

With The Gods 511

Chapter 511

C511

Stars were falling in buckets.

To Hercules' eyes, it truly seemed so.

The purple waves forming the sky, with stars embedded like jewels, wrinkled, twisted, and became smaller and smaller. Expanding, contracting. Twisting as the sky distorted over and over again.

And as the sky came closer and closer...

'Do we have to fight...?'

Hercules felt despair.

'Against that?'

Despair descended upon them.

That was Hercules' impression.

Glancing sideways, Pandora was about to collapse. Her tremors were so intense it seemed like she would crumble at any moment.

"Get out of here."

Surprised by YuWon's voice, Hercules turned his head.

At that moment, he wasn't the YuWon Hercules knew.

"Don't worry too much. It's just because there's no other choice for now."

YuWon knew Hercules' concerns.

The gaze that had been watching the stars falling from the sky had completely shifted to Azathoth.

"...Are you okay?"

"Don't worry about me."

He knew.

That concern was just "audacity."

There was no one in this world who could worry about Azathoth.

"The fact that it moved means they've also started over there."

YuWon's words made Hercules' eyes widen.

"There" referred to inside the Tower, of course.

In other words, the other Outers, excluding Sothoth, had also started to move.

Thump-.

Pandora's knees touched the ground.

As that sky approached, Pandora couldn't move.

She was the most affected by the influence of the Outers.

"For now, I entrust her to you."

At YuWon's request, Hercules hesitated for a moment before nodding.

Hercules, with Pandora on one shoulder, began to run hastily.

YuWon's gaze momentarily followed Hercules' back.

It was a concern that Sothoth might intend to target Hercules and Pandora.

But fortunately...

Swoosh-.

The falling stars didn't have them in their sights.

It was natural.

"He's not that foolish."

Because Azathoth was here.

The purple waves falling down suddenly began to gather into one.

And to fight him.

Swoosh-.

Black chaos began to gather around YuWon.

"You don't have to be so anxious."

[Amorphous Chaos bares its teeth at the "everything that exists as one."]

The chaos that had gathered around YuWon took a form. YuWon calmed the figure of a blurry adult standing behind him.

"Danpung."

Thud, thud, thud, thud-.

Pshh-!

Hercules' feet moved quickly.

He didn't look back. If he did, the faint sound of Pandora's breathing on his shoulder might shatter at any moment.

"Stop...".

Thud-.

Pandora's hand struck Hercules' back. The tremors of her body spread through Pandora's hands. Of course, Hercules couldn't turn his body.

"This is also urgent."

"Just... let me...".

"You're just a nuisance."

Hercules' venomous words made Pandora's eyes waver.

"You don't want to be a nuisance, right?"

"..."

Pandora bit her lip.

She knew it too.

There was nothing she could do in the upcoming battle. Just by approaching that sky, she staggered and fell.

She understood, but she couldn't help but feel disappointed.

"We finally got to be together..."

Hercules' running speed slowed down a bit. His mind recalled the words Pandora had told him about three months ago.

"I'm getting married."

Pandora was sincere.

Perhaps due to the influence of the cursed box she received as a gift from Zeus, she seemed emotionless most of the time.

But there were exceptions. It was when she was with YuWon.

'In my heart, I also want to turn around and go to that bastard, but...'

There was no time to console the lamenting Pandora.

There was no time, and the situation wasn't favorable.

Stop~

Hercules' steps came to a halt.

It was because of the Outers he encountered while running to overcome the Wall.

[Rough Desert Wind Volume]

[Predators of Worshipers]

[Source of Unclean Pollution]

[...]

Perhaps it was because he had coexisted with them for so long and had heard so many Names through YuWon?

The Names of the Outers unfolded before him.

"I won't let them pass so easily, huh?"

Squish-

Hercules lowered Pandora, whom he held on his shoulders, clenching his fist.

"I have to break through them. Stay here and rest."

Kwang-

A Lightning Bolt burst from Hercules' fist.

There was no time to waste. If the battle had already started inside the Tower, he had to join quickly.

There was no room to save Arcane Power.

Crack, crack~

[The power of Lightning accumulates in the arm.]

[The power of a Giant accumulates in the body.]

A Lightning Bolt emission accompanied the activation of Gigantification.

Woong, woong~

Dozens of Lightning spears rose around Hercules, and his eyes, along with his hair, turned golden.

Now Hercules was a divine being and a Hero.

What Zeus had tried to create, the ideal existence.

"I too..."

Clack-

And before that Hercules.

"I'll help you!"

Pandora, who finally managed to open her eyes, began to move as if she had made a decision.

Fortunately, the trembling stopped, and she didn't say she wanted to go back.

Besides, Hercules needed at least one more hand. There was no reason to reject her.

"I didn't tell you in advance, but I won't be able to protect you if you decide to fight."

"No need."

"Alright. Then..."

Kung-

Goo, goo, goo-

Taking a step forward...

Kwa-gwa-gwa!

The desert sand flipped as Hercules lunged forward.

"-Let's go."

-...They're coming.

Odin, who was watching Son OhGong at that moment, quickly reached out at his murmur.

Squish-

Odin grabbed Gungnir, which had been leaning on the ground.

He raised his voice.

"The enemies are coming."

Odin's voice echoed beyond the horizon through Magic.

And as soon as Odin's voice subsided...

-Oh-oh-oh-oh!

-Aaah, aah-ah!

Kaaaah-!

Cries, wails, screams. All kinds of sounds came from beyond the horizon.

"Finally..."

"Is it starting...?"

Gulp-

The Rankers who had gathered at the site due to tension clenched their fists.

They too, having lived as Rankers for hundreds or even thousands of years, had faced countless battles.

The threat of death didn't scare them as much, as they had overcome that crisis several times.

However...

They couldn't understand.

They still couldn't see the creatures blending and approaching in those waves of purple.

Swiish~

Gigantic and magnificent creatures coming from outside the Tower.

They were so incomprehensible that they couldn't even see and understand them.

"No... even though I've heard the rumors..."

"Seriously... how the hell are we going to fight against that?"

Overwhelmed by the atmosphere, Players began to sit one by one.

To secure as much power as possible, Players from higher levels were brought in, but they seemed to have trouble even maintaining this distance.

Fear of the fight.

Regret for coming this far in vain.

The internal conflict of whether they should flee now.

All sorts of complicated thoughts began to intertwine in their minds.

And among them...

The dissatisfaction of those who were brought here largely by Son OhGong was even greater.

"Having to fight against things we don't even know...."

"Seriously, is it a fight we can win?"

"It might be better to fight against The Great Sage, Heaven's Equal...."

Blink, blink-.

Odin's expression turned serious at the Rankers' looks exchanged with each other.

'This is serious.'

From the beginning, the atmosphere was not good.

It was natural, an expected reaction. Especially for those facing the Outers for the first time, it wasn't unreasonable to show such a reaction.

However, despite everything, they had to change the atmosphere.

For that...

Swoosh-!

A strong wind swept across the battlefield at that moment.

Some of the Rankers who were nervous raised their hands to protect their heads.

What was happening?

Fortunately, it was simply the natural wind that had risen due to the fast movement of something.

"What just happened...?"

"There, there!"

The Rankers pointed to the sky in shock.

A straight line of white light cutting through the sky.

It was the Flying Nimbus, ridden by Son OhGong.

The Flying Nimbus quickly disappeared from view in an instant.

At the same time...

Baang-!

The gigantic Ru Yi Bang repelled the approaching Outers. Son OhGong's determined spirit, who jumped alone into the chaotic and dangerous battlefield, resonated far away.

"This is our last chance!"

There was no trace of laughter; it was a voice completely different from Son OhGong's.

"So don't be scared and fight, you bastards!"

Thuud-!

The distance reached by Ru Yi Bang was so great that it was barely visible from there.

But even at that distance, Son OhGong's desperate shout resonated clearly.

"That Monkey...."

The corner of Odin's mouth lifted.

There were Rankers harboring complaints towards Son OhGong, Players who had been more or less forcibly dragged here.

But Son OhGong jumped into the battlefield before anyone else, largely erasing their complaints.

'Our last chance, huh?'

Odin knew Son OhGong.

He had fought with him in the future alongside Kim YuWon and was ultimately defeated.

That was why he was here now.

To overcome them. To turn defeat into victory.

"You did well with a fresh start."

The fight began, courtesy of that guy.

From now on, his role was to lead the flow of the battlefield.

Steeep~

Odin's foot resonated on the ground.

A large amount of Arcane Power transmitted through the ground. First, the presence of Son OhGong, then that of Odin, was engraved in the minds of all the Rankers present.

At the same time...

[The power of Yggdrasil takes root in the earth.]

[The power of all 'Asgard' is amplified.]

A bluish light spread across the land of Asgard. The tree that was the source of Odin's power. The world itself that formed this land.

The power of Yggdrasil merged with the land, rooted in the bodies of the Rankers present.

Additionally...

[The King of Asgard leads the battlefield.]

[Successfully resists negative effects.]

[Damage reduction for allies is 20%.]

[Partially substitutes damage for allies.]

The King of Asgard.

The Myth Power and Divinity that Odin had written for many years, obtained after passing the 100-floor Trial.

"Trust me, everyone."

Odin's words resonated as loudly and majestically as Son OhGong's.

It wasn't just the size of a voice that represented all the power.

"From now on, you are all Asgard."

With Odin's continued words, the battlefield joined as one.

Chapter 512

C512

Firee, firee~

The Golden Cinder Eyes burned.

The view, shaking as if dizzy, expanded like it had hundreds of eyes, encompassing the entire battlefield at a glance.

"Ugh..."

Son OhGong, wielding Ru Yi Bang, suddenly staggered.

The highly coveted High-Ranker ability, the Golden Cinder Eyes.

Eyes that penetrated truth and saw the world in a glance.

In other words, the Golden Cinder Eyes were a maximization of the power of "eyes."

Therefore, at this moment, Son OhGong felt an impulse to want to rip those eyes of his even more.

Son OhGong entered the impending purple wave.

Something tightly grabbed Son OhGong's ankle.

Suddenly, Son OhGong's gaze lowered. At some point, the ground had transformed into a soft and viscous swamp.

"Is it you?"

The subject's name appeared in Son OhGong's eyes.

[The Source of Uncleanliness]

"...Abhoth."

Hundreds, thousands of arms emerged from the ground. Those hands dragged OhGong deeper into the swamp.

Abhoth.

A swamp named The Source of Uncleanliness, possessing a color as impure as its name indicated.

Chiing-.

A hot and unpleasant sensation that the ankle was melting.

Probably, if it weren't Son OhGong but a common Ranker, he would have sunk into the swamp, turning into poison that would melt into his body.

But...

Light emanated around OhGong's head. Through Ru Yi Bang gripped in his hand, Arcane Power slowly rose.

['Traitor of the Celestial Realm' is active]

['Celestial Floor' is activated]

[The "Monkey King"...]

The story that Son OhGong had been writing up until now.

The Myths began to shine.

And those names intertwined.

['Journey to the West' is activated]

Finally, it was born as a complete Myth.

"Grow..."

Boooom-!

Ru Yi Bang wrapped in Arcane Power.

"Ruyi (如意)."

Kwuuuush-!

Scaaar-!

At Son OhGong's request, Ru Yi Bang elongated, cutting through the swamp.

Or rather.

Zzujjeojjeojjeo-!

From the start, Ru Yi Bang didn't seem to be aiming only at the swamp but had split the earth in two, cutting through various mountains and thousands of Outers.

One strike from OhGong was enough to boost the morale of the allies fighting under his leadership.

"...Monkey."

Even Asura, who participated in the battle as an individual, not as a Guild.

"Really. It's legendary."

Chun Mujin, the Heavenly Demon, who observed the scene, was also amazed.

"The monster is fully formed."

Odin, leading the battlefield, too.

Impacted by OhGong's unique attack, he momentarily paused in his actions.

The traces of Ru Yi Bang, created in the swamp and the land, looked more like those of a sword than a staff.

Booong-.

Ru Yi Bang returned to OhGong's hands.

OhGong, who had lifted the swamp of Abhoth from the ground, stepped on the air several times and jumped upward.

Then, he let out a shout.

"Aaaah!"

