rushed towards Metatron to rescue him.

"Don't get in the way!"

Kwaaaaah-

Demon Energy dispersed in all directions from the center of Diablo.

Hwaaaaah-

Though it was a weak attack, the approaching Angels were helplessly knocked to the ground like moths.

Diablo didn't even pay attention to those Angels.

In his eyes, only Metatron, who was trapped in his hands, was reflected.

"It took too long. Both for you and for me."

Grrrk-

With one hand gripping the collar and the other clenching into a fist.

A fist full of Demon Energy.

Diablo had waited, patiently waited for this moment.

"Now, let's finish this. You damned bastard."

Thus, just as Diablo's fist was about to fly and blow Metatron's head apart...

Zzzt-

Pwaaah-!

A spear that flew from somewhere pierced through Metatron's heart.

Chapter 330

C330

The Angels were stunned, and silence enveloped them as if the world had stopped for a moment.

Diablo, holding Metatron's life in his hands, was also surprised.

Crack, crackle.

A black spear pierced through Metatron's chest.

Diablo turned his head in the direction from where it came.

"I'm sorry."

Kim YuWon was there.

It wasn't really a spear.

It was merely a concentration of Arcane Power created using the force of the Lightning Bolt.

However, Metatron, trapped in Diablo's claws, couldn't withstand a simple insignificant blow.

Moreover, it was precisely his heart that was pierced.

[Heavenly King Metatron' has died]

[Heaven' is incorporated into the 'Demon Kings']

[When Angels attack Demons in the future, they will be limited in the use of their Arcane Power]

[Demons have a strong resistance to attacks from Angels.]

[Contribution will be calculated]

[After 24 hours, rewards will be given based on contribution]

[The Great Heaven Demon War has ended]

The game without its king couldn't continue.

The Great Heaven Demon War came to an end.

And thus, the Demon King soared above the heavens.

The Great Heaven Demon War has ended.

The Demons tried to sink their claws into the tearful Angels.

But...

"Stop!"

Diablo restrained those Demons.

"The fight is over. What's the point of killing those who have already been defeated?"

The battlefield had already settled.

Diablo was willing to confront the strong, but he had no hobby of torturing those who had no combat abilities or were much weaker than him.

Thanks to his presence, Kim YuWon didn't have to worry about what would happen after the Great Heaven Demon War.

"It's fine."

"You're right, Lord Diablo."

Diablo's orders were practically law to the Demons.

There were no retaliations against the Angels. That was how the battlefield was resolved.

Thump.

Michael approached Diablo.

Diablo, who was disinterested after the battle, showed interest in those shining eyes. He was well aware of Michael's abilities.

"Thank you for not making things difficult for us."

"After all, Heaven is now on our side. There's no need to touch them. Besides, we are no strangers to the situation."

Diablo found out that the Great Heaven Demon War had been manipulated through the information he had received from YuWon and Baal.

And upon hearing the news, Diablo only wanted to end this miserable battle as soon as possible.

"What are you going to do now?"

"I was under the influence of one of Metatron's abilities."

"Ability?"

"An ability called Indoctrination."

"I see..."

Diablo's gaze turned to YuWon, who yawned with a tired face.

"Did you hear it again from that guy?"

"Yes."

"That guy, YuWon, can he see the future?"

Diablo had already realized that YuWon knew many things.

But this was too much, even for him.

It had been like this during Ragnarok, and now again.

For thousands of years, the heavenly war between Angels and Demons that they hadn't been able to resolve was easily resolved by YuWon.

Diablo wondered who he really was, and his curiosity surged once more.

He was too exceptional.

'Well, at least he's useful.'

Although he felt a bit uncomfortable because it was YuWon who took Metatron's life.

But in the end, it was YuWon who contributed the most to Metatron's defeat.

He was the one who created this scenario, who deactivated Metatron's abilities that no one had managed to break until now, so he was also qualified to take Metatron's breath away.

"Metatron is dead, and the effects of his abilities have disappeared, so surely the other Angels will open their eyes. Raguél is alive too. I plan to find evidence, convince the other Archangels, and correct what was wrong."

"Yes, do it diligently."

Diablo responded disinterestedly in a voice as if saying "do it on your own."

He had other interests.

"Although in more favorable circumstances, I would have wanted to fight you. But now the situation has changed."

Archangel Michael.

If there's a Diablo among the Demon Kings, there's an Archangel in Heaven. Michael's abilities were highly evaluated to the extent that such a story existed.

It wasn't that they hadn't clashed in countless battles, but they had never reached a proper conclusion.

War wasn't a personal matter. Both always faced each other in a chaotic battlefield, and before they could see the end, the war ended without a clear conclusion.

Moreover, there was no way that the two pillars of each faction would die in such a war.

"I regret that it ended this way."

"Well, there will be opportunities."

It wasn't the time to worry about a fight with Diablo.

'A Realm without its King can only fall.'

Heaven and the Demon Kings had merged into one.

He knew what would happen, and he didn't regret his actions.

As he left the ruined Heavenly Castle, Michael looked at the sky, now completely red.

"From now on, I'll be very busy."

YuWon returned to the Demon camp along with Diablo.

Cleaning up the battlefield took almost a full day. After finishing most of the work, Diablo called YuWon to his quarters.

As YuWon sat in front of him, Diablo spoke first.

"You've done a real job."

Nodding as if understanding everything, YuWon replied.

"Now we must refrain from consuming drinks made from Angel's blood."

"It's not like it's my favorite drink, but I can't help it."

"What do you plan to do about controlling the angels?"

"Once that situation is resolved, I plan to leave it in Michael's hands. He's the most capable, after all."