Zzweoek-!

He extended his fists and swung Ru Yi Bang.

If his hands weren't enough, he would kick with his legs, and if even that wasn't enough, he would bite with his teeth.

Crack!, Bang!

Sssh!

Son OhGong's eyes, who had ripped the skin off an Outer with his teeth, turned wild.

In his head, he recalled a recent conversation he had with a man.

"Do you want to live as a human, born as a Yokai?"

That man had a black dot on his forehead, which could be a mole or a wart.

He introduced himself as the Tripitaka Monk*. (Note: It is an honorary title given to Buddhist monks proficient in the three collections of Buddhist sacred texts known as Tripitaka. These collections are: Sutra, Vinaya, Abhidharma)

He was the person who possessed the Law (法經) and the beginning of the Myths that Son OhGong had created: Journey to the West, etc.

It wasn't the first time they had met. In the future, Son OhGong had also encountered him.

But for some reason, even though it was the same person, the questions Tripitaka posed were very different.

"Do you realize that's greed?"

The Tripitaka Monk.

He looked through Son OhGong.

He was so profound that not even the Golden Cinder Eyes could see him. Master Tripitaka pulled out the oath that Son OhGong had buried since he was born in Flowers and Fruit Mountain and placed it in front of him.

"Do you really want to live as a human?"

Son OhGong's answer had already been determined for a long time.

"Of course."

"...I see."

The Tripitaka Monk nodded as if he already knew.

But that wasn't the only thing he knew.

"Perhaps because of that, your companions might die more."

Son OhGong's gaze shook for the first time.

A gaze that saw everything. Although uncomfortable, Son OhGong didn't avoid it.

"Don't you know either? Saying you want to live as a human doesn't mean you can live as a human. Essence cannot be changed with actions or expressions."

The words of the Tripitaka Monk stabbed into Son OhGong's heart. Although he wanted to deny it and cover his ears, Son OhGong didn't.

It was a story he had to hear.

This was simply a Trial.

Everything he had to endure and overcome.

But...

"Hey, bald bastard, what do you know?"

Although it was a Trial, patience seemed insufficient to bear the growing irritation.

Still, they say patience bears all.

Son OhGong, mentally reviewing words he didn't even know how to pronounce, barely held back the fist that was about to be unleashed.

"I don't want to live as a Yokai. Neither do I nor my older brother."

"Are you going to live repressing your nature?"

"I never thought about that."

"No, you think that way. I'm not a Yokai. I'm not like them. I'm not a monster that tears flesh, opens entrails, and drinks blood."

Master Tripitaka's eyes softened.

"Did you really not think about it?"

Zap!

Son OhGong's mind returned to reality for a moment.

Long, sharp tentacles pierced his back. It was the change caused by that impact.

But.

The voice that cornered him continued to resonate in his head.

"That's just self-hypnosis. You probably don't want to live like that. With humans, having a family, having friends."

Family. Friends.

Those soft and warm words had clung to his side until now.

They didn't exist for Yokai.

No.

They couldn't exist.

"Even if you desire it, enjoying the fight is simply a basic instinct that you can't suppress."

Crack!

Son Goku's claws tore through the Outers connected to the tentacle stretching across his back.

His claws, standing upright like needles.

They left a clear mark in the air.

"But you know."

"Shut up...!"

"Will you not regret the upcoming battle?"

"Shut up!"

Clack!

Son OhGong clenched his teeth.

The sound of his teeth grinding echoed in his ears. His eyes widened, and the desire to kill or shred something stirred within him.

Clack!

He tightly gripped Ru Yi Bang.

I am Son OhGong.

The Great Sage, Heaven's Equal. The Monkey King...

Many names echoed in his mind as he headed towards the Outers, fearing that his claws would soon turn against the Rankers behind him.

"You are a Yokai, OhGong."

The voice that called him familiarly.

But that assertion hit Son OhGong's heart more than any other word.

"Accept that. Otherwise, you'll just stay in that place."

Drip~

As sharp fangs pierced his lips, blood flowed.

Feeling the pain, Son OhGong tightly gripped Ru Yi Bang.

"I also... know that..."

It was a response he couldn't give at that moment.

"But that... is... boring, isn't it?"

He knew he wanted to live as a human and not as a Yokai.

Yokai.

They were beings that stood between humans and demons, and in this world, they were known as Yokai.

But not all were like that.

Son OhGong and the Bull Demon King.

Because there were also those who lived mixed with humans, like them.

However.

"Don't you want to win?"

With those words from Tripitaka, Son OhGong could no longer remain stubborn.

"If I lose, there will be nothing."

He regretted it.

If he had made the same decision in the future.

Although he might not have won, maybe he could have lived longer.

That's why Son OhGong had no choice but to despair.

"Gaaaah-!"

Ripping with his nails, wielding Ru Yi Bang.

Simple, but Son OhGong didn't stop.

Crack!

It was a fierce fight to despair.

His companions watched the fight.

Asura felt admiration for the first time in his life at seeing that scene.

'What kind of fight is that...?'

Sweat broke out on the four hands holding the sword.

The two Asuras watching Son OhGong had the same eyes at that moment.

"I had never seen anyone fight like that before."

The first head spoke.

The second head also had the same impression.

Asura knew well of his abilities. He himself admitted internally that he wasn't as powerful as beings like Son OhGong, Hercules, or Odin.

But Asura had never respected any of them, nor had he looked up to them.

Until that moment, that was the case.

"I don't want to lose."

"Then move already. Don't be lazy."

"...Alright."

At the scolding of the first head, Asura nodded. Soon, a red energy sprouted from behind him like a flame, and his human form disappeared.

Not only Asura was stimulated.

Whoosh!

Lee Rangjin wielded his weapon, creating a strong gust of wind.

"Haha-."

While swinging his weapon, he looked at Son OhGong.

"You've strayed too far."

He still remembered that story as if it were happening now.

For him, who had existed since ancient times, the great battle between the Celestial Realm and the Yokai, including The Great Sage, Heaven's Equal, was not a distant story.

At that time, Lee Rangjin faced Son OhGong for several days.

But the Son OhGong of then and the one now were completely different.

On the other hand...

The Bull Demon King averted his gaze from Son OhGong.

"Finally..."

He had thought that this moment would come at some point.

But when it finally arrived, he couldn't help but feel complicated.

Looking at the sky...

Son OhGong was still fighting.

Crack!

Son OhGong released his Arcane Power while breathing heavily. From start to finish, he led the way by knocking down more enemies than anyone else.

"Hu, hoo-."

The Golden Cinder Eyes were still lit.

Son OhGong looked around. Outers filled the sky. The ground had finally cleared, but even that was only temporary.

Whoosh!

Son OhGong was fighting against the two.

The enemies of this fight, the Outers.

And within him, his Yokai form.

"I admit it."

He couldn't afford to lose apathetically in this fight.

The current him had achieved the Myth of Journey to the West and had been freed from the seal of the Golden Diadem.

Even if he couldn't return to how he was before, he didn't mind.

"I am..."

Red and gold.

Two colors coexisted in his eyes.

Blinking those eyes, Son OhGong declared as if making a promise.

"A Yokai."

Chapter 513

C513

In a dark room, in the majestic realm of Asgard where the sky turned purple, a wrinkled-faced man lay asleep.

A wise man who spent most of his life sleeping but, in turn, gained more wisdom than anyone.

Mimir.

Having lost both eyes that contained his abilities, he not only was deprived of his High-Ranker qualifications but also demoted to the bottom of the ranking.

There were two reasons.

First, Mimir's power, now without his two eyes, was insignificant compared to before.

Second, the sleep induced by the Curse of Knowledge became uncertain, not knowing if it would last a thousand or even ten thousand years.

However...

Somehow, the prediction that he could sleep forever turned out to be incorrect.

Mimir's lips moved slowly.

"...That day has come."

His eyes did not open.

No, it was not necessary to open them.

Anyway, opening his eyelids would reveal nothing.

A view as dark as darkness.

Accepting that there was no more light in his own world, Mimir stood up.

Kugugu-.

It felt like the castle of Asgard was trembling.

Although he couldn't see with his eyes, it didn't mean all his senses were dulled.

Mimir staggered towards the window slowly, paying attention to the sounds.

"Save me!"

"Darn it, Kulan!"

"We need support here too...!"

"We're busy here too... Aah!"

Sounds of screams, splattered blood, and things exploding or tearing apart.

The smell of battle spread to this distant place. And among them, familiar voices mingled.

"For Asgard!"

"By Asgard!"

"...Odin."

Odin's cry, leading Asgard, echoed in his ears.

In the place where the voice was heard, even the energy of Gungnir being activated could be felt. It meant that the situation was not as easy as to reserve Gungnir.

This was the first time he woke up without Odin around.

Odin was always there when Mimir woke up.

Whether reading a book.

Or sitting, yawning as he casually greeted him if he was awake.

It was lamentable, but at the same time fortunate.

"I can't see you anymore now."

He woke up after a year. It was a record.

Did he really think he would wake up so quickly?

There was no other way.

It was clear that this would be the last time, and only he knew it in this world.

'In this world, I mean.'

A smile formed on Mimir's lips.

He had no regrets.

He had lived this moment for a long time to have those regrets, probably since the moment he met YuWon.

To win, this was the only way.

"We can't win alone."

There was no choice but to accept that fact, and if that was the case, there was only one way to do it.

Psss-.

Mimir's body began to disintegrate slowly.

Feeling his fingers turning into dust, Mimir murmured.

"It doesn't hurt as much as I thought."

Was it because he had imagined this moment for a long time?

Becoming dust was terribly painful, but his long-held resolution even surpassed that pain.

He lost both eyes.

Now only his body remained.

After getting rid of that, what awaited him was probably complete annihilation.

Even so...

"Anyway, I'm grateful. Because I succeeded."

Mimir breathed a sigh of relief more than regret in his words.

It was unknown if this would end the fight victoriously.

But at least, this raised the chances of winning a bit more.

That alone was enough for Mimir to feel that his sacrifice was worth it.

"Odin... my friend..."

Towards the battlefield that couldn't be seen...

"Don't get too angry."

Mimir spoke his last words.

Whoosh-.

The commander of the battlefield used to be in the rear.

The death of a commander leads directly to the defeat of the war. Therefore, commanders take maximum security and lead the battlefield to victory.

But this fight couldn't be won that way.

That's why Odin took a step forward.

As a warrior of Asgard.

And as a king leading the battlefield.

"For Asgard!"

"For Asgard!"

Asgard's soldiers, including the Valkyries, responded to Odin's cry.

However, that was it. Morale was decreasing more and more.

It couldn't be helped.

The Outers in front of them were so powerful that it was difficult to handle them one by one unless they were High-Rankers.

'There are things that can't be overcome just with skills or the power of Myths.'

The Myth performed by Odin, "The King of Asgard," raised the power and morale of allies.

At the same time, it also took part of their damages. There were small penalties, but on such a large battlefield, it was truly an impressive power.

But that wasn't enough.

Now a change on the battlefield that they could see was needed.

So...

Kugugugu-

Gungnir, held in Odin's hand, began to activate.

How many times has it been now?

"The fourth time?"

Gungnir required an astonishing amount of energy with each activation. Therefore, even Odin refrained from activating Gungnir more than twice.

But this time, it was the fourth.

Blink~!

Gungnir, released from Odin's hand, pierced through the battlefield.

Baaang-!

A piercing sound cutting through the dense atmosphere.

Among the waves of approaching purple Outers, the white light pierced through them, and the fragments of the Outers who lost their lives fell to the ground.

In an instant, attention focused again, and the eyes of the Rankers narrowed once more.

"Gungnir... How many shots is this?"

"Four times?"

It had already been shot four times.

Every time Gungnir activated, the battlefield's panorama changed. The strike that cut through everything in a massive area showed overwhelming strength.

Kugugugu-

Gungnir's trace as it pierced through and flew was clearly marked on the battlefield.

Among the purple tide, a round circle formed, and where the spear passed, a white line was drawn.

Although it was only for a moment, the atmosphere on the battlefield changed.

A single shot of Gungnir, a single shot, had enough power.

But...

Drip~

"Tsk..."

Odin quickly wiped the blood flowing from his nose and tried to stabilize the swaying center of his body.

[The 'King of Asgard' is controlling the battlefield]

[Partially compensates damage to allies]

Zzing-.

An impact transmitted to his head. Mental and physical damage were conveyed together.

No matter how many magical spells he accumulated to protect his body, it wasn't enough.

'I can't allow it now.'

He barely straightened his nearly collapsing body.

He himself would undoubtedly fall at some point.

But it couldn't be now. If possible, it had to be late, even a second later.

King Odin.

He was a presence practically equivalent to the spiritual ruler of this Tower.

"Odin... my friend..."

At that moment.

A familiar voice reached Odin's ears as he tried to control the blood flowing from his nose.

"...Mimir?"

Along with the sounding voice, Odin quickly turned his head.

The Asgard Castle.

Inside it, his old friend who was sleeping alone.

That guy had already woken up.

It seemed like he might welcome him with open arms, but...

"What are you trying to do?"

At this moment, Odin couldn't eliminate the growing sense of anxiety within him.

Mimir's Curse was not something common.

The Curse of Wisdom. It was an invincible power obtained in exchange for drinking the water from Yggdrasil's well/spring, which could also be considered the foundation of Asgard.

Moreover, Mimir, at this moment, had even lost the two eyes that were the source of his power.

Even so, he suddenly woke up like this.

The fact that he woke up so suddenly meant that...

"Don't get too angry."

...another variable had emerged.

Ssss-.

In Odin's sight, who had all his senses alert, Mimir's existence faded into the distance.

His whole body stiffened, and he couldn't run.

When Odin noticed, most of Mimir's existence had already faded.

"Hehe..."

Odin laughed bitterly.

Mimir was gone.

It wasn't a situation to laugh about.

However, he intentionally smiled, thanks to the last words Mimir left.

"This friend of mine..."

Resentment about why he did that.

And a farewell.

He couldn't ask why or question him for not saying anything.

There was no one to ask, and he knew why.

Mimir was a smart friend.

If the price of his plan was complete annihilation, going beyond the loss of his eyes, Odin would never have been willing to cooperate.

No,

Maybe he would have tried to stop him.

Mimir might have seen that until there.

“Why didn't you tell me anything?”

Kim YuWon.

After learning that this guy came from the future and knowing the future through him.

Odin felt uncomfortable because Mimir knew this fact before him and asked, "Did you have any reason not to say it?"

"Reason? There is no reason. Because there's nothing we can do."

"Then are you just going to stay like this? This guy, deceive someone you can deceive."

There was nothing to do. Naturally, he didn't believe him.

He thought he was hiding something. But he trusted him, so he didn't ask for details.

But the result was this.

"You're a strange guy, both when we first met and now."

"My name is Odin."

He met Mimir in the Tutorial.

"I'm Mimir."

"Among all, you seem the most fitting. Do you want to come with me?"

And Odin thought that the moment he extended his hand to Mimir was the true beginning of Asgard.

The two, who joined the same team, fought for the first time.

Odin was interested in Mimir's abilities, such as fire and ice.

"What was that earlier?"

"It's magic."

"Magic?"

"You use a spear, right?"

"Yes, but... I'm getting interested in that too."

In his youth, Odin was interested in everything. Mimir's magic was really attractive to him, who trained with a spear as a weapon.

"Do you want to learn?"

"That thing called magic?"

"Yes."

From that day on.

Odin never parted from Mimir. Even when he knew he would be trapped in the curse of knowledge after drinking the water from Yggdrasil's well, Odin supported his decision.

This time it was the same.

"I don't know what the hell you had planned, but...."

I don't think that will fail.

Odin nodded and composed himself with difficulty.

Mimir.

His only friend, older than Asgard.

If this is his choice, I respect it.

Did he tell me not to get angry?

Odin nodded.

He had no intention of cursing or getting angry, as he feared.

Perhaps this time, he was wrong.

"Don't feel lonely."

Odin didn't get angry. Rather, maybe it was fortunate.

Thak-.

Odin headed deeper into the Outer's center.

Suddenly...

Thud-

Gungnir, thrown with all his might, returned to his hand. He grabbed Gungnir and looked at the enormous battlefield unfolding before his eyes.

Mimir was dead.

No.

Not only that, many Rankers were already dying.

Crack-

Odin took another step, activating Gungnir, and thought.

There was no war where everyone could live. Someone had to die, or everyone would die.

So, who would die and who would survive in this fight?

Among them, for now...

'Mimir, and I.'

That's how it was decided.

Drip-

Without stopping the flowing blood, Odin, with his shining blue eyes, murmured.

"Soon, I'll follow you. My friend."

Chapter 514

C514

How much time has passed?

It wasn't a time that could be measured in hundreds, thousands, or even millions of years.

Inside an old cabin.

Azathoth lived in a house built in the middle of the desert.

Inside it, two beings lived together.

No.

A man and a goat.

"Where are you going?"

Azathoth responded to Shub-Niggurath's question.

"Someone seems to be calling me."

He reached out and opened the old, rusty door.

The outside landscape became visible. The sky and the earth. Everything turned purple.

"I see..."

Purple.

"Have they gathered?"

The color of Yog-Sothoth.

Gooo-.

Thousands of Outers gathered. And in the midst of them was Yog-Sothoth.

Azathoth knew what would happen next.

Shuaaaack-.

Puff!

A long, rough horn piercing through the back.

Clack!

Azathoth's body shook. Shub-Niggurath's arm turned into a long, enormous horn, piercing through Azathoth's body from behind.

Jurrrrk-.

Blood flowed from the corner of his lips.

Despite knowing that it would happen, Azathoth didn't avoid that moment.

Instead...

Azathoth lifted his head and looked at the sky.

"What bothers you, Sothoth?"

Uuuu-.

The nebulae floating in the sky shook violently.

Yog-Sothoth.

That was the Name of the sky that was always in his head.

"Again... are you trembling?"

The sky that had received a Name gained feelings from that moment.

Sothoth had the largest and most glorious Name. A Name given to rule over all creatures as the sky of this world.

It was the "Opener of the Way" and "All-Encompassing."

In the first place, the sky is something seen everywhere but doesn't exist anywhere.

-You didn't give us all the Names, did you?

"Does this tempt you?"

Azathoth smiled faintly.

He still had many Names left.

And those in front of him coveted those Names.

Why were they so greedy?

Was it just out of fear?

What good would it bring to have more power?

"Why didn't you just ask me? If you had asked, I would have given it to you."

-Does that include Names like Foolish Chaos and Amorphous Chaos?

"You are very greedy."

The Names he mentioned were all powerful names, even among the Names Azathoth had.

Actually, it was like a declaration of war wanting to snatch all the Names from him.

Azathoth had already made a decision.

If it hadn't been, he probably would have already reclaimed all the Names he had.

"What will you do with those Names?"

-...

Yog-Sothoth didn't answer.

Instead, it moved countless stars to threaten Azathoth.

Did that mean not to dwell on it and simply give him the Names?

It was ridiculous. By doing this, it seemed like he knew nothing.

At this moment, Azathoth could reclaim all his Names, but...

"Take them."

Azathoth didn't.

He couldn't reclaim the Names he had given them. Going back to being alone was something he didn't even want to imagine.

Just as Azathoth said... Sothoth and the other Outers tore apart his body.

They voraciously ate the Names within his flesh and threatened each other to satisfy their greed.

And while their Names were snatched away...

'You still haven't answered.'

Azathoth always looked at Sothoth, who stared at him from the sky.

He never told him what he was going to do with his Names.

In YuWon's eyes, there were stars.

Those stars were still falling at this moment. If he kept staring at them, he would be crushed by their force.

Tsutsutsutsu-.

[The power of "Amorphous Chaos" looms over the "Otherworld Sword."]

[Divine Power is amplified by the "Otherworld Sword."]

The power of the Name hangs over the sword's tip.

YuWon's eyes glowed red. Among the stars reflected in his Golden Cinder Eyes, it seemed like a line had been drawn.

He slightly turned the hand holding the sword to take a stance. With the idea of cutting through the sky, he swung the sword.

Slash-!

The sky split with a single blow.

The falling stars stopped as if time had frozen, and a long black line was drawn in the sky.

It seemed like the world had been split in two.

But YuWon's sword didn't stop there.

[The power of "Amorphous Chaos" is amplified]

[The durability of the "Otherworld Sword" is rapidly consumed]

Tsutsutsutsutsutsu!

The aura hanging over the sword's tip intensified even more.

The effect of the Otherworld Sword is the amplification of Divine Power.

However, even the Item said to be a masterpiece of Hephaestus had difficulties amplifying Azatoth's power.

But thanks to that...

Grrr-!

He could unleash several strikes like the previous one.

Zaaa-!

Several black lines were drawn in the sky.

The infinite-length lines extended from the sky to the ground and split the desert in half.

Tuk, tuk, tuk-!

All the stars that Sothoth had launched were cut and fell.

The remnants of the falling stars... YuWon received those remains with his entire body and glanced at the sword in his hand.

'Is it fortunate to be able to use it like this?'

The image of Hephaestus appeared in his mind.

The Otherworld Sword was the masterpiece created by two Hephaestus.

Should he say that he couldn't bear it? Or should he say it was fortunate that he could withstand Azatoth's power?

Yuwon murmured sadly and looked upward.

"And what will you do now?"

In YuWon's eyes, a human figure swirled like a purple mist.

Sothoth, who had been throwing stars since the beginning of the battle, no longer had many stars.

Yog-Sothoth.

He had the greatest Names among countless Names.

[The Concluder of Events]

[The Nonexistent Void]

[The Sky of the World]

Gugugugu-!

The Name possessed by Sothoth crushed the desert. As an infinite gravity force fell, YuWon smiled, realizing that Sothoth had changed his method of fighting.

"Yes, I thought you would do something like this."

YuWon's waist gradually curved.

Sothoth first threw stars and then changed gravity. His way of fighting was, as expected, very different from that of normal living beings.

Sothoth's power was almost omnipotent.

"One thing..."

And that...

"Sometimes it's necessary to look back."

The name of "Azathoth" was the same.

Puff-!

A hand that pierced through Sothoth's figure.

That hand shook Sothoth's power.

Gugugugu-!

The gravity crushing YuWon's body gradually faded. YuWon looked at the identity of the arm that appeared behind Sothoth.

"Well done."

The corner of his lips curved upward.

"Danpung."

Azathoth's name, "Amorphous Chaos," took an indeterminate form and formed a single figure.

From hatching from a palm-sized egg, through its child form, it had now turned into an adult. This change occurred as the Names YuWon possessed grew.

That creature was the main entity of 'Amorphous Chaos.'

['Amorphous Chaos' confronts 'The Nonexistent Void.']

['The Nonexistent Void' opposes 'Amorphous Chaos.']

The collision between Sothoth and Danpung made Divine Power spark around them. Thus, the two Names fought desperately to devour each other.

Amorphous Chaos and The Nonexistent Void.

Both Names, of course, had no defined form.

Hwaaa-!

Danpung's body scattered in all directions.

The enormous chaos swallowed Sothoth's void. The void that lost stars began to expand its purple energy to resist Danpung.

Tsutsutsutsu, tsutsu-!

Kururu-!

The atmosphere distorted, and space-time twisted.

If anyone entered it, even the hardest metal would become a small point close to annihilation.

Moreover...

Ung, ung-.

Small points forming in Sothoth's blurry figure.

YuWon's eyes narrowed.

That was the power he possessed, "The Sky of the World." As long as he had that Name, Sothoth could regenerate nebulas almost infinitely and connect them.

"...It seems we won't be able to finish this like this."

The battle had been going on for days.

Both had inexhaustible strength, and it seemed that if they continued like this, they could fight forever.

It wasn't easy to reach a result just by clashing.

"Still not daring, Sothoth?"

Sothoth, who was pouring stars from the nebulas, hadn't said a word until now.

As if he was still too cautious with his words.

He seemed to understand what Sothoth feared.

He was afraid of Azathoth.

Despite taking away most of his Names.

"The All-in-One; The One-in-All..."

As YuWon's words began to emerge, Sothoth's figure began to twist a bit.

Kii-.