"Seems like I can't get rid of that damn obsession with ability and merit!"

"Instead of wandering about here and there, wouldn't it be better to simply do what you used to do?"

In other words, it means that it's more comfortable to keep doing what he used to do. However, he had to settle for that.

Heaven had already leaned towards the side of the Demon Kings. The System had divided the relationships between Angels and Demons, resulting in a state where an affinity was created between the races.

From now on, Angels couldn't surpass Demons. If Diablo, the Demon King, turns malicious, there will be a bloodbath in Heaven.

For the time being, he had to consider himself fortunate that Diablo finally made peace with Heaven.

"Anyway, this boring fight is over."

Diablo slumped into a chair in his quarters.

Though he hadn't done much, he felt overwhelmed by fatigue.

A war that lasted half a lifetime.

He couldn't believe it had ended this way.

'Well, this guy has finished bigger fights than this.'

Ragnarok.

The war of Asgard, considered the best Guild in the World, and Muspelheim.

YuWon contributed to triggering that war and ultimately hurled Odin's Gungnir to cut Surt's throat.

Furthermore, at that time, YuWon's ability was much weaker compared to now.

'It's astounding that guy has come this far in such a short time.'

Every time he saw him, he was amazed.

Diablo also quickly became a High-Ranker and eventually became a Demon King due to his talents.

However, it was the first time he saw someone become so strong at this speed.

An extraordinary being.

He had seen many High-Rankers, but it was the first time he thought this way.

He should not become an enemy under any circumstances.

"Did you plan from the beginning to use the Teleportation Gate?"

"I hoped I wouldn't have to use it, but I considered it as insurance."

Using Raguel to open a gate between Heaven and the Demon King's camp required the Demon King's forces to be ready to depart.

With that in mind, YuWon was the first to seek out the Demon King's army. Thus, he organized a confrontation and a rank duel with Behemoth, the main leader of the Demon King's army, to capture him and gather the Demon King's army.

In case it was needed, the Demon King's army could be recruited and utilized.

"I must admit you have an extraordinary mind."

"Just the mind?"

"And your abilities..."

Diablo nodded as he remembered the fight between YuWon and Metatron.

"You've proven to be very useful."

Diablo wasn't the type to speak in vain.

With just that response, YuWon was satisfied. Earning Diablo's recognition was a difficult task.

"By the way, we have a vacancy in our military position."

The Commander-in-Chief of the Demon Realm.

The Second-in-Command of the Demon Kings, Baal.

He was subdued by Diablo during the Great Heaven Demon War. Manipulating the Great Heaven Demon War through Metatron and Raguel was an unforgivable crime.

The position was left vacant.

"We don't have anyone intelligent. Behemoth is just a big brute. The only one who's competent enough is Belial, but he's not eye-catching."

"Are you telling me to join you?"

"Yes. Join us. You could also obtain the position of Second-in-Command. You have the qualifications for it."

YuWon was the protagonist of the Great Heaven Demon War.

He possessed a demonic form and had one foot in the demon race despite being a human. He also ranked just below Behemoth.

Perhaps his contribution in the Great Heaven Demon War could be recognized, and he might rise above Behemoth in the hierarchy.

However...

"I decline the offer."

YuWon knew from the beginning that he was not someone who fit in anywhere. If YuWon were to go somewhere, he would have put his name in Asgard.

However, despite that, he felt curious.

The fact that he started speaking more than necessary was the reason.

"If your name is associated with the Demon Kings, I'll help you when you're in danger. If you need power, I can assist you."

"I understand."

"But why?"

There was no answer.

He didn't seem concerned.

The silence was a refusal.

Diablo felt disappointed.

"Fine. In that case, well..."

Drok-

YuWon, who thought the conversation had ended, stood up from his seat while pushing back the chair.

"I'll leave first. I'm a bit tired."

"Ah, wait."

"What's wrong?"

"Do you know?"

"Know what?"

"Why Metatron carried out this action?"

He knew the truth now, but the most crucial part was missing in this war.

Undoubtedly, Metatron, the ruler of the Angels, should have been seeking Heaven's victory.

However, after persuading Baal, instead of trying to win the war, he kept carrying out draws.

Why?

Metatron's behavior, whose purpose couldn't be understood, left an uneasy feeling.

"Because you guys are too strong."

"Too strong?"

"Demons and Angels are born with much stronger power than Humans from birth."

Demons and Angels.

After Dragons and Giants, they are races born with exceptionally strong power.

However, despite that, the dominant race in this Tower, which has a much larger number than Dragons and Giants, is even stronger.

"The potential of both races was threatening enough to make those outside this Tower also be on guard. So weakening your power was a long-term measure."

Outside this Tower...

Diablo's eyes shone at those words.

"Outside this Tower...? Who the hell are those guys?"

"I don't know either."

"You don't know?"

"That's why we're trying to find out now."

"Then, what they've done to us is the eye for an eye tactic."

"That's right."

"Hahaha."

Laughing senselessly, he couldn't help it.

YuWon looked at Diablo, who was containing his anger while emitting a burning red light.

It seemed like he would explode at any moment if touched. Diablo's current state was like a bubbling volcano filled with boiling lava.

While Diablo silently contained his anger...

'By the way, it'll soon be 24 hours.'

Time flowed like water, and the time to receive rewards was approaching.

[24 hours have passed]

[Rewards will be given based on the contribution to the Great Heaven Demon War]

[Contribution: 1,000,000 points]

[The ranking of the Demon Realm increases]

[You have obtained 1,000,000 points]

[You have obtained the highest contribution]

[Additional rewards will be given based on the contribution]

[You have obtained the title 'Twelfth Demon King']