A sound like a creaking door. The small door inside the small universe in motion began to open slowly.

"That silly wordplay deceived you, you unpleasant Name that wanted to be everything by itself."

Sothoth's figure kept twisting and twisting.

"How long are you going to hide there?"

It was a provocation.

That he shouldn't be scared and come out quickly.

Craack-!

YuWon's glove, "Uranus Heart," shone.

A Black Lightning coiled around his hand.

The "Lightning" created using the power of Tartarus spread through YuWon's hand and enveloped his body.

"Come out and swallow me. If you do, this Name will also be yours, as you wish."

"You don't know."

A voice came from the open door inside Sothoth.

"How much we feared you."

"Fear me? What of?"

"Didn't you just say it? The All-in-One; The One-in-All..."

Ung-

The nebula shook.

The door inside him swung wide open, and finally, "The Concluder of Events" appeared.

"We know."

It was a familiar face.

Clearly, it wasn't like this before.

No,

First of all, Sothoth had no form.

He was the sky.

A being that existed everywhere but didn't exist anywhere.

But.

"We are just a story that you created."

"You..."

Sothoth, who was like that, appeared before YuWon with a real existence.

Seeing Sothoth that emerged from the "door," YuWon opened his mouth.

"You want to be me."

Sothoth that came out of the door.

He had the same face as Azathoth a long time ago.

Chapter 515

C515

YuWon looked at Sothoth with complex eyes.

He felt confused seeing him with the same face as his.

He had wondered why he coveted his Name so much.

As he had enough power, he knew how useless it was, so he was even more curious.

"Was it just this...?"

"Did you say 'just'?"

Yog-Sothoth, with Azathoth's face, opened his mouth with a resentful expression completely different from Azathoth's.

"You don't know how great you are. How is the Name of A■thoth, which is difficult to mention even with words?"

Crack!

Sothoth took a step forward.

Grrr!

The desert stirred. Sothoth, beyond the sky, also wanted to turn the ground into his territory.

"So now let it be. That Name is not worthy to be had by that kind of human."

That kind of human...

That referred to Kim YuWon.

Sothoth knew it too.

The fact that Azathoth was passed on as a Name and not as an existence.

"...Insolent Sothoth."

Through Kim YuWon's eyes, compassion reflected.

"Do you consider me an enemy?"

"It's an obvious question."

Yog-Sothoth.

If you think about it, it had always been like this since he received the Name Azathoth.

The sky, which was already high and vast, always envied and opposed Azathoth, who had more Names after receiving the Name.

That's why Azathoth also didn't consider his betrayal as a great surprise.

But if that was the case, it was even more disappointing.

"But it's strange."

With compassionate eyes, YuWon asked.

"Why do you still exalt me so much? Why, if you are my enemy?"

Crack!

YuWon took a step, approaching Sothoth.

Sothoth stopped.

YuWon smiled at him with contempt.

"You still fear me. You demean yourself, exalt me. You still consider yourself inferior to me."

"Isn't that..."

"Appearance is not important."

Grrr!

The trembling earth calmed down.

"What's important is essence."

Azathoth's presence enveloped the desert that had been dominated by Sothoth.

The crushed land gradually calmed like a tranquil lake, and a ripple passed through Sothoth's face.

"Did you think something would change if you changed your appearance so much? Did you think you would become someone if you accumulated many Names?"

"Hasn't it changed?"

"You can't even pronounce my Name."

Sothoth's gaze trembled.

Clearly, just before, he couldn't pronounce the name "Azathoth."

YuWon's observation made Sothoth agitated.

He realized that he still couldn't mention that Name and that he felt very far from Azathoth.

"You fear me, but you want to be me. It's a comedy."

Tsss!

The desert was dyed black.

The Name possessed by YuWon threatened Yog-Sothoth.

The difference in power wasn't large. If they had fought like this, the fight would never have ended.

But another variable emerged that surpassed that difference.

Grrr!

Sothoth took a step back.

Looking down at the feet that moved unconsciously, Sothoth shouted.

"It's not like that!"

Sh!

The darkness that began to take over the desert despite Sothoth's resistance didn't stop.

Soon, the darkness seized his body. Surrounded by the dark darkness, Sothoth couldn't move.

"It's not like that."

The corners of YuWon's mouth lifted.

Wanting to become Azathoth means admiring him.

The moment he appeared in front of him with Azathoth's face, YuWon felt pity and laughter at the same time.

"The moment you see your own Name as inferior to mine, the relationship of superiority and subordination is already determined, isn't it?"

Sothoth's eyes violently shook.

Yuwon looked at him with pity.

"Sothoth. Oh, foolish Sothoth...".

A call full of pain.

Yuwon was no longer looking at him. He had already lost his luster, eclipsed by the Name of Azathoth.

Instead, he said:

"Can't you see who is behind you anymore?"

"What...?"

Bwuuk-!

A white and transparent arm that cut Sothoth's body in half from behind.

Yuwon looked at Sothoth with an expression of sadness.

"Now I see that you were a puppet."

That arm had been lurking around Sothoth for a long time.

Crouched, hidden in the darkness, with teeth and claws concealed.

Crack, crack-!

Ssss-!

Sothoth's body, with the same face as his in the past, was cracking. It wasn't a very pleasant sight, but he didn't feel like helping him.

Sothoth no longer paid attention to Yuwon.

Instead, he turned his head to look into the eyes of the owner of the arm that had pierced his body.

"You...!"

"I believed in you, Father."

Flap-!

Sothoth's robe fluttered with anger.

The gaze hidden in the shadow glowed with greed.

"I knew you would."

No one believed Azathoth was alive.

But only one was different.

The youngest and purest, and the one who followed Azathoth with such blind obedience that it was Foolish, he believed Azathoth was alive.

And at this moment...

"So, thanks to you...".

Towards the Name that had lost its power, crushed by Azathoth's name.

['Foolish Chaos' makes its appearance]

"I will accept it with gratitude, Father."

The featureless white mass bared its black teeth.

Kwaak-!

The one better known to YuWon as "Foolish Chaos."

Nyarlathotep.

He was enjoying the moment he had been waiting for a long time.

A small, stick-thin boy held sand in his hand.

How long had he been hungry? After a moment of deliberation, the boy put sand in his mouth and began to chew.

Crunch!

It had no taste.

The sand was hard and dry, without a hint of moisture. The boy, who had not eaten or drunk anything for a long time, had a throat so dry it was difficult to swallow the sand.

"Spit!"

The boy quickly spat it out.

He felt crazy.

If he could eat this sand world, why worry about starving to death?

Still, the boy couldn't shake off his greed.

He was hungry. No, he wanted to live.

Beeeh!

"...?"

The bleating of a goat could be heard.

The boy swallowed saliva, thinking he had found something to eat. He could tear the flesh off the goat and eat it raw, whatever it took.

That's what he thought.

However,

"...You're skinny."

At the top of a desert hill, there was a man looking at him from the side of the goat.

His face wasn't visible due to the light, but the boy, instead of the goat beside him, gazed at him enchanted.

The hunger disappeared.

He felt that he wouldn't be hungry if he were with that man.

The boy began to follow the man who turned around.

"I won't give you anything to eat."

Those were the words the boy heard after following him for several days.

He wasn't discouraged.

It wasn't that he wouldn't give him food, but he couldn't. The boy had never seen the man eat anything.

"Will you still follow me?"

Those words sounded like he was asking if he would finally give up.

The boy nodded.

He wanted to be by his side. Then he wouldn't feel lonely or hungry.

"...Alright. Then do it."

The man said that and began walking again.

The boy looked at him for a moment, perplexed. Then, the goat beside him baaed as if telling him to do something.

Beeeh!

The boy looked at the goat pushing him from behind.

Its name was Shub-Niggurath, right?

The man sometimes seemed to talk to that animal.

"...I'm coming."

The boy followed the man again.

Days passed, then months.

About a year later, hunger began to return.

Grrr!

Where would this road end?

Without a destination, he followed the man with his weak body.

He no longer had any thoughts.

His only concern was not losing him.

So, as he walked in a rage, unaware of how time passed,

Crack!

The man in front turned around.

"I give up."

The man approached slowly.

The man crouched down and looked the boy in the eyes.

For the first time, he looked at him straight, not looking up at him.

"I will give you a Name."

Ssss!

The man extended his hand.

A Name?

What was that?

The boy had no concept of a "Name." It was natural since he had never been called by a name before.

But,

"Your Name is... Nyarlathotep. That's your Name."

"Nyarlathotep..."

The moment he heard his Name, the boy understood immediately.

Nyarlathotep.

Nyarlathotep.

Nyarlathotep...

The boy repeated his Name quietly.

Azathoth, who glanced at the boy, began to walk again.

He thought he was a mysterious but interesting boy.

Azathoth stopped handing out Names.

He didn't have many Names left, but more than anything, the world was full of names.

He settled in a small cabin. In that cabin were Shub-Niggurath and Nyarlathotep.

Now, no one could call Nyarlathotep "boy" anymore.

He had his own Name, Nyarlathotep, and he was too big to be called that.

Of course, his featureless face was the same.

"Father..."

Azathoth turned when he heard Nyarlathotep's call.

He still didn't like that title.

"Don't call me that."

"I knew you'd say that."

"And why do you keep calling me father?"

"You gave me a Name."

"..."

In response to Nyarlathotep's words, Azathoth turned away in silence from his hard wooden bed and asked:

"Why did you call me?"

"I just wanted to call you, Father."

"Is that all?"

"Watch out for Yog-Sothoth. She's the same."

Shub-Niggurath.

She had been in close contact with Yog-Sothoth recently.

It wasn't just the two of them.

Everyone outside the small cabin did.

Everyone was enchanted by the Names and coveted the remaining Names Azathoth had, drooling.

Even Shub-Niggurath, who was now absent from the cabin.

"And you?"

Azathoth still had his back turned.

"Should I watch out for you too?"

"I..."

Nyarlathotep hesitated before answering.

Everyone in this world turned their back on Azathoth. The same went for Shub-Niggurath, whom he considered closest to Azathoth.

But in this world, there was only one person.

"I'm fine."

It was okay to show his back to that one person.

"I'm still okay."

Shak-shak-.

After answering like that, Nyarlathotep covered himself with an old blanket and turned away beside Azathoth.

Nyarlathotep thought to himself:

'Even if everyone in this world turns against you, I won't.'

Even if this is the perfect opportunity to attack you, I won't.

It's not necessary.

You love us too much, don't you?

Look. Aren't you showing your back right now, as if to be stabbed in the back?"

"Aah-."

My foolish and foolish father.

There's no need to rush like that.

Didn't I tell you? I'm fine.

-Because I'm looking beyond.

Chapter 516

C516

Kwadduk-.

Kwajik, Ododok-.

A black chaos enveloped the body of Yog-Sothoth.

Soon, sounds were heard as if sharp teeth were chewing flesh and bones inside the black cocoon. Nyarlathotep voraciously devoured Yog-Sothoth, revealing his greed.

Features appeared on the blank, white face.

He was different from Yog-Sothoth.

He didn't fear the Name of Azathoth, and therefore, naturally, he wasn't affected by that Name.

'He calls Azathoth his father, but doesn't put him above himself, nor does he fear him.'

Nyarlathotep was the one who followed Azathoth the most of all.

From a skinny, faceless child to now.

His world was filled with Azathoth.

'That guy...'

That's why Nyarlathotep could have this moment.

'Was he waiting for this moment?'

To what extent did he foresee in the future?

He believed Azathoth would be alive. He was sure that someday he would appear, threaten Yog-Sothoth, and take his Name.

So, he waited for this moment.

The opportunity to take the Names Yog-Sothoth possessed.

"...Whether here or there, it's always the same guy."

YuWon's gaze changed.

The tone of his voice was also the same.

YuWon was no longer seeing Nyarlathotep as Azathoth.

Nyarlathotep, Foolish Chaos.

That guy had been the enemy that had most devastated him and the Tower, both in the future and the present.

Jeok-.

Ttuk, ttuk-.

With unfocused eyes, Nyarlathotep raised his head with blood dripping from his mouth.

"You're not the father I knew."

At Nyarlathotep's words acknowledging his own eyes, YuWon involuntarily sighed.

He didn't want to feel affinity this way. It seemed like he was developing a strange sympathy toward the one he intensely hated due to memories of Azathoth.

"You're the same guy I knew."

YuWon, who said that without thinking, sighed again.

"...No, maybe not."

Although the malevolence was still there, the external appearance had changed considerably.

The atmosphere he emanated was also different.

YuWon's eyes gleamed with fire.

"Since when?"

Taking a step toward Nyarlathotep, YuWon spat out the words bitterly.

"Since when did you plan this moment?"

Feeling betrayed.

It was an emotion he couldn't feel.

But YuWon, now as Azathoth, asked.

He had promised himself not to waver in the middle, but he couldn't help it.

Azathoth loved Nyarlathotep more than any other Name, and YuWon hated him more than anyone.

Ssss-.

Nyarlathotep wiped the blood from his mouth with his sleeve. He looked at YuWon with a complex expression, just like YuWon.

"This is, um. It's confusing."

A worried expression.

YuWon thought it was incredible to see this kind of face on Foolish Chaos. And he thought once again that he had lived a long time.

"I don't know what to think of you...."

"No matter which side you choose, the result will be the same."

"Then...."

With a twisted smile that stretched below his ears, Nyarlathotep said:

"I'll think of the side that's more convenient."

Certainly, he was different from Yog-Sothoth.

Was it because he had achieved his goal, or because he never had any kind of reverence for Azathoth?

Nyarlathotep, unlike Yog-Sothoth, didn't exalt YuWon.

"Since when? Well, actually, it's a difficult question to answer. I don't even know since when."

After thinking for a while, he answered as if something had occurred to him.

"Since I saw your back, maybe?"

"My back?"

YuWon's expression hardened, thinking about when that had been.

Azathoth had shown him his back long before giving him the name "Nyarlathotep." Azathoth had guided him since he was a skinny, faceless child without a Name.

Since then?

With that in mind, YuWon asked.

"Since the beginning?"

He trusted and followed Azathoth more than anyone. Given his level of loyalty, YuWon thought he would have reflected and fought to the end against that betrayal.

But it wasn't so.

"In reality, it was since I was sure that he trusted me. I thought this moment would come. My father will never die."

"-It was you."

With those words, YuWon convinced himself.

The beginning of everything was right in front of him.

"You brought together Sothoth and that woman (whore), and made them distrust me. You started it all."

"It's too late to know."

Nyarlathotep raised his head.

And then, he uttered these words to his father, buried in his heart.

"Oh, my foolish and foolish father."

He had always said those words as a habit.

During the time that passed, no one had understood what those words meant.

Or, everyone was wrong.

A foolish father.

People thought that Nyarlathotep's words, "foolish father," were a critique of Azathoth's stupidity, who had lost the world for love.

But it wasn't like that.

"I've won."

The "foolishness (foolish)" Nyarlathotep spoke of wasn't that.

He had been deceiving the one he called father for a long time.

He hadn't stabbed Azathoth, who trusted him and showed him his back, as Shub-Niggurath had done, but because he was waiting for a safer moment.

Guggugugugu.

The sky distorted. The dim lights returned one by one, and the name of Yog-Sothoth, which he had possessed, appeared in the sky again.

Stars shining and twinkling.

[The Sky of the World Turns into a Nebula]

Seeing Nyarlathotep, who began to rule those stars, YuWon slowly opened his mouth.

"Do you know what?"

Swish-.

Yuwon lightly brandished the sword he held in his hand.

It wasn't an act with any special meaning.

It was simply a way to confirm that it was YuWon, not Azathoth, with the sword, and to break the atmosphere.

"I've killed you once."

Nyarlahotep's expression cracked.

"In the future you were in, you say?"

"I knew you took Mimir's eye."

YuWon nodded indifferently.

Indeed, it was better if the conversation flowed smoothly.

"There, unlike what you expected, Azathoth didn't appear. So, this... is a change that occurred when I came back, huh?"

In the future where YuWon was, Nyarlahotep died, and Yog-Sothoth survived.

An outcome opposite to the current one.

But for that reason, YuWon didn't consider the current situation to be that bad.

"But nothing will change. This time too, you will die at my hands. And we will win."

"You're dreaming of something difficult."

"I've already done it, so I know."

Nyarlahotep's expression twisted at YuWon's words with disdain.

In response to YuWon's words, Nyarlahotep mocked him.

"You know that this won't end here even if you defeat me, right?"

Those words made YuWon's gaze waver.

"I know because I've experienced it. No, even if you don't know, I know it well. I've lived mixed with them (Outers) longer than any of you."

How much time passed between Azathoth's death and his rebirth from the Egg?

How much more time did Nyarlahotep spend inside the Tower searching for Azathoth?

That was something neither YuWon nor Azathoth knew. But, of course, that time wouldn't be shorter than Odin's age.

"Even if you defeat me, it won't be a victory for you. It will be your victory."

Nyarlahotep said with conviction.

"That 'this time we will win'? It's nonsense. 'You' can't beat 'us.'"

YuWon closed his eyes for a moment.

Yes.

His goal wasn't just to defeat Nyarlahotep and Yog-Sothoth in this place.

It was to save as many comrades as possible and win this war.

Since that was the ultimate goal, even if he somehow managed to defeat Nyarlahotep here, if the battle in the Tower was lost, it would ultimately be a meaningless victory.

But...

"We will win."

YuWon's thoughts were different.

In YuWon's mind, the final battles unfolded. The Outers filling the sky and the comrades who had been defeated by them and were barely hiding, waiting for an opportunity.

The destroyed future world.

He had come to this place after experiencing that world. The same went for Son OhGong.

Hercules too. Odin too. Mimir too.

Everyone had cultivated their strength to avoid repeating the same.

"My thoughts haven't changed."

Even putting aside all those thoughts, it's not possible for his mind to be disoriented by that snake tongue.

Therefore,

"We will defeat 'them.'"

Now, there is nothing left but to believe.

The blood and screams of the battlefield didn't cease.

Amidst the smell of blood and the unknown odor emanating from the corpses of the Outers, the cries of encouragement, pain, and fear continued without stopping.

"Aaaaargh!"

"Aaargh! Save me...!"

"Injured! Bring the wounded over here...."

"Now I have to take care of the wounded!"

Gradually, the battlefield tilted more and more towards the tougher side.

And the one who experienced that reality earliest was Odin.

"...Many died."

He led this battlefield with the power of his Myth, "The King of Asgard."

That's why.

Odin was feeling on his skin who was dying and who was surviving in this battle.

Half of the Demon Kings had died, and Diablo was furious, burning his remaining life.

Miguel's wings had been torn in half. Lee Rangjin's grand weapon had been broken in half, and he wielded a sword that no one knew where it came from.

One of Asura's four arms had been cut off.

In the center of the battlefield, Artemis cried for the death of her brother Apollo. Hades surrounded her to protect her, who was half-lost and hugging Apollo.

Click

Odin held Gungnir in his hand.

He too had reached the limit.

'I only have one shot left.'

This shot would probably be the last one he could throw.

So, just as Odin was about to throw his last spear into the center of the battlefield...

"Bam!"

The sky was dyed in gold.

"Klong!"

A familiar thunderous sound.

The moment that light and sound stimulated the eyes and ears, Odin stopped the throw of Gungnir.

"Coming late even at this time...."

Despite the complaints, the corner of Odin's mouth lifted.

It was a sound that truly comforted the heart.

"Boom! Bang!"

A massive Lightning Bolt fell onto the battlefield.

Craaack, craaack-le

Golden eyes and hair.

At first, one might mistake him for Zeus, but upon seeing the muscular muscles all over his body, one might realize who he is.

"You're late."

Boom!

The one who appeared with the Lightning Bolt began to move.

"Hercules!"

Chapter 517

C517

Brrr!

A massive mouth appeared in front of Hercules.

It was a mouth that showed its teeth as white as snow and tried to swallow Hercules. It was

"Starving and Hungry Appetite."

A Name of such a high rank that even a High-Ranker could be eaten in one bite.

But the opponent was Hercules.

[The "Lightning Bolt" resides in the "Yggdrasil Club."]

[The power of a giant rests in your arms.]

[The "Hero of Gigantomachy" rests in your arms.]

Flash!

The Club in Hercules' hand shone with a golden light.

Buuuauuung!

Starving and Hungry Appetite's mouth disappeared into black ashes. Moreover, the Lightning Bolt that came out of the Club completely eliminated the Outers flying and approaching.

Gong!

At the same time the Club emitted a Lightning Bolt, the ground shook.

It wasn't any special ability or power that worked.

It was the sound of something heavy that made the ground vibrate coming from afar.

"A giant?"

"Even if it's a giant... Isn't it too big?"

It was the "Highest Towering Giant," whose body rose high in the sky through the clouds.

No one could miss it, even if the giant was walking from very far, far away.

The giant's size was so overwhelming that it could be felt from this distance.

Indeed, even the Giants on the battlefield, including Gigantes, who was the King of the Giants, seemed like a dwarf in front of the "Highest Towering Giant."

It was the moment when the flow that had been surpassed by Hercules was changed once again by a single existence.

"Hercules....."

The giant's target was one.

It was Hercules, who was sweeping through this battlefield.

"Hercules-!"

The giant swung its fist toward Hercules.

It was a type that changed the terrain with just one step.

If it waved its hand, maybe even a small island would disappear.

The norm was to dodge the punch of such a giant.

But...

Guaaang!

Hercules did not dodge that punch and took it.

Kuji, kukuku-!

Hercules' legs didn't bend when he took the giant's punch with his body.

Instead, the ground on which he stood sank down, creating a deep and wide crater.

But anyway.

"Huuup-!"

Hercules took the giant's punch with strength.

No,

Guaaac-!

It wasn't just taking it.

Buuung!

The giant's body flipped upside down and rose upward.

It was Hercules who was lifting the giant with all his strength, with the fist that crushed his body firmly grasped with both hands.

[The power of a giant rests in both arms.]

["Giant Slayer" confronts "Highest Towering Giant."]

"Uuaaargh!"

Guaaargh!

Hercules threw the giant in the direction of the Outers. A bright light surged over the giant that crashed into the ground, losing balance.

Craack, craack-!

In an instant, the giant's body lying on the ground appeared before Hercules' golden eyes, rising above the clouds through a Lightning Bolt.

Shaking his head, dizzy, the giant slowly got up.

Hercules threw a Lightning Bolt at the giant with all his might.

Flash!

Bam!

Hercules' lightning struck the giant's body. The Lightning Bolt, which could easily destroy a city, even for a giant of great stature, is not easy to resist.

"Grrrrr!"

Thud, thud!

Grrrrr!

A rain of Lightning Bolts fell from the sky.

As the Lightning Bolt rain ceased, Hercules' body fell vertically toward the giant.

At that moment...

A pillar of Lightning Bolts rose into the sky with a sound so loud that it wiped out all other sounds.

Baaaaang!

Son OhGong, who had turned into a Yokai and was massacring the Outers, was already halfway destroyed.

As strong as Son OhGong was, he didn't form a team.

Or rather, he couldn't form a team.

In his current state, it was difficult for him to distinguish between friends and foes.

Grrr!

A pillar of light rising into the sky.

This could be seen with the naked eye even from a distance on the battlefield.

Grrr!

Son OhGong stopped fighting and bared his teeth.

Around him were many corpses. There were also many living Outers, but Son OhGong's gaze was not directed at them.

The pillar of Lightning Bolts rising into the sky.

And the flow of Arcane Power felt within.

Son OhGong's interest had already shifted to that place.

Grrr!

Son OhGong's nails had grown to almost a foot. The remaining red eye had turned half golden, getting much closer to that of a Yokai.

In an instant, Son OhGong's energy headed towards the tall pillar of light.

It was then...

"Wake up!"

Puff!

Son OhGong's hand reached out reflexively at the voice coming from his side.

Along with the finely cut skin, drops of blood splattered and landed on OhGong's face.

If he hadn't instinctively dodged, his head would have been split in half.

But Pandora, with a cut cheek, had an indifferent expression.

"Wake up!"

The same phrase repeated.

Son OhGong's pupils, which had been horizontally torn, dilated greatly. It seemed like he was trying to wake up gradually, and Son OhGong opened his mouth to speak.

"Pan..."

"It's Pandora. Fool."

Pandora reached out her hand to Son OhGong.

At a glance, it could be seen that he was not in his right mind. It was unknown how much crazier he would become if left like this.

But.

"Fool..."

Did the word "fool" touch a nerve?

Son OhGong gritted his teeth and extended his hand with more anger.

"Fool..."

Shhh!

Bang!

The hand reaching towards Pandora was blocked halfway. The hand advancing forcefully to pierce the eyes and penetrate the head was stopped by a long, slender tree that sprouted from below.

Shhh!

The tree spread over Son OhGong's hand and bound his body.

"Are you okay?"

Pandora turned her head upon hearing the voice coming from the side.

The one who stopped Son OhGong's hand was Vishnu, with green hair covering half of his face and a pale complexion.

Pandora, herself, nodded.

Apart from a small scratch on her cheek, she had no injuries.

"He can't distinguish between friends and enemies, right?"

"It's because he's so exhausted."

Pandora looked at Son OhGong pityingly.

Son OhGong was struggling and kicking to free himself from the tree. He had knocked down many Outers on the battlefield.

Even if he had unlimited Arcane Power and used Yokai Power, he couldn't have infinite stamina.

If he had been in good shape, even Vishnu's abilities wouldn't have been enough to bring him down.

"A little rest will cure him."

Pandora reacted calmly, unsure if she had overcome the crisis of death.

As expected, Son OhGong soon stopped kicking and looked around in confusion.

"What is this?"

Son OhGong asked, turning his head to look at his own figure tied to a tree.

When he saw Pandora and Vishnu, he asked incredulously:

"What did I do wrong?"

"You just tried to kill her."

"Me?"

OhGong's eyes widened. Then, he tilted his head deeply.

"I'm sorry."

"Let him go now," Pandora requested. Vishnu nodded and released Son OhGong from his bindings.

Son OhGong sat on the ground, dejected.

Vishnu looked away from Son OhGong and turned to Pandora.

"Where is Kim YuWon?"

He had arrived late to the battle, but he knew something of what was going on.

YuWon, Hercules, and Pandora had headed outside the Tower.

He wasn't sure how they had managed to cross, but he didn't question it. In fact, since the battle started, none of the three had been seen.

But two of them had returned.

The only one missing was YuWon.

"He's still there."

"Why?"

"He's fighting something incredible."

The answer was a bit vague, but Vishnu accepted it.

"Well, it's not like he's going to hang out there, so..."

YuWon had always fought in the most difficult places.

The fact that he hadn't shown up in this battle, where everyone in the Tower was working together, meant that something bigger was happening.

Craaack-le~

The thrilling Lightning-Type Arcane Power could be felt in the distance. The earthquake created by Hercules' punches and club could also be sensed.

"Hercules..."

"Hercules..."

"Hercules..."

"Herc!"

Suddenly, the attention of the Outers shifted to Hercules, not Son OhGong. Seeing the viscous purple lumps passing by, Vishnu snorted.

"It's incredible. Both facing that giant alone and changing the atmosphere of this vast battlefield." Hercules.

The Hero of Gigantomachy. Giant Slayer. The Heir of Zeus.

There were many ways to refer to him. Indeed, in recent years, he had been the one who had risen in rank the fastest after YuWon.

However, even so, Vishnu had never thought that Hercules would be this good.

At this rate, he might even be better than Zeus at handling Lightning Bolt.

But...

"He's forcing himself too much."

Son OhGong, who had been a bit down, picked up the Ru Yi Bang rolling to the side and looked in Hercules' direction.

"He knows the situation is not favorable. He will do whatever it takes to change it in his favor."

"Even by forcing himself like that?"

Son OhGong nodded.

He had fought alongside Hercules for a long time, along with YuWon.

That's why he knew better than anyone the weaknesses of Hercules.

"A guy who never had much Arcane Power suddenly is going to have more than enough. He seems stronger than before, but the lack of energy is a chronic problem that can't be fixed even in thousands of years."

Hercules' main advantage was his unparalleled strong body.

With just that, Hercules became a Ranker who stood shoulder to shoulder with the strongest in the Tower, like YuWon, Son OhGong, and Odin.

Now, on top of that, he had gained Lightning Bolt, allowing him to use Arcane Power of a type he couldn't use before. However, the amount of Arcane Power he had was far from that.

No matter how incredible the abilities acquired, one cannot surpass the limit of statistics.

On top of that...

"He has already fought a lot before coming here."

He had already fought many battles on the way here, along with Pandora.

As strong as Hercules was, with his steel-like strength and endurance, he couldn't avoid getting tired.

"I guess he's very tired now."

Upon hearing Pandora's words, Son OhGong's expression became serious.

He hadn't started rampaging since he arrived here, but had been fighting for a long time already.

"That guy..."

With that thought in mind, Son OhGong began to walk with tired steps.

"...Is he planning to die?"

Baaang!

Even so, the Lightning Bolt did not cease.

Chapter 518

Brunhilde approached Odin and knelt down.

It was a miracle that she could walk there. Her armor was shattered, and her pale complexion seemed like she would faint at any moment.

"You've worked too hard," Brunhilde said.

Who was talking to whom?

Odin shook his head.

"I'm still fine."

"Let me see your wounds."

"It's nothing."

Brunhilde's hand rested on Odin's back. Arcane Power flowed through her palms, trying to calm his upset stomach.

But then...

"?!?!"

Brunhilde's eyes widened.

As the Valkyrie Leader, she was an expert in fencing, leadership, and healing. Although not as proficient as The Heaven's Archangels, she could take care of severely wounded without any issues.

The problem was Odin's condition.

"How is it possible that you're alive?"

Drip~

And apparently, these words were the trigger, as blood started to flow from Odin's nose.

Not only that.

When Odin opened his mouth to answer the question, his mouth was filled with blood that had surged from his torn intestines.

"I have to endure until I can."

The "King of Asgard" gave him the ability to absorb the damage his allies received within his area of influence. However, even Odin couldn't absorb infinite damage.

'No way...'

Click~

Brunhilde, realizing this too late, hurriedly removed Odin's golden armor and tore the cloth he wore underneath.

On the bare back, what she expected appeared...

Uuuu, uuu-

Giii-

Odin was covered in magic circles. And all those magic circles had a single purpose: to reduce impact and heal the body.

Since the battle began, Odin had been covered in them.

"Don't strain yourself too much."

The magic circles were dangerously wavering.

That waver was equivalent to Odin's life.

"What's so special about me? Many people are dying at this very moment."

From the perspective of loss of lives, Odin's point of view wasn't wrong.

But Brunhilde couldn't agree with that.

Odin was the greatest King in the Tower, ruling a vast realm spanning five floors.

And now, he was the leader of this battlefield.

But Brunhilde couldn't tell Odin to stop.

His Myth, "The King of Asgard," not only absorbed the damage from his allies but also proved that the mighty King Odin was present on the battlefield and resisting with strength.

If Odin's death were to be made public...

"Rafael! Uriel!"

The battlefield would collapse in an instant.

Brunhilde quickly called The Heaven's Archangels.

She didn't believe they could save him immediately.

But, for a split second, for a thousandth of a second, they had to delay his death.

["King of Asgard" is leading the battlefield]

Odin's name couldn't be erased from this battlefield.

Rafael and Uriel rushed over.

"Please, heal him!" Brunhilde pleaded.

The two Archangels approached Odin and began to heal him.

Odin took a deep breath as he received his treatment.

He knew this cure would only delay his death a little. However, Odin didn't reject it because he knew his presence was needed on the battlefield right now.

'How long can you hold on?'

Odin exhaled with difficulty and heard the sound of a distant Lightning Bolt.

"Hercules."

CRACK!

CRAAAACK-!

Hercules' extended fist struck the giant's jaw.

The massive body suddenly rose up. The giant, who had struggled to get up from his place, stumbled once again.

Thump~

The sensation in Hercules' fist was unusual.

He hit it so hard that his fist hurt.

Crack!

As he pounded the giant's body, something grabbed Hercules' legs.

It was a considerable grip force. Hercules, who was spinning, stopped his movement, and his body flew from the grip's force.

Buuuuuuuuuuuu!

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

Hercules' flying body flipped the earth. Hercules punched the ground while flying and quickly focused.

"What other guy is doing...?"

Hercules' view, raised his head, darkened.

He couldn't even finish speaking when he was already flying towards him.

Buuuuuuuuuuuu!

Kwaang!

The impact was so enormous that a giant crater formed.

Craack, craack-le-.

Luckily, Hercules managed to escape that place by quickly changing his body into electricity.

Then, Hercules confirmed the existence of the Outer who attacked him.

He had a huge body, as if he were a giant, but he wasn't a giant.

['Giant Slayer' feels great confusion from the opponent.]

['Giant Slayer' does not respond.]

He was a headless type, like the undead monster, Dullahan. His body was fat and swollen, and he couldn't believe he could move so fast.

There was a strange mouth with the tongue out on both hands. For some reason, blood flowed from Hercules' calf. It seems he was bitten by the teeth on that hand.

[Being Intelligent Distorted]

Hercules was tired of seeing Names.

After confirming the Name of the guy, Hercules muttered with a bored face.

"He's a guy who looks exactly like his Name."

Headless, with mouths on the hands.

His entire appearance was distorted.

The energy he felt was nothing to laugh about.

"...I'm getting tired."

His body was starting to ache. Hercules' Arcane Power was also starting to deplete, and his body was reaching its physical limit.

Despite it all, there was no other choice.

Chiji-.

Electricity enveloped his hand.

Several Lightning Bolts shot out from Hercules' hand.

Craaack, craaack-!

Being Intelligent Distorted dodged the Lightning Bolts Hercules shot.

"With that fat body, how does he have so much mobility...?"

This is a trap.

Before Hercules could finish speaking, he wrapped the power of Lightning Bolt around his Club.

Craack-!

Hercules' Club and Being Intelligent Distorted clashed.

Despite Being Intelligent Distorted's size, the guy was too fast. His strength was not negligible either, and Hercules, who was physically tired, was pushed back several times.

Bang, bang bang, bang-!

Gggack-.

So, as Hercules was pushed back little by little, a shadow that covered both of them projected upwards.

A giant's foot.

It stomped on Hercules.

Baaang!

Craack-le-!

Hercules sank into the earth. For a moment, he felt like his bones were turning into dust and crumbling, but Hercules forcefully stood up.

[The power of the giant looms over your legs]

His two legs swelled.

"Krru..."

As he stood up gritting his teeth, Hercules muttered.

"Do I have to fight with a guy like this again...?"

He smiled in disbelief.

Why did he always have to fight with such big guys?

"Are you Hercules?"

Hercules recalled a past time when he faced a giant named Gigäntes during the Gigantomachy.

At that time, Hercules was at the peak of his power. He was blinded by something and was rampaging on the battlefield, killing giants.

"You'll recognize me, won't you?"

"...Gigäntes."

Thinking about it, it was at that moment when things started to waver.

Pum!

One of the four Gigäntes approached Hercules and knelt down. (Note: Apparently, they are four beings holding the title of Gigäntes)

"I heard you have an amiable character. That you are the opposite of Zeus."

"And why does that matter?"

"I know you bear a personal grudge against us, the giants."

He didn't seem to have the intention to fight.

Gigäntes is a being on the level of the Three Gods of Olympus.

It was hard to believe that a giant would kneel of his own will.

"Hit me as much as you want until you calm down. If you want to kill me, it's fine too. But please, don't chase us anymore."

"It's foolishness. Better get up and fight."

"No. This is our best option."

Hercules hesitated for a moment.

Was it right to kill the person in front of him?

After standing there like a fool for a few minutes, Hercules took the life of that Gigantes.

That day, the Four Gigantes became three.

[You obtained the Title: "Giant Slayer."]

It was at that time when he got the title of "Giant Slayer" and started to be called so.

However, since then, Hercules' killing became slower and slower.

Every time he struck giants, he felt an unpleasant sensation, and his chest burned more and more from the clash between anger and guilt.

When he learned that the death of his mother Alcmena was the work of Zeus and Ares, Hercules vowed to himself in front of another Gigantes.

That he would give his insignificant life if they asked for it.

That if that wasn't enough, he would do whatever it took to correct what was wrong.

That he would dedicate the rest of his life to it.

"...So you're telling me that the Gigantomachy was that guy's doing?"

One day, Hercules learned the truth from YuWon's mouth.

Yuwon told Hercules, tormented by the memories of the Gigantomachy, that the Gigantomachy was one of Foolish Chaos's plans to exterminate the Giant Race.

"Although it was my father who carried it out."

Yuwon didn't deny Hercules' words.

Although the Gigantomachy was executed by Zeus, the original plan was created by Foolish Chaos.

That guy moved for that day.

The Gigantomachy, Ragnarök, the Great Heaven Demon War...

Millions or even billions of lives died for that day.

Thinking about it, he realized it was only a few years ago. When he saw a giant, his eyes lit up, and he ran to kill it.

Now, that same him, fought with the responsibility on his shoulders.

"I should have died there that day."

The day he learned everything and confronted Gigantes with YuWon.

The memory of the day he prepared to die still weighed on Hercules' shoulders.

[Giant Slayer faces Highest Towering Giant]

[Giant Slayer recognizes Being Intelligent Distorted as a giant.]

And this title constantly reminded him of that determination.

"Anyway, this body and this Myth are made with his blood."

[The 'Hero of the Gigantomachy' continues the Myth.]

Both Giant Slayer and the Hero of the Gigantomachy.

And Hercules' characteristic ability, "Gigantification," as well.

All were forces accumulated through the blood of giants.

"So-."

While that strength flows through his body.

"I don't care if I die here."

Hercules had no intention whatsoever of fighting carefully to save his life.

Chapter 519

C519

Crack!

Hercules clenched his teeth so hard that one of his molars came loose and rolled around in his mouth.

Grrr...

The leg of a giant rose above him. With one hand, he lifted the giant and then struck it with his Club.

BOOM!

The giant's foot burst like a balloon. As the giant screamed and staggered, Being Intelligent Distorted lunged towards Hercules.

Hercules was about to strike the approaching creature with his Club when...

Grow, Ruyi!

BAAAANG!

A massive Ruyi Bang descended from the sky and blocked the path between Being Intelligent Distorted and Hercules.

...Huh?

Hercules raised his head with a confused expression.

That was Son OhGong's Ruyi Bang.

But why the hell had it gotten in his way?

When Hercules lifted his head in the direction where the Ruyi Bang had come from, he saw Son OhGong's foot.

BAM!

The sole of Son OhGong's foot kicked Hercules' face. Hercules staggered backward and sat on the ground. He let out a chuckle of disbelief.

What's going on?

Son OhGong grabbed Hercules' neck.

"What are you doing?"

Son OhGong growled.

As no one knew Hercules better than Son OhGong, he knew what Hercules was thinking.

"Do you want to die?"

"No. I want to live."

"But why..."

"I don't want to die; I'm fighting with all my might. Just like you."

Son OhGong's gaze wavered at Hercules' response.

Until a few minutes ago, Son OhGong was fighting with his mind half-lost.

He was so tired that Yokai Power had robbed him of reason, and at one point, he even attacked Pandora.

Naturally, Hercules, who had returned with Pandora, also knew about Son OhGong's state.

"Did I hear they failed over there?"

Then, Hercules removed Son OhGong's hand from his neck.

"Somebody has to die, but somebody has to survive. That's what winning means."

Hercules set off again.

He had already sweated too much, and his body was cold. The muscles that had seemed swollen like balloons before had now shrunk a bit.

Nevertheless, Hercules did not stop.

"Oh, come on, your stubbornness..."

Son OhGong had no intention of withdrawing either.

"You're right."

Finally, Son OhGong raised the Ruyi Bang and murmured.

"Not a bad idea."

Before the battle began, Odin's goal was one.

Not to retreat under any circumstances.

If this place, where most of the Tower's Rankers were, were penetrated, those inexplicable creatures could snatch away the lives of millions of people in an instant.

However, the situation was worsening.

"Zodiac Guild, retreat!"

"Four Divine Beasts Guild, Blue Dragon and White Tiger! Requesting support!"

Several Major Guilds had suffered devastating blows.

"Lemegeton Guild has been annihilated!"

Some Guilds had even ceased to exist.

"The Heaven's soldiers are retreating!"

"Lee Rangjin-gun is gravely injured! We need treatment...!"

Lee Rangjin, leading the Rankers of various Guilds, including The Heaven, had suffered severe injuries and had withdrawn from the front. The void he left changed the battle landscape in an instant.

It was pure chaos.

"It's enough."

Odin stood up from his seat.

Rafael, Uriel, and Brunhilde, who were healing him, were surprised.

"You're still injured!"

"We can't delay it any longer."

The unexpected rest had ended.

Brunhilde also did not believe that Odin would obediently accept treatment for much longer.

"I am a Warrior."

After closing his eyes for a moment, he listened to the sounds around him.

"Aaaaaah-!"

"We have to run!"

"To the Round Table!"

"To hell with the Round Table, we have to run!"

Shouts were heard.

Morale was already on the ground. The results began to show gradually.

Clang, clang-!

In front, Hercules was resisting to prevent the frontline from collapsing, using his robust body as a wall.

However, his body was already full of wounds.

Thud-!

Hercules, kicked by Being Intelligent Distorted's foot, vomited blood.

Glug!

"Damn it!"

Son OhGong's eyes widened.

The Yokai Blood he had been suppressing with difficulty since he attacked Pandora began to boil.

However, try as he might, his already exhausted strength would not recover.

Everyone was fighting at the cost of their lives.

Therefore...

Odin had to return to the battlefield.

"I guess...."

[The 'Asgardian King' has been dethroned.]

[There is no longer a king on the battlefield.]

[The morale of the allied forces is affected.]

[The 'Great Golden Warrior' dwells in your body.]

"....!"

Surprised Rankers turned around.

Odin, tired and wounded, with deep wrinkles on his face, slowly walked towards the center of the battlefield. Hercules and Son OhGong, who were busy fighting, also looked at him.

The power radiating from Odin had changed.

It was the moment he decided to go to the battlefield.

"I can't just stay here resting alone, can I?"

Brunhilde dared not stop Odin, who had a pale face, as he walked away.

Odin's determination was too heavy to be stopped by an inexperienced concern.

"Brunhilde."

"Yes, Majesty!"

"Thank you for following this unworthy king."

Woo, woo-!

A white Arcane Power sprouted beneath Odin's feet.

Odin began to walk, suppressing his roiling insides.

"It's been an honor to be with you all."

"Not at all."

Brunhilde kneeled behind Odin as he walked away.

"It was truly an honor for me."

Kieeee-!

With a roar, a large mouth swallowed Odin.

Pum-!

Odin's fist exploded the Outer's body. Then, the magic that had materialized in his other hand unfolded.

Thud-!

Odin thrust the handle of Gungnir into the ground. Arcane Power spread across the land and engraved a large magic circle on the ground.

Puff, puff-!

Thousands of spears sprouted from the ground.

The spears were aimed at all the Outers, except for the allies.

The Outers, instantly turned into porcupines, collapsed, and Odin leaped among them.

"Uf-!"

Both arms holding the spear swelled.

The spear filled with Arcane Power swung with all its might, piercing through the enormous whale flying in the sky.

A whale with a hole in its body fell to the ground. Odin stood in the sky and set his fierce eyes on his next target.

He wanted to throw the spear instead of wielding it like this. But he couldn't even activate Gungnir. This would be his last attempt. Before throwing it, he had to take at least one more with him.

Baaang, bum-!

Odin's spear danced in the air. His ragged body surprisingly moved lighter than ever before.

"I think about death all the time."

That's what Mimir said one day when he woke up and looked out the window.

"Odin, how would you like to die?"

"Isn't it more about how you want to live rather than how you want to die?" Odin said, finding the question absurd.

It was obvious. Usually, when this kind of question was asked, it was about what kind of life you wanted to live.

"Uwaaaaah!"

Bang!

The tip of Gungnir's spear cut another Outer in half. Odin's heart felt like it was about to burst, and his breath reached under his chin.

"Anyone can live. But choosing the moment of death is not something anyone can do."

"Choosing the moment of your own death. It must not be a very pleasant thing."

"I have a different perspective, Odin. Choosing the moment of death is as important as how you choose to live. Maybe that moment is the purpose of our existence."

Thus, as Odin looked for the next enemy, he felt the stealthy presence approaching from behind.

Bum-.

Turning his body, Odin also swung his fist.

No.

He tried to swing it.

"... Mimir?"

If the being in front of him wasn't Mimir, everything would have been different.

Thuuud-!

"---!"

An eye that grew as if it were going to tear apart.

Along with the impact felt in the stomach, the vision became blurry.

The being that looked like Mimir until a moment ago suddenly transformed into a single-cell humanoid.

The tentacle that stabbed his back pierced his stomach and entered his body, and blood spurted from his mouth.

"Kweup...."

The tentacle that passed through Odin's body lifted him into the air.

Odin's body, flying towards the center of the battlefield, was impaled on the ground.

Baaang-!

"Heh, coff!"

Laughter erupted with coughing.

Inevitably.

He knew that Mimir had died. Still, despite everything, what shook him was his weak heart that couldn't attack Mimir.

"Ha, haha, ha...."

Even though half of his torso had flown, Odin did not despair.

Rather, he felt much more relieved.

At this moment...

He understood it clearly.

"You ask unexpectedly simple questions for you."

"Did you already think about it?"

"Yes."

The day Mimir asked him about the moment of his death.

Odin could answer without hesitation.

"I want to die as a Warrior."

Woo, woo-.

[The user's Arcane Power is insufficient.]

[The durability of 'Gungnir' decreases drastically.]

The Gungnir held in Odin's hand began to glow. There wasn't much Arcane Power left. Physical endurance reached its limit, and if his concentration deviated even a little, he would lose consciousness on the spot.

"Not as the King of Asgard. But as a Warrior."

Odin's Arcane Power, combined with Gungnir's intrinsic Arcane Power, generated a wave of intense energy.

With the unusual flow of Arcane Power, the attention of the Outers turned to Odin. They had already developed caution towards Gungnir after several previous attempts.

However...

Gungnir could not be avoided or blocked simply because they were on guard.

"This is... my last...."

Crunch.

With strength in his fists.

"...throw."

Odin tensed his body like a bow.

At that moment, when the spear left his hand.

["Gungnir" activates.]

Flash~

Gungnir's light consumed everything.

Thuuuud!

Everything caught in the white spear's attack disappeared. Gungnir tore into pieces, and all the Arcane Power it contained discharged in a single blow.

Huaak!

The purple clouds covering the sky disappeared, and suddenly the light of the purest stars shone on the earth.

Pii.

Odin heard a buzzing in his ears as he gasped for breath. He felt his body slowly tilting to one side. His vision, which had turned black and white, became blurry, as if time flowed slowly.

Plop!

"I want to be incinerated with all my might on the most significant battlefield."

Odin lay on the cold ground, but a smile appeared on his lips.

In this moment when he was dying, he seemed to understand Mimir's mood a little.

Probably, he had also found the death he wanted, just like him.

He was also like that.

"Just one thing..."

The buzzing in his ears grew smaller.

Then, naturally, the sounds from the outside were heard.

"Odin!"

"Aaaaaah!"

"King Odin has fallen!"

"This is impossible, we can't win...."

The battle began to crumble rapidly as he fell.

His last battle, fought not as a King but as a Warrior.

"I worry about what will happen next..."

Steps~

At that moment.

Near Odin's head, several pairs of feet approached.

In Odin's blurry vision...

When he raised his head with difficulty to confirm the owner of those feet, he saw a familiar face before his eyes.

Was it a flash? Or was he seeing things at death's door?

He saw the face of someone who was supposed to be dead.

"Maybe I should have hurried a little more."

A man with loose golden hair and an air of majesty all over his body.

The other King of this Tower. The ruler of Olympus.

Zeus.

The man who was supposed to have died in the battle against Foolish Chaos approached Odin.

It wasn't just him.

"I couldn't have hurried more."

"Well, if I rush too much and arrive too soon, that would be worse."

"We arrived in time, huh?"

Hercules, Kali, Varuṇa of the Devas, and even his son Loki.

Truly, it was a mismatched combination he had never imagined.

"What the hell is going on...?"

Steps~

And among them.

Undoubtedly, there was a face that was hard to believe even when seeing it.

Odin's eyes moved slowly from the man's feet to his face.

White hair and wrinkles a bit deeper. There were some differences, but he was undoubtedly...

"Aaaaaah-."

At that moment, Odin, who looked him in the eyes, smiled without opening his mouth.

Mimir.

What had that guy prepared, risking his life? He would have liked to know before leaving, but now it seemed like he knew.

"So it was like this, right?"

His blurry vision didn't return. The head he had lifted with difficulty slowly fell down.

Now was truly the time to rest.

Because the perfect substitute had just arrived.

"...I envy you."

-Swish-.

The man who said that reached out and closed Odin's transparent, lifeless eyes.

With a complex expression, he smiled and continued speaking as he looked at the Odin who had closed eyes.

"You didn't escape from this place. Unlike me."

He had the same face as Odin.

"You did well. You didn't escape and kept this battlefield until we arrived."

A white light enveloped the battlefield.

When the Rankers, who were busy fighting, wondered what was happening, they looked around.

-Tic tac-.

They heard a small ticking sound in their ears.

-Tic tac, tic tac-.

-Tic tac, tic tac, tic tac-.

The ticking sound got louder. And at the end of that sound, time rewound.

Inside the light cloud, countless Clock Mechanisms intertwined and tangled in a complex manner.

The disarticulated time was smoothly connected by a force and created a straight path.

"They" crossed the torn and flipped time like this.

Hercules.

Kali.

Loki and Varuna, Helios and Persephone, the Dragon King...

And Odin.

Numerous Rankers with the same names and faces as those living in the present appeared en masse on the battlefield.

Thud!

Odin's spear shook the earth. His presence was engraved again on this land.

"Now-."

Thus, as if replacing Odin's dead body.

[The "King of Asgard" leads the battlefield.]

The one who came from the future began to exert his Divinity.

"We will fight."

From the present to the future.

It was the moment when the baton was passed.

Chapter 520

C520

It was at the moment when Zeus had just arrived in the future.

Mimir, who had just awakened from a long sleep, gathered all his comrades.

"Everything is confirmed."

After saying that, Mimir turned his head towards where Zeus was.

Naturally, everyone's gazes turned to Zeus. He was the only person who had come from the past to the future.

"Confirmed? What do you mean by that?"

Zeus asked to understand the situation.

According to Mimir's words, YuWon and Son Ohgong had gone to the past. And their arrival here also had the purpose of some kind of "confirmation."

"In the first attempt, Chronos sacrificed himself."

The Clock Mechanism.

The item that sent YuWon to the past.

To create that item and make it work successfully, Chronos sacrificed himself.

"Then it was you. If I can come from here, I thought I could also come from there."

"Was it successful?"

"Yes. You are the proof."

Mimir extended two fingers.

"The experiment with you was twofold. The movement from the past to the future. And the existence of the "path" created in the first attempt."

"Path?"

"What is that?"

They were expressions of confusion.

It seems that only Mimir and Odin, two people, correctly understood the words.

Because they were the ones with the most experience in the two fields of science, time, and magic.

"When Chronos first created the Clock Mechanism, what was needed to send a person to the past was 'connection.'"

To explain it, Mimir moved his hand and drew two circles in the air.

Following Mimir's gesture, a line was drawn between the circles. Thus, two separate worlds were connected.

"Two worlds running in parallel. Connecting two worlds that could never meet was the most difficult task."

The person who first accomplished this most difficult task was Chronos.

There was no one better than him in the field of time. After all, Chronos was a Ranker who could manipulate time at will.

"The first attempt was a success. The second attempt was to see if we could come here from the other side."

"Only tell us the conclusion. Is it possible?"

To Hercules' question, Mimir shook his head.

"It's impossible from this side."

"From this side, then...?"

"It means it's possible from the other side. And I exist there too."

Mimir trusted himself.

If it were his past self, he would surely think the same.

"Once a path has been connected, it can be widened."

When Mimir waved his hand, the line connecting the two circles thickened.

"The wider the path, the lower the cost to enter. At first, it was Chronos, then my eye, and then the eye of my past self..."

"Do you always have to pay a price?"

Hercules' gaze turned to Odin.

With a look that asked if you knew too, Odin nodded.

It was Odin who finally gave in after a long time of persuading Mimir. Mimir, with a bandaged eye, sacrificed one of his eyes to send Son Ohgong.

"It's a job to widen the path. To go back and forth between two lines of the world running in parallel and could never meet, there is no other way but to constantly open paths."

"Then, who will be next?"

"Why are you asking the obvious? If Kim Yuwon and Son Ohgong went, the next is Hercules."

YuWon, Son OhGong, and Hercules.

Those three were candidates who had been mentioned since the first Clock Mechanism was created.

Two of them have already traveled to the past. Now, only one person remained: Hercules.

However...

"We won't be able to win with a few."

Zeus shook his head, saying it was not possible with so few.

In the last moment, Zeus gave everything in the battle against Foolish Chaos.

Still, Zeus couldn't kill Foolish Chaos.

It was not known how many more beings were lurking behind them, but it was clear that the situation would not change much even if Hercules joined.

"I guess you know, right?"

Mimir nodded as if an explanation was needed.

"Yes, it's not possible with a few."

"Then, how many are going?"

At Zeus' question, Mimir looked around with the eye he had left.

All the comrades who had survived in this world had gathered in one place.

If they were only going to move a few, they wouldn't have bothered to gather.

"All, all of us."

Boom!

Son OhGong held on by gripping the Ru Yi Bang. His clothes were tattered, and his energy was at its limit, but still, a smile escaped him.

"Hehehe."

The figures of his comrades reflected in his eyes.

A flash of white light. And the sound of the second hand he had just heard.

It was undoubtedly the same phenomenon that Son OhGong experienced when he traveled to the past.

"What is happening?"

Hercules, who was kneeling and half unconscious, got up from his place, gripping his Club.

A large number of Rankers suddenly appeared on the battlefield.

Where did they come from?

"What is happening?"

Son OhGong kept laughing.

Just when he was about to answer Hercules' question.

Bang!

A Lightning Bolt fell from the sky.

A burly man with green hair appeared with a loud noise.

And that was Son OhGong's answer.

"As you can see."

"Me?"

Hercules looked at Hercules.

It seemed like he had a shoulder broader than him. The face was the same, but there were some more scars on the body, and one arm was missing.

One thing that Hercules could confirm through his body was:

'This is how others will feel when they see me.'

Hercules had the strongest body in the Tower. Therefore, he had never felt a sense of reverence towards someone for their physique.

But who would have thought that he would feel that sensation in himself.

"It feels like looking in a mirror."

Future Hercules looked at past Hercules and murmured.

Then, he looked at Son OhGong, who was standing with trembling legs, gripping the Ru Yi Bang.

"Are you okay? You look tired."

"What did you do?"

"Mimir on this side sent a signal. We all came together in response to that signal. We were able to come thanks to his sacrifice."

"...?"

A question mark appeared on Son OhGong's face.

It seemed like he didn't understand what he was saying.

Hercules finally gave in to explain.

"I'll explain it to you in more detail later, okay?"

"Well."

Son OhGong nodded.

He, knowing he wasn't very smart, thought he couldn't understand the unfolding situation.

So, instead of asking for details, Son OhGong asked the question that interested him the most.

"Are they going to stay here forever?"

"Probably not."

"Probably?"

"He said we could only be here for a maximum of half a day. Instead of bringing a few of us, he brought all of us, but that's why our time here is so short."

Boom~

Future Hercules punched, and the approaching Distorted Being Intelligent was thrown away.

The Power of Lightning emanated from his fist.

Faced with that force, Son OhGong opened his eyes wide and asked:

"Can you do that too?"

As far as he knew, the future Hercules had never used things like Lightning.

So, when Hercules suddenly shot a Lightning Bolt from his fist, he couldn't help but be surprised.

"I got it from Zeus, who switched sides to ours. It took me a while to get used to it, but..."

"What do you mean by that?"

"...Something like that."

It seemed that Hercules had given up on the explanation, sighed, and shook his head.

Upon reflection, they themselves had pretended that Zeus was alive. With such limited time, it was not possible to explain everything now.

"Well, it doesn't matter."

Son OhGong calmed his trembling legs and raised the Ru Yi Bang, which he was using as a staff.

"Thanks to that, I was able to catch my breath."

"And Kim YuWon? Isn't he here?"

"That bastard went to the other side of the wall."

Son OhGong didn't give that answer; it was the current Hercules.

Looking at the past Hercules, who had both arms intact, Hercules asked with a frown.

"To the other side of the wall? Do you mean that place?"

"Probably, right now, he's fighting against Yog-Sothoth."

"Yog-Sothoth?"

The more he listened, the more ridiculous it seemed.

Yog-Sothoth was an enemy they themselves had never been able to defeat.

And that enemy was being faced alone by YuWon, and that too on the other side of the wall.

He didn't know what had happened to YuWon, who had been the first to get there.

He glanced at Son OhGong for an explanation, but he shrugged and showed a mocking expression.

"If I tell you, will you understand?"

"....."

Hercules fell silent.

He received exactly the same words he had said himself a moment ago. Both were in the same situation, and it was challenging to understand the situation perfectly.

Son OhGong laughed at seeing Hercules' reaction, who was left dumbfounded.

"Don't try to understand it; let that guy take care of it."

The Golden Cinder Eyes shone again in Son OhGong's eyes.

"So, from now on..."

And at the same time...

Puff, puff, puff!

Countless clones riding the Flying Nimbus appeared over Son OhGong's head.

"We'll start the counterattack!"

Countless stars plummeted down from the sky of the desert.

The Sky of the World, one of the Names of Yog Sothoth, created countless stars and moved them as if they were a part of itself.

"Ssss!"

The chaos covering the land swallowed the stars. Soon it flew towards the purple nebula covering the sky.

Specifically, it headed for the center of the nebula, where Nyarlathotep was.

Tsss, tsss.

The purple nebulae covering the sky moved to counteract the chaos of Azathoth.

The Nonexistent Void.

And the name "Foolish Chaos" began to absorb Amorphous Chaos.

"It seems you've become quite skilled at using the Names."

Amorphous Chaos, under YuWon's control, began to stir.

"So, you considered yourself the owner of that Name for a long time, huh?"

The chaos, which grew larger and took the form of a giant wolf with fangs, swallowed the sky.

[Unnamed Huge]

One of the names Nyarlathotep had.

Like a giant organism swallowing the sun, it began to hide the countless stars shining in the sky.

And then...

"I've only thought about this day, this moment."

Puahak!

The giant chaos covering the sky met a purple energy and entangled itself.

Pang!

The two Names merged and dispersed in the sky. YuWon dove into the cloud of light falling like jewel dust.

Craack!

Around him, dozens of Lightning Bolts appeared.

Craack-le!

The Lightning Bolts turned black and blended with two attributes.

And thus, with the formed Lightning Bolts,

Frrr~!

[The 'Golden Cinder Eyes' reveal the true form of Nyarlathotep.]

[The 'Sensory Field' is activated.]

In the turbulent chaos, YuWon found Nyarlathotep.

Baaaang!

A rain of Lightning Bolts shooting at a point. Immediately after, the tip of the sword YuWon held in his hand cut Nyarlathotep's torso.

Slaaaaash!

As Nyarlathotep's torso was cut, a long line was drawn in the sky. The stars cut by the sword fell to the ground, but the result was not very satisfactory.

"You don't even have a form anymore."

"Now, I am the world. You know that, right?"

"Yes, I know."

The desert began to shake, and the sky began to crack.

"Unless this world is destroyed, I won't die even if I'm cut, torn, or burned. I..."

The angry sky screamed.

"I won't abandon this world like you did."

In those words, YuWon saw a small child.

Now he understood a little why Nyarlathotep had turned against Azathoth.

And why, unlike Yog-Sothoth, he did not admire Azathoth.

"It seems you haven't escaped from being that hungry child yet, huh?"